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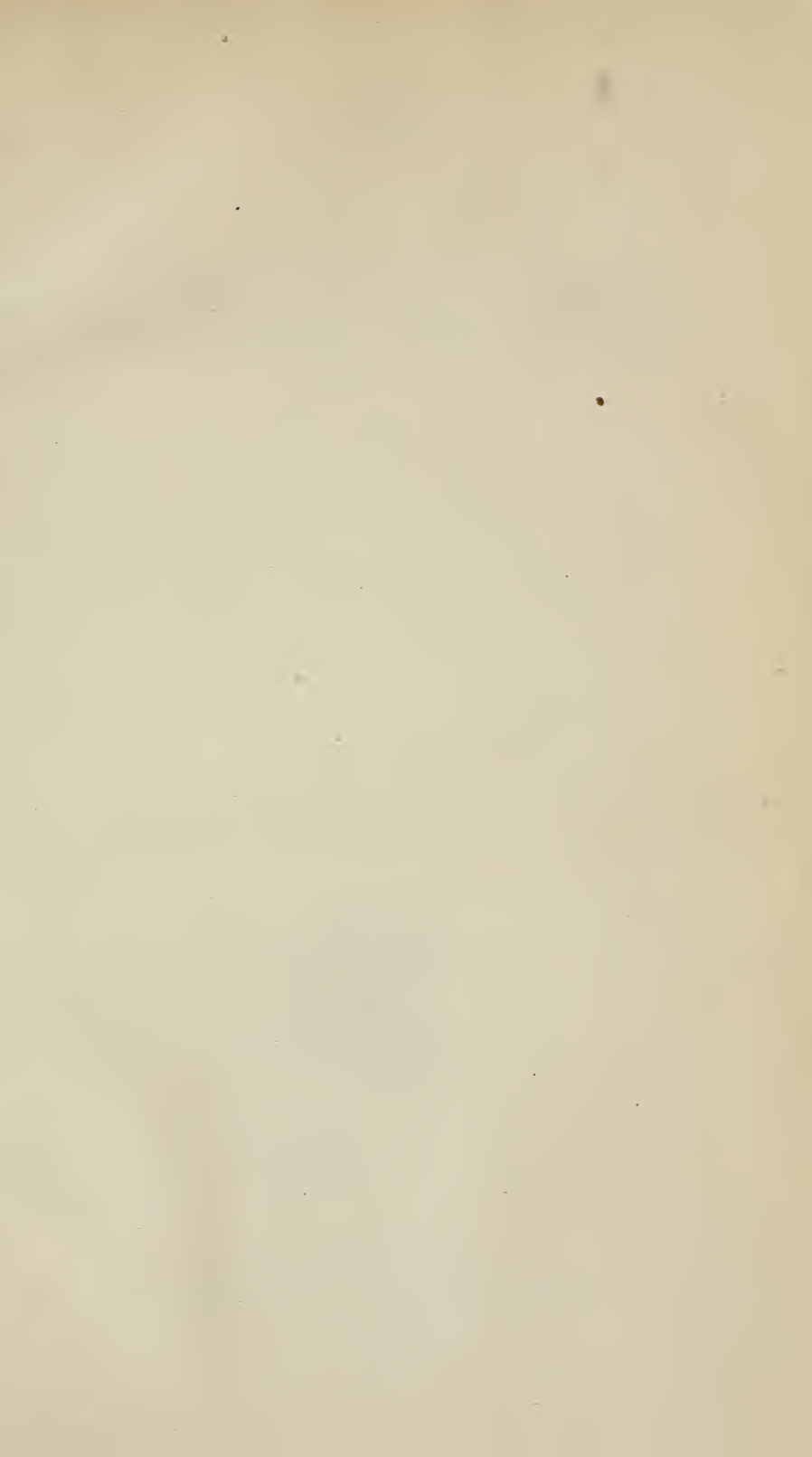
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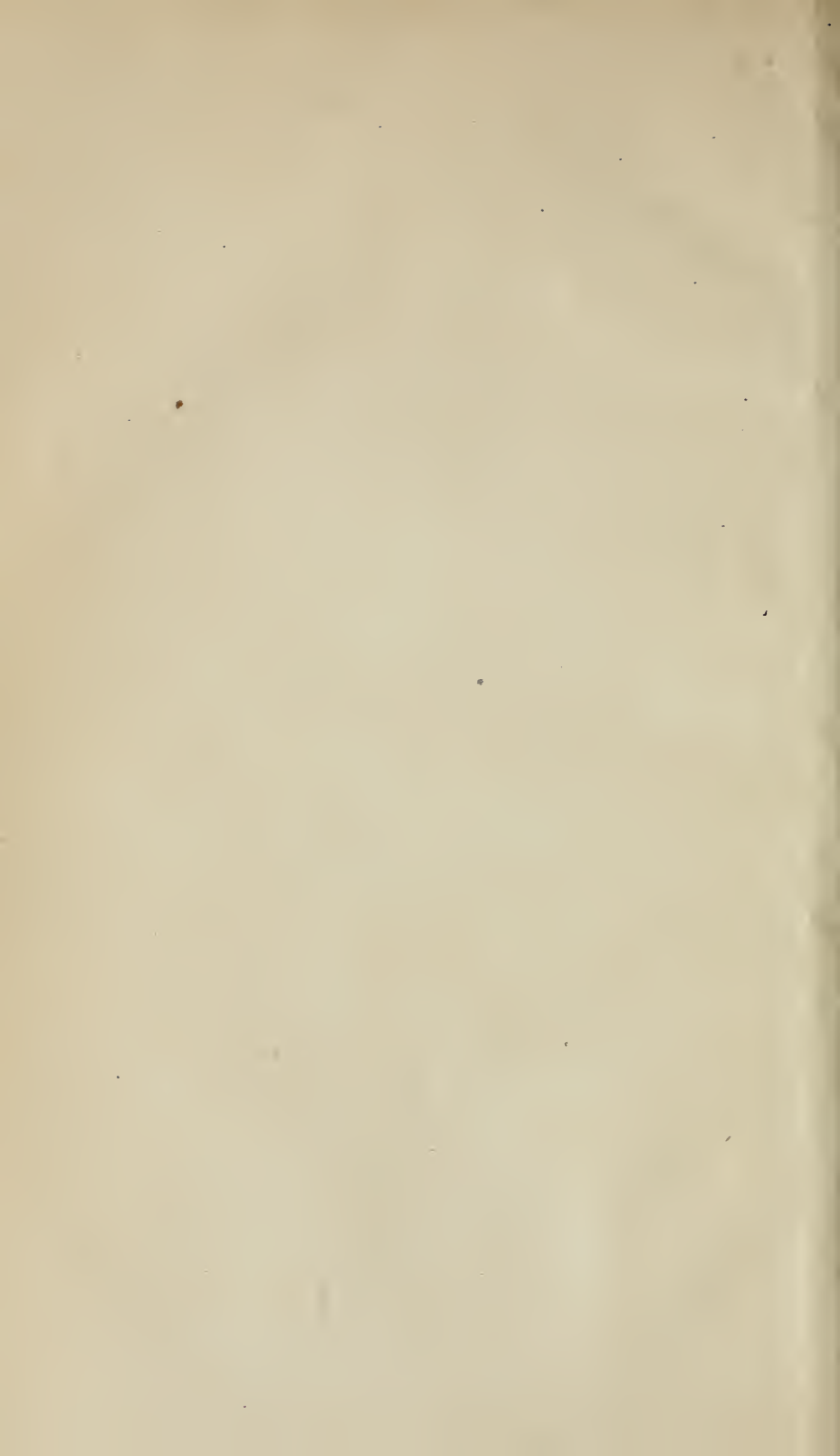
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THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME XI.



SAN FRANCISCO:
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JOHN H. CARMANY,

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

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VOL. XI. — JULY, 1873. — No. 1.

ULTRA WA. — No. IX.

ULTRA WA AGAIN.

ULTRA WA, once more. So quaint the spot; so quiet, too. And our young adventurers have come upon it, through an experience which emblems that of those who emerge from the tunnel of death upon the meadowy sphere beyond. Their ecstasy of reunion has exhausted them, and now reacts to the sheerest sleepiness. The young ladies feel their humid eyelids drooping to winks and blinks, and their lovers amid their very glee can not repress an occasional semi-yawn.

Sleep now steeps them all—that sleep which seals the senses, putting away the memories of a completed day as utterly as canceled documents are put out of sight in pigeon-holes or chests; so presenting the morrow with fresh blanks.

Calla and Jenny are folded in one another's arms; oblivious of one another within a space of five minutes after mutually insisting that "it will be useless to attempt to sleep, and better to sit up than lie here and talk all night." Sleep, thus

slighted, seizes them with the very words upon their lips, and takes revenge. They are already far away and far apart, in dreams. Jenny dreams that she is marching up the broad aisle of a rustic church, when said broad aisle suddenly rocks itself into the rude hull of a boat; while a water-lily, with a face and features oddly suggestive of those pertaining to the phiz of the Rev. Bendleton, is standing up in the bow, to preach—the bow the while shaping itself to a pulpit; and, as the lily leans, nodding, to enforce its sermon with appropriate gesture, its head dips to the wave, and it will certainly be drowned, unless she shall promptly recall it and recover it, by reciting a particular stanza of poetry; which state of things is clearly unreasonable, inasmuch as she can not tell what stanza it is that the aforesaid lily-preacher thus demands, and the lily-preacher obstinately declines to announce the same—refusing, nevertheless, to listen to any other—so that she dreams,

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at length, that she has to cry with fright and vexation, not unnatural.

Calla dreams of herself, as a species of human humming-bird, hovering and humming above a slender crimson flower, which is imbedded in a maze of floating greenery, but which, every time she darts toward it, sinks away, as in a sea of liquid moss, and lies at greater depth, beckoning her to follow it to black rocks below, where it is transmuted into a vast crimson shell or cavern, within which, wandering to search for some lost treasure, she would lose herself. The moment she draws back, however, there it is again—an inviting floweret, blood red, amid the tuft of green; and she wonders why she does not pluck it, instantly. Then all goes out in the deep, absorbing slumber—the blank of life's perfect negation.

Once, indeed, Calla is startled wide awake for a few seconds, with that peculiar vividness of self-possession, recollection, and vision, which sometimes supervenes between two phases or installments of such rich repose, rendering the faculties, for an instant, keenly clear from previous impressions, and the freshened eyesight sharp and quick—that sudden, swift, and momentary wakefulness, resembling the bright flash which lights up the eyesight of the dying, between the deep languors of the spent disease, and the collapse in which the organs and passions of the body once and forever fall asleep.

Calla sits bolt upright, under such an instinct as takes knowledge that something strange has happened, or that some one strange has come into the room, and, opening languidly her beautiful brown eyes, takes in at a glance the outlines of the apartment, which, steeped now in broadest moonbeams, show themselves so wreathed with flowers that the very walls seem to swing and sway in flower fringes.

Leaning over a little table, in an angle of

the room—one hand toying with the crystal pebbles, and the other drooping in the habitual gesture of stroking some dumb pet, even when none is at hand—the form of the child Viva appears, more *pétite* and statuesque than ever, and her whole attitude more child-like—the golden glory of her hair showering her fine shoulders, and the bright, tender eyes aglow with satisfaction. Calla perceives that she is watching her with studious affection, endeavoring to make her out, and learning to love her dearly.

“You here? Awake and dressed at this hour!” says Calla, softly. “You should have been abed and asleep, long ago.”

“I do not sleep,” the child replies. “I shall have sweet rest when I go. Shut your eyes, dear, and dream again. Hush!”

And, even at the words, our heroine feels her eyelashes ensnaring one another, and the sight fading away in the luxurious oblivion that knits the nerves. But, just as she drops her head upon the pillow, she fancies that another lovely form of shadowy outline has been bending over Viva, and now, with robes softly rustling, trips through the closed doorway. The vision agitates her, while, nevertheless, it fails to break the sweet, resistless lassitude.

As for our two young heroes—Ranier and Bendleton—their slumbers are senseless enough to be sensible. It is their characteristic to go the whole figure in everything that they undertake, and they are no less hearty in this loyalty to Morpheus. When they were awake, they could readily forget themselves for others. And now they find it by no means difficult to forget themselves utterly, and others, too. There has been assigned to them a cottage—which might be called a cabin, for its miniature dimensions, or a cabinet, for its tastefulness. It comprises a couple of small rooms—no more—and is evidently intended for a

single occupant; it being, as they soon discover, a tenet of Ultrawan refinement to furnish any stranger guest a private cottage, as sedulously as elsewhere such a one would be accommodated with a private room. These two friends have been put under the same roof, in compliance with their own particular desire. No one has intruded on their privacy, although all manner of outside courtesy awaits their re-appearance.

The young lad who brought them refreshment, as soon as they were shown to this domicile, fetched it on a sort of flower-stand affair, constructed of strong wicker-work—a species of *étagère*—of which each shelf supplied a distinct delicacy. Thereupon, he touched a spring in the wall of the front room, and a door swung open, disclosing a closet, well-arranged, and an alcove, in which the *étagère* could stand when no longer required. Next he touched another spring, in the opposite wall, in which another swinging door disclosed a kind of wardrobe, well-appointed. After this, stepping into the adjoining apartment, he turned down on either side a couch, like a berth in a sleeping-car—depending from hinges and resting on the rock floor, by springs so coiled and tempered that the sleeper could graduate them to his weight or choice; while the upper surface disclosed a fragrant pillow, filled with herbs, at the head, and a rich, downy texture of shawl or blanket scrolled in ample fold at the feet. This service rendered, the youth bowed cheerily to the guests, and, with courteous dignity, bade them good-night.

John Bendleton and Arthur are speedily beyond wonder or conjecture, and as unconscious of their singular surroundings as when, upon the previous night, they lay sleeping in their own beds, at Haldon.

At gray dawn, the entire hamlet is briskly buzzing. Our new-comers, however, do not get their eyes open until

long afterward, when the sun-glow warms their blood, even though the festooned foliage excludes the light. The flushed and fragrant atmosphere awakens them by degrees, in pure exhilaration.

Jenny and Calla, dressing hastily, pass eagerly from one apartment of their quarters to another. These quarters make up a wing of the same dwelling in which John Bendleton had once been entertained; Ledson and the old ladies dwelling in another part of the same building. A suite of three rooms opening into each other by archways, without doors, are curtained apart, and distinguished each by a different floral attire. The one in which they have passed the night is fairly walled with clematis and honeysuckle, bordered by lilac, acacia, and swaying fringed ferns—a magnolia standing in the centre. This, in turn, opens into the “Rose Room”—a very bower of various roses—white, red, and yellow, wild and domestic—trained to successive bloom; embroidered beneath, like a brocaded garment, with a charming purple plant, such as they have never seen before; frilled everywhere with fuchsias. The next has a broad stripe of creamy lilies hung about it, but the space within is fairly gemmed, from floor to ceiling, by tiny flowers, almost uniform in their diminutive size, while contrastive in their tints: the blue-bell, hyacinth, anemone, white jasmine, mignonette, and wee buttercups, inlaid with the plushiest grasses, and relieved, here and there, by a single evergreen. Among these Calla detects, not without a little shiver, but with more delight, a specimen of the exquisite little crimson flower, the quest of which has cost so much, and brought about such consequences. The furniture and even the flooring appear to be laid with fresh boughs, and seasoned herbs, deftly interwoven to a matting, and giving out a perfume very delicate. Stands of stone and seats of wood-work, twisted and carved, are skillfully adjust-

ed; the former adorned by curious minerals, with here and there a carved shell among them.

The time has passed swiftly to the girls in the enchantment of these rooms. All at once, their attention is arrested by the swelling chorus of a song, and, hurrying to the door, they get a view of the village semicircle in the distance, and observe the people coming from their porches, and clustering together on the common. What else they see and hear on this eventful day, will be best narrated in some extracts from the faithful journal of Miss Jenny Perley, who jots down her impressions on the spot. We take leave to omit from this diary sundry stanzas of rhyme, original and selected, which garnish it.

MISS JENNY PERLEY'S JOURNAL.

"While Calla and I stood on the doorstep, staring at these people as they came straggling together, whom should we see stepping out of the borders of the forest, but that same darling little witch of a beauty whom they call Viva! There she came, tripping along, all aglow with exercise. With her bare head, her half-military gait, and short little coat-dress, fitting closely, I took her, at that distance, for a boy; but Calla, who seems to have formed a wild affection for her, insisted that it was Viva; and as she came nearer, there was no mistaking that rippling pile of silken, auburn hair. She put me in mind of the royal page which the poets of the middle ages tell about—an elegant creature, that waited upon the noblemen and kings—who was always so romantic, and such a favorite with the maids of honor...."

[Here follow, in Miss Perley's pages, extracts from Spenser, Chaucer, Froissart, and many mediæval writers, which the reader will probably be contented to forego.]

"But Viva has something so grave in her countenance, something so lofty and

spiritual, that nobody can associate her with romances of any kind.

"As the child stepped swiftly through the groups of people, they all turned toward her as she passed, raised both their hands above their heads, clasping the palms together—noiselessly, but obviously by way of greeting, or applause—to which she responded in the same style, but without checking her pace. Goodness, what a walk she has! She never seems to be in a hurry, but she gets over the ground so fast. I have seen John and Mr. Ranier race with one another, and I don't think that they, or anyone else, can move as fast as that girl walks. She glides over the ground as lightly as Calla skims the floor, when she dances. By the way, I wonder what in the wide world that Mrs. Berumpt would say, or all the people down in Haldon, if they had seen their Rev. Bendleton, that time he danced with Calla. I hope he won't do so any more.

"Viva came straight to us. Where did she come from? We saw her run up to what she calls her nest, at the head of the staircase, in the tree, last night, giving these lovely rooms to us; but she must have gone away before the stars were out, for the first words she said to Calla, after she had kissed her, were, 'You dear! when the sun was coming up, I saw that old boat's dead body, on Verge Lake, drifted to the shore; but you are here—the soul of it. Now, come, both of you; they are going to the breakfast.'

"'Do you breakfast with them all?' Calla asked. The child laughed merrily. 'Breakfast!' she answered, 'I breakfast with the birds.'

"*Later.*—We have been at the breakfast; and I believe I shall go wild with the queer sights I have seen, the queer delicacies I have tasted, and Mr. John Bendleton's enormous appetite. These people do take their meals in such a funny way! and yet, it seems to me that

I should like it. It is more like a party, in a morning, than anything else that I can think of. In the first place, they have no cooking whatever done in their own houses. That large barrack, yonder, which we had supposed to be a barn or factory, is called by them 'The Baker,' and all the cooking of the settlement goes on there. The other long, low building, extending at right angles to it, which looks like a rope-walk, they call 'The Store'—not for purposes of trade—they have no trade—but as a store-room. One of the Ultrawans appeared mightily amused, and not a little disgusted, at our suggestion that food should be prepared at home; evidently regarding the practice as a kind of profanation. They term the houses, or cots, in which they live—which, in fact, they regard as mere resting-places, for the repose of an hour in the day, or to sleep in at night, retiring to them only as fowls to their roosts or animals to their nooks—'The Couches.' And this youth said to Mr. Bendleton, with an air of vast amazement, 'What! do you dress food and eat among the couches? I thought none continued to do so but the savages.' John did his best to debate the case; but he says that the young man's idea has perplexed him ever since.

"When we went out to the breakfast, we found all the Ultrawans seating themselves along the terraces cut in the hillside, on stone seats, trimmed with box and other shrubs. Here, in all suitable weather, they feast together at the meal of the morning, which is their main repast; their midday lunches being carried with them, in their little satchels, as they go about their pastime studies. They seem to have no set meal at evening, but help themselves individually at the store-room, when so inclined. They pointed out another building, or arching arbor, upon the further side of the slope, in which they all find room in unpleasant weather. Ultrawans appear to believe, however,

that the sky over Ultrawa will one day be altogether clear; that the earth's climate is changing; that storms are rolling over it, to roll away forever; and that man will once more live an outdoor life, as his final paradise.

"The cooking and the serving here are intrusted to the young men and women, who attend to it in turn, and by detachments; treating the work at once as an honor and a jolly pastime. When a child is promoted to be a 'helper,' the *fête* is much the same to the juvenile as when one, with us, keeps a birthday. They are all fond of work; but then anyone might be fond of such work as theirs. They detest the use of animal food, as we detest cannibalism; but the dishes they get up have no end to their variety. What it is that we have been eating this morning would puzzle a first-class French cook to tell; but I feel that I could go on eating it forever. Calla declared she could fly, the breakfast gave her such spirits. Mr. Arthur Ranier took the liberty to tease me about my 'voracity;' but the Rev. John Bendleton took our very breath away, by his. He never paused, but ate, and ate, and ate; and the helpers—or waiters, as we should call them—seemed so delighted. Pretty soon, a whole group of them got about him, vying with one another—each, in turn, setting a fresh little platter before him. They smiled till they laughed, and we laughed; and John presently began to laugh, but ate right on—interrupting himself only by a little chuckle, now and again. Positively, I should have been ashamed, if they had not all seemed so happy, and to regard him as a kind of hero. I was wondering whether we could support such heroism at Haldon, and how ever, in the wide world, I could keep house for such a gorging monster, when John sprang to his feet, looking particularly bright, and called out, in his bluff way, 'This is different from anything I ever ate. It don't tire

you—it fairly rests you. Arthur,' says he, 'I am so strong, now, I could pull up a tree.' And, with that, he stooped to lift a monstrous log, or trunk, lying on the ground, and carried it, like a musket, across his shoulder.

"The delicious things these Ultrawans do make! The solid globes of luscious bread! I don't know what to call them; I can't call them cakes—I shall have to call them bread. Then, the little flaky wafers, and the jellies; the juicy fruits and vegetables—all unlike anything I ever dreamed of, both in their flavors and effects. Then, there are plates of what we should call 'whipped cream,' but every spoonful, as you take it to your mouth, melts, and curls into a delightful, aromatic vapor, which satisfies the palate while it thrills the nerves. All I could find out about the concoction of these dainties, while I wandered through 'The Baker' and 'The Store,' was, that they produce all their heat from electricity, and use distillations from minerals and from wood fibres, in the same way as we use flavoring extracts and sauces; while, as ingredients, they add many kinds of grains, seeds, and pulverized roots, unknown to others. Certainly, I never felt, before, what intense pleasure there could be in the simple act of eating, nor what marvelous vigor of body and of mind could follow it, immediately.

"At length, there came a sound of musical instruments; at which our group of helpers threw off their outer uniforms—the young men their jackets, and the young women their wrappers; the underdress showing itself, all trim and neat for the day, like a soldier's uniform. Another set of helpers then took their places, whose outer dress resembled that of the former, except that it was of a different color. Following these, came others still, carrying away the dishes to another place—no doubt, to put them in order. Now the tinkle of musical instruments

commenced once more, and waxed louder than at first. I can't describe it in any other way than by saying, that sometimes it put me in mind of a band playing at a distance, and sometimes the bell-like tones had that soft, sinking accent which village church-bells utter, when the village is steeped in a fog, and you listen from a hill above them. Perhaps it is because I used to listen to such sounds at Hemlock, before we moved to Haldon. I was a child at that time, and there is something in these notes which reminds me of every hour of my childhood, and every place I used then to love, and of many persons I used then to know—now dead and gone—whom I thought I had long utterly forgotten. The resonance increased, until we had all marched out upon the lawn, and were re-assembled on a plateau upon the other side, over against which there stood another hillock, which seemed to have been partially excavated, and at which the Ultrawans gazed with looks of liveliest interest. Viva herself conducted us girls to seats, saying, gently, 'This is Jubilee Day.' As she said this, she kissed Calla fervently. The instrumental music ceasing, by a common impulse—I did not see any signal given—the assemblage joined in a grand chorus. The harmony had a devotional tone; but I should judge the stanza to be a song, like our national odes. There was a continual recurrence of the refrain, '*Amban! Amban! Aschremaddelinden! Amban!*' The third word was uttered so low, as to be fairly whispered by the throng; and this melodious whispering, in time and tune, was most touching—recalling the rustle of leafage in an evening zephyr. But there was vehement contrast in their shout of the word 'Amban,' over and over again, till the voices swelled to an enormous volume, and the air throbbed like a wave on the beach.

"The fairy child did not join their chorus. She stood watching them, and

turning her eyes from one to the other, with an air of quiet satisfaction. But, as the last note of the chant expired, she stepped forward, and, with her back to the assembly, slowly wheeling, so as to send her melody through the surrounding woods, broke into that same unearthly song which overwhelmed us at the first, and which has been sounding in our ears ever since. In the pause of absolute stillness that ensued among the people, every one could hear the creatures of the woods making themselves happy.

“The congregation, if I may so style it, seated itself on the plateau. On the edge of this there was a seat chiseled in the rock, evidently awaiting the speaker of the hour. Presently, a venerable man, his lofty brow crowned with snow-white hair, appeared and took this seat, with a grave but winning demeanor. He did not open his address, as ordinary speakers do, by formal salutation, such as ‘Hearers,’ or ‘Brethren,’ or ‘Friends.’ He talked as informally as if he had been talking all the time.

“What was my amazement, when Calla uttered a little scream, and, rushing up to Mr. Ranier, exclaimed, ‘Arthur—Arthur, that is our deliverer! I am sure it is the same kind friend who saved us from that frightful dog. I should know him anywhere.’ Now, how, under the canopy, Calla could get such a notion into her head, I can’t tell, for I am sure the men and boys who chased that brute away told us distinctly that the dog was not mad at all. Arthur seemed equally affected. But John Bendleton, who never gets excited, told them they must be dreaming, and had better keep still, for he wanted to hear the sermon.

“Well, it was no sermon, after all; or, if it were, it was the most original that ever I did hear, and, besides, I felt worried all the time lest John, who is incessantly going after what he calls ‘advanced thoughts,’ and ‘the spirit of the age,’

and all such new-fangled ultraisms, which, he says, he is sure ‘won’t hurt the gospel any more than clouds hurt the sky,’ might imbibe some of their heresies; and the people at Haldon are orthodoxy itself—in fact, they do say that that old Mrs. Berumpt drove away the last minister, because he, one time, intimated that he thought Socrates and Plato were almost Christian men. She remarked, that, ‘as a Christian woman, it would have delighted her to burn them both alive, and the man who preached such sentiments along with them.’ But John Bendleton will listen to these people; and he has such a memory, that he has been busy, ever since the address, writing up what he calls ‘the Ultrawan scheme of things.’ The Senior Gabriel made a jubilant discourse. He had been absent on some errand of business, or discovery, in which he claimed to have succeeded. As far as I can make out, Ultrawa is a sort of school of science, or a social clan, engaged in experiments. They believe that the present human family have a priesthood, on behalf of a higher generation to come, and that, by and by, a perfect man will arrive, who, ruling over that superior humanity, shall restore as much of the lower creaturehood as shall be surviving when he appears. By that time, they think, the globe will be shrunken to solidity, and crystallized in quality, and all surviving organisms, endowed with richer natures, shall render this a scene of bliss and beauty hitherto unknown. They believe that mankind are now advancing toward a sympathetic intercourse with Nature, through discovery of its vital essences and forces, and that these will presently disclose that elixir of life which the ancients dreamed of, and that philosopher’s stone which is a clue to the elemental secrets. Their watchword—‘Amban’—as nearly as I can understand the explanation, has a twofold meaning. Whether derived from the Latin *ambo*, signifying ‘both,’ or from

the Greek *ambaino*, signifying 'to go forward,' or without reference to these, it combines their idea, meaning 'the two,' and also 'onward,' or 'the going.' I should translate it by a paraphrase, 'forward together.' That other word, so musical on their lips, 'Aschremaddelinden,' may be rendered 'The secret told—the harmony revealed.'

"Calla says I must write a poem, translating the chorus into our stanza; and Arthur says he will have it set to music. But when John talked of having it sung by the choir at Haldon, I thought of that fearful Mrs. Berumt, and, besides, I am too bewildered.

"For themselves, the Ultrawans hold that they have an immediate mission, in two functions—one to discover that elixir; the other to make announcement to the animals of their coming jubilee. I infer that a small part of this commission was to be accomplished by the present society in this locality, and, that being effected, a colonial detachment is to resume the errand, at a point many leagues hence, somewhere near the border of this hemisphere.

"From the way in which Senior Gabriel closed his address, and from the rapture of the assembled people, it is evident that the day after to-morrow is to be a great day with them, and they look for something remarkable to happen. 'Another day but one,' said the speaker, 'the Crystal Hill will unfold itself. The lost will be found.' When he ceased, the fervor of the throng became such as to baffle description. They all congratulated one another and clasped hands, men and women indiscriminately, and one of them—a big, strange man—in his excitement, was going to mistake me for a member of the order. I gave a little shriek, which made him look hurt and perplexed, he evidently meaning no harm. I looked for Calla, but she had disappeared, and so had Viva.

"The day after to-morrow! But, by

that time, we shall have reached home."

Next day but one—

MISS PERLEY'S JOURNAL RESUMED.

"*Later.*—I said we should not be here to-day; but here we are. Calla's father has come. It seems that a countryman, by the name of Cham, came up from Bay Coast to Morford, and brought some papers concerning Calla's property. While he was there, the young Ultrawans had been to Haldon, and left word with father and mother that John and I were safe, and then sent the wild forester that puts 'that is' so much between his words, to let Mr. Conrad know Calla's whereabouts.

"This Mr. Cham knew this Mr. Hunter, and persuaded him to guide Mr. Conrad to the spot; and, striking through the Morford woods by a track known only to himself, Hunter brought Mr. Conrad here, just as the company were breaking up with such enthusiasm. Viva saw them approaching, or, as she said, 'felt' them, and took Calla out to meet them. So we have remained for another day. I only hope and trust that these strange people will not spoil John Bendleton, by putting their crazy notions into his head. I desire John to be a sound man, and a good old-fashioned preacher. He don't mix much with them, but he seems to be going off into a brown study half the time, sitting by himself. I spoke to him just now about it. When he lifted up his head, I thought I saw tears in his eyes, and I said: 'What's the matter, John? Does anything trouble you? Are you changed to me?' He looked up and tried to laugh, and answered: 'Nonsense, Jenny, dear. I was only thinking out a sermon.' But I am sure I saw tears in his eyes.

"Something, also, has come between Arthur and Calla. Surely, that can never be! They keep apart. She trembles when I speak of him; and he turns pale at her approach. Can it be Viva who is

bringing such a thing about? Calla has spent all the morning with Viva. She neglects Arthur, and is reserved even toward me. Can Arthur be such a silly as to be jealous of that? I wish we were at home."

MISS PERLEY'S JOURNAL RESUMED.

"*Third Evening.*—What an eventful day! My thoughts are a whirligig. But I will try to begin at the beginning, for I desire to keep this diary as neat as my room. It would be vain for me to attempt any description of yesterday afternoon, after Senior Gabriel had concluded his speech. Such a feast! I was almost ashamed of Mr. Bendleton again. Afterward, such happy groups dispersed through the glades and groves! For it appears that these people mark a festival, not as some do, by idleness, but by interchanges of their favorite work; those who have been given to one pursuit or experiment introducing another to it, and the other returning the compliment, amid universal merriment, until the sunset anthem recalls them all.

"Early this morning, Calla Conrad was gone away with Viva, for a long time. When they came back, there hung upon her neck a ribbon, or guard-chain—apparently woven of grass—and, attached to it, what I first took for a semicircular silver medal. I thought it odd that she should wear such a school-girl looking badge, like a reward of merit. I soon perceived that it was a stone of a deep changeable blue hue, almost azure. She explained to me how she came by it. It seems that the wild forester—the 'that is' man—had somewhere met the husband of that gruff woman who helped us on the shore—she goes by the name of Mrs. Veck—and that he, in remorse for his past life, imagining himself dying, handed him a little packet containing what he thought to be a coin. He charged Hunter to carry this to his wife, whom he had desert-

ed long ago, with his last message of repentance. On looking at it, Mrs. Veck saw, in a moment, that it was no coin, but some kind of trinket or keepsake—'jool,' as she called it—and was going to put it away, as she hates all artificial things. Suddenly, she said, 'I'll make that 'ere jool a present to the little Viffer.' So she came up with it, in the afternoon, to a spot where she often sees Viva standing under a tree, and there she found Calla with her.

"This Mrs. Sally Veck, who has fine feelings under her crusty rudeness, seems fairly to worship 'the little Viffer;' and having twined the grassy string and strung the 'jool' on it, she extended it to Viva, while Calla stood there, saying: 'Them's for the beauties, sich as you. I don't want no shining show-pins 'round me—no splendifiers for Sel Vick; they hev no call.' The instant Viva took the keepsake in her hand, Calla says it filled her with excitement, and the stone began to flash like a gem, and even to throb and quiver with a kind of inward motion. I should have ascribed all this statement to Calla's imagination, at seeing Viva so excited, were it not for what has since transpired. Viva stood gazing at the stone, or within it, rather, for a few seconds, when she suddenly exclaimed, 'The lost is found!'—an exclamation which, to be sure, I have heard her make before—kissed Calla with great emotion, and placed the charm about her neck. It lay still enough there, and has become duller. Now, as I see, it takes a blue-white tint—sky color. It seems to affect Calla strangely. She is thoughtful, pensive, and changed to us all. Arthur came to meet her, but all he could get her to say, was, 'Please, Arthur—dear Arthur—go away. I must get strong enough to leave you.' He fairly shook like one in an ague or convulsion, but retired, without reproaching her.

"Calla complained of being very tired, and early fell into a heavy sleep. I was

fearful lest she were going to have a fever. But, when I awoke in the night, I missed her from the room, and the moment I heard that silvery song of the enchantress, issuing from the depth of the forest, I felt in my bones that Calla was in her company. I fell asleep again myself, and waking, after sunrise, there sat Calla, up and dressed, looking composed and peaceful now, although a little haggard.

"I thought it high time to take this matter in hand. So I spoke to her, sharply: 'Now, Miss Conrad, how long are these goings-on to last? You distress us all. You'll die, or disgrace yourself next, Calla, darling.'

"She only answered, in a kind of dreamy way: 'Hush, Jenny, dear. We shall know more to-day.'

"And to-day we do know more than I ever dreamed of, I am sure. The mystery is solved! The Ultrawans have recognized young Ranier—our Arthur—as the leader of their next colonial advance, and my Calla Conrad as his companion.

"This is the way it has all come about: An aged couple, by the name of Janschill, who were sent over here to bring some relics belonging to the legends of the community, got into conversation with Arthur, being very much impressed by a likeness, on his part, to a miniature which lay in the casket they had brought. This casket contained, besides the miniature, another curious mineral, or tablet, of peculiar shape—the exact counterpart of the 'jool' which, through Mrs. Veck's hand, came to Viva, and from her to Calla. The one brought by the Janschills was already in the possession of Senior Gabriel.

"Old Janschill and his wife were struck at once by Arthur's resemblance to the miniature; and another person came upon the scene—a very curious character, called 'The Lady Triddles'—whom we had regarded, from her eccentric

manner and speech, as deranged. This lady took a strong liking to Arthur, and when she heard Janschill and his wife recalling scenes of her own childhood—for she had been a native of the same town—she remembered to have seen that very miniature in her own grandfather's house, in Europe, years ago. Up to this time, no particular attention had been paid to Arthur's name; it being an Ultrawan custom to treat a guest or stranger as entitled to honor by that position, without requiring his name, or association in the outer world. But, as soon as these parties found out that Arthur was 'a Ranier,' and that the likeness in the locket put him in mind of an old picture which his mother used to keep—he is an orphan now—they fell to talking eagerly of many reminiscences. They quickly traced his lineage. Arthur Ranier turns out to be the only surviving descendant, in the male line, of the Ranier family, honored among them as of the lineage of their society; while Calla Conrad proves to be the last descendant of Celeste Ranier, who married that Monard who was killed by his twin brother. Senior Gabriel explained it all to-day to the assembly.

"There had been a traditional prophecy in this family, since the struggles of the Christian church in Switzerland, when a nobleman of the name of Ranier had sacrificed his wealth and laid down his life, a martyr for the truth. The tradition of the prophecy was, that in this lineage there should come the herald of the new era—the era of emancipation for the inferior creaturehood, and great discoveries in natural science. The vision had been disturbed by a cloudiness which portended an intervening tragedy, such as, for more than a century, should delay the prospect.

"Such a thing happened in their history. But when Celeste Ranier Monard lay dying, she foresaw the coming renewal of the vision, and afterward it was

revealed to Andreas, the founder of the Ultrawans, while he was a hermit in the Switzerland wilderness. The school, or society, which he founded, was instructed that there are three magnetic centres on this globe, in each of which there is a Crystal Hill to be unfolded at the close of each successive era, at which point the society is to derive fresh force for study and inventions, and the animal creation fresh intelligence. The distances between these centres were calculated in advance for them, by one Lonbergh, an astronomer. The first measurement brought them to Ultrawa, where they have already made such progress, and lived in a community of happiness.

“So soon as the leaders of further emigration are anointed, the colony in this region subsides into an ordinary agricultural settlement; while these fresh explorers, with a small, select band, make for their new home, where this preternatural force and intelligence will be supplied in larger measure. These calculations fix the next station somewhere within the coast ranges of the Pacific Ocean.

“As soon as Senior Gabriel had explained these things, he took from its case the sacred tablet, brought by Janschill, and handed it to Viva. The child gazed and pondered until her very eyes seemed to grow pale and old. Suddenly they sparkled with rapture, and she stepped to the side of Arthur Ranier, in a delighted way, and hung the stone about his neck. She then led him eagerly to Calla, and placed their hands together; while Gabriel Ambrose, who was standing in majestic silence, laid his hands upon their heads, and murmured audibly, but what he said I could not make out. If anything could have increased my amazement, it was the course of Calla’s father, who stood looking on. Stepping forward, he took both stones in his hands, as they hung from their

happy young necks, and carefully compared them. Then he kissed Calla on the cheek, and Arthur on the brow, and walked back silently, his face beaming with emotion, but his whole manner indicating nothing like the surprise which I should have anticipated.

“I must stop writing, now, or I shall faint. I have been too much excited by what next occurred.”

MISS PERLEY’S JOURNAL RESUMED.

“*Home, near Haldon. Two weeks later.*—Overcome by the scenes I had witnessed, I came away next day, the young Ultrawans guiding Mr. Bendleton and myself out upon the road homeward. Calla and her father, with Arthur Ranier, were to remain a day longer, and then return to Bay Coast, to make ready for the wedding. I shall rejoice then there in another fortnight, to be with my darling for a few days, before losing her forever. She has promised to tell me all that happened after I left, and about her parting with that angelic child.

“I have but little more to write, and yet, how much! On that Jubilee Day, as soon as Mr. Conrad and the Senior Ambrose had given their blessing to the young couple, the people wheeled, and formed a semicircle around the hill in which I had seen the excavation. There they stood, in profoundest stillness, while Gabriel Ambrose, together with six of the oldest men and six of the oldest women in the company, descended into the opening of the hill, and Arthur and Calla accompanied them. They remained there for what seemed to me an hour, but John says it was not half so long. All stood in breathless hush; and when they re-appeared, I saw that the two tablets had been joined together, forming a star-shaped disk, which emitted little jets of lustre, like electric sparks, for several moments afterward. It turned into the color and action of a deep-blue eye. I felt sure it

looked about, and looked at each in turn. If not a look—a living look—what was it? As soon as the lustre faded, and the jets expired, Arthur, who held it in his hand, replaced it in the socket of its little case. The Senior Gabriel then said, slowly and with great solemnity: ‘The two are one. The lost is found.’ The people repeated this aloud—‘The two are one. The lost is found.’ Then the hymn arose again. The people—how they shouted! how they whispered! ‘Amban!’—at first, like a cry; ‘Aschremaddelinden!’—like a lover’s whisper; then, with such a roaring shout as never split my ears before—‘Amban! Amban! Amban!’ They all dispersed; the woods became silent, and the scene apparently a solitude.

I learned from Calla strange things—that these two mineral fragments are the hemispheres of an aerolite, or meteoric stone, which fell from above in the year 1693—an era of much moment for the truth—that very year when the great earthquake in Europe destroyed 100,000 persons and fifty-four cities; that it was committed to a man regarded as the purest and most unselfish of his time, who was instructed that it would soon part in twain, and that each half would share a spectacle of the earth’s curse; the one lying amid strife and shame, and the other lying in a grave—types of man’s trouble and Nature’s subjugation; until at length, recovered, re-united, as types of the coming glory, they should constitute a lens, or talismanic key to Nature’s secrets. Many such weird things Calla had imbibed; but I could see her only for a few moments at a time—nor could I bear to hear more then. We are soon to meet at Bay Coast.

“John Bendleton has got a call to that village by the sea. I am so glad. He made up his mind to decline the one at Haldon. I am glad of that, too. He is too radical. The first Sunday after we got back, he preached there. Such odd, unfortunate selections! In the morning he chose his text in Revelations v: 13—‘And on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are *in the sea, and all that are in them*, heard I saying . . .’ He undertook to show, that creatures under the earth and in the sea really know and praise God. And in the afternoon he preached on the sixth and seventh verses of the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, about the cow and the bear, and all the animal tribes, sharing the millennium. That awful Mrs. Berumpt was terribly put out. She said, she feared he was ‘tinctured with rationalism,’ and ‘no rational man should stand in the Haldon pulpit while her head was hot.’ She told John himself, that the morning text ‘must be a mistranslation, or misprint.’ She remembered no such text when she was young. She said, the afternoon text was ‘only a figure,’ and didn’t ‘mean anything,’ and it was ‘wrong to preach that it did.’ John replied, that there was a ‘diversity of sentiment about that.’ She answered him, sharply, that there could be “no diversity, for I read Scott’s Commentary, and Scott has no diversity—no diversity at all.” The Misses Angie and Effie Matilda Stout now say, that John ‘may be a passable preacher,’ but that ‘one who is reported to go about on tourishes and flourishes with a sentimental girl’ [that’s me], ‘is not deep enough for them.’ John smiles, and says, ‘I fear not. At any rate, they are too deep for me.’

“So we go to Bay Coast, after all.”

SCRAPS OF MODOC HISTORY.

LYING between the 121st and 122d degrees of west longitude, and crossed by the boundary-line between the States of California and Oregon, is the water-shed that supplies the sources of the Sacramento and Klamath rivers. Traversed by irregular and broken ridges of basalt, evidently torn asunder by violent natural convulsions, and abounding in volcanic scoria, this region is, generally, inhospitable and sterile. Between the broken mountain ranges are extensive plateaus covered with wild sage and *chemisal*, a little bunch and rye grass, and having all the characteristics of the sage-plains of western Nevada. Throughout this region are numerous lakes; among which, and lying east and west along the forty-second parallel, are Little Klamath, Rhett, and Clear lakes. This is the home of the Modoc Indians, whose bold deeds and defiant attitude to the military forces of the Government have attracted so much attention.

Physically, and in point of intelligence, this tribe are superior to the average American Indian. Subsisting almost entirely by the chase, the men are lithe and enduring, courageous and independent—some of them really handsome types of humanity; and their recent decided repulse of a force of regulars and volunteers, five times their number, shows that they must not be confounded with the Diggers of the Pacific slope. Once a numerous, powerful, and warlike people, like the tribe of Ishmael, their hands were ever raised against all others, and their aggressive spirit kept them in continual warfare. Their country was rich in everything necessary to sustain aboriginal life. The little val-

leys and plateaus were dotted with antelope; the timbered ridges sheltered large herds of deer; the Klamath River—theirs to where it breaks through the Siskiyou range to the westward—and Lost River, connecting Clear and Rhett lakes, were teeming with fish. The *kamas*-root, an exceedingly nutritious article of food, was found everywhere. The marshes around the lakes produced tons of *wocas*, the seed of the water-lily; and their waters were alive with wild-fowl of every description. Like the nomads of the East, the habitations of this people were anywhere in the vicinity of water; for the raids of their equally warlike neighbors had taught them the folly of wasting labor on permanent abiding-places. They are usually made by the erection of willow-poles, gathered together at the top, like the skeleton frame of an inverted basket, and covered with matting woven with the tule of the marshes. The earth in the centre scooped out, and thrown up in a low, circular embankment, protects the family from the winds; and, while readily built and easily taken down, these frail dwellings are comparatively comfortable.

It is difficult even to approximate the probable number of this people, when in their undisturbed aboriginal glory, and before their contact with the superior civilization, whose vices, only, seem to be attractive to the savage nature. Indians have no Census Bureau; and, indeed, nearly all tribes have a superstitious aversion to answering any questions as to their numbers. The Modocs are like all others, and, when questioned on the subject, only point to their country, and say, that "once it was full of

people." The remains of their ancient villages, found along the shores of the lakes, on the streams, and in the vicinity of springs, seem to corroborate this statement; and one ranch alone, the remains of which are found on the western shore of Little Klamath Lake, must have contained more souls than are now numbered in the whole Modoc nation. Only 400, by official count, left of a tribe that must have numbered thousands! Some of the causes of the immense decrease of this people can be traced to their deadly conflicts with the early settlers of northern California and southern Oregon. They were in open and uncompromising hostility to the Whites, stubbornly resisting the passage of emigrant trains through their country; and the bloody atrocities of these Arabs of the West are still too well remembered. As early as 1847, following the route taken by Fremont the previous year, a large portion of the Oregon immigration passed through the heart of the Modoc country. From the moment they left the Pit River Mountains, their travel was one of watchful fear and difficulty, the road winding through dangerous cañons, and passing under precipitous cliffs that afforded secure and impenetrable ambush. Bands of mounted warriors hovered near them by day, watching favorable opportunities to stampede their cattle, or pick off any stray or unwary traveler. Nor were the emigrants safe by night. The camping-places were anticipated by the enemy—dark shadows crept among the sage and tall ryegrass, and, when least expecting it, every bush would seem to harbor a dusky foe, and the air be full of flying arrows. If the train were small, or weak in numbers, the Indians would be bolder, and not satisfied with shooting or stampeding cattle, but would waylay and attack it in open daylight.

In 1852, a small train, comprising only eighteen souls—men, women, and chil-

dren—attempted to reach Oregon by the Rhett Lake route. For several days, after leaving the valley of Pit River, they had traveled without molestation, not having seen a single Indian; when, about midday, they struck the eastern shore of Rhett Lake, and imprudently camped under a bluff, now known as "Bloody Point," for dinner. These poor people felt rejoiced to think that they had so nearly reached their destination in safety; nor dreamed that they had reached their final resting-place, and that soon the gray old rocks above them were to receive a baptism that would associate them for ever with a cruel and wanton massacre. Their tired cattle were quietly grazing, and the little party were eating their meal in fancied security, when suddenly the dry sage-brush was fired, the air rang with demoniac yells, and swarthy and painted savages poured by the score from the rocks overhead. In a few moments the camp was filled with them, and their bloody work was soon ended. Only one of that ill-fated party escaped. Happening to be out, picketing his horse, when the attack was made, he sprang upon it, bare-backed, and never drew rein until he had reached Yreka, a distance of sixty miles.

The men of early times in these mountains were brave and chivalrous men. In less than twenty-four hours, a mounted force of miners, packers, and prospectors—men who feared no living thing—were at the scene of the massacre. The remains of the victims were found, shockingly mutilated, lying in a pile with their broken wagons, and half charred; but not an Indian could be found.

It was not until the next year that the Modocs were punished for this cruel deed. An old mountaineer, named Ben Wright—one of those strange beings who imagine that they are born as instruments for the fulfillment of the Red man's destiny—organized an independent company at Yreka, in 1853, and went

into the Modoc country. The Indians were wary, but Ben was patient and enduring. Meeting with poor success, and accomplishing nothing except protection for incoming emigrants, he improvised an "emigrant train" with which to decoy the enemy from the cover of the hills and ravines. Winding slowly among the hills and through the sage-plains, Ben's canvas-covered wagons rolled quietly along, camping at the usual watering-places, and apparently in a careless and unguarded way. Every wagon was filled with armed men, anxious and willing to be attacked. The ruse failed, however; for the keen-sighted Indians soon perceived that there were no women or children with the train, and its careless movements were suspicious. After several months of unsatisfactory skirmishing, Ben resolved on a change of tactics. Surprising a small party of Modocs, instead of scalping them, he took them to his camp, treated them kindly, and making them a sort of Peace Commission, sent them with olive-branches, in the shape of calico and tobacco, back to their people. Negotiations for a general council to arrange a treaty were opened. Others visited the White camp; and soon the Modocs, who had but a faint appreciation of the tortuous ways of White diplomacy, began to think that Ben was a very harmless and respectable gentleman. A spot on the north bank of Lost River, a few hundred yards from the Natural Bridge, was selected for the council. On the appointed day, fifty-one Indians (about equal in number to Wright's company) attended, and, as agreed upon by both parties, no weapons were brought to the ground. A number of beeves had been killed, presents were distributed, and the day passed in mutual professions of friendship; when Wright—whose quick, restless eye had been busy—quietly filled his pipe, drew a match, and lit it. This was the

pre-concerted signal. As the first little curling wreath of smoke went up, fifty revolvers were drawn from their places of concealment by Wright's men, who were now scattered among their intended victims; a few moments of rapid and deadly firing, and only two of the Modocs escaped to warn their people!

The Scotch have given us a proverb, that "He maun hae a lang spoon wha sups wi' the deil;" and it may be Wright thought so. Perhaps the cruel and merciless character of these Indians justified an act of treachery, now passed into the history of the country; but, certainly, the deed was not calculated to inspire the savage heart with a high respect for the professed good faith and fair-dealing of the superior race. Ben Wright is gone now—killed by an Indian bullet, while standing in the door of his cabin, at the mouth of Rogue River. No man may judge him; but, to this hour, his name is used by Modoc mothers to terrify their refractory children into obedience. The Modocs were now filled with revenge, and their depredations continued, till it became absolutely necessary for the Territorial Governor of Oregon to send armed expeditions against them. For several years, they were pursued by volunteer forces through their rugged mountains, where they continued the unequal warfare with a dauntless spirit; but, year after year, the number of their warriors was diminishing.

In 1864, when old Sconchin buried the hatchet and agreed to war with the pale-faces no more, he said, mournfully: "Once my people were like the sand along yon shore. Now I call to them, and only the wind answers. Four hundred strong young men went with me to war with the Whites; only eighty are left. We will be good, if the White man will let us, and be friends forever." And this old Chief has kept his word—better, perhaps, than his conquerors have

theirs. The Modocs themselves offer a better reason for the great decrease of their people. They say that within the memory of many of this generation, the tribe were overtaken by a famine that swept off whole ranches, and they speak of it as if remembered like a fearful dream. As is usual with savages, the chief labor of gathering supplies of all kinds, except those procured by fishing and the chase, devolved upon the Modoc women. Large quantities of *kamas* and *wocas* were always harvested, but the predatory character of the surrounding tribes made it dangerous to store their food in the villages, and it was customary to *caché* it among the sage-brush and rocks, which was done so cunningly that an enemy might walk over the hiding-places without suspicion. Snow rarely fell in this region sufficiently deep to prevent access to the *cachés*; but the Modocs tell of one winter when they were caught by a terrible storm, that continued until the snow was more than seven feet in depth over the whole country, and access to their winter stores impossible. The Modocs, like all other Indians, have no chronology; they do not count the years, and only reckon their changes by the seasons of summer and winter. Remarkable events are remembered only as coincident with the marked periods of life; and, judging from the probable age of the survivors of that terrible famine, it must have occurred over forty years ago, long before any of the tribe had ever looked upon the face of a White stranger. These wild people generally regard such occurrences with superstitious horror; they rarely speak of the dead, and even long residence among the Whites does not remove a superstition that forbids them to mention even a dead relative by name. From those who have lived among the Whites since early childhood, the particulars of this season of suffering and

desolation are obtained; and they say that their parents who survived it still speak of that dreadful winter in shuddering whispers.

It seems that the young men of the tribe had returned, late in the season, from a successful hunt, when a heavy snow-storm set in; but these people—like children, in many things—had no apprehension, as their present wants were supplied. But the storm increased in fury and strength; the snow fell in blinding sheets, for days and days, till it had covered bush, and stunted tree, and plain, and rock, and mountain, and every landmark was obliterated. The survivors tell of frantic efforts to reach the *cachés*; how strong men returned to their villages, weak and weary with tramping through the yielding snow in search of the hidden stores. They tell how the little brown faces of the children, pinched with hunger, drove the men out again and again in search of food, only to return, empty-handed and hopeless; how everything that would sustain life—deer and antelope skins, their favorite dogs—even the skins of wild fowl, used as bedding, were devoured; how, when everything that could be used as food was gone, famine made women out of strong, brave warriors, and a dreadful stillness fell upon all the villages. They tell how death crept into every house, till the living lay down beside the dead and waited. After weeks of pinching hunger, and when in the last extremity, an opportune accident saved the largest village, on the south-eastern extremity of Rhett Lake, from complete extinction. A large band of antelope, moving down from the hills, probably in search of food, attempted to cross an arm of the lake only a short distance from the village, and were caught in the breaking ice and drowned. Those who had sufficient strength left, distributed antelope meat among the families, and it was then that

the shocking fact was discovered that some of the starving people had been driven to cannibalism. In one house a woman was found with the half-eaten foot of her husband concealed beneath her bed. When wholesome food was given her, she went raving mad, and confessed that she had killed him to save her life and the life of her little one. The survivors tell how, when the spring came, and the grass grew green again on the hills, this poor demented creature was missing—decoyed away, perhaps, by some friend of her husband, and murdered. Some of them, with that fondness for the supernatural so strong among all savages, aver that, even to this day, that woman's voice is heard in mourning lamentation, borne on the night-wind from the rugged cliffs on the western shore of the lake, often and often; and they tell of little piles of rock raised by unseen hands along the western mountain—Indian signs of sorrow and mourning.

All accounts agree, that at the opening of spring it was found that fully one-half of the people had perished, and that in many houses there was not a single survivor. The details of this fearful famine are related so circumstantially by different narrators, that there can be but little doubt of their correctness. But the Modoc nation, certainly once so numerous, is easily counted now, and their days are numbered. The spirit of the majority of the tribe is broken; they are content to be cooped up within the limits of a reservation in a country where once they were lords, and the superior race claims their former possessions by the right of might. They are part and parcel of that unsolved problem—the Red race, created by the same power as we, for God's own purposes. Like the rest of the Red people, they are destined to speedy extinction; and the last of the Modocs, powerful as they have been, will probably be seen by the present generation of White men.

AS ONE.

So much of life do we have and hold—
 Clouds and sunshine, pleasure and pain—
 Which shall avail when the tale is told?
 Will it be loss, or will it be gain?

What of the storms that blow high and low,
 Sweep and dash over sea and shore,
 Down the broad paths where the roses grow,
 Scattering leaves that shall bloom no more?

What of the hopes that the storms of life
 Battle, baffle, and bring to earth?
 After the struggle, the care and strife,
 Shall it avail when we know their worth?

Ever and ever the world rolls on—
 Hours, days, and the years fly fast;
 And joy and pain, as the night and morn,
 Shall be even as one at the last.

AN OLD FOOL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE Widow Smiley did not live on Clatsop Plains. Ever since the great storm at Christmas, when her house was carried off its foundations by the high tide, she had refused to go back to it. When the neighbors heard of her husband's death, they took her over to Astoria to see him buried, for there was no home to bring him to, and she had never returned. Smiley, they say, was drowned where he fell, in the streets of Astoria, that night of the high tide, being too intoxicated to get up. But nobody told the widow that. They said to her that he stumbled off the wharf, in the dark, and that the tide brought him ashore; and that was enough for her to know.

She was staying with the family at the landing when the news came, two days after his death. Joe Chillis brought her things down to the landing, and had them sent over to Astoria, where she decided to stay; and afterward she sold the farm and bought a small house in town, where, after two or three months, she opened a school for young children. And the women of the place had all taken to making much of Joe Chillis, in consideration of his conduct during that memorable time, and of his sufferings in consequence; for he was laid up a long while afterward with that hurt in his shoulder, and the consequences of his exposure. Mrs. Smiley always treated him with the highest respect, and did not conceal that she had a great regard for him, if he *was* nothing but an old mountain man, who had had a squaw wife; which regard, under the circumstances, was not to be wondered at.

Widow Smiley was young, and pretty, and *smart*; and Captain Rumway, the

pilot, was dreadfully taken up with her, and nobody would blame her for taking a second husband, who was able and willing to provide well for her. If it was to be a match, nobody would speak a word against it. It was said that he had left off drinking on her account, and was building a fine house up on the hill, on one of the prettiest lots in town. Such was the gossip about Mrs. Smiley, a year and a half after the night of the high tide.

It was the afternoon of a July day, in Astoria; and, since we have given the reader so dismal a picture of December, let us, in justice, say a word about this July day. All day long the air had been as bright and clear as crystal, and the sun had sparkled on the blue waters of the noblest of rivers without blinding the eyes with glare, or sickening the senses with heat. Along either shore rose lofty highlands, crowned with cool-looking forests of dark-green firs. Far to the east, like a cloud on the horizon, the snowy cone of St. Helen's Mountain stood up above the wooded heights of the Cascade Range, with Mount Adams peeping over its shoulder. Quite near, and partly closing off the view up the river, was picturesque Tongue Point—a lovely island of green—connected with the shore only by a low and narrow isthmus. From this promontory to the point below the town, the bank of the river was curtained and garlanded with blossoming shrubs—mock-orange, honeysuckle, spirea, *aerifolia*, crimson roses, and clusters of elder-berries, lavender, scarlet, and orange—everywhere, except where men had torn them away to make room for their improvements.

Looking seaward, there was the long

line of white surf which marks where sea and river meet, miles away; with the cape and light-house tower standing out in sharp relief against the expanse of ocean beyond, and sailing-vessels lying off the bar waiting for Rumway and his associates to come off and show them the entrance between the sand-spits. And nearer, all about on the surface of the sparkling river, snowy sails were glancing in the sun, like the wings of birds that skim beside them. It is hard, in July, to believe it has ever been December.

Perhaps Mrs. Smiley was thinking so, as from her rose-embowered cottage-porch on the hill—not far from Captain Rumway's new house—she watched the sun sinking in a golden glory behind the light-house and the cape. Her school dismissed for the week, and her household tasks completed, she was taking her repose in a great sleepy-hollow of a chair, near enough to the roses to catch their delicate fragrance. Her white dress looked fresh and dainty, with a rose-colored ribbon at the throat, and a bunch of spirea—sea-foam, Willie called it—in her gleaming, braided hair. Her great gray eyes, neither sad nor bright, but sweetly serious, harmonized the delicate pure tones that made up her person and her dress, leaving nothing to be desired, except, perhaps, a suggestion of color in the clear-white oval of her cheeks. And that an accident supplied.

For, while the sun yet sent lances of gold up out of the sea, the garden-gate clicked, and Captain Rumway came up the walk. He was a handsome man, of fine figure, with a bronzed complexion, dark eyes, and hair always becomingly tossed up, owing to a slight wave in it, and a springy quality it had of its own. The sun and sea-air, while they had bronzed his face, had imparted to his cheeks that rich glow which is often the only thing lacking to make a dark face

beautiful. Looking at him, one could hardly help catching something of his glow, if only through admiration of it. Mrs. Smiley's sudden color was possibly to be accounted for on this ground.

"Good evening, Mrs. Smiley," he said, lifting his hat gracefully. "I have come to ask you to walk over and look at my house. No, thank you; I will not come in, if you are ready for the walk. I will stop here and smell these roses while you get your hat."

"Is your house so nearly completed, then?" she asked, as they went down the walk together.

"So nearly, that I require a woman's opinion upon the inside arrangements; and there is no one whose judgment upon such matters I value more than yours."

"I suppose you mean to imply that I am a good housekeeper? But there is great diversity of taste among good housekeepers, Mr. Rumway."

"Your taste will suit me—that I am sure of. I did not see Willie at home; is he gone away?" he asked, to cover a sudden embarrassing consciousness.

"I let him go home with Mr. Chillis, last evening, but I expect him home to-night."

"Poor old Joe! He takes a great deal of comfort with the boy. And no wonder!—he is a charming child, worthy such parentage"—glancing at his companion's face.

"I am glad when anything of mine gives Mr. Chillis pleasure," returned Mrs. Smiley, looking straight ahead. "I teach Willie to have a great respect and love for him. It is the least we can do."

Rumway noticed the inclusive *we*, and winced. "He is a strange man," he said, by way of answer.

"A hero!" cried Mrs. Smiley, firmly.

"And never more so than when in whisky," added Rumway, ungenerously.

"Younger and more fortunate men

have had that fault," she returned, thinking of Eben.

"And conquered it," he added, thinking of himself. "Here we are. Just step in this door-way a bit, and look at the view. Glorious, isn't it? I have sent for a lot of very choice shrubs and trees for the grounds, and mean to make this the prettiest place in town."

"It must be very pretty, with this view," replied Mrs. Smiley, drinking in the beauty of the scene with genuine delight.

"Please to step inside. Now, it is about the arrangement of the doors, windows, closets, and all that, I wanted advice. I am told that ladies claim to understand these things better than men."

"They ought, I am sure, since the house is alone their realm. What a charming room! So light, so airy, with such a view! and the doors and windows in the right places, too. And this cunning little porch toward the west! I'm glad you have that porch, Mr. Rumway. I have always said every house should have a sunset porch. I enjoy mine so much these lovely summer evenings."

And so they went through the house: she delighted with it, in the main, but making little suggestions, here and there; he palpitating with her praises, as if they had been bestowed on himself. And, indeed, was not this house a part of himself, having so many of his sweetest hopes built into it? For what higher proof does a man give of a worthy love than in constructing a bright and cheerful shelter for the object of it—than in making sure of a fitting home?

"It will lack nothing," she said, as they stood together again on the "sunset porch," talking of so grouping the shrubbery as not to intercept the view.

"Except a mistress," he added, turning his eyes upon her face, full of intense meaning. "With the right woman in it, it will seem perfect to me; without her, it is nothing but a monument of

my folly. There is but one woman I ever want to see in it. Can you guess who it is? Will you come?"

Mrs. Smiley looked up into the glowing face bent over her, searching the passionate dark eyes with her clear, cool gaze; while slowly the delicate color crept over face and neck, as her eyes fell before his ardent looks, and she drew in her breath quickly.

"I—I do not know. There are so many things to think of."

"What things? Let me help you consider them. If you mean..."

"O, mamma—mamma!" shouted Willie, from the street. "Here we are, and I've had such a splendid time. We've got some fish for you, too. Are you coming right home?" And there, on the sidewalk, was Chillis, carrying a basket, with his hat stuck full of flowers, and as regardless as a child of the drollery of his appearance.

Mrs. Smiley started a little as she caught the expression of his face, thinking it did not comport with the holiday appearance of his habiliments, and hastened at once to obey its silent appeal. Rumway walked beside her to the gate.

"Have you no answer for me?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Give me a week," she returned, and slipped away from him, taking the basket from Chillis, and ordering Willie to carry it, while she walked by the old man's side.

"You have been lookin' at your new house?" he remarked. "You need not try to hide your secret from me. I see it in your face;" and he looked long and wistfully upon the rosy record.

"If you see something in *my* face, I see something in yours. You have a trouble—a new pain of some kind. Yesterday you looked forty, and radiant; this evening your face is white and drawn by suffering."

"You do observe the old man's face sometimes, then? That other has not

quite blotted it out? O, my lovely lady! How sweet an' dainty you look, in that white dress. It does my old eyes good to look at you."

"You are never too ill or sad to make me pretty compliments, Mr. Chillis. Do you know, I think I have grown quite vain since I have had you to flatter me. We constitute a mutual admiration society, I'm sure."

Then she led him into the rose-covered porch, and seated him in the "sleepy-hollow;" brought him a dish of strawberries, and told him to rest while she got ready his supper.

"Rest!" he answered; "*I'm* not tired. Willie an' I cooked our own supper, too. So you jest put Willie to bed—he's tired enough, I guess—an' then come an' talk to me. That's all I want to-night—is jest to hear the White Rose talk."

While Mrs. Smiley was occupied with Willie—his wants and his prattle—her guest sat motionless, his head on his hand, his elbow resting on the arm of the chair. He had that rare repose of bearing which is understood to be a sign of high breeding, but in him was temperament, or a quietude caught from Nature and solitude. It gave a positive charm to his manner, whether animated or depressed; a dignified, introspective, self-possessed carriage, that suited with his powerfully built, symmetrical frame, and regular cast of features. Yet, self-contained as his usual expression was, his face was capable of vivid illuminations, and striking changes of aspect, under the influence of feelings either pleasant or painful. In the shadow of the rose-vines, and the gathering twilight, it would have been impossible to discern, by any change of feature, what his meditations might be now.

"The moon is full to-night," said Mrs. Smiley, bringing out her low rocker and placing it near her friend. "It will be glorious on the river, and all the

'young folks' will be out, I suppose."

"Did not Rumway ask you to go? Don't let me keep you at home, ef he did."

"No; I am not counted among young folks any longer," returned she, with a little sigh, that might mean something or nothing. Then a silence fell between them for several minutes. It was the fashion of these friends to wait for the spirit to move them to converse, and not unfrequently a silence longer than that which was in heaven came between their sentences; but to-night there was thunder in their spiritual atmosphere, and the stillness was oppressive. Mrs. Smiley beat a tattoo with her slipper.

"Rumway asked you to marry him, did he?" began Chillis, at last, in a low and measured tone.

"Yes."

"An' you accepted him?"

"Not yet"—in a quavering adagio.

"But you will?"

"Perhaps so. I do not know"—in a firmer voice.

"Rumway is doin' well, an' he is a pretty good fellow, as men go. But he is not half the man that I was at his age—or, rather, that I might have been, ef I had had sech a motive for bein' a man as he has."

"It is not difficult to believe that, Mr. Chillis. There is heroic material in you, and, I fear, none in Mr. Rumway." She spoke naturally and cheerfully now, as if she had no sentiment too sacred to be revealed about the person in question. "But why was there no motive?"

"Why? It was my fate; there was none—that's all. I had gone off to the mountains when a lad, an' couldn't git back—couldn't even git letters from home. The fur companies didn't allow o' correspondence—it made their men homesick. When I came to be a man, I did as the other men did, took an Indian wife, an' became the father o' half-breed children. I never expected to live

any other way than jest as we lived then—roamin' about the mountains, exposed to dangers continually, an' reckless because it was no use to think. But, after I had been a savage for a dozen years—long enough to ruin any man—the fur companies began to break up. The beaver were all hunted out o' the mountains. The men were ashamed to go home—Indians as we all were—an' so drifted off down here, where it was possible to git somethin' to eat, an' where there was quite a settlement o' retired trappers, missionaries, deserted sailors, and such-like Whites."

"You brought your families with you?"

"Of course. We could not leave them in the mountains, with the children, to starve. Besides, we loved our children. They were not to blame for bein' half-Indian; an' we could not separate them from their mothers, ef we had a-wished. We did the only thing we could do, under the circumstances—married the mothers by White men's laws, to make the children legitimate. Even the heads of the Hudson's Bay Company were forced to comply with the sentiment of the White settlers; an' their descendants are among the first families of Oregon. But they had money an' position; the trappers had neither, though there were some splendid men among them—so our families were looked down upon. O, White Rose! didn't I use to have some bitter thoughts in those days? for my blood was high blood, in the State where I was raised."

"I can imagine it, very easily," said Mrs. Smiley, softly.

"But I never let on. I was wild and devil-may-care. To hide my mortification, I faced it out, as well as I could; but I wasn't made, in the beginnin', for that kind o' life, an' it took away my manhood. After the country began to settle up, an' families—real White families—began to move in, I used to be

nearly crazy, sometimes. Many's the day that I've rode through the woods, or over the prairies, tryin' to git away from myself; but I never said a cross word to the squaw wife. Why should I?—it was not her fault. Sometimes she fretted at me (the Indian women are great scolds); but I did not answer her back. I displeased her with my vagabond ways, very likely—her White husband, to whom she looked for better things. I couldn't work; I didn't take no interest in work, like other men."

"O, Mr. Chillis! was not that a great mistake? Would not some kind of ambition have helped to fill up the blank in your life?"

"I didn't have any—I couldn't have any, with that old Indian woman sittin' there, in the corner o' my hearth. When the crazy fit came on, I jest turned my back on home, an' mounted my horse for a long, lonely ride, or went to town and drank whisky till I was past rememberin' my trouble. But I never complained. The men I associated with expected me to amuse them, an' I generally did, with all manner o' wild freaks an' incredible stories—some o' which were truer than they believed, for I had had plenty of adventures in the mountains. White Rose, do you imagine I ever loved that squaw wife o' mine?"

"I remember asking myself such a question, that night of the storm, as you stood by the fire, so still and strange. I was speculating about your history, and starting these very queries you have answered to-night."

"But you have never asked me."

"No; how could I? But I am glad to know. Now I understand the great patience—the tender, pathetic patience—which I have often remarked in you. Only those who have suffered long and silently can ever attain to it."

"An' so people say, 'Poor old Joe!' an' they don't know what they mean, when they say it. They think I am a

man without the ambitions an' passions of other men; a simple, good fellow, without too much brain, an' only the heart of a fool. But they don't know me—they don't know me!"

"How could they, without hearing what you have just told me, or without knowing you as I know you?"

"They never will know. I don't want to be pitied for my mistakes. 'Poor old Joe' is proud, as well as poor."

Mrs. Smiley sat silent, gazing at the river's silver ripples. Her shapely hands were folded in her lap; her whole attitude quiet, absorbed. Whether she was thinking of what she had heard, or whether she had forgotten it, no one could have guessed from her manner; and Chillis could not wait to know. The fountains of the deep had been stirred until they would not rest.

"Was there no other question you asked yourself about the old mountain man, which he can answer? Did you never wonder whether he ever had loved at all?"

"You have made me wonder, to-night, whether, at some period of your life, you have not loved some woman of your own race and color. You must have had some opportunities of knowing White women."

"Very few. An' my pride was agin seekin' what I knew was not for me; for the woman I fancied to myself was no common White woman. White Rose, I carried a young man's heart in my bosom until I was near sixty, an' then I lost it." He put out a hand and touched one of hers, ever so lightly. "I need not tell you any more."

A silence that made their pulses seem audible followed this confession. A heavy shadow descended upon both hearts, and a sudden dreary sense of an unutterable and unalterable sorrow burdened their spirits.

After a little, "Mr. Chillis! Mr. Chillis!" wailed the woman's pathetic voice;

and "O, my lovely lady!" sighed the man's.

"What shall I do? what shall I do? I am so sorry. What shall I do?"

"Tell me to go. I knew it would have to end so. I knew that Rumway would drive me to say what I ought not to say; for he is not worthy o' you—no man that I know of is. Ef I was as young as he, an' had his chance, I would *make* myself worthy o' you, or die. But it is too late. Old Joe Chillis may starve his heart, as he has many a time starved his body in the desert. But I did love you so! O, my sweet White Rose, I did love you so! always, from the first time I saw you."

"What is that you say?" said Mrs. Smiley, in a shocked voice.

"Always, I said, from the first time I saw you. My love was true; it did not harm you. I said, '*There* is such a woman as God designed for me. But it is too late to have her now. I will jest worship her humbly, a great ways off, an' say "God bless her!" when she passes; an' think o' her sweet ways when I am ridin' through the woods, or polin' my huntin'-boat up the sloughs, among the willows an' pond-lilies. She would hardly blame me, ef she knew I loved her that way.'

"But it grew harder afterwards, White Rose, when you were grateful to me, in your pretty, womanly way, an' treated me so kindly before all the world, an' let your little boy love me, an' loved me yourself—I knew it—in a gentle, friendly fashion. O, but it was sweet!—but not sweet enough, sometimes. Ef I have been crazed for the lack o' love in my younger days, I have been crazed with love since then. There have been days when I could neither work nor eat, nights when I could not sleep, for thinkin' o' what might have been, but never could be; times when I have been tempted to upset my boat in the bay, an' never try to right it. But when I had almost con-

quered my madness, that you might never know, then comes this Rumway, with his fine looks, an' his fine house, an' his fine professions, an' blots me out entirely; for what will old Joe be worth to Madame Rumway, or to Madame Rumway's fine husband?"

Mrs. Smiley sat thoughtful and silent a long time after this declaration of love, that gave all and required so little. She was sorry for it; but since it was so, and she must know it, she was glad that she had heard it that night. She could place it in the balance with that other declaration, and decide upon their relative value to her; for she saw, as he did, that the two were incompatible—one must be given up.

"It is late," she said, rising. "You will come up and take breakfast with Willie and I, before you go home? My strawberries are in their prime."

"I thought you would a-told me to go, an' never come back," he said, stepping out into the moonlight with the elastic tread of twenty-five. He stopped and looked back at her, with a beaming countenance, like a boy's.

She was standing on the step above him, looking down at him with a pleasant but serious expression. "I am going to trust you never to repeat to me what you have said to-night. I know I can trust you."

"So be it, White Rose," he returned, with so rapid and involuntary a change of attitude, voice, and expression, that the pang of his hurt pierced her heart also. But "I know I can trust you," she repeated, as if she had not seen that shrinking from the blow. "And I am going to try to make your life a little pleasanter, and more like other people's. When you are dressed up, and ordered to behave properly, and made to look as handsome as you can, so that ladies shall take notice of you and flatter you with their eyes and tongues, and you come to have the same interest in the

world that other men have—and why shouldn't you?—then your imagination will not be running away with you, or making angels out of common little persons like myself—how dreadfully prosy and commonplace you have no idea! And I forbid you to allow Willie to stick your hat full of flowers, when you go fishing together; and order you to make that young impudence respectful to you on all occasions—asserting your authority, if necessary. And, lastly, I prefer you should not call me Madame Rumway until I have a certified and legal claim to the title. Good-night."

He stood bare-headed, his face drooping and half concealed, pulling the withered flowers out of his hat. Slowly he raised it, made a military salute, and placed it on his head. "It is for you to command and me to obey," he said.

"Breakfast at seven o'clock, precisely," called out the tuneful voice of Mrs. Smiley after him, as he went down the garden-path with bent head, walking more like an old man than she had ever seen him. Then she went into the house, closed it carefully, after the manner of lone women, and went up to her room. But deliciously cool and fragrant as was the tiny chamber, Mrs. Smiley could not sleep that night. Nor did Chillis come to breakfast next morning.

A month passed away. Work was suspended on Mr. Rumway's house, the doors and windows boarded up, and the gate locked. Everybody knew it could mean but one thing—that Mrs. Smiley had refused the owner. But the handsome captain put a serene face upon it, and kept about his business industriously and like a gentleman. The fact that he did not return to his wild courses was remarked upon as something hardly to be credited, but greatly to his honor; for it was universally conceded, that such a disappointment as his was enough to drive almost any man to drink who had indulged in it previously; such is the

generally admitted frailty of man's moral constitution.

Toward the last of August, Mrs. Smiley received a visit from Chillis. He was dressed with more than his customary regard to appearances, and looked a little paler and thinner than usual. Otherwise, he was just the same as ever; and, with no questions asked or answered on either side, their old relations were re-established, and Willie was rapturously excited with the prospect of more Saturday excursions. Yet there was this difference in their manner toward each other—that he now seldom addressed her as “White Rose,” and never as “my lovely lady;” while it was she who made graceful little compliments to him, and was always gay and bright in his company, and constantly watchful of his comfort or pleasure. She prevailed upon him, too, to make calls with her upon other ladies; and gave him frequent commissions that would bring him in contact with a variety of persons. But she could not help seeing, that it was only in obedience to her wishes that he made calls, or mingled with the town-people; and when, one evening, returning together from a visit where he had been very much patronized, he had remarked, with a shrug and smile of self-contempt, “It is no use, Mrs. Smiley—oil an’ water won’t mix,” she had given it up, and never more interfered with his old habits.

So the summer passed, and winter came again, with its long rains, dark days, and sad associations. Although Mrs. Smiley was not at all a “weakly woman,” constant effort and care, and the absence of anything very flattering in her future, or inspiring in her present, wore upon her, exhausting her vitality too rapidly for perfect health, as the constantly increasing delicacy of her appearance testified. In truth, when the spring opened, she found herself so languid and depressed as to be hardly able

to teach, in addition to her house-work. Then it was that the gossips took up her case once more, and declared, with considerable unanimity, that Mrs. Smiley was pining for the handsome Captain, after all, and, if ever she had refused him, was sorry for it—thus revenging themselves upon a woman audacious enough to refuse a man many others would have thought “good enough for them,” and “too good for” so unappreciative a person.

With the first bright and warm weather, Willie went to spend a week with his friend, and Mrs. Smiley felt forced to take a vacation. A yachting-party were going over to the cape, and Captain Rumway was to take them out over the bar. Rumway himself sent an invitation to Mrs. Smiley—this being the first offer of amity he had felt able to make since the previous July. She laughed a little, to herself, when the note came (for she was not ignorant of the town-tattle—what school-teacher ever is?) and sent an acceptance. If Captain Rumway were half as courageous as she, the chatters would be confounded, she promised herself, as she made her toilet for the occasion—not too nice for sea-water, but bright, and pretty, and becoming, as her toilets always were.

So she sailed over to the cape with the “young folks,” and, as widows can—particularly widows who have gossip to avenge—was more charming than any girl of them all, to others besides Captain Rumway. The officers of the garrison vied with each other in showing her attentions; and the light-house keeper, in exhibiting the wonders and beauties of the place, always, if unconsciously, appealed to Mrs. Smiley for admiration and appreciation. Yet she wore her honors modestly, contriving to share this homage with some other, and never accepting it as all meant for herself. And toward Captain Rumway her manner was as absolutely free from either co-

quetry or awkwardness as that of the most indifferent acquaintance. Nobody, seeing her perfectly frank yet quiet and cool deportment with her former suitor, could say, without falsehood, that she in any way concerned herself about him; and if he had heard that she was pining for him, he was probably undeceived during that excursion. Thus she came home feeling that she had vindicated herself, and with a pretty color in her face that made her look as girlish as any young lady of them all.

But, if Captain Rumway had re-opened an acquaintance with Mrs. Smiley out of compassion for any woes she might be suffering on his account, or out of a design to show how completely he was master of himself, or, in short, for any motive whatever, he was taken in his own devices, and compelled to surrender unconditionally. Like the man in Scripture, out of whom the devils were cast only to return, his last estate was worse than the first, as he was soon compelled to acknowledge; and one of the first signs of this relapse into fatuity was the resumption of work on the unfinished house, and the ornamentation of the neglected grounds.

"I will make it such a place as she can not refuse," he said to himself, more or less hopefully. "She will have to accept the house and grounds, with me thrown in. And whatever she is pining for, she *is* pining, *that* I can see. It may be for outdoor air and recreation, and the care which a husband only can give her. If it be that, she can take them along with me."

Thus it was, that when Chillis brought Willie home from his long visit to the woods and streams, he saw the workmen busy on the Captain's house. He heard, too, about the excursion to the Cape, and the inevitable comments upon Rumway's proceedings. But he said nothing about it to Mrs. Smiley, though he spent the evening in the snug little

parlor, and they talked together of many things personally interesting to both; especially about Willie's education and profession in life.

"He ought to go to college," said his mother. "I wish him to be a scholarly man, whatever profession he decides upon afterward. I could not bear that he should not have a liberal education."

"Yes, Willie must be a gentleman," said Chillis; "for his mother's sake he must be that."

"But how to provide the means to furnish such an education as he ought to have, is what puzzles me," continued Mrs. Smiley, pausing in her needlework to study that problem more closely, and gazing absently at the face of her guest. "Will ten years more of school-teaching do it, I wonder?"

"Ten years o' school-teachin', an' house-work, an' sewin'!" cried he. "Yes, long before that you will be under the sod o' the grave-yard! *You* can not send the boy to college."

"Who, then?"—smiling at his vehemence.

"I will."

"You, Mr. Chillis? I thought..." She checked herself, fearing to hurt his pride.

"You thought I was poor, an' so I am, for I never tried to make money. I don't want money. But there is land belongin' to me out in the valley—five or six hundred acres—an' land is growin' more valuable every year. Ten years from now I reckon mine would pay a boy's schoolin'. So you needn't work yourself to death for that, Mrs. Smiley."

The tears sprang to the gray eyes which were turned upon him with such eloquent looks. "It is like you," she said, in a broken voice, "and I have nothing to say."

"You are welcome to my land, White Rose, an' there is nothin' *to* be said."

Then she bent her head over her sew-

ing, feeling, indeed, that there was little use for words.

"Do you know," he asked, breaking a protracted silence, "that you have got to give up teachin'?"

"And do what? I might take to gardenin'. That would be better, perhaps; I have thought about it."

"Let me see your hands. They look like gardenin': two rose-leaves! Don't it make me wish to be back in my prime? Work for you! Wouldn't I love to work for you?"

"And do you not, in every way you can? Am I to have no pride about accepting so much service? What a poor creature you must take me for, Mr. Chillis."

"There is nothin' else in the world that I think of; nothin' else that I live for; an' after all it is so little, that I can not save you from spoilin' your pretty looks with care. An' you have troubled yourself about me, too; don't think I haven't seen it. You fret your lovely soul about the old man's trouble, when you can't help it—you, nor nobody. An', after all, what does it matter about *me*? I am nothin', and you are everything. I want you to remember that, and do everything for your own happiness without wastin' a thought on me. I am content to keep my distance, ef I only see you happy and well off. Do you understand me?"

Mrs. Smiley looked up with a suffused face. "Mr. Chillis," she answered, "you make me ashamed of myself and my selfishness. Let us never refer to this subject again. Work don't hurt me; and since you have offered to provide for Willie's education, you have lifted half my burden. Why should you stand at a distance to see me happier than I am, when I am so happy as to have such a friend as you? How am I to be happier by your being at a distance, who have been the kindest of friends? You are out of spirits this

evening, and you talk just a little—non-sense." And she smiled at him in a sweetly apologetic fashion for the word.

"That is like enough," he returned, gravely; "but I want you to remember my words, foolish or not. Don't let me stand in your light—not for one minute; and don't forget this: that Joe Chillis is happy when he sees the White Rose bloomin' and bright."

Contrary to his command, Mrs. Smiley did endeavor to forget these words in the weeks following, when the old mountain-man came no more to her rose-embowered cottage, and when Captain Rumway invented many ingenious schemes for getting the pale school-teacher to take more recreation and fresh air. She endeavored to forget them, but she could not, though her resolve to ignore them was as strong as it ever had been when her burdens had seemed lighter. But in spite of her resolve, and in spite of the fact that it could not be said that any encouragement had been given to repeat his addresses, Rumway continued to work at his house and grounds steadily, and, to all appearance, hopefully. And although he never consulted Mrs. Smiley now concerning the arrangement of either, he showed that he remembered her suggestions of the year before by following them out without deviation.

Thus quietly, without incident, the June days slipped away, and the perfect July weather returned once more, when there was always a chair or two out on the sunset porch at evening. At last Chillis re-appeared, and took a seat in one of them, quite in the usual way. He had been away, he said, attending to some business.

"An' I have fixed that matter all right about the boy's schoolin'," he added. "The papers are made out, in the clerk's office, an' will be sent to you as soon as they are recorded. There are five hundred and forty acres, which you

will know how to manage better than I can tell you. You can sell by and by, ef you can't get the money out of it any other way. The taxes won't be much, the land being unimproved."

"You do not mean that you have *deeded* all your land to Willie?" cried Mrs. Smiley. "I protest against it; he must not have it! Would you let us rob you?" she asked, wonderingly. "What are *you* to do, by and by, as you say?"

"Me? I shall do well enough. Money is o' no use to me. But ef I should want a meal or a blanket, that I couldn't git, the boy wouldn't see me want them long. Ef he forgot old Joe Chillis, his mother wouldn't, I reckon."

"You pay too high a price for our remembrance, Mr. Chillis; we are not worth it. But why do you talk of forgetting? You are not going away from us?"

"Yes; I am goin' to start to-morrow for my old stampin'-ground, east o' the mountains. My only livin' son is over there, somewhar. He don't amount to much—the Indian in him is too strong; but, like enough, he will be glad to see his father afore I die. An' I want to git away from here."

"You will come back? Promise me you will come back." For something in his voice, and his settled expression of melancholy and renunciation, made her fear he was taking this step for a reason that could not be named between them.

"It is likely," he said; "but ef I come or no, don't fret about me. Jest remember this that I am tellin' you now. The day I first saw you was the most fortunate day o' my life. Ef I hadn't a-met you, I should have died as I had lived—like a creature without a soul. An' now I have a soul, in you. An' when I come to die, as I shall before many years, I shall die happy, thinkin' how my old hands had served the sweetest woman under heaven, and how they had

been touched by hers so kindly, many a time, when she condescended to serve *me*."

What could she say to a charge like this? Yet say something she must, and so she answered, that he thought too highly of her, who was no better than other women; but, that, since in his great singleness of heart, he did her this honor, to set her above all the world, she could only be humbly grateful, and wish really to be what in his vivid imagination she seemed to him. Then she turned the talk upon less personal topics, and Willie was called and informed of the loss he was about to sustain; upon which there was a great deal of childish questioning, and boyish regret for the good times no more to be that summer.

"I should like to take care of your boat," said he—"your hunting-boat, I mean. If I had it over here, I would take mamma down to it every Saturday, and she could sew and do everything there, just as she does at home; and it would be gay, now, wouldn't it?"

"The old boat is sold, my boy; that, an' the row-boat, and the pony, too. You'll have to wait till I come back for huntin', and fishin', and ridin'."

Then Mrs. Smiley knew almost certainly that this visit was the last she would ever receive from Joe Chillis, and, though she tried hard to seem unaffected by the parting, and to talk of his return hopefully, the effort proved abortive, and conversation flagged. Still he sat there silent and nearly motionless through the whole evening, thinking what thoughts she guessed only too well. With a great sigh, at last he rose to go.

"You will be sure to write at the end of your journey, and let us know how you find things there, and when you are coming back?"

"I will write," said he; "an' I want you to write back and tell me that you

remember what I advised you some time ago." He took her hands, folded them in his own, kissed them reverently, and turned away.

Mrs. Smiley watched him going down the garden-walk, as she had watched him a year before, and noted how slow and uncertain his steps had grown since then. At the gate he turned and waved his hand, and she, in turn, fluttered her little white handkerchief. Then she sat down with the handkerchief over her head, and sobbed for full five minutes.

"There are things in life one can not comprehend," she murmured to herself—"things we can not dare to meddle with or try to alter; Providences I suppose they are. If God had made a man like that for me, of my own age, and given him opportunities suited to his capacities, and he had loved me as this man loves, what a life ours would have been!"

The summer weather and bracing north-west breezes from the ocean renewed, in a measure, Mrs. Smiley's health, and restored her cheerful spirits; and, if she missed her old friend, she kept silent about it, as she did about most things that concerned herself. To Willie's questioning, she gave those evasive replies children are used to receive; but she frequently told him, in talks about his future, that Mr. Chillis had promised to send him to college, and that as long as he lived he must love and respect so generous a friend. "And, Willie," she never failed to add, "if ever you see an old man who is in need of anything—food, or clothes, or shelter—be very sure that you furnish them, as far as you are able." She was teaching him to pay his debt: "for, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these," he had done it unto his benefactor.

September came, and yet no news had arrived from beyond the mountains. Captain Rumway's house was finished up to the last touch of varnish. The

lawn, and the shrubbery, and fence were all just as they should be; yet, so far as anybody knew, no mistress had been provided for them, when, one warm and hazy afternoon, Mrs. Smiley received an invitation to look at the completed mansion, and pass her judgment upon it.

"I am going to furnish it in good style," said its master, rather vauntingly, Mrs. Smiley thought, "and I hoped you would be so good as to give me your assistance in making out a list of the articles required to fit the house up perfectly, from parlor to kitchen."

"Any lady can furnish a list of articles for each room, Mr. Rumway, more or less costly, as you may order; but only the lady who is to live in the house can tell you what will please *her*;" and she smiled the very shadow of a superior smile.

Mr. Rumway had foolishly thought to get his house furnished according to Mrs. Smiley's taste, and now found he should have to consult Mrs. Rumway's, present or prospective, and the discovery annoyed him. Yet, why should he be annoyed? Was not the very opportunity presented that he had desired, of renewing his proposal to her to take the establishment in charge? So, although it compelled him to change his programme, he accepted the situation, and seized the tide at flood.

"It is that lady—the one I entreat to come and live in it—whose wishes I now consult. Once more, will you come?"

Mrs. Smiley, though persistently looking aside, had caught the eloquent glance of the Captain's dark eyes, and something of the warmth of his face was reflected in her own. But she remained silent, looking at the distant highlands, without seeing them.

"You must have seen," he continued, "that, notwithstanding your former answer, I have been bold enough to hope you might change your mind; for, in everything I have done here, I have

tried to follow your expressed wishes. I should in all else strive to make you as happy as by accepting this home you would make me. You do not answer; shall I say it is 'Yes?'" He bent so close that his dark, half-curling mop of hair just brushed her golden braids, and gave her a little shock, like electricity, making her start away with a blush.

"Will you give me time to decide upon my answer, Mr. Rumway?"

"You asked for time before," he replied, in an agitated voice, "and, after making me suffer a week of suspense, refused me."

"I know it," she said simply, "and I was sorry I had asked it; but my reasons are even more imperative than they were then for wishing to delay. I want to decide right, at last," she added, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"That will be right which accords with your feelings, and certainly you can tell me now what they are—whether you find me the least bit lovable or not."

The gray eyes flashed a look up into the dark eyes, half of mirth and half of real inquiry. "I think one might learn to endure you, Mr. Rumway," she answered, demurely. "But"—changing her manner—"I can not tell you whether or not I can marry you, until—until—well," she concluded, desperately—"it may be a day, or a week, or a month. There is something to be decided, and until it is decided, I can not give an answer."

Captain Rumway looked very rebellious.

"I do not ask you to wait, Mr. Rumway," said Mrs. Smiley, tormentingly. "Your house need not be long without a mistress."

"Of course, I must wait, if you give me the least ground of hope. This place was made for you, and no other woman shall ever come into it as my wife—that I swear. If you will not have me, I will sell it, and live a bachelor."

Mrs. Smiley laughed softly and tunelessly. "Perhaps you would prefer to limit your endurance, and tell me how long you *will* allow me to deliberate before you sell and retire to bachelorhood?"

"You know very well," he returned, ruefully, "that I shall always be hoping against all reason that the wished-for answer was coming at last."

"Then we will say no more about it at present."

"And I may come occasionally to learn whether that 'something' has been decided?"

"Yes, if you have the patience for it. But, I warn you, there is a chance of my having to say 'No.'"

"If there is only a chance of your having to say 'No,' I think I may incur the risk," said Rumway, with a sudden accession of hopefulness; and, as they walked home together once more, the gossips pronounced it an engagement. The Captain himself felt that it was, although, when he reviewed the conversation, he discovered that he founded his impression upon that one glance of the gray eyes, rather than upon anything that had been said. And Mrs. Smiley put the matter out of mind as much as possible, and waited.

One day, about the last of the month, a letter came to her from over the mountains. It ran in this wise:

"MY LOVELY LADY:—I am once more among the familiar scenes of 40 year ago. My son is here an' about as I expected. I had rather be back at Clatsop, with the old bote, but, owin' to circumstances I can't controll, think it better to end my dais on this side ov the mountains. You need not look for me to come back, but I send you an' the boy my best love, an' hope you hav done as I advised.

"Yours faithfully, til deth,

"JOE CHILLIS."

Soon after the receipt of this letter, Captain Rumway called to inquire concerning the settlement of the matter on which his marriage depended. That evening he staid later than usual, and,

in a long confidential talk which he had with Mrs. Smiley, learned that there was a condition attached to the consummation of his wishes which required his recognition of the claims of "poor old Joe" to be considered a friend of the family. To do him justice, he yielded the point more gracefully than, from his consciousness of his own position, could have been expected.

The next day, Mrs. Smiley wrote as follows:

"DEAR MR. CHILLIS:—I shall move into the new house about the last of October, according to your

advice. We—that is, myself, and Willie, and the present owner of the house—shall be delighted if you will come and stay with us. But if you decide to remain with your son, believe that we think of you very often and very affectionately, and wish you every possible happiness. R. agrees with me that the land ought to be deeded back to you; and I think you had best return and get the benefit of it. It would make you very comfortable for life, properly managed, and about that we might help you. Please write and let us know what to do about it.

"Yours affectionately,

"ANNIE SMILEY."

No reply ever came to this letter; and, as it was written ten years ago, Mrs. Rumway has ceased to expect any. Willie is about to enter college.

JUSTIFIABLE FICTION.

IT is absolutely essential to a Californian entering London society that he has slain at least one grizzly bear. This is expected and required of him. Once I became garrulous over my old camp and mountain life. Said an English lady, "But you must have been afraid of wild beasts, all alone in the forest."

I laughed a manly laugh of derision.

"Did you ever kill a wild beast?" asked the tender Briton.

I have never killed anything larger than a squirrel in my life. Several times before had I been asked this question. With an over-conscientious regard for veracity, I had answered, "Nay." At once I sunk in popular estimation. Here was the crisis again. Three young ladies were anxiously awaiting my answer—two of them lineal descendants of William the Conqueror. They expected me to be Nimrodish.

I said then to myself: "Strict veracity and I must part company for awhile. Strict veracity keeps me from shining. The British public expect bold, startling deeds from a dweller in the western wilds of America. The British public

shall not be disappointed. I must launch a slain wild beast upon them. It shall figure prominently at all social gatherings. I will tell the story so often that I will believe it myself. I will also hint vaguely of some dark and dreadful deed, all my own. In social converse my countenance shall fall suddenly; I shall hesitate; a dreadful recollection shall, for the moment, seem to overwhelm me; I will recover; I will shake it off; I will be myself again."

I commenced my new career that same evening. I said I had once killed a coyote. I brought the beast out modestly, as though to me there seemed nothing particularly brave or meritorious in the act.

"And what is a coyote?" asked the lady. Should I say that it was a mean, sneaking, cowardly animal, and thus rob myself of all my rising reputation?

I said that the coyote was a great, gaunt, powerful animal, with a roar like a lion, and more dangerous even than the grizzly. I said that a single one had been known to put a whole village to flight, and that, in his merciless career, he spared neither age, sex, nor respect-

ability. I told how I had slain one, after a desperate fight. I showed one scar, where I had run a jackknife in my hand when a boy.

My success astonishes and dazzles me. These innocent British maidens are so hungry for stories of this description—they swallow them with such keen relish—it is unkind to deny them. I am now a hero. I retouch and re-embellish the tale for every new party. Eventually I am to bring out a grizzly and an Indian—slain both in single combat. These little fictions are justifiable. They amuse; they interest; they are expected. The end justifies the means.

The American of the farther West, in the respectable British imagination, is a reckless, bloodthirsty, impetuous, vindictive being, hung with six-shooters and bowie-knives. Seated between two gentlemen, one evening, at a social gathering, the conversation ran thus:

“You are an American?”

“I am an American—a Californian.”

“Ah! and is it true that you people on the frontier have so many rows?”

“Much that is said is true.”

“And have you ever killed a man?”

I stared. I thought there was an intent to quiz me. No. The querists were two honest, innocent English artists, who deemed that nearly everything in the universe worth knowing or seeing was to be found in London, and that all humanity living without the happy, blessed boundaries of England led a vague, wretched sort of existence.

I hesitated in my answer. Perhaps one of the gentlemen mistook that hesitation for the momentary confusion of remorse, as memory, agitated by such a question, ran over its long list of victims. He apologized. I said then that I had never killed anybody. I do not think I was believed. My delay in answering, and my apparent confusion, however, raised me in their estimation. They now held me as a western desperado, too

modest to confess his crimes. The English have quite a passion for the occidental ruffian.

I saw now so vividly how great had been my neglect to have lived full sixteen years in the roughest, wildest, most lawless camps in California, without killing at least one man; to have lived where the “shooting scrape” was a semi-weekly institution; where every one went “heeled” with derringers, knives, and revolvers; where the great pier-glass behind the bar at the Long Tom Saloon was trebled in value by the bullet-hole through it, sent thither during a controversy between Dr. B. and the sheriff. I now mourned neglected opportunities. I could not truthfully say, “I, too, have slain a Peruvian!”

“But there is a great deal of shooting and cutting among your people?” remarked the gentleman.

I perceived that these men were hungry for a meal of wild, western, bloody fiction. It was cruel to deny them.

I said: “Certainly. We shoot much. We shoot often. We shoot socially. If, for instance, the company be sitting about the stove in the Riffle Saloon, and the conversation flags, and things generally are dull, nothing is more common than for a gentleman to get up, stretch himself, draw his revolver, cock it, flourish it about his head, and proclaim himself the royal Bengal tiger of the southern mines. Then the sluggish blood begins to quicken in the veins of some other gentleman, and he gets up, stretches himself, draws his revolver, cocks it, flourishes it about, and proclaims himself another royal Bengal tiger of the southern mines. Then are heard ten or twelve short, sharp reports. The lights are blown out by the concussions. The rival Bengal tigers shoot about at random in the dark, and hit everybody else save themselves. The unhurt portion of the company scramble behind the bar and under the billiard-tables, and cry

out, 'Don't shoot this way!' When the barrels of both revolvers are emptied, the combatants clinch, and, as they imagine, cut each other all to pieces with bowie-knives; although, when lights are brought, it turns out to be somebody else. Then the two royal Bengals shake hands, fraternize over a drink, and go off together to the gunsmith's to get their pistols reloaded. The survivors pick up the dead and wounded. There is a great deal of talk over the affair for several days. The bodies are kept until Sunday. Then there is a splendid funeral. The Odd Fellows, the Masons, the military companies, and the temperance societies, all turn out, with music and banners. The Sunday-school children, dressed in white, appear in the procession, singing, 'There is a happy land, far, far away,' etc. The minister preaches a very affecting discourse, and is very careful not to say anything which may wound the feelings of the two Bengal tigers, who stand in the front pew overlooking the coffins, as chief mourners, holding together by their left hands the same hymn-book, as they sing out of it, while the right of either grasps his revolver, ready to send a ball through the clerical organization, should he say anything in the funeral sermon personally offensive to them. Everybody for twenty miles around comes on horseback and in buggies. The saloons and shops do a good business, and the day commonly winds up with a grand ball and supper. All the young ladies are proud to dance with the two Bengals; all the young men envy them, and resolve to kill somebody at the first convenient opportunity. Before morning, there are probably two or three more 'fatal affrays,' and so the life and excitement peculiar to our free, easy, unconventional society is sustained, from month to month and year to year.

"When all this is over, a subscription is generally set on foot in the camp for erecting monuments over the graves, and

when the money is all raised, the man to whom it is intrusted goes to San Francisco to buy the marbles, and there he falls in with old friends, and drinks, sprees, and gambles all the money away. If he comes back and makes confession, either we blow the top of his head off, or we say: 'No matter. If you had a good time, it is just as well. Bob, Jim, and Tom will rest quite as easy without any monuments.' Then we put over them a cheap wooden tombstone, with a pretty verse painted on it. These boards, after a few years, rot away at the lower end, and the goats and cows, pastured in our camp burying-ground, rub against them and knock them over, and finally we gather and split them up for stove kindlings."

They liked this sketch of California life. They relished it. They picked its very bones clean.

At a certain social gathering, the name of Joaquin Miller was introduced.

"Miller has been engaged in some affrays, I suppose," said a gentleman to me.

I said, "He has slain many men."

I burden Miller with every sort of crime. It does him no injury, here. A little blood gives his poems a game relish.

"Do you know Miller?" he asked.

"I do. He was my friend; but..." Here I became agitated, and corrugated my brows. I continued—"I wish never to meet that man again. If I do..." Here my right hand traveled involuntarily toward my derringer-pocket. "The truth is, we once fought, in California, with double-barreled shot-guns, at six paces. We have not done fighting, yet—the war has scarcely begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north... I beg your pardon! but if we meet again—and no matter where we meet—the affair must be brought to a final conclusion. I trust the coming affray may never occur in any quiet Brit-

ish household; because I can not back down, or back out of the customs of my native West. With us, the contingencies involved by the doctrine of personal responsibility know no suspension by reason of time, place, circumstance, or company. We will fight, be it in the church, the theatre, or by the hospitable fireside of the stranger. And among our people, upon such occasions, everyone feels in duty and honor bound to take all the chances of being hit by the stray bullets which the combatants may distribute among the company."

British society insists on providing this bloody niche for the western American. Why not fill it? The British

public demand that we smell of blood, bowie-knives, and the sulphurous vapors of the pistol. When a man finds, ready made for him, such a robe of dark and tragic hue, should he not wear it—especially when the public insist on admiring him wrapped, stern, bloody, vindictive, and sanguinary, therein? I like it. I never harmed man, woman, or child; yet, now, I feel permeated by the reckless, life-scorning, murder-loving spirit of my countrymen. I count my victims by the score; I see them lying weltering in the usual gore; I travel through my own private necropolis; I visit my own private dead-house, full of my slain, as yet unclaimed, unrecognized.

HETCH - HETCHY VALLEY.

THE LOWER TUOLUMNE YOSEMITE.

AMONG the endless variety of natural forms, not one stands solitary and unrelated. Though no two are exactly alike, and each possesses a certain individuality, the partition-walls are so thin, that, to the eye of Science, they form either one great unit or a vast company of individuals harmoniously correlated. Ignorance and a love of the marvelous incline us to find anomalous curiosities in every direction; and of the bands of pilgrims who come seeking for fountain beauty into our little Yosemite world, the greater part go away under the impression that here we have an exceptional creation, destined to remain the latest, most unaccompanied wonder of the earth.

Cool-headed scientists, standing on the valley floor, and looking up to its massive walls, have been unable to interpret its history. *The magnitude of the characters in which the account of its origin is recorded, has prevented its being read.* "We have interrogated," says the sci-

entist, "all the known valley-producing causes. The torrent has replied, 'It was not I;' the glacier has answered, 'It was not I;' and the august forces that fold and *crevasse* whole mountain chains disclaim all knowledge of it."

But, during my few years' acquaintance with it, I have found it not full of chaos, unaccompanied and parentless. I have found it one of many Yosemite valleys, which differ not more than one pine-tree differs from another. Attentive study and comparison of these throws a flood of light upon the origin of the Yosemite; uniting her, by birth, with sister valleys distributed through all the principal river-basins of the range.

The Lower Tuolumne Yosemite, that I am about to sketch—called "Hetch-Hetchy" by the Indians—is said to have been discovered by one Joseph Screech, a hunter, in the year 1850, one year before Captain Boling and his party discovered Yosemite, in their pursuit of

marauding Indians. It lies in a north-westerly direction from Yosemite, at a distance of eighteen or twenty miles; but by any trail practicable with horses the distance is not less than forty miles. My first excursion to Hetch-Hetchy was undertaken in the early portion of November, 1871. I had devoted the previous summer to explorations among the cañons which radiate from Yosemite, reserving Hetch-Hetchy for the last raid of the season. I went alone, my outfit consisting of a pair of blankets and a quantity of bread and coffee. There is a weird charm in carrying out such a free and pathless plan as I had projected: passing through untrodden forests, from cañon to cañon, from mountain to mountain; constantly coming upon new beauties and new truths. Thus, in leaving Yosemite, before its brown meadows and yellow groves were out of sight, over the shoulder of Tissiack rose Mount Starr King, robed with grand folds of forest, and girdled with a circle of guardian domes; beyond were the red-and-purple mountains of the Merced group, all hushed and asleep in the clear, blue sky; and yet beyond were mountains nameless and unnumbered, growing more indistinct till they melted from sight. As I drifted over the dome-paved basin of Yosemite Creek, Hetch-Hetchy and Yosemite were alike forgotten, and sunset found me only three miles back from the brow of El Capitan, near the head of a round, smooth gap—the deepest groove in the El Capitan ridge. Here I laid down, and thought of the time when the groove in which I rested was being ground away at the bottom of a vast ice-sheet, that flowed over all the Sierra like a slow wind. It is now forested with magnificent firs (*Picea amabilis*), many of which are over 200 feet in height, growing upon soil not derived from the solid granite by the slow rusting action of rain or frost, or by the more violent erosion of

torrents of water, but by the steady crushing and grinding of glaciers. Besides supporting so noble a forest, this moraine deposit gives birth to a happy-voiced tributary of Yosemite Creek. My huge camp-fire glowed like a sun; and, warm in its light, against the deepest shadows a splendid circumference of firs stood out and lived in a consciousness and individuality that they can seldom attain in the penetrating radiance of day. My happy brook sung confidingly, and by its side I made my bed of rich, spicy boughs, elastic and warm. Upon so luxurious a couch, in such a forest, and by such a fire and brook, sleep is gentle and pure. Wild-wood sleep is always refreshing; and to those who receive the mountains into their souls, as well as into their sight—living with them clean and free—sleep is a beautiful death, from which we arise every dawn into a new-created world, to begin a new life, in a new body.

In my second day's journey, extending to the northernmost tributary of the Middle Fork of the Tuolumne, I crossed a great number of glacier cañons, of moderate depth, belonging to the richly sculptured basins of Cascade Creek and the Tuolumne River. The ice-polish upon the bottoms and sides of these cañons is as perfect, in many places, as if the glaciers which accomplished it had been removed but yesterday. It burns and spangles in the sun-rays like the still surface of a lake, and is delicately striated; enabling one, by close observation, to ascertain the direction in which the bottom of the producing glacier moved. In crossing these bright cañons, the clank and ring of my mountain-shoes is oftentimes hushed in the loose dirt of a moraine, or in the spongy velvet of one of those glacier meadows which abound in all kinds of places—at the bottoms of the cañons, or on their sides, or on the top of their dividing ridges. The heads of these basins are prevented from

reaching to the summit mountains of the range by the intervening basin of Yosemite Creek and the cañon of the main Tuolumne River; therefore they contain no lofty mountains, but their surfaces are nobly diversified and adorned by meadows and bright eye-lakes, moraines and forests, and a thousand cascades, harmoniously measured and combined by the great Landscape-Builder, whose gardens, at all stages of their development, are units of finished beauty.

My second camp, in a fringe of Tuolumne pines, was as beautiful as my first, with abundance of balsam-filled logs for fire, and of the soothing hushes of water for sleep.

In the morning, after climbing a long, timbered slope, and crossing a few bushy, groove-shaped valleys, I came suddenly on the top of the wall of the main Tuolumne Cañon, a mile or two above Hetch-Hetchy Valley. The view from this point is one of the very grandest I ever beheld. Immediately beneath me—down, down, at the depth of more than 4,000 feet—lay a yellow, sun-lit ribbon, with a silvery thread in the middle. That ribbon was a strip of autumn-colored meadow, and the silver thread is the main Tuolumne River. The opposite wall of the cañon rises in precipices, steep and angular, like those of Yosemite; and from this wall, as a sort of foundation, extends a most sublime wilderness of mountains, rising rapidly higher, dome over dome, crest over crest, to a line of snowy peaks on the summit of the range. Of all this glorious congregation of mountains, Castle Peak, 12,500 feet high, is king—robed with lights and shades, dipping unnumbered spires deep into the thin blue sky, and maintaining, amid noble companions, a perfect and commanding individuality. To most persons unacquainted with the genius of the Sierra Nevada—especially to those whose lives have been spent in shadows—the impression produced by such a landscape is dreary and hopeless.

Like symbols of a desolate future, the sunburned domes, naves, and peaks, lie dead and barren beneath a thoughtless, motionless sky; weed-like trees darken their gray hollows and wrinkles, with scarcely any cheering effect. To quote from a Boston professor: "The heights are bewildering, the distances overpowering, the stillness oppressive, and the utter barrenness and desolation indescribable." But if you go to the midst of these bleached bones of mountains, and dwell confidently and waitingly with them, be assured that every death-taint will speedily disappear; the hardest rocks will pulse with life, secrets of divine beauty and love will be revealed to you by lakes, and meadows, and a thousand flowers, and an atmosphere of spirit be felt brooding over all.

I feasted in a general way, for awhile, upon these grand Tuolumne mountains, noting rock-forms of special significance in mountain sculpture, and tracing the pathways of glaciers that once flowed as tributaries into the grand trunk glacier of the main Tuolumne Cañon, on a moraine of which I was then standing.

A short distance farther down, I came upon a very interesting group of glacial records, that led me away a considerable distance from the trail. Returning, I hastened down the cañon-side, raising many admonitory shouts for the benefit of Mother Bruin and her babes, whose tracks I saw in the path before me. I could not avoid thinking, at times, that so remarkably well-worn and well-directed a trail must formerly have been laid out by the Indians; but on reaching a long slope of *débris* near the bottom of the main cañon, I observed that it suddenly branched, and faded in all directions in dense chapparal, which Indian trails never do. But when I reached the river meadows, its cause was apparent enough, in groves of black-oak—under which the ground was colored brown with acorns—and fields of pine-trees

and manzanita-bushes, which produce the nuts and berries of which they are so fond. An acorn orchard at one terminus, nut and berry orchards at the other.

At sundown, the drooping plumes of a close group of *libocedrus* trees furnished me with abundance of spicy bedding. The sandy ground was covered with bear-tracks; but that gave me no anxiety, because I knew that bears never eat men where acorns and berries abound. Night came in most impressive stillness. My blazing fire illuminated the brown columns of my guardian trees, and from between their bulging roots a few withered breckans and golden-rods leaned forward, as if eager to drink the light. Here and there a star glinted through the shadowy foliage overhead, and in front I could see a portion of the mighty cañon walls massed in darkness against the sky; making me feel as if at the bottom of the sea. The near, soothing hush of the river joined faint, broken songs of cascades. I became drowsy, and, on the incense-like breath of my green pillow, I floated away into sleep.

The following morning, leaping out of the pine-grove and into the meadow, I had my first wide view of the walls, from the depths of Hetch-Hetchy.

It is estimated that about 10,000 White persons have visited the Yosemite Valley. If this multitude could be set down suddenly in Hetch-Hetchy, perhaps not one per cent. of the number would entertain the slightest doubt of their being in Yosemite. They would find themselves among rocks, water-falls, meadows, and groves, of Yosemite size and kind, grouped in Yosemite style; and, amid such a vast assemblage of sublime mountain forms, only acute observers, and those most familiar with the Yosemite Valley, would be able to note special differences. The only questions they would be likely to put would be, "What part of the

valley is this?" "Where are the hotels?"

The Yosemite Valley is situated halfway between the foot-hills and the top of the range; so, also, is Hetch-Hetchy Valley. The Merced River meanders leisurely down through Yosemite; so does the Tuolumne River through Hetch-Hetchy. The bottom of Yosemite is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; the bottom of Hetch-Hetchy is about 3,800. In both, the walls are of gray granite, and rise precipitously from a level bottom, with but little *débris* along their bases.

Standing boldly out into the valley, from the southern wall, is the rock *Ko-la-na*—seeming still to bid defiance to the mighty glacier that once flowed grindingly over and around it. Tall pines and spruces feather its base, and a few tough, storm-loving ones have made out to climb upon its head. It is the most independent and most picturesque rock in the valley, forming the outermost of a group corresponding in every way with the Cathedral Rocks of Yosemite. On the authority of the State Geological Survey, it is 2,270 feet in height. That strength of structure and form which enabled it to withstand the thrust of the ice, is still conspicuous; subsequent erosion of every kind, acting incessantly or periodically throughout thousands (perhaps hundreds of thousands) of years, having accomplished scarcely any perceptible change; and the same is generally true of all the more prominent rocks in and around the valley. Wherever a rock of sufficient hardness has been freely exposed to glacial friction, and has been subsequently acted upon by the exceptional forces of streams of water, or avalanches of boulders, or snow, it still presents a polished and striated surface of dazzling brightness, as if it never had received the after-touch of a single storm.

Facing Kolana, on the opposite side

of the valley, is a rock 1,800 feet high, which presents a sheer, precipitous front like El Capitan, of Yosemite; offering, as does its grand counterpart, a great problem to the student of physical geology. Over the massive brow of this sublime rock flows a stream, which makes, without exception, the most graceful fall I have ever beheld. Its Indian name is *Tu-ee-u-lá-la*; which, being too long and difficult for common use, we will contract to *Lála*. From the brow of the cliff it leaps, clear and free, for a thousand feet; then half disappears in a rage of spattering cascades among the bowlders of an earthquake talus. Toward the end of summer, it becomes entirely dry, because its head streams do not reach back to the lasting snows of the summits. When I last saw it (in June, 1872), it was indescribably lovely. The only fall that I know with which it can possibly be compared is the Yosemite Bridal Veil; but it far excels even that fall in its elements of peculiar beauty—floating, swaying gracefulness, and tender repose. For if we attentively observe the Bridal Veil, even toward the end of summer, when its waters are less abundant, we may discover, when the wind blows aside the outer folds of mist, dense, hard-headed comets shooting downward with tremendous energy—revealing the earnestness and fixedness of purpose with which it seeks the new world below; but from the top of the cliff where the Hetch-Hetchy Veil first floats free, all the way to the bottom, its snowy form is in perfect repose, like a plume of white cloud, becalmed in bright sky. Moreover, Bridal Veil dwells far back in a shadow-haunted corner of the valley wall, and is therefore inaccessible to the main wind-river of the valley, having to depend for its principal gestures upon broken waves and whirlpools of air, that oftentimes compel it to sway and curve in a somewhat fitful and teasing manner; but the Hetch-Hetchy Veil, be-

ing fully exposed to the principal wind-stream of its valley, is ever ready to yield graceful compliance to the demands and suggestions of calm or storm.

Most persons, unacquainted with the behavior of mountain streams when they are traveling loose in the air, down over vertical precipices, would naturally think that, in their headlong career, they would at once lose all self-control, and be broken up into a noisy chaos of mist and spray; yet no supposition could be more universally wrong. Imagine yourself in Hetch-Hetchy. It is a bright day in June; the air is drowsy with flies; the pines sway dreamily, and you are sunk, shoulder-deep, in grasses and flowers. Looking northward across the valley, you behold, rising abruptly out of the grass and trees, a bare granite wall, 1,800 feet high, all glowing with sun-gold, from its green-grovy base to its brow in blue air. At wide intervals along its dizzy edge stand a few venturesome pines, looking wistfully outward; and before its sunny face, immediately in front of you, *Lála* waves her silvery scarf, gloriously embroidered, and burning with white sun-fire in every tissue. In approaching the tremendous precipice, her waters flow fast but confidingly in their smooth granite channel. At their first leap out into the air, a little eagerness appears; but this eagerness is speedily hushed in divine repose, and their tranquil progress to the base of the cliff is like that of a downy feather in a still room. Now observe the marvelous distinctness and delicacy of the various sun-filled tissues into which her waters are woven. They sift and float down the face of that grand gray rock in so leisurely and unconfused a manner, and with such exquisite gentleness, that we can examine their texture and patterns as we would a piece of embroidery held in the hand. Near the top, where the water is more dense, you see groups of comet-like forms shooting outward and down-

ward—their solid heads separate and glowing with silver light, but their long, streaming tails interlaced among delicate shadows—constantly forming, constantly dissolving, worn out by the friction produced in rushing through the air. Occasionally one of these comets, of larger size, shoots far out, as if eager to escape from the milky-way of the fall, into free space, to swing around the sun; but most of them disappear a few hundred feet from the top, giving place to a glorious abundance of loose-flowing drapery, ever varying, like clouds, in texture and pattern, yet clear and unconfused as the grandly sculptured wall in front of which it is waving. Near the bottom, the width of the fall has increased from 25 to 100 feet. Here it is composed of yet finer tissue, that is far more air than water, yet still without a trace of disorder—air, water, and sunlight, woven into cloth that spirits might wear.

Do you not feel that so glorious a fall would be more than sufficient to drape with water-beauty the one side of any valley? But what think you when I tell, that, side by side with it, down thunders the great Hetch-Hetchy Fall—so near, that, standing in front of them, you have both in full view. This fall is called *Wa-pa-ma* by the Indians. It is about 1,800 feet in height, and, seen immediately in front, appears to be nearly vertical; but, viewed in profile from farther up the valley, it is seen to be considerably inclined. Its location is similar to that of the Yosemite Fall, but the stream that feeds it is much larger than Yosemite Creek.

No two falls could be more utterly unlike, to make one perfect whole, like rock and cloud, like sea and shore. Lála speaks low like a pine-tree half asleep; Wapama, in downright thunder and roar. Lála descends so softly that you scarcely feel sure she will alight at all; Wapama descends with the weight and energy of a rock avalanche, and with that

weight and energy so fully displayed, that you half expect him to penetrate the ground like a hard shot. Lála dwells confidently with the winds, without touching the rock, except when blown against it; but Wapama lives back in a jagged gorge, unreached by the winds, which, if they could go to him, would find him inflexibly bent on following his own rocky way. Lála whispers, "He dwells in peace;" Wapama is the thunder of His chariot-wheels in power.

This noble pair are the principal falls of the valley. A few other small streams come over the walls, swooping from crag to crag with bird-like song—too small to be much noticed of men, yet as essential to the perfection of the grand harmonies as the loudest-voiced cata-racts of the range.

That portion of the wall immediately above Wapama corresponds with astonishing minuteness, both in outlines and details of sculpture, with the same relative portion of the Yosemite wall. In the neighborhood of the Yosemite fall, the steep face of the wall is broken and terraced by two conspicuous benches, timbered with live-oak, and extending in a horizontal direction at the heights of 500 and 1,500 feet above the bottom of the valley. Two benches, similarly situated and timbered in the same way, occur upon the same relative portion of the Hetch-Hetchy wall, *and on no other.*

The upper end of the Yosemite Valley is closed by the great Half-Dome Rock. The upper end of Hetch-Hetchy is closed in the same way, by a rock differing from Half-Dome only in those features that are directly referable to peculiarities of physical structure, and to the comparative forces and directions of the glaciers which made them. They both occupy angles formed by the confluence of two immense glaciers; a fact whose significance in its bearing upon mountain sculpture and mountain structure can hardly be overrated.

In front of this head-rock, the Tuolumne River forks, just as the Merced forks in front of Half-Dome. The right fork, as you ascend, is the main river, which takes its rise in a distant glacier that rests upon the north side of Mount Lyell. I have not yet followed the left fork to its highest source; but, judging from the general trend of the ridges, as seen from the top of the south wall of the valley, it must be somewhere on or near Castle Peak. Upon the first four miles of this Castle Peak stream there is a most enchanting series of cascades, five in number, scattered along a picturesque gorge, that is deep and narrow, and well filled with shadows.

Suppose that you are so fortunate as to be in Hetch-Hetchy during June days, and that you seek the acquaintance of these five falls. You rise and start in the early morning. The river hushes are soon faint and far behind you, lost in the wildly exhilarating tones of the first cascade. You rush away, brushing through the grasses of dry, sandy flats, clanking over ice-burnished rocks, and in five minutes you shout, "I see it!" and leap to its side. It is a broad fan of white water, half sliding, half leaping down a steep, glossy slope. At the head, the clear waters glide smoothly over the brow; then faster, faster, dashed with foam, burst gloriously into bloom, in a dancing shower of crystal spray. At the bottom you watch the weary stream taking breath and soothing itself, until it again becomes clear, firm water, and sets out, refreshed and singing happily, on its final faint to the river. You linger along its border, drinking its music, and warming in its radiant beauty, as you warm at your camp-fire; till at last, reluctantly turning away, you discover, a short distance above, a new water-creature, so specially impressive that you are at once absorbed, and sing with it as part of itself. This cascade is framed in deep rock-walls, painted yellow and

red with lichens, fringed along the top with the Sabine pine, and tufted with evergreen-oak. At the bottom, in dewy nooks, are a few ferns, lilies, and fragrant azaleas; and in this fitting granite body dwells its cascade, pure and white, like a visible and happy soul.

Three or four hundred yards farther up, you reach the third cascade—the largest of the five. It is formed of a close family group of smaller ones, inimitably combined. The most vivid and substantial iris-bow that I ever saw was one that appeared here in June. It seemed to be so firm and elastic in the texture of its flesh, that I could not help wishing I might saw off a section two feet long, and carry it to camp for a pillow.

A short distance farther on, the steep-walled gorge disappears, and the bare stream, without any well-marked channel, spreads broad and thin down the side of a smooth granite nave, in a silvery sheet, which measures about 150 feet across at the widest part, and is several hundred yards in length. Its waters are woven, throughout nearly its whole length, into overlapping sheets and fringes, lace-like in structure, thick-sown with diamond-sparks—closely resembling the sheets of cascade tissue that are spread between the Vernal and Nevada falls of Yosemite.

Still advancing, you are next excited by a deep, muffled booming, that comes through the trees, and you dash onward across flowery openings, and through thickets of dogwood and briers, at a faster and faster pace, encouraged by occasional glimpses of white water, until at length you find the fountain of those deep tones in a mealy fall, with surging rapids both at top and bottom. You are not long in discovering the cause of its wild chords, so powerful for its size; for the precipice down which it thunders is fretted over all its surface with angular projections, forming polish-

ed keys, upon every one of which the wild waters play.

The bottom of the valley is flat and smooth as a floor; half of it in meadow, and half sandy and dry. The river banks are richly fringed with poplar and willow, and thickets of dogwood and azalea. There are noble groves of the black-oak, which frequently attains a diameter of six feet. The sandy and gravelly flats, that extend over most of the upper half of the valley, are sparsely forested with the great yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), attaining a height of from 150 to upward of 200 feet, and a diameter of from five to eight feet. In walking the green aisles of these noble forests, one can often see half a mile ahead, because there is hardly any underbrush, and the pines grow far apart, singly, or combined in groves, thus allowing each tree to make a glorious exposure of its individual nobleness. Beneath these pines grows the common brake (*Pteris aquilina*), whose rough, green sheets are tufted with *ceanothus* bushes, and lighted with tulips and golden-rods. Near the walls, upon the slopes of rocky *débris* that occur in so many places, the pines give place to the live-oak (*Quercus chrysolepis*), forming the shadiest groves, and the greatest in extent, in the valley. Their glossy foliage, densely pressed and woven at the top, forms a kind of ceiling, containing only a few irregular windows for the admission of sunbeams, and supported by bare gray trunks, branched and gnarled in an exceedingly picturesque manner. This sturdy oak, so well calculated in its habits, forms, and colors for a mountaineer, not only covers the rocky slopes, but climbs along fissures and up steep cañons to the very top of the valley, and far beyond—dwarfing, as it goes, from a tree thirty or forty feet high and four or five feet in diameter, to a shrub no thicker than one's finger, forming dense patches, acres in extent. There are a few sugar-pines in the valley

(*Pinus Lambertiana*), two-leafed pines (*P. contorta*), and Sabine pines (*P. Sabiniana*), which last grows only upon the sun-beaten rocks of the north side of the valley. In the cool cañons of the north side are a few specimens of each of the two silver firs (*Picea amabilis* and *P. grandis*). The incense cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*), with rough, brown trunk, and warm, green foliage, and the Douglas spruce (*Abies Douglasii*), are noble trees, reaching a height of more than 150 feet, and a diameter of six or eight feet. Near the bottom of the valley, on the south side, I discovered a few specimens of the California nutmeg (*Torreya Californica*). The lovely brier-rose occurs in large patches, companioned by tall, spiky mints, and arching grasses. Lilies, larkspurs, and lupines are very abundant in the drier portions of the meadows, and reach above one's head. Three rock-ferns of rare beauty fringe and rosette the walls, from top to bottom—*P. densa*, *P. mucronata*, and *P. Bridgesii*. Of these, the first is the most lovely. The second likes sunshine, and grows near the foot of the walls. The other two hide in moist, shadowy nooks, toward the summit. *Adiantum pedatum* occurs in a few mossy corners, that receive spray from the falls. *Polypodium*, also, and one species of *Allosorus*. *Cheilanthes gracillima* abounds, and dwells with *Pellaea densa* and *P. Bridgesii*, occurring in dense tufts among boulders and angles in fissured portions of the wall. *Woodwardia radicans* and *Asplenium filix-femina* are the tallest ferns of the valley—ofttimes attaining the height of six feet. Besides these, we may mention *Cystopteris fragilis*, *Aspidium argutum*, and *Gymnogramma triangularis*. The whole valley, with its groves, and meadows, and rocky slopes, forms one glorious garden, whose beauty is inexhaustible.

Hetch-Hetchy is claimed by a sheep-

owner, named Smith, who drives stock into it every summer, by a trail which was built by Joseph Screech. It is often called Smith's Valley. Besides Smith's shepherd, the valley is inhabited during the summer by a few Digger Indians, whose cabin and huts form the only improvements.

In returning to Yosemite, I left Hetch-Hetchy by the cattle-trail; following it a few miles, then striking straight across

the mountains five or six miles west of the track by which I entered. During the first night a few inches of snow fell, but I slept safely beneath a cedar-log, and pursued my journey next day, charmed with the universal snow-bloom that was upon every tree, bush, and weed, and upon all the ground, in lavish beauty. I reached home the next day, rejoicing in having added to my mountain wealth one more Yosemite Valley.

NOT A CREATOR.

THE individual man is a solecism among his fellows. Not only is there no exact physical counterpart of him among the myriads of his kind, but there also is no mental nor moral constitution of the same type. Did not this endless and unconfusing "variety of likeness" exist in Nature, its conception and arrangement would assume the proportions of a gigantic impossibility. The compass of a diversity so marvelous, a fertility of contrasts so exhaustless, as are presented in the lights and shades of human character, confounds the imagination and surpasses the ingenuity of the most comprehensive mind. Figures alike in their general outlines, with a materiality of the same base, are, in the range of human mechanical skill, soon exhausted of all expedients for introducing any dissimilarity of features. The faculty of creation is not a human attribute; although in every line of effort we claim to "originate"—which is but another term for, and means the same as "create," if it means anything. The contemplation of surrounding and already created objects suggests and furnishes copies for all our so-called "originalities." We "originate" only by novelty of combination; blending together the features of various things in a single object, which

we call *new*, but which is only comparatively, and never *intrinsically* new. A shape that has had no previous fashion, either in part or in whole, is beyond the art of mortal fabrication.

Divested of the faculty of observation and the power of mimicry, human inventiveness would become extinct. Man is not, and never can be, with his present organization, anything more than a master-mimic. The inceptional—or creative—principle is a mystery to his reason, and an impossibility to his will. He can, and does, produce objects that unite in themselves special parts of a hundred different things, and which, therefore, present an originality of *outline* never before projected, to "excite our special wonder;" but it is, after all, only a novelty in combination, and not a *creation*. Although man has a comparative infinity for the exercise of these two dominating faculties, combination and imitation, it is easy to see that they have a limit—that they are limitless only in the sense that his patterns are wondrously multitudinous. Beyond his models he can not go; beyond them stretches, in the unfathomable and solitary majesty of its power, the originating genius of the one and only real Creator—God. Hence, the to man incomprehensible

marvel of HIS continually arising and never recurring variety. Contrasts are confronted with contrasts, yet are never confounded by or with each other. Through all the sameness runs a wide difference.

If you and your neighbor were sole occupants of the world, you would be no surer of each other's identity than you are now. Are you ever fearful of mistaking some other person's children for your own when they leave your side to mingle with the juvenile million? Are you not just as positive of the identity of the one John Smith whom you know, as you would be were the twenty thousand other John Smiths, whom you do not know, blotted out of existence? There is about every person a distinctness of individuality sufficiently striking, once familiarized, to insure against all possibility of mistake, even though years of separation may intervene, and the person unexpectedly comes under observation again amid a sea of faces. And the vegetable and lower animal kingdoms, teeming with varying life as they do, are as graphically marked through all their gradations of species, class, and individuals, as is the higher human race. You recognize your cow in a herd, your sheep in a flock, your pig in a drove, and your dog among ten thousand, just as readily as you would your wife among a multitude of wives, your children in a crowd of children, your friend amid a concourse of people, or your millionaire uncle among your uncles who have the bad taste not to be millionaires. And all these creatures recognize you with the same certain readiness that marks your recognition of them—taking it for granted that the millionaire uncle holds you above suspicion. And this *instant* and infallible faculty of identification depends altogether upon *apparent* differences. There is no mysticism of the inner—no “inspirational” glamour of instinct—about it. To behold is to know. In

the dark you could not tell your offspring from a black child—crowned as “parental instinct” theoretically is with all the beautiful lights of the rainbow.

Man's recognizing sense of man as a familiarized individuality is two-fold. The offices of identification reside in the sight of the eye and the sound of the voice; the former being the most complete and satisfactory. With some of our four-footed friends, the smelling faculty is the prime recognizing sense. Your servant, “Prince,” knows you by his nose. He is as assured that you are his master by night as he is by day, however accidentally you may separate and come together again. Even at midnight, his friendship does not require that the light of a lantern should be thrown upon your presence. He knows it is you—that is all-sufficient. Man is confessedly an imitator, not a creator. His arts are the artfulness of mimicry; his sciences are the solids of mimicry; his ideas are the emblems of mimicry; his habits are the traditions of mimicry; his languages are the tongues of mimicry; his religions are the solemnities of mimicry; his wisdom is the concretion of mimicry. In his mind are the images of preconceived thoughts; in his pictures, the images of precreated forms; in his modes of life, the images of preformed customs; in his convictions, the images of predisposed faiths. In all these things, he is constantly undergoing alterations and re-formations; but nothing *new* is produced. Something is taken from this, something is added to that, several somethings are shaken together and formed into novel combinations: but, like an old dress turned, it is the old man, all the time, turning and reshaping the old things. Like the school-boy, man *originates* no copies, but he copies; and his copying facility is prodigious only from the vastness of latitude which Nature allows him for display.

Although man is not, in the true crea-

tive sense, an originating being, he is by no means a stationary one. He progresses by practice; and although his practice is but imitation, his imitations are perfecting. From copying rudely and unsymmetrically, unwitting of the graces of combination, he has, by degrees, advanced to copying artistically and with comparative accuracy; and has heightened the charm of his progress by becoming master of the magic effects that flow from skillfully combining different parts of various models. The "crooked marks" of immaturity are left far behind, on the opening pages of his

imitative experience. Straight marks are forming under his now practiced fingers. The "straight mark," though but rudimental, is a sign of good omen—an indication that the graduating phase of the primary course is entered upon, and the pupil about qualifying for higher branches.

As from the sublime beginning God was and is the sole Creator, so, through all the stages of his subjective existence, even unto the glorious ending, man must continue to be what he ever has been and now is—an imitator, a combiner, a copyist, a pupil.

FOOT-PRINTS OF SOLOMON.

THE CHINDRAS GOLD-MINES.

CORNERS of the earth having been suggested to me as hiding away the most interesting gems for the literary diadem of the now well-searched world, I ferreted out a Chinese steamer, Captain Tan Gnaw Hin, which conveyed me to Malacca—that world-abandoned place, which seems to have sunk out of time into the depths of eternity, lying quietly in its grave, awaiting the day of judgment. I was run ashore there, on a green-sward shadowed with ancient trees—hoary sentinels, bearing testimony to its former grandeur; for the once mistress of the eastern world now lies dying in its back attic—the fate of many a great mind, as of many a great city. There was no wharf, nor pier, nor jetty, nor landing-place of any kind; and therefore the boat had to thrust her broken prow into the green grass at high tide, and the passenger to wade through interminable pools of mud and water at low tide.

The landing having been thus effected, there were yet more serious shoals ahead, in the absence of any house of enter-

tainment for man or beast. There was no hotel, restaurant, boarding-house, bar-room, nor hovel, where there was bite or sup to be purchased; and the inhabitants were in no sense given to hospitality. As a British subject, I thought I had some claim upon the authorities, to be put in the way of obtaining food and shelter; but the British Governor of Malacca, *only* receiving a salary of £1,500 a year for the arduous duty of attending to the interest of seven British subjects living in the territory, spends most of his leisure from this weighty toil in shooting, and was absent at his shooting-lodge upon this occasion. I made my case known to the Chinese owners of the steamer I had come in, who most politely offered me one of their residences, consisting of passages, joss-houses or ancestral halls, yards, duck-ponds, and dark cupboards each containing a wooden lounge or "settle" supposed to be a bed; but my advent created such a sudden development of the organ of wonder in the numerous household, that I could do nothing but drink continual small

thimblefuls of tea, and be stared at by an interminable throng of cousins, sisters-in-law, step-mothers, grandmothers, and their progeny. Having delicately hinted that I should like a closed room, with a door that I could shut and still retain a little light, my host suggested the police-station; whereupon the inspector was at once sent for, and I stated to him that a shut-up room I must have, and begged to know if it would be necessary to break windows or destroy property in order to obtain this desired end? He most gallantly waived the formality of criminal action on my part, and procured me a room, clean and airy, where I remained until I could make my preparations for visiting the gold-mines of Chindras, at the foot of Mount Ophir, about sixty miles up the country.

In the meantime I became initiated into police matters—"taking in charge," "bailing out," etc.—and ascertained that most of the dark-skins around were convicts from India, and that the principal business of the police in Malacca was to attend to these convicts, ex-convicts, or ticket-of-leave men: moreover, if Malacca had not been made the sink of iniquity for the rest of the British-Indian possessions, she could do very much better without a governor, seven officials, and police; as she contrives to exist without newspaper, bank, or post-office. Thus I found myself literally in charge of the police. The superintendent drove me out, on one of his beats, for twenty miles on my journey, and the rest had to be accomplished in an ox-cart, with an escort of two policemen, with carbines and cutlasses, and a Kling convict (a murderer) as driver—or, rather, as conductor, for the actual driver, who sat upon the ox-pole, was a Chinese petty-larceny man, which I subsequently discovered was a piece of good fortune; for the only way to make a bullock bestir himself out of a snail's crawl is to twist his tail, and the only way to

compel my "Heathen Chinee" to operate upon the beast was to catch hold of his queue, and flourish it about his head like a whip. Under this *régime*, we progressed favorably. The fable of the old woman whose pig would not go over the bridge having occurred to me, I put the receipt in practice; substituting the tail for the stick, the Chinaman for the dog, and the oxen for the pig. Under these auspices, I got in that night, or, rather, at one o'clock the next morning; for midnight had tolled, by all the clocks that could strike in Malacca, before we reached the police-office, our destination for the night. Clocks in Malacca are afflicted with a chronic malady, which paralyzes their striking powers, for which their medical attendants prescribe trips to England. During their absence, a wooden tub is thumped, which takes its own time; so that twenty minutes may safely be allowed for variation of clocks. But even the laggards must have sounded, and we were still on the road. In spite of queue-pulling, vehement exhortations, and threatened terrors of tigers, those phlegmatic buffaloes barely moved; and I afterward discovered that the convict-conductor was circumventing me, by a few words which he uttered in the most pathetic of voices, which effectually counteracted all my arrangements. Moreover, that "peculiar" Chinee, "in the ways which were dark," slipped a piece of cocoa-nut rope, like his own queue, into my hand, and allowed me delusively to pull as long as I liked.

There was no moon, and very few stars, but the fire-flies ever and anon lit up the road like a revolving light; suddenly showing their little lanterns, like diamonds, all gleaming, then letting down the slide, and all was darkness. By what telegraphic signals they contrive to act simultaneously, is a question for naturalists to determine. I had never seen fire-flies go through this wonderful evolution before. They will sparkle all over

a tree like a bouquet of fire-works; but this revolving light, caused by the closing of their wings over the phosphorescent part of their bodies, was a feat of military drill unparalleled.

If there was little light, there was plenty of sound. Millions of crickets, locusts, and beetles, filled the air with their incessant chirping song; and now and then even seemed disposed to make an attack upon our wagon, and question, according to native fashion, our business there: where we were going; what we were doing, and how much money it cost to do it; how many children we had; how old we were; where was our husband, and what was he doing. Having run the gauntlet of these interrogatories so frequently, I am quite *au fait* with the answers, and say them off like my catechism, questions and all. Some of the beetles were two or three inches long, with enormous *proboscides*, hard and polished as ebony, with which they bore the cocoa-nuts. They are formidable visitors; but the snakes, which coiled into our wraps and mattresses, were still more so. Yet all were eclipsed by the dread of that tiger, which had carried off a buffalo here, three goats there, and a man in another place. I must say, I made the selfish calculation, that being inside the wagon, with a matchlock beside me, I had the best chance; as the tiger would naturally take the buffaloes, or the petty-larceny driver, or the murderer, or the policemen. I also reflected how all creatures seemed to be enjoying themselves. Their sparkling, chirping, and mischievous whistling, bespoke the very essence of fun and frolic. By the light of the stars or the pale moon, they chattered away all sorts of pleasant things to each other. The katydid played a laughable game of contradictions—"She did, she did!" "She didn't!"—and the sweet, melancholy note of the whip-poor-will sounded like the prelude to approaching bliss. The very wild beast, roaming the

midnight jungle, and brushing the dew from the white-faced moon-flowers, must have felt a rapturous glory in his elastic spring, and the delicious crunch of his ivory fangs upon his prey! Mosquitoes sung with delight, and cockroaches were the jolliest fellows that ever were running and racing with each other in the exuberance of vitality and insatiable pleasure—activity exemplified. Man seemed to me the most miserable, doleful, discontented, disagreeable animal on the face of the earth. Even the buffaloes before me had a semi-somnolent enjoyment, from which they could only be diverted by wringing their tails; whereas I, poor human thing! had fifty things to torment me at every moment. The wagon had no springs, the roads were rough, and sixty miles of jolting over fallen trees and through deep ruts made me feel as though my bones were being prepared for farming purposes on poor land. I had the comforting conviction that they were all safe within my skin, somewhere; but where, or how, was extremely dubious, they felt so strangely out of place.

Nevertheless, misfortunes, when anticipated, rarely occur. I saw no tigers, and broke no bones. My fears were entirely superstitious; for I did see a procession of terribly unearthly-looking things, about dusk, which I mistook for bloody ghosts, but which turned out to be Malay women in red *sarongs*. These garments they draw over their heads and across their faces, only leaving their eyes visible, like a Turkish *yash-mak*; but, as they extend them to the full length of their arms, leaving nothing to denote humanity but the dark flashing eyes, they look like enormous vampire-bats—awful things to meet at twilight. I thought of Poe's lines:

"They are neither men nor women—neither beast
nor human—

Neither of hell nor heaven. They are ghouls!"

For that most weird, beast-like bird is

common to the peninsula, under the different names of flying fox and flying squirrel. Some resemble a hare or cat, let into a geometrical square of leather, the hands and feet forming the corners. With these leather wings they flap through the air, making a most uncanny sound, and causing one to shudder. The feet have claws, by which they climb the trees. It is said that these horrible creatures fly against a sleeper's face, suck his breath and blood, and sometimes suffocate him. Some of these bats are about a yard square. Thus the Malay women only looked like an exaggeration of these horrors; for when once Nature works upon this enormous scale, one never knows where she is going to stop. I well remember when I first saw an ant an inch long, and considered it a phenomenon.

But, as I have said, being all alive to dangers, they kept aloof, and we reached the police-station in safety, one hour after midnight. I was only too glad to be safely locked up in a clean, white-washed room, which the prisoners of these regions must regard almost as palatial, so superior is it to their own hovels. The corporal gave me a long rattan chair, and I put up my umbrella with my skirt thrown over it for a mosquito curtain, and slept as on eider-down, after the angular hardness of the jolting wagon. It rained during the night, and the umbrella was very useful. Had it rained next morning, at the right time, I might have taken a shower-bath, for the bright morning beams came twinkling through the crevices of the roof, and at the same time the whole place was flooded with the mellifluous songs of birds. Then I tried to imagine Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon,"

"Listening to the carol of that bird—
The sweetest song ear ever heard."

Just then the policeman unlocked my prison bars, and brought me some coffee; then opening a trap-door, displayed

a dark hole containing an immense tub or jar, filled with water. There was a rude kind of ladder by which I could descend, and I lost no time in availing myself of the convict luxury. But alas! my desires overcame my judgment, and in an evil moment, instead of pouring the water over me, I concluded to get into the jar. It was about four feet deep; the water as cold as ice, and feeling delicious at first; but when I endeavored to get out, it was in vain; the side was so slippery and so high, that every effort proved ineffectual. I was literally "potted." Without strong female aid, my doom was sealed in a jar—my career terminated, like Marat's, in a bath. But O! for a Charlotte Corday to help me out; for if I screamed till doomsday, there were none but male police to come to my rescue. After exhausting myself in useless struggles, a bright thought dawned upon me—to throw out the water with my hands, and then sway the vase down with all my strength. I caught hold of the ladder and was saved; making a *nota bene* which I give for the public good—never get into a jar, unless you intend to be pickled. This was my first night spent in a lock-up. I passed several others similarly, with the exception of the jar bath.

We set out next morning, traveling right under the shadow of Mount Ophir, through a dense, solemn forest of grand trees. A few of them had been felled to make the road, and for the most part lay across it, and, together with roots of others, branches, and mud, formed anything but a macadamized pavement. Moreover, we had to cross the ridges of a series of steep hills, which rose like waves of the ocean, one after another. We were either ascending or descending all day through a natural colonnade of robust trunks of trees, whose branches and leaves spring out a few feet from the top like capitals and architraves. Sometimes we could see between the columns

a great distance, as through vast halls; at other times they were interspersed with fruit-trees or flowering shrubs.

When the jolting became sometimes unendurable, I got out and walked, gathering ferns from a perfect wilderness of variety and exquisite beauty. I also entered upon an investigation of my convict-conductor. He was a marvelously picturesque old man; singularly costumed in a long roller-towel, which he wound about his person in the most graceful fashion. A red scarf round his head set off his handsome face of a fine black-lead color. His voice was particularly pathetic and winning, and his elocutionary powers most effective. His gesticulation, as he narrated to me how he committed the murders for which he had served twenty-five years in the galleys, was worthy of a Kean or Macready. He had not the slightest shame or embarrassment at entering into the details of his crime; but, like an old soldier, fought his battles over again with great gusto. His story ran thus:

"When I was young, heaven and earth smiled upon me. I was strong and powerful; I loved a gentle woman, and was happy. I had a friend and he betrayed me. He loved her, too. I discovered his treachery, and we quarreled. I rushed upon my adversary, intending to strangle him, but he drew his weapon, while I was unarmed. I wrenched it from his grasp, and drove it through his dastardly heart. I knew I had killed him, but drove it through again and again with savage joy. While his heart's blood was still warm upon his own blade, I turned to his partner in shame. . . ."

"Was she your wife?" I interrupted.

"Never mind; let it pass," he replied. "I mingled their guilty blood in death. Then I would have been content, but her brother pursued and attacked me. I killed him, rather by accident than design. Then his brother, my treacherous friends, and others, tried to

disarm me; but now I was furious, and wounded all who approached me, him mortally. But I was taken and bound at last."

"And you absolutely killed four people in your passion," I exclaimed, in horror.

"Only four," he replied; "all but her brother deserved it." And the old man stood up to his full height before me, and looked a noble picture of self-justification.

The Corsair or Othello never told their stories with more tragic grandeur than this old man related his bloody deeds, which he had not yet repented in twenty-five years of convict labor. Poor old man! how bitter his passion must have been, to have retained its venom so long. I thought I owed him a dollar for the lesson in elocution he had given me—and it might comfort him a little. Why he had been left unhung I do not know, except that hanging is not very frequent in this country, while murder is; or that it might have been considered an "*amok*," where a man gets furious or mad, runs, and kills every one before him—from which comes the term "running a muck." I said to him, "Suppose I had not an escort, would you like to murder me?" "*Tedah, mem, tedah!*" ("No, lady, no!") he exclaimed, in a voice of injured innocence—and he crossed his arms over his broad bare chest, and walked on in silence, like a misunderstood and wronged individual.

At midday we stopped at a clear stream, formed by a picturesque little water-fall, which had its source on the summit of Mount Ophir. It was cool and sweet; but, of course, after Yosemite, I am forever *blasée* as to water-falls. Ancient Murderer, in spite of my lack of appreciation, went into the jungle and brought me mangoes, cat's-eyes, and lovely pink flowers like hollyhocks save that they grow upon large trees. A fire was then lighted from a few sticks; my coffee and

eggs boiled, and I ate my breakfast, to my own and the equal enjoyment of my escort—policemen, murderer, petty-larceny—who smoked their long pipes at a respectful distance, in contemplation of me, regarding me with that strange tender solicitude which dark skins often conceive for fair ones. To watch me writing and sketching seemed rather to puzzle and overawe them; but to see me eat and listen to me singing rejoiced them amazingly. I felt as safe in the still heart of that virgin forest, with that wild company, as I should surrounded by a dozen brothers and cousins.

A number of Chinese came up, trudging on to the diggings like ourselves, and stopped to gaze their fill on the white *mem* taking *chow-chow* in the forest; but Old Homicide was a monopolist, and would have none of that. He declared that if they did not instantly remove their profane gaze from the high and mighty *mem* he had the honor to conduct to the Chindras gold-mines, he would pitch them under the water-fall! "And make up your half-dozen murders?" I suggested. He took this as a joke; but the Chinese did not, and instantly fled, thinking, undoubtedly, that after all I was a *fung soni* (evil spirit of the wind) in the trees.

We traveled well the whole day, and were within half an hour's march of our destination, about five in the evening. Old Kling had taken an excursion into the forest, and I seized the opportunity of a long down-hill slope to pull the Chinaman's queue pretty forcibly, which he reciprocated with interest upon the bull-ocks. We went rattling down at a fine pace; bounding over tree-stumps, dashing into ruts and out again, swaying from side to side, and carrying off any bough which impeded our passage. The driver yelled "*Yah, hesh!*" and the beasts tore away for their very lives, the great heavy yoke on their necks forcing them onward; my two guards behind hooting and cheer-

ing, and making as much uproar as possible to excite the coursers. Ancient Murderer would have a fine run to catch us now, and we should probably get in half an hour before him; when suddenly a cry arose fraught with terror and dismay. "*Remoo! remoo!*" was uttered by all, in accents of horror. Petty-Larceny let fall his reins, and attempted to scramble into the wagon. I, springing from my cushion to see the cause, came in collision with him, when he slipped, went under the wagon, and picked himself up on the other side. I saw a movement and trembling of the bushes, and in another instant the yellow and black stripes of a tiger in full spring! What a crash it was among the branches and leaves! I felt it through every nerve in my body, as though I, too, had been rent in fragments, while my heart stood still with terror. The oxen also had a consciousness of their danger, for they galloped madly down the hill, tossing me about like a cork. The men followed, shouting and letting off their firearms in every direction. Had the tiger followed, he would have had a close run; but he did not, and we saw no more of him. I became very anxious for the fate of Old Murderer, until he arrived at the station, half an hour after, in a towering passion about his oxen having been driven so fast. He pished and paped scornfully at the recital of a tiger which he had not seen, but calmed down upon receiving some *raki* spirits from me.

We passed another night in the station-house, and reached our destination upon the third day. The Chindras gold-mines are situated among a number of ravines which intersect the foot-hills of Mount Ophir, and make a piece of wild, picturesque scenery, such as wooded and broken countries alone display. These "diggings" are probably the oldest on record; for many historians are of opinion that it was hence that Solomon

drew that almost fabulous—if it were not in the Bible—amount of gold, with which he adorned his temple. Those triple peaks above us are teeming with ore, and peacocks in the shape of birds of gay plumage are in plenty; also apes and ivory.

A new company has been recently formed in Singapore, and it promises to turn out a "big thing." A practical mining engineer, of twenty years' experience in Australia, declares his opinion that it might rival Ballarat or the Comstock yet, in spite of the £2,200,000 sterling which the firm of Kings Solomon and Hiram withdrew from it.

Whether the Gackoons, the aborigines of the country, have mined for gold is not satisfactorily ascertained; but probably, as they could not eat it, they would not dig it, for living upon the natural fruits of the earth is their dogma and practice. But directly the Malays found their way into the peninsula, they evidently mined it, and numbers of Malay families have in their possession lumps of gold nuggets found by their ancestors hundreds of years ago. It may be safely assumed that they did not exhaust the mines, or even fairly work them, as, from the lazy character of the Malays, it is certain, that, if they made a good haul, they would at once spend or live upon their earnings, and work no more.

A few Malay houses which we passed on the road had once been a town of three thousand inhabitants—all miners. The gold which they found in the day would be gambled for at night; or just as frequently the *Datoo*—a sort of magistrate or governor—would make a fell swoop, and possess himself of the whole of the proceeds. The old biblical maxim prevails, that sufficient for the day is the labor thereof. They are certainly not solicitous for the morrow. If this is the true wisdom, these Asiatics possess it, and not we. The Christian man toils for years to amass a fortune; in case

he finds gold, he taxes his strength to obtain an unlimited quantity, and breaks his health just as he has laid up the treasure which is to constitute his earthly beatitude.

Chindras is honeycombed with shafts, sunk in a primitive fashion. But the Australian engineer, with all the modern appliances of machinery, will soon show what the earth is made of. I was fortunate in meeting with this gentleman, who invited me to accompany him on a tour of inspection over the scene of his future labors. A promenade seemed no great matter, especially where the most precious ferns are so abundant; but I noticed that our guides had ominous-looking weapons resembling short sickles. We went straight up the hill, where there was not a trace of a path—the guides slashing right and left through the deep tangled jungle of ferns, creepers, bamboos, rattans, and trees, so dense that it did not seem possible for anything less flexible than a monkey to traverse it. The rattans made a fierce *chevaux-de-frise* with their spiky covering, and the *cacti*, or wild pine-apples, were a forest of two-edged swords. The Spanish bayonet-trees were yet more formidable; and every now and again we came on the brink of deep holes or shafts, sunk by whom we knew not. They were fringed over with the most delicate ferns and rare creepers. It required great caution to steer safely round these pitfalls, especially as the ground was steep and rugged. Most of these holes were explored by sending down a man, with the aid of bamboos and ropes. Everywhere were traces of the quartz-seam or "lead." It lay in a sloping direction from the surface of the mountain, and it was proposed to follow it down with a tunnel running right along with it. Many holes had been sunk without hitting this vein, which proves that the workers were not scientific mining engineers.

We continued our walk, or rather scramble, up one hole and down another, for more than two miles distant from the diggings where the company have now their engine at work, and everywhere we found traces of gold. The quartz was sprinkled with it like dust, and in some ravines it appeared to have been almost on the surface. There is little doubt that the whole of Mount Ophir is studded with gold. Under the shadow of the magnificent timber, we could not see those blue wooded peaks; for I have frequently noticed that the more wooded a mountain is, the deeper blue it appears at a little distance. My engineering friend was a man of over six feet, and broad in proportion, and I took care to allow him to go first, as his great bulk made quite a vacuum for me—not of air, but of prickles, holes, sharp sticks fresh cut by the guides, and possibly the insidious leeches which infest the jungle.

I believe I am the first lady who has traversed the ancient gold-diggings of Mount Ophir—for I do not even find traces of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, my only feminine precursor in all my travels—unless it may have happened that Solomon invited that adventurous lady, the Queen of Sheba, to take a matutinal walk, and visit his golden mountains.

It would be curious to know if they stumbled through the jungle as we did, with choppers going ahead? I pity her sandaled feet, with those thorns and leeches; perhaps he had her path strewn with gorgeous jungle-flowers—such as we see in our conservatories, but which flourish wild in the forest—and her canopy of palm-leaves and bright singing-birds. There is no doubt that Solomon was particularly gallant to the Queen, and showed himself off to the best advantage, and that she took pains to compliment him upon his success. And thus life repeats itself, and those peaks of Ophir are no doubt remarking upon the fact, saying, “It is a few thousand years since we have had a fair lady up among us.” “Never, since the Queen of Sheba,” hints the smaller and handsomer peak. “She never was here at all,” sententiously replies the middle and topmost one; “I am the oldest, and ought to know.” “And even if she had been, she was not fair,” suggests the third. Whereupon follows a learned ethnological discussion.

My engineering friend and myself, observing a tumultuous disturbance of clouds up there, wonder what it is all about. We think it portends rain, and hasten back to our shelter.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S LEGACY.

I SHUT my eyes—am I dreaming? I open them again—O, no! it is a bright reality. The close-cut grass stretching out from my window, down to the overgrown plantation, is the same across which my ancestors tripped in their high-heeled shoes, before the red tide of the revolution swept them away. The old stone fountain, with its broken Triton and moldering dolphins, then threw its silver spray far into the sunny

air; now, a few slow drops trickle among the mosses that fringe its edge.

Have you ever lived where there was not something that reminded you of the dead? This is the chair in which they were sitting, long years before I was born. Yonder is the couch where they were lying when death opened for them the door of life. Their eyes saw what I am seeing; their ears heard the song of the birds as I hear them now. The blue

periwinkle stars in the glass on my table—I gathered them this morning under the oaks in the plantation; and so, hands that have been dust for ages gathered them on some sweet spring morning in the past.

I am sitting in the little, dark-paneled room where, one sunny morning, my grandmother sat with her child in her arms, when a courier arrived, panting, breathless: "The queen is guillotined!" There was no more hope; my grandmother must fly. Claspng her babe to her heart, she arose; horses were saddled; a rapid flight to the coast; a tearful meeting with her husband, disguised as a fisherman; trembling haste; a crazy boat on a stormy sea; a landing on the shore of Scotland—poor, friendless, with aching hearts. Such was the story I had often heard from my grandmother's lips.

Left an orphan in my babyhood, she was father, mother, all to me. Hour after hour I have sat at her feet, listening to her tales of "beautiful France"—of the gay court, the beautiful queen, the old *chateau* where her happiest days were spent. "You were not born there, *pauvre petite*," she would say, softly. "Ah! that was wrong; but you may die there—I think you will. You will be thankful for that, Mignon?" And her eyes would wander over the bleak Scotch moors, seeing beyond them the blue sky and flowery fields of her sunny France. Does she know that her half-prophecy has been in part fulfilled? Does she know that at last my feet tread the grass-grown paths in the quaint old garden?—that for me the birds sing, and the trees shake out their tender leaves? A new generation of leaves, but still the same her eyes saw and loved. There is little changed. A friend remembered us; the estates were saved, and I inherited them. Not much money; but the gray walls, the trees, the fields, are mine. I look around; I say, "My own." Does she know all this? I be-

lieve she does. Her picture looks down upon me now; not as I remember her, with silvery hair shading her delicate high-born face, but young, with laughing eyes, and ripe lips just parted in a joyous smile.

In the long *salon* beyond are rows of haughty faces, blooming faces, stern, wicked, saintly faces. One after another they lifted the burden of life, bore it awhile, then laying it down, crept away to their long, dreamless sleep, under the stones in the little chapel. Now there is only one weak woman's hand to lift the banner of the name they bore so long and nobly. Stretch out your shadowy hands, that its folds trail not in the dust! Strengthen me, shades of the dead, that I bear it not unworthily!

The air is still with that stillness that speaks of life, not death. Somewhere in the distance, Jean is drawing water. The creaking of the wheel becomes musical through faintness. In the farmyard the busy hens are cackling, and one loud-voiced cock is crowing lustily. Lisette is clattering about her kitchen, singing a plaintive little song; the chorus reaches me—"Marie! Marie! *je vous aime toujours*." I am idly wondering who was Marie? And *did* the singer love her always?

Presently Lisette's heels click along the hall. "Mademoiselle's keys," she says, with a flash of her white teeth. Jean has found them among the periwinkle stars. I take them from her hand. One, smaller than the rest, has slipped off the ring. A little leather box, clasped with iron, stands before me on the window-seat. A few days before her death, my grandmother gave it into my keeping. "Take it, *mon enfant*; it contains the life-secrets of many of your race. There are stories, too, from other lips, as they were told to me. You may like to read them. You will keep it for my sake." My life has been a busy one, and I have never opened it.

Now, as I fit the key into the rusty lock, and raise the lid, a cloud of dust salutes me, and a musty, moldy smell. The papers are mildewed with age; the characters almost illegible. One is tied with a black ribbon; choosing this, I unroll the closely written sheets. One falls out; it is in my grandmother's clear, firm hand. Ah! how long ago was that written? The date is 17—.

"A strange thing has occurred. I was ill—very ill—a year ago. Dear Henri begged the Moorish physician (so he is called) to see me. He came, tall and grave. I was frightened. He was gentle to me, and I grew to like him. He is always among the poor; he will receive nothing from any one. Henri offered him money; he refused. I gave him my hand; he touched it with his lips. No one knows whence he comes, or who he is. The poor bless his name. He never smiles. I was sure he had some great sorrow.

"One day a man came to me, and handed me a letter:

"I am ill. Will you come?"

"I went with Henri. The room was hung with black. The physician was by a window, looking out upon the court; it was full of people—poor, and many weeping. He stretched out his hand and smiled. "I have sent for you, madame, to say 'Farewell,' and to ask your husband to procure passports for my servant—he is to take me home."

"Not now?" I cried; "you are ill."

"No, not now," he said; "to-morrow."

"I had flowers for him—roses, delicate fuchsias, and pure white lilies. He took them eagerly, inhaled their perfume, fondled them, and told me the legends of their birth.

"This is my flower," he said, lifting a lily from the rest. "It has returned to us." He held it close against his heart, saying softly, "Is it an omen of good?"

He sat musing a long time, gazing up at the blue sky.

"*Au revoir,*" I said, as I bent over him. He looked up brightly:

"No; *adieu.*"

"At the door I turned again; he waved his hand, then raised the lily to his lips, and smiled. In the morning, his servant came, and gave me a packet; it contained the manuscript I inclose. On the outside was written:

"This is the story of my life. No one will know it but you. *Adieu.*"

"The man was weeping. His master had died in the night."

I unrolled the yellow sheets. There was no heading to the story they contained. I looked at the end; there was no name. It commenced abruptly:

"I come of a doomed race. A curse hung over me at my birth. In consequence of a horrible crime committed by one of my ancestors, the good genius of our race deserted us, and a demon, fierce and cruel, shadowed us with his black wings.

"The first-born child of every generation was doomed, if a boy, to an early and violent death; if a girl, to a life of misery. Generation after generation the curse had fallen. By water, by fire, by the sword, the first-born son had perished; and the mother wept bitter tears when a girl was placed in her arms. There was a legend that the curse would cease when one was found bold enough to foil the demon; then, and then only, would the guardian of our race return.

"There is Moorish blood in our veins. In the third generation our remote ancestry shows itself. Men call me 'the Moorish physician.' True to my instincts, I have devoted myself to the study of Eastern lore. The volume of the heavens has long been open to my gaze. Earth's deepest mysteries have yielded to my touch. The voices of the deep breathe mighty secrets to my ear,

and in the war of the elements, the flash of the lightning, the roar and thunder of the waves, when man shrinks back appalled, my spirit finds its wings.

"I was the second son. My brother was assassinated by an unseen hand.

"I returned to my home, and plunged deeper and deeper into the abstruse studies I delighted in. Why could they not suffice! Alas! I loved. Ah, fatal power! When we willed it, our love must be returned. As I knelt before the altar, I looked upon the fair creature who had yielded her pure heart to me, as the priest may look on the victim at whose throat he holds the knife. I was pressing the cup of anguish to those ruby lips; those sweet eyes would soon overflow with bitter tears. And yet, madman as I was, with eager haste I clasped the fair blossom closer to my heart, knowing that my fatal grasp must blight its bloom for ever.

"For one short year, earth's fairest hues spread out before me; and then, in darkness and in tempest, our child was born. There were vague mutterings in the air, as I took my infant daughter in my arms. Do you wonder that I could not answer back her mother's happy smile? My rose and its sweet bud grew day by day in loveliness. I suffered tortures. O, that she might be taken before her gentle heart should bleed for the sufferings of her child!

"Years passed. She began to fade—my beautiful flower. I watched her anxiously. The wind and the wave saw my sorrow; they reveal no secrets. Her sweet life ebbed so slowly—would it be too late? With a sigh of thankfulness, I closed her beautiful eyes.

"I wandered from land to land, taking my child with me. I watched her every step. In agony, I waited the time when the doom of our dark race should fall on her innocent heart. In Madrid, a Spanish nobleman saw her. Her beauty charmed him. Rumors of my wealth

had reached his ears. Artfully, selfishly, he wove his chains around her. How I hated him! From the first, I knew him. The woe was ever worked by a human hand; and as I watched the baleful light in his hard eyes—the close pressure of his thin, cruel lips—I gnashed my teeth in impotent fury. My darling! can you not see how that strong, fierce hand will crush all the sweetness out of your fresh young life? And she loved him. He would turn to me with a smile of scornful triumph when her innocent eyes told him this. Madly jealous, if she displeased him he would cast a cold, hard look upon her, whispering harsh, cutting words of anger, till she paled and trembled, lifting pleading eyes to his. And I was powerless!

"I took her home. The Spaniard followed us. Our German winter chilled him; but he persevered. The spring came. Step by step he was forcing me back. In vain I nightly lifted despairing eyes to the proud stars; they smiled down coldly on me, but no voice came.

"Again I read the moldering parchment which recorded the dire curse, and the mysterious words of prophecy regarding its fulfillment. By fasting and by watching, I strove to read their meaning:

"The red hand shall do, while the white hand shall fail.'

"The cypress-crowned cup shall confer immortality.'

"Both of these images foreshadowed death.

"Then followed a legend:

"A flower bloomed in the cleft of a rock. The fierce waves saw it; they coveted its beauty, but the rock laughed down on them, as they surged and foamed at its feet. The tempest woke; the waves arose; they dashed their spray far up the face of the rock. Then the rock cried, "O, Azrael! take thou the flower, for I can shelter it no longer." Then Azrael heard, and, stretching out his strong right-hand, he plucked the flower, and bore it to sunny plains, where long it bloomed in peace and beauty.'

"In the watches of the night, the meaning was made clear to me. I knelt

and cried, 'O, Azrael! I give my flower into thy keeping. See that thou bear her tenderly to sunny plains, where angel hands shall welcome her.' Then I called my child. She came, and laid her sunny head upon my shoulder. I gave the cup of death into her hand; I watched her drink it. I spoke playful words to her; I told her it was the elixir of life, and she smiled as she took it from my hand. I drew her to the casement; she lay in my arms, and I spoke to her of the things she loved—of the flowers and stars, and of the heavenly plains where her mother wandered. She listened dreamily. I forced my lips to smile as she clasped her arms about my neck. Her breath fluttered a little, and her startled eyes sought mine. I turned away. Suddenly she said, 'My father, there is some one standing in the moonlight, holding out to me a fair white lily.' Then I knew the guardian of our race had come, for this his child. I bowed my head . . .

"In the morning came the Spaniard.

I bade him follow me. We stood beside her. He wrung his hands and wept. I had foiled the demon.

"Do you wonder that while others smile, *my* lips are grave? Do you marvel that I keep vigil by the couch of pain and sorrow? I have no remorse. I did no wrong. Her pure, white soul went up to God without one stain of earth to mar its loveliness. But O, my child! my child! Faint voices call to me—a hand has beckoned from the stars—my time is short! My angel ones, I come! . . ."

I laid down the manuscript with a shudder. Could this be? I looked around me fearfully. There, in her dress of green, God's beautiful earth smiled up at the sky. The birds were singing overhead; in the kitchen, Jean and Lisette were laughing; the bees hummed in and out of my window. Life—busy, beautiful life—was all around me. Turning the key on the ghostly story, I went out into the sunshine.

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

"It is particularly desirable that nothing should be left undone by the governments of either republic to strengthen their relations as neighbors and friends. It is much to be regretted that many lawless acts continue to disturb the quiet of settlements on the border between our territory and that of Mexico, and that complaints of wrong to American citizens in various parts of the country are made. The revolutionary condition in which the neighboring republic has so long been involved has in some degree contributed to this disturbance. It is to be hoped that with a more settled rule of order through the republic, which may be expected from the present Government, acts of which just complaint is made will cease."—*President's Message.*

ALTHOUGH several months have elapsed since the above was written by our President, it must be received as still indicating the policy of the United States toward Mexico. Consid-

ered as the attitude of a great and prosperous nation to a weak and bankrupt one, it is magnanimous in the extreme; but, considering the interests of American citizens in Mexico, of American commerce, and of residents of the United States near the border, it renders much more than justice to Mexico, and much less than justice to ourselves.

To Californians, and especially to the people of San Francisco, this Mexican question is of serious importance; and it is greatly to be regretted that it has always been ignored, or, at least, treated with indifference. On the entire west coast of Mexico there is but one American commercial house—that of Roun-

tree & Lübbert of Guaymas; and even that would have been retired long since, but for the hope, too patiently cherished, that the United States would ultimately adopt a policy calculated to defend the unfortunate Mexican people from themselves, and encourage American enterprise.

There are many very excellent persons who consider Mexico almost as remote and inhospitable as Africa, and who, in a dignified and conservative tone, are prone to resign any one imprudent enough to go there to whatever unfortunate fate may await him; but this is not the spirit which made us a great commercial people; and when this indifference to the fate of our enterprising and struggling countrymen abroad becomes general, the decline of our commercial supremacy as a nation is not remote. How long is it since California and her adjacent territories were almost untrodden deserts, and how long would they have continued deserts, their resources undeveloped, had they remained in the possession of Mexico, with no more protection or encouragement to American enterprise than is now accorded to foreigners in Mexico?

Although California proved infinitely richer and more fertile than either Mexicans or Americans anticipated, those who are best informed, and who have resided for many years in both countries, do not hesitate to say that there are many states in Mexico quite as rich and nearly or quite as fertile as our own; possessing what, perhaps, is of greater importance to us, a soil and climate capable of producing, in unlimited abundance, cotton, sugar, rice, coffee, indigo, and all the great products of the tropics; while many valuable varieties of woods, dye-woods, dyes, medicinal herbs, cochineal, gold, silver, lead, copper, pearls, and many precious stones, are found in large quantities. That such a country, with such a climate and such re-

sources, with cheap and docile labor—our immediate neighbor—should have only one American house to represent us on a thousand miles of coast, and that, even at this late date, all vessels trading there should return in ballast, is a greater reproach to us than it is to the helpless, revolution-ridden people who inhabit it; above all, a reproach to the people of San Francisco, who, justly proud of the supreme advantages of the “Queen City of the Pacific,” have yet done so little to make the richest of her neighbors tributary to it.

The trade of the west coast of Mexico is and has been for many years almost entirely under the control of Germans and Spaniards. There are some few English and French, but the Germans largely preponderate. Business, as conducted by them, has required the control of immense capital; and though, measured by our commercial standard, their method would be unequivocally condemned, their system has resulted in the monopoly which they have hitherto enjoyed, and to which their enterprise and forecast fairly entitle them. They have almost entirely adopted the old Spanish system of “expeditions;” each great house importing one or two, or perhaps even three, cargoes a year. A month or two before these expeditions are expected to arrive, the merchants, say of Mazatlan, open negotiations with the Collector to ascertain the discount which he will permit upon the regular tariff. As the duties upon each cargo amount to from \$150,000 to \$300,000, the question becomes of considerable importance to both parties. If the Collector proves inconsiderate or obtuse, and the vessels approach before the negotiations are concluded, instructions are sent to the captains to cruise in the gulf; and in the meantime the Collector at Guaymas, or Acapulco, or San Blas, is consulted, and if he proves more reasonable, the cargoes are disembarked at one

of those ports, and afterward shipped on coasters to Mazatlan. Twenty, thirty, or even forty per cent. has not been considered an extraordinary discount in times past.

With such a profit to start upon—the goods are always entered and cost estimated upon a full duty basis—and with European capital at from five to six per cent. per annum after expiration of the manufacturers' credits, it is not surprising that they, in turn, sell on liberal time; eight months, or even a year, being readily accorded to reliable customers. Thus, many of these great houses have from \$500,000 to \$1,200,000 out in bills receivable—a capital in itself—upward of \$1,000,000 stock in store, and as much more afloat! Of course, American manufactures can not be introduced in the face of such competition; and, with this explanation, it will readily be understood how the ports have been practically sealed against American commercial enterprise.

Certainly, such a condition of affairs would be impossible under a firm and stable government; but the administration of affairs in Mexico has rarely been firm, and the government has never been stable. Heretofore, if the governor of a state fronting the sea-board has felt strong enough, he has appointed his own collector, and made his own disposition of the funds. Or, if the collector has been appointed by the Federal Government, he has often allied himself with the state authorities, or has managed in some way to defy or avoid accountability. Juarez succeeded in establishing collectors of his own selection at nearly all the ports; but Lozada defied him—or, at any rate, preserved his *imperium in imperio*. The refusal of that redoubtable old chief to receive these federal officials is the occasion of the present war, which is not yet at an end, by any means.

Juarez struggled long, and made an

inflexible stand against these abuses, and Lerdo de Tejada, his successor, appears to be even more determined to reform them; but all the signs portend another storm, which will probably frustrate his best endeavors. The treasury is completely bankrupt. The new tariff has proved injurious, even to the districts it was designed to favor. Many of the revolutionary leaders who accepted the recent amnesty are grimly awaiting another general break-up. Lerdo is already exceedingly unpopular, and a large portion of the press freely prophesy his speedy downfall.

The only industry in which Americans are interested to any considerable extent on the west coast is mining. Though the results have not hitherto been very satisfactory, they will compare favorably, considering the amount of capital employed, with similar enterprises in California or Nevada; and, when it is taken into consideration that, until within a few months past, all the bullion extracted has paid duties amounting in the aggregate to twenty-four per cent., and that even at the present moment the export duty amounts to nine and a half per cent.—considering also the frightful duties which have been paid on material of all kinds, and even on machinery, mining tools, etc., although nominally free (in the form of *bultos*, etc.)—one can understand that the mines must be exceedingly rich to have sustained themselves under the many adverse and disheartening circumstances attending their development. At the present time, many of the mines in Sonora, Chihuahua, Sinaloa, and Lower California, are in a very prosperous condition; and the feeling in all these states, among both natives and foreigners, is strongly in favor of aiding and encouraging the miners. Even the great German houses, before alluded to, most of which have clauses in their articles of copartnership prohibiting investments in mines, or advances or cred-

its to miners, are seeking to rescind these restrictions, and their managers are personally interesting themselves, in a prudent and legitimate manner, in developing the extraordinary resources surrounding them. Surely, San Francisco is or should be deeply interested in this matter, for it does not require great foresight to see to what it tends. The development of the mines has ever heralded the prosperity of all other industries—of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; but in the case of the impoverished and unskilled Mexicans, it would herald an immense demand for our mills and mining machinery, our manufactures, skilled artisans, and engineers; and there would be returned to us, in American bottoms, not only gold and silver, but a wealth of tropical staples and rare products of which we have at present but little conception.

It is a great error to be always talking about annexation. It exasperates the Mexicans, and increases the feeling of dread and dislike which a weak and impoverished people naturally feel toward a rich and aggressive neighbor. It is scarcely probable that any portion of Mexico, except perhaps Lower California, will be ceded to the United States during the present generation. No President or Congress could remain in power a week in Mexico that would even dare to hint at such a thing. Whatever may be the decision of the "Commission" relative to the claims of Americans, some other way must be found of liquidating them—that is, if the cession of Lower California does not suffice—than by further cession of territory. But probably it would be quite practicable to obtain special privileges for American manufactures—in the form of a reciprocity treaty, say—as well as absolute protection for American and foreign interests, and encouragement to American mining and agricultural enterprise. Such a treaty, strictly enforced, would of itself

do much toward pacifying the country, by affording steady and lucrative employment to the *peones*, so-called, where they would be protected against the petty military chieftains who now impress them, without the least scruple, wherever found, and by indirectly affording a large revenue to the Government, of which it is now deprived by the prostration of all industries, and without which it can never become sufficiently powerful to be respected by the many remote and revolutionary states.

Should the present do-nothing policy of the United States Government be continued, there can be no doubt but that all Americans and American enterprise will shortly be driven out of Mexico. No one, unless he has been long resident, can realize the despotism exercised by the irresponsible and rapacious officials, who, knowing that they can remain in power only for a few months, plunder and paralyze every productive industry.

Take the case of the mine generally known as Wells, Fargo & Company's Mine, at Batopilas, the particulars of which were recently published. Forced loans were repeatedly levied upon this property, and the Superintendent, Mr. Robinson, compelled to pay. Finally, becoming indignant and rebellious at such repeated exactions, he positively refused a little trifle of thirty or forty thousand dollars which they sought to exact. He was in consequence thrown into a filthy den of a prison, and kept there, until, his health failing, he preferred submission to the prospect of a speedy death. Being a man of energy, ability, and pride of character, he was no sooner liberated than he started to Washington, nothing doubting but that he would obtain redress. He was, however, grievously disappointed, as many had been before him. During his absence, a party attacked the *hacienda*, and drove off those whom he had left in

charge. The mine being in a *bonanza* of native silver, they robbed it of all obtainable without great labor, and decamped. This method of descending upon a mine which the industrious and enterprising have opened into *bonanza*, and robbing it of everything portable, stock included, is a favorite manœuvre of the chieftains—federal, state, or revolutionary. It is so common, that but little sympathy is manifested for the sufferers, and no public indignation is aroused toward the oppressors.

The merchants, lately, have not fared much better. The particulars of the repeated forced loans levied upon the foreign houses in Mazatlan, and of the arbitrary edict compelling repayment of all the duties paid to General Marquez, are too familiar to need repetition.

Just before Marquez obtained control of Sinaloa, the manager of an American company, mining and trading in Lower California, buying largely in Mazatlan, became fearful, that, if that revolutionary General should succeed, the Government might declare a paper blockade. Under these circumstances, he sought and obtained (although, of course, it was unnecessary) a permit from the Collector to bring in a cargo of merchandise. The goods were bought and shipped on a national vessel, the utmost care being taken to obtain *procedencias*, proving that the merchandise shipped had paid full duties to the Government. Just as the vessel was about to sail, the authorities declared the port blockaded, but she arrived at La Paz long before any official notice thereof was published in the territory. Yet, despite of this, and despite of the permit, the vessel was seized, and efforts made to confiscate the cargo. Subsequently, quite a number of vessels arrived, bringing more or less cargo for every merchant in the place, when such a pressure was brought to bear upon the District Judge, that he declared the seizure illegal, and ordered

the release of the goods; not, however, before the American company had entered protest, and appealed to the American Minister and to Washington.

The same company shipped bullion for many years under the law permitting duty to be paid according to the assay value thereof, the chips being sent to the City of Mexico to prove correctness of assay. Suddenly the law was repealed, and it became necessary to pay so much per ounce, whether base or fine, which was right enough; but subsequently the law was declared *retroactive*, and the company were compelled to pay duty on all the base bullion which they had exported under the old law; which was, of course, a gross injustice, because they would have refined their bullion had they known that duty must be paid on the alloy.

On another occasion, bullion shipped by the Collector at La Paz was declared confiscated by the Collector at Mazatlan, and orders were given to seize it on board an *American mail steamer*; but the captains of the *Resaca* and *Mohongo* (which were opportunely in port) interfered; otherwise this high-handed outrage would most certainly have been perpetrated.

Of course, a claim can be made against the Mexican Government for wrongs of this character; but it costs precious time and money to obtain evidence and prosecute; and, after expending both without stint, perhaps the attorneys of our grandchildren may receive something.

Prompt and immediate interference by the captain of a man-of-war is the only remedy. During one of the recent forced loans, the house of Laveaga & Co., of Mazatlan, were assessed several thousand dollars. Señor Don Vicente de Laveaga, the head of the house, who resided several years in this city, had become an American citizen. On this ground, the house refused to pay the forced loan. Arbitrary measures were

promptly resorted to, and a quantity of quicksilver belonging to the firm was seized. Very shortly after the seizure, the *Saranac*, Captain Phelps, arrived; and that officer, being advised by our Consul, Mr. Sisson, waited promptly upon the General in command, by whom he was received with great urbanity. On expostulating with the General on the outrage committed, the latter appeared greatly surprised, and intimated that the Captain must have been misinformed; whereupon the Captain declared, with some warmth, that his advices on the subject were official, and the Consul could not have misled him. "Well," said the General, "you had better call on Messrs. Laveaga & Co., and assure yourself, before we discuss the subject further." The Captain did so, and found that the quicksilver *had been returned* during his interview with the General!

The raids into Texas, the *Zona Libre* outrages, and the quibbling and equivocation on both subjects, plainly show that the Mexican Government has not the will nor the power to protect foreigners within or without their borders; and it becomes daily more and more manifest that some decided policy must be determined upon, and unflinchingly pursued. Very few Americans completely realize the full extent of the national antipathy. Pleasant words, bows, and smiles, are flattering and soothing; but in Spanish countries they mean absolutely nothing. It is the American custom to reach the vital point of any subject as briefly as possible—"Yes, I will," or "No, I will not," is promptly accorded to any proposition—but Mexicans never say, "Yes, I will," or "No, I will not," if they can help it. The simplest proposal is a subject of diplomacy; and if it is anything that will keep, days, weeks, or months, are taken to consider it. An impatient negotiator is handled as a skillful angler plays with a struggling fish—and he is sure to be netted

at last. In all questions of diplomacy, they always come out victorious. They may be entirely in the wrong; but they will urge the most unjust proposition with such calmness, dignity, and acumen, that they make the wrong appear right, and the most righteous indignation seem like vulgar brawling on the part of the sufferer. The American is all drive, energy, and punctuality; he wants to improve everything, to make fast time, to work by machinery, and to live generally at high-pressure. The Mexican hates all these, and does not want to be intruded upon by any of them; he likes to buy on long credits; his pack-trains bring his goods fast enough; he does not want to be improved off the face of the earth; he is disposed to be indolent, sociable, and happy; and deems, poor fellow! that he has hit the true philosophy of life.

Then, the American has the fatal prejudice of color. Let him try to conceal it as he may, it betrays itself when he oft-times is unconscious of it. Many of the most prominent men in Mexico, to-day, are nearly pure Indians; and although fair complexions are greatly admired and envied, especially among the women, yet there is not the slightest prejudice of caste whatever. A man may be nearly a negro in complexion and type of features, without incurring any social depreciation.

Americans in Mexico are very imprudent of speech. It is common to hear them speak of some one as "a White man," in distinction from a Mexican; whereas, thousands of Mexicans are as white, and of as pure blood, as they. The subject of annexation or cession of territory is as freely discussed before Mexicans as it is here, in the United States; and that a state or states should be so ceded appears so much a matter of course, that no allowance is made for national pride on the part of the proudest people in the world.

On the other hand, it is freely stated, among well-informed Americans, that the Mexican authorities have given confidential instructions to the governors and prominent officials of the different states, to discourage and harass Americans and American enterprises by all means in their power; and, certainly, the obstacles thrown in the way of their acquisition of property, the new tariff regulations, and the petty tyranny of officials, would seem to indicate that the rumor has a basis of truth.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Americans are dreaded and disliked. Mexicans have neither forgotten nor forgiven the loss of Texas and California; and, when we remember all things, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they do not slay off the Kickapoos for raiding into Texas, or that they vent their spleen in Congress when the *Zona Libre* question comes up. Our interference with the French, which resulted in the evacuation of Mexican territory and the execution of poor Maximilian, is ignored. We acted for our own interest, they say—not theirs; and it hurts the national pride to remember it. The French themselves—or Germans, Italians, or English—are all infinitely better liked in Mexico than the Americans, because they have not the same national antagonisms, and can and do assimilate themselves to the people—at least, while they are living among them.

These are unpleasant things to contemplate, because we really did inestimable service to Mexico in the matter of the French intervention. We have been, of late at least, patient and forbearing in the extreme, under many wrongs and insults, and it is pleasant to try to believe that our neighbors are grateful and appreciative; but it is better for us to understand the situation as it really exists—nay, we must understand it—before we can adopt such a policy toward Mexico as will secure us at least respect and

consideration as a nation, and protection for our many brave and enterprising citizens there, the number of which is daily increasing. Nor must we forget the relations and rights of other countries. When England and Spain joined France, and invaded Mexico, their object was to take possession of the country, and manage its resources until their bonds, etc., were paid. When Napoléon's cloven foot appeared, the two former promptly and honorably retired. No one disputed their right to act as they did; for when, at a later date, after the United States had protested against the Napoléonic intervention, the French Minister asked Mr. Seward if the United States denied the right of France to make war on Mexico in order to secure her bonds, the issue was very sharply defined by our great Secretary: "We deny only your right to impose a government on Mexico, against the will of the people," was the reply. Many of the European governments, England included, have outlawed Mexico since the fall of Maximilian, and they will send neither minister nor consuls, nor permit any diplomatic intercourse; but it can not be supposed that they have forgotten their claims, or that they will much longer submit to their repudiation by Mexico. If one or more of these powers should choose to renew the attempt, or should seize a portion of Mexican territory as security, it would be difficult to deny their right to do so, or to interpose any efficient obstacle short of a long and bloody war. Yet there can be no doubt that such an attempt, on the part of any power, would be considered a directly hostile act toward the United States, and, if persisted in, would inevitably result in serious complications. But we talk a great deal of our own claims against Mexico, and of our right to certain territory in consequence; so that it would be difficult to deny the right of others, to whom Mexico is equally indebted.

Considering the antipathy of Mexico to a further cession of territory, her utter bankruptcy, and the magnitude of the claims against her, the situation is sufficiently embarrassing; and it is not surprising that our relations with that unhappy country have drifted uneasily along, rather than been guided, through such tortuous and intricate complications. It was hoped that Juarez would succeed in establishing a firm and prosperous government, and that he would be enabled to give guarantees that could be accepted for those outstanding claims; but he would have failed, even had he lived; and chagrin, probably, hastened his end. When the government fell to Lerdo, even the most skeptical hoped and almost believed that tranquillity and consequent prosperity were possible; but the outlook is nearly as gloomy as ever.

The fact is, the republic in Mexico is a failure. No republic can long sustain itself in prosperity unless the great majority of the people are intelligent and educated. Of the laboring population of Mexico, not one-fifth can read or write. It is only quite recently that the system of peonage has been abolished; but its abolition in fact has not as yet resulted from its abolition in law. The remuneration of farm laborers is from six to eight dollars per month, with trifling rations. The pay of laboring miners, throughout the republic, will not exceed seventy-five cents per day. They are inveterate gamblers. Thus, if an employer advances a *peon* an ounce, say, the laborer may work a life-time before he can release himself from his obligation. In such a condition of society, where is the democracy of universal suffrage? The poor, ignorant creatures vote as their employers, or some military chief, or priest, instructs them to vote; and it is all a farce together. They are swept into the service of this general or that, in many cases perfectly indifferent which; when conquered, seeking service with

the conqueror, regardless of the future issue, provided they can get food and clothing and twenty-five cents per day. Some of the governors—like Lozada—hold themselves absolutely independent of the Central Government. Others are, nominally, adherents of the federal authorities, but hold their independence as long as possible; yielding only in time of danger, till the storm blows over. The collectors follow suit. As but very few of the officials hold office for any length of time, they “make hay while the sun shines;” and as the new officials are always poor and hungry, somebody suffers—perhaps the producers, perhaps the Government, probably both. Foreigners are legitimate prey, especially the miners. Until recently, the merchants have been rich and united, with shrewdness enough to make the real loss fall elsewhere. As things look at present, it is questionable whether they can continue to do so, without more aid and encouragement from abroad than they have hitherto received.

It is difficult to foresee what course our Government will pursue when the Joint Commission shall have arrived at a decision concerning the actual amount of our claims. Quite likely some accident or outrage will determine it; but, in the meantime, let us plead most earnestly for efficient protection to all American and foreign interests in Mexico, and prompt and signal punishment of all outrages committed against them. This will not cost much; one or two sharp lessons will suffice, and thereafter Americans and American interests will be respected. Let this protection be once assured, and, as the Mexican mines are now yielding, it will not be long before private enterprise alone will do much toward developing the resources and accomplishing the pacification of this unhappy country; and then, if further acquisition of territory is abandoned, let us, by special treaty, secure a market for our manufactures, in-

stead of permitting it to be forever usurped by European nations. Let us try to secure the export of bullion *free*; and then, for the first time, the real wealth of this wonderful country will become known, and a trade will spring up between California and Mexico, second only in importance to the long-

coveted and now fast-increasing trade with Asia. This, at least, is within our reach, and to this we should turn our attention; and it is not improbable that the prize we have appeared to covet in vain, may seek us without solicitation when we show ourselves indifferent to its acquisition.

BORAX DEPOSITS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE discovery of boracic acid and the natural borates on the Pacific Coast was purely accidental. In January, 1856, Dr. John A. Veatch, while employed in the analysis of water from Lick Springs, in Tehama County (eight miles east of Red Bluffs), having occasion to evaporate a large quantity, was surprised to find borax crystallizing out. Repeating the experiment on much larger quantities of the water, he obtained several pounds of borax crystals, which he placed in the museum of the California Academy of Sciences. This discovery led to the examination of all the mineral waters then known, which resulted in finding boracic acid in most of them.

In September of the same year, Doctor Veatch discovered Borax Lake, the waters of which he describes as being "the most diabolical compound this side of the Dead Sea;" but it was not until his third visit that he found the large crystals of borax for which this lake is celebrated.

Borax Lake is situated in Lake County, California, one hundred and ten miles from San Francisco. It is separated from Clear Lake by a low ridge of land. No natural streams flow into it. It derives its waters from the rain-shed of the surrounding hills. In ordinary seasons the depth varies from two to five feet. Borax crystals in great quantities are found in the stratum of soft mud form-

ing the bottom of the lake. Besides the crystals, borax exists in solution in the water itself, from which it can be obtained by evaporation. The mud containing the crystals was formerly obtained by sinking sheet-iron coffer-dams, which were pumped out, and the mud thrown upon a raft and transported to washing-vats, where the impurity was removed from the crystals, which were then recrystallized in lead-lined vats, dried, and sent to San Francisco. It is the opinion of careful observers that the borax in this lake is constantly forming, and that it may be for that reason practically inexhaustible. The quantity of carbonate of soda being largely in excess, the theory that boracic acid, furnished through fissures in the bottom of the lake, reproduces the borax, is not unlikely.

Borax Lake is not a large sheet of water. At ordinary seasons, it is 4,000 feet long by 1,800 feet wide. In extraordinary seasons, it sometimes becomes dry. This was the case in 1861. E. G. Moore made an analysis of the water in 1863. He obtained 2,401.56 grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which about one-half was salt, one-quarter carbonate of soda, and nearly all the remainder borax. Near the edge of the lake is a hot spring, which contains a large percentage of borax in solution. No doubt it will be worked to advantage at an

early day. This spring is also remarkable for holding a large quantity of carbonate of ammonia in solution.

After the discovery of Borax Lake, Doctor Veatch commenced a systematic "prospecting" for borax localities in California and Oregon. He read a paper before the California Academy of Sciences, January 17th, 1859, in which he stated that his attention had been drawn (by whom he does not say) to the existence of boracic acid in the sea water along the Pacific Coast. The salt for sale in the San Francisco market, made in the southern counties, was found to contain more than traces of boracic acid. This led to the examination of the sea water at San Bernardino, in which boracic acid was detected; and it was subsequently found as far north as the Straits of Fuca. No acid was found thirty miles west of the Golden Gate.

In July, 1857, Doctor Veatch visited the mud volcanoes in the Colorado Desert, a full description of which may be found in the proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences, Vol. II, page 104. These mud volcanoes lie in the southern part of the State of California, in a direction east 18° north, and distant about one hundred miles, from San Diego, the exact position being township 11 south, range 13 east, San Bernardino meridian. Doctor Veatch found the waters to contain *free* boracic acid, and in the immediate neighborhood discovered borax and salt. There is a striking similarity between these mud volcanoes and those of the Tuscan lagoons; the description of one locality being nearly identical with that of the other.

It is not known that boracic acid exists in the steam fissures at the Geysers, or at Steamboat Springs in Nevada; but there is reason to believe that it does. It has been detected in the water both of Mono and Owen's lakes. In all probability, if an examination of the bottom of these lakes should be made, crystals

of borax would be found in the mud, as at Borax Lake. These lakes have no outlet. They are fed by streams flowing through a volcanic, highly alkaline soil, from which they take up the soluble salts. On reaching the lowest depressions, the waters spread out into shallow lakes, covering many miles of surface, which become in effect enormous evaporating pans. Under the influence of a fervid sun and an atmosphere of extreme dryness, the waters become in time saturated solutions of the salts collected by the streams. Both lakes are nearly the same size, and much resemble each other. Both are alike situated in a sterile volcanic region, at the base of the Sierra, although more than one hundred miles apart.

Immense deposits of borax have lately been found near these lakes. The locality now attracting the most attention is in the southern part of Esmeralda County, in the State of Nevada, but near the California line. The country in which these deposits are situated is a barren desert, surrounded by mountains which vie in grandeur with those of the "High Sierra." Hot springs are not uncommon. Lava, obsidian, and pumice, overlying each other and strangely intermixed, confuse the traveler, and set him to theorizing as to their origin. Streams of lava, many hundred feet in thickness, have flowed from the direction of Mono Lake and congealed at the base of the mountains. The disintegrated volcanic rocks form the loose, sandy, alkaline soil, which is almost destitute of vegetation.

The source of the borax is not known with certainty. An intelligent prospector has stated, that he found under the saline deposits tube-shaped orifices, which emitted steam. It is well known that the alkaline lakes contain large quantities of lime in solution. Deposits of calcareous tufa are found in the waters, gradually precipitated from the

supersaturated solution of salts contained there. These deposits take grotesque shapes, which the prospectors, who sometimes find them in the dry beds of ancient lakes, believe to be wonderful petrifications. It is not an unlikely theory, that boracic acid, generated in the fissures beneath the lakes, has combined with the soluble lime-salts to form ulexite, and with the carbonate of soda to produce borax. If this theory is correct, it is not reasonable to expect anything from these borax fields after the dry deposit is exhausted. A thorough search for boracic acid should be made with an eye to the future. Any boiling spring, any escaping steam from rocky fissures, may contain this valuable substance.

The nearest approach to solfataric action which has been observed is on an island in Mono Lake, where boiling springs and steam fissures are abundant, and at the mud volcanoes before described. Several companies are in possession of these deposits, and are producing large quantities of borax successfully.

One company, which is incorporated, is in possession of a large portion of what is called "Columbus Marsh." This remarkable saline deposit lies in latitude $38^{\circ} 05'$ north, and longitude 118° west. As laid down on the State Geological Map, it is an irregular oval in form, ten miles long by seven miles wide. It is distant from Mono Lake forty-six miles, in a direction a little north of east. It has evidently been an alkaline lake, much as Mono Lake is now. If Mono Lake did not continually receive the melting snows from the Sierra Nevada, its bed would soon, like Columbus Marsh, become a dazzling patch of alkaline salts.

The Columbus deposit consists of common salt, sulphate of soda, borate of lime, and borax. The crust varies from a few inches to three feet in thickness. The borate of lime (ulexite) is

found in rounded concretions, from the size of peas up to three or four inches in diameter. These balls or concretions, when broken open, present a silky appearance, with the fibrous crystals interlaced as if felted together. The borate of lime is collected for treatment with a boiling solution of carbonate of soda, by which it is partly decomposed, and the resulting borax recovered by evaporation and crystallization.

Large quantities of borate of lime were shipped to San Francisco, but it was found that the enormous expenses of transportation were greater than the highest price that could be obtained in this or the European market. It was soon observed that the alkaline incrustation in which the ulexite occurred would yield borax if dissolved and crystallized. The method now adopted is, to rake the deposit into piles, like haycocks in a meadow. These are then hauled to the dissolving pans, under which large fires are kept burning. The impure solutions are run into vats, from which a good article of crude borax crystallizes on cooling. The mother liquors, still holding some borax in solution, are allowed to run off, and are lost. The crude borax is sent to San Francisco, where it is refined and sold. There are several establishments already refining borax on a large scale. It has been found to be the best policy to concentrate the borax at the borax-fields as much as possible, both by crystallizing from concentrated solutions, and by drying the crystals, so as to lessen freight charges. The refining can be done better in San Francisco, where water is good and fuel and labor much cheaper.

Other deposits of a similar nature are found near Columbus. Virginia Marsh lies nearly north, about eight miles distant. It covers a large surface—about half that of Columbus. Theele's Soda Flat is north-west, eighteen miles. Both of these localities are worked exten-

sively for borax. The history of the discovery of these deposits is interesting. In 1864, Columbus Marsh was located by Smith & Eaton, with the intention of manufacturing salt to supply the growing demand in the newly found silver mines. Borate of lime was found, but its nature was not suspected until it came to the notice of Dr. Partz, then residing at Blind Springs, in Mono County, California. He knew what it was, but did not attach any importance to the discovery. Specimens found their way to the large cities, and Dana, in his late work on Mineralogy, notices the locality. In the latter part of 1869, a teamster picked up a piece of borate of lime as he drove along the road going to Wadsworth. Thoughtlessly he broke open the little ball, and wondered at the beauty of the silky interlaced crystals. He gave the specimen to a friend, who brought it to San Francisco, where it came to the notice of certain well-known capitalists, who immediately equipped a party, and sent them out to "prospect" for it. After a search which lasted some time, the party were about to return disappointed, when they met Mr. W. H. Burgess, an old resident of Nevada, who was keeping a station near Walker's Lake, well-known as Burgess' Station. They showed him the specimen, and he directed them to Virginia Salt Marsh. While they were gone, he discovered the locality where the teamster picked up the original specimen.

Immediately on the discovery being known, the whole eastern slope was run

over by parties in search of borax, which led to the finding of numerous and extensive fields of alkali, some of which were found to contain borax in varying quantities. These fields are known to exist from Wadsworth quite to the State line southward.

A remarkable discovery of "cryptomorphite" (a rare variety of borate of lime) was made about a year ago by some gentlemen connected with the United States Coast Survey. Although known for ten years as "chalk," yet its composition was unknown until those gentlemen brought samples to San Francisco. It was first thought to be magnesia, then infusorial earth. It was presented to the California Academy of Sciences, which led to the discovery of its true character. The locality is in Curry County, Oregon, near the sea-coast. It occurs in nodules, varying from the size of bullets up to masses weighing five hundred pounds.

It is difficult to furnish any correct statistics as to the quantity of borax produced on the Pacific Coast. In the year 1865, Borax Lake yielded 240 tons. In 1866, the average daily yield was $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons. Work at this locality has for some time been suspended. Columbus has produced at the least estimate 150 tons, and the other deposits as much more. Persons who have good opportunity to know, have given estimates as high as 600 tons since the discovery. Be this as it may, nothing is more certain than that large quantities will be produced and thrown on the market.

BY THE NORTHLAND LAKES.

The sunlight lay in gathered sheaves
Along the ground, the golden leaves
Possessed the land and lay in bars
Above the lifted lawn of green
Beneath the feet, or fell as stars
Fall, slantwise, shimmering and still
Upon the plain, upon the hill,
And heaving hill and plain between.

Some steeds in panoply were seen,
Strong, martial trained, with manes in air,
And tasseled reins and mountings rare ;
Some silent people here and there,
That gathered leaves with listless will,
Or moved adown the dappled green,
Or looked away with idle gaze
Against the gold and purple haze.
You might have heard red apples fall,
The pheasant on the farther hill,
A single, lonely, locust trill,
Or sliding sable crickets call
From out the grass, but that was all.

A wanderer of many lands
Was I, a weary Ishmaelite
That knew the sign of lifted hands ;
Had seen the Crescent - mosques, had seen
The peopled oaks of Aberdeen ;
Then crossed the hilly seas, and saw
The sable pines of Mackinaw,
And lakes that lifted cold and white.

I saw the sweet Miami, saw
The swift Ohio bent and rolled
Between his gleaming walls of gold,
The Wabash banks of gray papaw,
The Mississippi's ash ; at morn
Of autumn, when the oak is red,
Saw slanting pyramids of corn,
The level fields of spotted swine,
The crooked lanes of lowing kine,
And in the burning bushes saw
The face of God, with bended head.

But when I saw her face, I said,
"Earth has no fruits so fairly red

As these that swing above my head ;
 No purpled leaf, no popped land,
 Like this that lies in reach of hand."

Some maple leaves hung overhead,
 In scarlet hues and many kind ;
 Some danced about upon the sand,
 As dancers dancing hand in hand,
 Begirt in gold, arrayed in red,
 To soft songs whistled in the wind.

Her image seemed a spirit's then ;
 She filled the lawn whereon she stood,
 And low unto myself I said :
 "O soul, inured to rue and rime,
 To barren toil and bitter bread,
 To biting rime, to bitter rue,
 Earth is not Nazareth ; be good.
 O sacred Indian summer-time
 Of scarlet fruits, of fragrant wood,
 Of purpled clouds, of curling haze—
 O days of golden dreams and days
 Of banished, vanished tawny men,
 Of martial songs and manly deeds—
 Be fair to-day, and bear me true."
 We mounted, turned the sudden steeds
 Toward the yellow hills, and flew.

My faith! but she rode fair, and she
 Had scarlet berries in her hair,
 And on her hands white starry stones.
 The satellites of many thrones
 Fall down before her gracious air
 In that full season. Fair to see
 Are pearly shells, red virgin gold,
 And yellow fruits, and sun-down seas,
 And babes sun-brown ; but all of these,
 And all fair things of sea besides,
 Before the matchless, manifold
 Accomplishments of her who rides
 With autumn summer in her hair,
 And knows her steed and holds her fair
 And stately in her stormy seat,
 They lie like playthings at her feet.

By heaven! she was more than fair,
 And more than good, and matchless wise,
 With all the sunlight in her eyes,
 And all the midnight in her hair.

The blowing hair! the bannered manes!
 The rustling leaves in whispers blown!

The sounding feet made melody,
 And earth was filled and I was glad
 With sweet delight ; ay, even sad
 From pure excess of joy, that fills
 The soul sometimes too eager grown . . .

Through leafy avenues and lanes,
 And lo! we climbed the yellow hills,
 With russet leaves about the brows
 That reached from over-reaching trees,
 With purpled briars to the knees
 Of steeds that fretted foamy thews.
 We turned to look a time below
 Beneath the ancient arch of boughs,
 That bent above us as a bow
 Of promise, bound in many hues.

I reached my hand. I could refuse
 All fruits but this, the touch of her
 At such a time. But lo! she leaned
 With lifted face and soul, and leant
 As leans devoutest worshiper,
 Beyond the branches scarlet screened
 And looked above me and beyond,
 So fixed and silent, still and fond,
 She seemed the while she looked to lose
 Her very soul in such intent.
 She looked on other things, but I,
 I saw nor scarlet leaf nor sky ;
 I looked on her, and only her.

Afar the city lay in smokes
 Of battle, and the martial strokes
 Of Progress thundered through the land
 And struck against the yellow trees,
 And rolled in hollow echoes on
 Like sounding limits of the seas
 That smite the shelly shores at dawn.

Beyond, below, on either hand
 There reached a lake in belt of pine,
 A very dream ; a distant dawn
 Asleep in all the autumn shine,
 Some like one of another land
 That I once laid a hand upon,
 And loved too well, and named as mine.

She sometimes touched with dimpled hand
 The drifting mane with dreamy air,
 She sometimes pushed aback her hair ;
 But still she leaned and looked afar,
 As silent as the statues stand —

For what? For falling leaf? For star,
 That runs before the bride of death? . . .
 The elements were still; a breath
 Stirred not, the level western sun
 Poured in his arrows every one;
 Spilled all his wealth of purpled red
 On velvet poplar leaf below,
 On arching chestnut overhead
 In all the hues of heaven's bow.

She sat the upper hill, and high.
 I spurred my black steed to her side;
 "The bow of promise, lo!" I cried,
 And lifted up my eyes to hers
 With all the fervid love that stirs
 The blood of men beneath the sun,
 And reached my hand, as one undone,
 In supplication to hers above:
 "The bow of promise! give me love!
 I reach a hand, I rise or fall,
 Henceforth from this: put forth a hand
 From your high place and let me stand—
 Stand soul and body, white and tall!
 Why, I would live for you, would die
 To-morrow, but to live to-day.
 Give me but love, and let me live
 To die before you. I can pray
 To only you, because I know,
 If you but give what I bestow,
 That God has nothing left to give."

But still her stately head was raised,
 And still she silent sat and gazed
 Beyond the trees, beyond the town,
 To where the dimpled waters slept,
 Nor splendid eyes once bended down
 To eyes that lifted up and wept.

She spoke not, nor subdued her head
 To note a hand or heed a word;
 And then I questioned if she heard
 My life-tale on that leafy hill,
 Or any fervid word I said.
 I spoke with bold, vehement will.

She moved, and from her bridled hand
 She sudden drew the dainty glove,
 Then gazed again upon the land.
 The dimpled hand, a snowy dove,
 Alit and moved along the mane
 Of glossy skeins; then, overbold,
 It fell across the mane, and lay

Before my eyes a sweet bouquet
 Of clustered kisses, white as snow.
 I should have seized it reaching so,
 But something bade me back—a ban;
 Around the third fair finger ran
 A shining, hateful hoop of gold.

Ay, then I turned, I looked away,
 I sudden felt forlorn and chill;
 I whistled, like, for want to say,
 And then I said, with bended head,
 “Another’s ship from other shores,
 With richer freight, with fairer stores
 Shall come to her some day instead;”
 Then turned about—and all was still.

Yea, you had chafed at this, and cried,
 And laughed with bloodless lips, and said
 Some bitter things to sate your pride,
 And tossed aloft a lordly head,
 And acted well some willful lie,
 And, most like, cursed yourself—but I . . .
 Well, you be crucified, and you
 Be broken up with lances through
 The soul, then you may turn to find
 Some ladder rounds in keenest rods,
 Some solace in the bitter rind,
 Some favor with the gods irate—
 The everlasting angered gods—
 And ask not overmuch of fate.

I was not born, was never blessed,
 With cunning ways, nor wit, nor skill
 In woman’s ways, nor words of love,
 Nor fashioned suppliance of will.
 A very clown, I think, had guessed
 How out of place and plain I seemed;
 I, I, the idol worshiper,
 Who saw nor maple leaves nor sky
 But took some touch and hue of her.
 Then, after all, what right had I
 To lift my eyes to eyes that beamed
 So far beyond, so fair above?

I am a pagan, heathen, lo!
 A savage man, of savage lands;
 Too quick to love, too slow to know
 The sign that tame love understands,
 Or cold approaches pride demands.

* * * * *

Some heedless hoofs went sounding down
 The broken way. The woods were brown,

And homely now ; some idle talk
 Of folk and town ; a broken walk ;
 But sounding feet made song no more
 For me along that leafy shore.

The sun caught up his gathered sheaves ;
 A squirrel caught a nut and ran ;
 A rabbit rustled in the leaves ;
 A whirling bat, black-winged and tan
 Blew swift between us ; sullen night
 Fell down upon us ; mottled kine,
 With lifted heads, went lowing down
 The rocky ridge toward the town,
 And all the woods grew dark as wine.

THE MOUNTAIN POSY.

WHEN I first took Posy to live with me, there was a general nodding and shaking of heads in disapproval. Her mother had died when she was scarcely five years of age, and her father, who had joined the army at the breaking out of trouble in Missouri, was numbered with the lost. Some one then brought her to California, and she was finally adopted into the mountain-farm home of Joshua Perrin and wife—a childless, honest, rough couple—with whom, unrestrained, she grew in her own wild way, until she was twelve years of age. Then Mrs. Perrin died. Joshua abandoned farming, and, becoming a mountain guide, left the girl a neglected waif, wild as a deer, nimble as a goat, and fearless as a hunter, whom nobody cared to have in charge.

Two or three families had, in turn, taken her to assist in caring for their children ; but alas ! she required more attention than a dozen youngsters : for, if she did not have them scaling cliffs and sliding down precipices, they were very apt to be packed on the backs of stray donkeys, or undergoing swimming lessons in the creek.

I took a liking to her, and, in spite of volunteered advice and warning, the dirty, barefooted, homeless madcap came to me, when she was fourteen years old. Scrubbing-brushes and fine-tooth combs were actively employed, and at the end of a week my prospectings were rewarded by the discovery of a bronzed but clean skin, and a coarse, abundant head of hair. I was prepared for a hard task ; but was rewarded by finding her a strong maid-of-all-work, warm-hearted and ready to do anything required, provided there were no greater attractions around upon which to exercise her endurance. One of these was a mining claim, which she soon had staked out up the gulch, after she had industriously prospected during her leisure hours and discovered good indications.

Then she built a tiny cabin of logs and brush. Were she ever missing, I searched for the pick and spade ; were pick and spade *non est*, I was compelled to creep through her trap-door in the back fence, and hie me over the gold-fields to the hill-crest, where in clarion notes I set the echoes, as well as Posy, flying.

Did a hungry donkey patiently lay his nose on the gate-post, she fed him on muffins, and finished by a bareback ride and general acrobatic acts.

"Taint no use, mam," said she, "in a-tryin' to make me a lady. I'm nuthin' but a mountain Wallie, an' ain't no good to nobody!"

She was off to Sunday-school, her hat hind-side before and shoe-strings dangling, ere I could overtake her. When I discreetly chose her a Sunday-school book, entitled "Be Neat," upon getting home I found she had exchanged with a little boy for one bearing the more engaging title of "The Dancing Bears."

"Who was the first man?" I asked the class, impressively, holding up the Catechism. "Adam," was the general, satisfactory response. "Nary time!" exclaimed Posy; "God was the first;" and, gathering her books, she went to the head of the class. After the titters had subsided, I continued; until, upon demanding who was the strongest man, she replied, "Satan!" greatly to my discomfiture, as I dreaded a discussion, having so frequently impressed her with the dangerous power of his dark majesty. David was little and insignificant, with God always on his side; while Goliath was a giant hero, and ought to have been the chosen king. Still more was I annoyed, when I found her sympathy for Jesus was altogether because, like herself, He had had two fathers, God and Joseph, and had no home, but preached out-doors and wandered about.

Then it dawned upon me to let the Catechism alone, and teach my class more of the humanity of Christ. So they soon grew to love the sweet stories of His beautiful life. "A little child shall lead," I thought, as Posy remarked, "We all used to be scared o' God, but the way you've got to talkin' lately makes Him more like friends." She nursed broken legged birds, sick chickens, and deserted kittens; in fact, ad-

mired and loved whatever was terrible or brave, helpless or distressed.

One raw, cold day, looking from my sitting-room window, I beheld Posy heading a dusky procession into the kitchen. Upon hastening to those quarters, behold! she was entertaining her gypsies about the hot stove; while a dirty papoose, stiffly tied in its basket, was in her lap, its little black toes almost in the fire. "Posy," I cried, "how dare you bring those filthy Indians in here? Take them out at once, and sweep the room; then bathe thoroughly, and use your fine-tooth comb!"

"O, they're all friends o' mine, mam, an' they're awful cold," she pleaded.

"I don't care if they freeze," I answered. "The open air is the native and only fit element for such creatures. Give them a loaf and turn them out of the yard. You'll distract me with your hospital business. A gaping chicken rolled up in my breakfast-shawl yesterday, and a crippled rabbit in the warm oven, were your latest anxieties. These missionary enterprises must be stopped, or you must leave."

So she strapped the black-eyed, sober papoose on its mother's back, and soon set them on the march to their pine-nut quarters.

Again, in spring, as some children were playing in the garden, they discovered a hole in the ground about the size of a "two-bit" piece. Posy, as a reliable naturalist and entomologist, was deferred to. She instantly pronounced it a tarantula's-nest, but how to persuade his venomship out was the puzzling question before the little convention. Presently a tarantula-hawk, the deadly foe of this poisonous creature, came idling along, and, gay as a butterfly, lit upon a flower near them. It was but the work of an instant for Posy to effect its capture with her hat, and then she speedily dispatched it down the hole; when, in a hurry, up came the tarantula—a black, hand-

some, velvety fellow—followed and chased by the hawk.

She was on the *qui vive*, and adroitly guiding both of her victims into a bottle, triumphantly bore them into the house, where they were duly, and with much ceremony, liquored and put away, ready for the expected bug-hunters, *en route* for the Yosemite. But the detective and executive ability displayed by this scion of the butterfly land was worthy of note. Her next ambition was to dig down and secure the nest, a perfect marvel of curiosity and architectural skill.

If she was a trial, she was an interesting one, and I joyfully noticed much improvement and a growing attachment in response to my love for her.

A Mariposa spring is the perfection of fairy-land, and even its winter very lovely; but a Mariposa summer, with its scorching heat, ought to be a powerful exhorter in turning the sinner from the error of his ways, if at all tintured with the doctrine of Calvinism.

So with Posy I departed, one fair June day, for the Big Trees and a summer holiday. Now she was to be my good little maid, and accompany me in all my rambles. We sat in the parlor of the hotel while the tourists bolted their feed. There is a fair field afforded one to study human nature among the crowds that annually visit the valley of the Yosemite.

A company had arrived, but one hour before, from a long railroad trip and a much more wearisome dusty stage-ride of forty miles. The representative live Yankee headed the party, which consisted of his wife, illiterate but rich; his daughter, a fast specimen of the New York girl, loud-voiced and *prononcé*; a deliberate, easy-going Englishman and his companionable wife; a brusque English student; a pale-faced, curly-headed boy-poet, and an invalid. Posy and myself were to finish filling up the large South Fork stage.

Before anyone else had half eaten supper, the Yankee Bluster, grabbing his hat from under his chair, rushed from the dining-hall, dodged into the parlor, thence into the reading-room, then out into the hall, furiously exclaiming: "Landlord, where in the name of heaven, is that driver? It's time we were off!" This elicited no especial reply from the complacent host, who, through the patient years of his calling, had become inured to digs, thrusts, and personal earthquakes of all descriptions. So he serenely quaffed his creamy lager with a townsman, and Bluster continued his search.

Finally, "Topsy Jack," who had just convalesced from a spree, nonchalantly issued from a cozy saloon, his breath redolent of a delicious mint-julep, when he was violently confronted by Bluster, who gesticulated and grew red in his volubility on the necessity of instant departure. During the progress of this harangue, Jack blandly scratched a match on the sole of his boot, lit a cigar, gave it a few puffs and threw it away, its fragrance not being up to what his dainty sense required in a Havana.

"These stage-drivers are the most deliberately independent set that I ever came across," roared Bluster. "They think the sun will stand still for them, by Jupiter. Don't you know, fellow, that we purchased through, round tickets for this trip, and not a moment is to be lost? I must be back to the city by Monday night, to be off on Tuesday's train for the East. I tell you, a man has to bestir himself in this age."

"Waal," drawled Jack, "that ere's all right an' commendable enough in them that's got through tickets to the other side o' Jordan. Jist you keep a-hump-in' yerself. But they ain't no use a-git-tin' excited till Gabriel toots his horn. This yere stage ain't a-goin' to budge for half an hour yit, I reckon; but when it does, yer kin jist put up yer pinch-

back watch that I'll put yer through on the lightnin' express!"

"Good!" said Bluster, rubbing his hands. "That's the talk. Can't we change horses, and go through from White & Hatch's to the Trees in one night?"

"Not if the court knows hisself," responded Jack. "Got yer life insured? 'Cause I'll about kill yer on this trip, anyhow! You'll think it's fast enough, afore you git back to 'Frisco. I'll bet they wun't be a piece o' yer that ain't jelly!"

Bluster entered, scolded his wife and daughter for not having their hats on, and raved because the Englishman and wife were still at table, very composedly enjoying their food.

"That fellow's a lazy gormandizer," said Bluster; "he'll die in the poor-house, and isn't fit to live in this country of enterprise."

"He'll be enjoying a good ripe old age when you've long been dead," was my private opinion.

"Papa, I do believe he's a live lord, for he wears a large elegant ring with a coat-of-arms on it," said the daughter.

"Nonsense!" replied Bluster. "He's nothing but a vagabond beef-eater."

"Indeed, my dear," said his wife, "they ain't no use o' your tearin' round this way, an' a-standin' ready to bluff him. Jist as likely as not he *is* a lord, for they all go to Yosemite, an' we might git acquainted ef you was decent."

"Shut up!" said Bluster. "Come along and get into the stage, and perhaps that will hurry up things."

But "things" wouldn't be hurried up.

"All aboard!" yelled Bluster.

"Ah, bless me!" said Mr. Easygo, eyeing him through his quizzing-glass, "My dear sir, pray do be calm. You Hamericans hare haltogether too hanxious and 'urried. Really, it's beastly, such 'aste."

"Ma, he's a lord without doubt; see

his imperious command of manner," said the daughter, in which "ma" significantly acquiesced.

Eventually we were all crowded in, Posy and myself perched on the front seat with Topsy Jack, who had just fortified himself with a toddy. He cracked the whip—Texas Mary, Missouri Nancy, Buckin' Bill, and Squire Jones responded, and away they dashed up the pretty winding road, among the flowery hills of spring. Posy, hitherto quiet, now found her element. At home in the woods, her tongue was loosed.

"See them purty hedges?" she asked. "Know what them is? They're elderberry-bushes. You kin jist gather quarts on quarts of 'em, an' may be they don't make 'nificent puddin'—O, no! See them high-up ones a-noddin' so gay? They're buckeyes. Don't they wave their white plumes in the air, though! There—look-a-ther! See them reg'lar holes in the pines? The woodpeckers does that, an' stows away their winter's grub."

"Food, Posy," I interrupted.

"No, mam, you bet it's genuine grub to him when he needs it."

"Are they any oceans in the Cemetery?" she continued.

"Yosemite, not Cemetery," I said.

"What's the differ?" she retorted.

By the way, when Posy first came to me, I would frequently ask her where her adopted father was? The invariable reply was, "Up to the Cemetery." Finally, I said, "Why, your poor father must still greatly grieve over your mother, if he so constantly goes up to the Cemetery."

"Yes," she replied, "he's been there ever since my poor ma died."

"What! stays by her grave all the time? Impossible!"

"Why, they ain't no graves there," said she; "he guides the people to the big Cemetery, where the cliffs and falls is. I don't mean no grave-yard!"

"O!" screamed I, with laughter, "you mean the Yosemite."

"'Course I do," said she; whereupon I made her pronounce the word over and over again, but was constantly mortified by her persistently calling the glorious spot, "The Cemetery."

At her last query, every one in the stage laughed. She was not willfully bad nor a forward girl, but a free child of nature, whose entire knowledge of geography and people lay within a few miles of Mariposa. Said she, "There's Bear Valley, an' Hornitos, an' Sherlock's Creek, an' Mormon Bar, an' Whisky Flat, an' the States, an' Missouri, an' the Railroad, an' Mariposa, an' the Cemetery, an' the Big Trees, an' the Camp-meetin', an'—an'—"

"Sebastopol?" I added.

"Yes, Sebastopol, an' the Plains, an' San Francisco—an' that's all the places in the world."

On this occasion, I did not restrain her outbursts; for we were on the outside of the coach, and I was interested in her rusticity and bright outcroppings. While correcting and instructing her myself, during the year past, had I not often found her my teacher? Day after day, had not she taken me prospecting up the ravines, and shown me indications of quartz and "paying dirt," and how to "pan out;" and down the gulleys after a storm, just where tiny specks of gold were apt to lodge? And could not she stuff a turkey and wring the neck of a chicken, when I stood anxious and perplexed? When the rain beat into the kitchen, was not Posy the little engineer who squinted up her eye, and suggested that a "sluice-box over the door was the only remedy?" And could she not ride bare-back mustangs, and swim like a fish?

"See the moon, jist like a powder-horn, an' a settin' right on the limb o' that tamarack!" she cried.

"Nonsense," replied I; "you know

very well that the moon never comes out of the sky to sit on limbs."

"Well, the rainbow comes out o' the sky, sure; for I've seen the hills a-shinin' right through the end on it, where the bag o' gold is; an' see yonder, ain't the sky a-settin' right on top o' the mountains? It's bound to have some-thin' to set on—some place or other o' course."

Always disposed to evade metaphysical discussions, I put a quietus on her further speech.

Away we wheeled through the fragrant spruce and pine and lovely manzanito, till we reached White & Hatch's house—a picturesque and welcome retreat.

Here Bluster re-commenced his fussiness, by grabbing out and overhauling everybody's baggage till he found his own, which he threw upon the porch, and majestically demanded if supper were ready? Supper *was* ready. Bluster was up at three o'clock next morning, arousing the driver and entire house. Topsy Jack responded by pitching a pair of boots at him through the open window, and commending him to perpetual fire and brimstone, in language sublime and emphatic.

But nobody could sleep save the suave Englishman and his wife, who emerged at six o'clock rosy and refreshed from a morning bath. After surveying the sunrise beauties with rapture, they replaced their glasses, and, entering the dining-room, leisurely drank their coffee and partook of the delicious breakfast; while Bluster swore that he was not being put through according to contract, and would sue the agent upon reaching San Francisco. The poet had been off on an early ramble with the student, and now and then came a musical jingling of rhymes as they neared. Posy soon emerged from the woods, bearing a trophy—a rattlesnake, still faintly squirming on a stick. She had heard his alarm by a sunny log where she had disturbed

the chilly fellow, and instead of fleeing had turned and dispatched him. Bluster was about pocketing the eight rattles, when Posy demurred. The Englishman offered her a dollar for them. To this I objected, but recommended her giving them to him, which she did.

Breakfast over, we again embarked, Bluster having been hallooing "All aboard!" for several minutes.

"Now, Old Lightnin', jist check your baggage for kingdom come!" was Topsy Jack's irreverent speech, as he refreshed the inner man with a double dram, and deposited a black bottle with a red ribbon around its neck upon the seat beside him.

O! the magic splendor of that glowing morning in the pine-lands! The macadamized road cut in the mountain's side gradually wound high up through the amphitheatre of hills into the health-giving air—on through a world of wood, and glade, and crystal stream—the wild and impressive grandeur silencing every tongue! Symmetrical silver firs, two hundred feet in height, shimmered in the sun on the peaks above us, while spruce, and oak, and tamarack spread their tops beneath us. Here and there over the forests one could picture lofty towers reaching into the clouds, with ponderous gates, draw-bridges, and deep moats. At first, the earth-billows in the distance were dim in their gray; but as the morning light flushed up, blue as hope grew their crests, and purple and golden the nearer chasms and cliffs; while far and wide the bluebirds and robins flashed in the sun, and the day was filled with song.

We stopped at a beautiful moss-tangled rock, where a spring of ice-cold water flowed, and tall crimson blossoms bent to view their sweet faces below. I saw Posy stop in the road in earnest examination.

"He's been down to drink. Them's fresh grizzly-tracks, bet yer life!" said

she, essaying to fit her own chubby feet therein.

"Sure enough," said Jack; "that feller must ha' crossed here since the mornin' team went down." Whereupon I scampered into the coach, and at once became a disciple of Bluster on the subject of dispatch.

Topsy Jack frequently drew forth his black bottle, and partook copiously of the contents. This was his failing. A man of honor and sterling integrity of word and deed, he had almost drank himself into his grave.

I insisted upon his letting one of the gentlemen take the reins, but he politely informed me that he was "boss o' that clipper, and 'll never give up the ship." Presently, he indulged in cat-naps, and finally took a long snooze as he rocked on the seat. I became terrified, while Posy, with perfect presence of mind and an adoration for horse-flesh, quietly slipped the reins from his hands, when he indignantly aroused, but seeing who it was, said, "All right, little Sorrel-top," and resumed his nap.

"Git up!" cried Posy, and the four spirited horses arched their necks and wheeled round the cliff in perfect accord under her guidance. Had she not assumed command just when she did, we would doubtless have been dashed down the precipice.

Although Topsy Jack's normal condition was intoxication, yet he had never before forgotten his duty, nor endangered life; but drink was gaining upon him. Expostulation from friends did no good. "What have I got to live for?" was his invariable reply. "No home; nobody that cares; so I'll jist be jolly, and die game in the traces." How many thus go to a wretched death, from need of good home restraint!

We rattled over the bridge, and dashed up to the hotel.

"Bravo!" cried Bill, the guide. "The bravest girl in the country!"

Posy's valuable horse and cow experience was learned during her life on the mountain farm.

The Yosemite party continued their journey next day, Bluster whipping his mustang out of sight as the Englishman made his polite adieus and merrily trotted off.

We were soon cozily settled for the season in this lovely summer retreat. Early the next morning after our arrival, I missed Posy. Going in active search, I found her surreptitiously returning from the guide-house with my cut-glass bottle of camphor and a cup of tea. "He can't eat nothin', an' had jist better sleep," she said.

"Now, Posy, you foolish girl," I exclaimed, "keep away from a drunken man. I'm shocked. Here madam," I added, turning to the pleasant landlady, "I shall require but little of her time, so you make her useful, and thus keep her out of mischief."

"O, yes," cried she, "do please let me tend the cows?" It was just what they needed; so she was duly installed as chief of the dairy.

Time passed on, and she became a great favorite. I kept a constant watch over her, and yet felt that she possessed an innate sense of right that would with my serious talks be a protection to her. Every day I realized that she must have been born of a good mother, but that neglect and want of appreciation had smothered the nobler part of her character now developing.

Evening was coming on as the stage rattled in the distance.

"They're a-comin'. Here they air! The stage is jist chuck full, an' Topsy Jack is a-crackin' that silver-handled whip o' his'n, an' jist a-makin' it whiz! But he's bin a-drinkin' agin, I reckon, 'cause he's most a-tumblin' off. St-a-y with 'em, Jack! Them buckin' mustangs most floor anybody; 'specially when they ain't bossed. An' stage-

drivers is the confoundedest critters I ever seed. An' yet I like 'em, you bet. They can swill down more liquor, tell more long-winded yarns, and air the independentest set in all creation. I go my pile on stage-drivers. They never was one on 'em mean, nor sneaky, nor stingy, an' they've got hearts as big as punkins, 'specially Topsy Jack. Bill, the guide, likes me a heap, but Jack says I'm his good angel, an' that nobody on earth keers for him 'cept me, an' he needs me more'n Bill does. I jist believe I could cure him o' drinkin' ef I had him. I wish I could, poor darlin'!" So she soliloquized, as she stood on the sward, a pretty picture, with her bare round arms, her shaggy hair, and arch look, swinging the shining milk-pails.

"See 'em hump theirselves!" she said; and, assuming indifference as they approached, tripped off toward the corral. But Jack overtook her, and unsteadily bumped against her pails, with "How air you, honey? *Bon jour*, Golden-rod."

"O, go way with your foolishing," said she; "ain't I got twenty cows to milk an' drive in while you fellers loaf—to say nuthin' o' ten calves—I'd like to know?"

"Good for you, Kentucky touch-me-not! I'm the only chap that's glad ter see yer."

"O, well; ain't there Josh, the new guide, with his bran-new butternut suit? He's glad, too—I shouldn't wonder. But I ain't got no time to be sloshin' round with chaps, when them cows is a-dyin' to be milked." So, setting down the pails, at sunset, when the mountains and sky put on such beauty, Posy was soon seen, mounted on a fiery steed, galloping like mad down to the fragrant meadow-lands. In her calico dress, great blue apron, her hair flying, and with a long ox-whip cracking in the air, away she went like an Amazonian queen. Away from clover, buttercups, and grass-

es, mellow rang her musical voice, and from far and near gathered the cattle, fond of her tones. Then she came flying back, whirling the ox-whip over her head, the whole air musical with welcome tinkling bells, as the finely disciplined cows trotted up and filed into the corral. While they were doing this, she made a dash and flitted here and there on little sparking and coquetting excursions to Bill and Josh, who were sawing logs. Then up she charged, sprang from her horse, darted into the corral, and closed the bars. It was lovely to see her nonchalantly marshal her twenty cows into order, box their ears, and boss them about with fine generalship, or stroke their fat sides with affectionate hand, and talk to them in caressing ways, while they chewed the cud and looked forth lazily from their soft brown eyes. Those sweet-breathed cows I loved; but, however much they nodded and bowed their heads to me, I wouldn't more than poke my nose through the corral for worlds.

That night I marked a tired, anxious look in Posy's eyes, as Jack was carried off to his quarters. The next afternoon, I saw him sitting under a tree, with upturned face, regarding her as she stood in her June freshness among the June roses, restlessly digging her toes into the dirt and talking to him. Presently she became earnest in her speech. He arose and placed his hand upon her head as if in benediction. "Posy!" I called, and wearily and half-dreamily she came in, then turned again and lifted her hand warningly, as Jack started toward the camp, where they kept whisky.

"Posy," said I, tremblingly, "what does this mean? Answer me."

"He promises me to never drink again," she slowly said.

"What else?" I asked. "What else?"

"He says I could save him, ef I would marry him," she said, timidly looking up.

"The wretch!" cried I; "a drinking man, forty years old, to dare make you such a proposition! Do you care for him?" I asked.

"Yes—O, yes," said she; "I'm so sorry for him. I don't exactly think I love him, but I can't keep away from him. I dreamed last night my own first mother told me to save him, an' I must do it!"

"Foolish child," I said, "never think of this again. See here, Posy, he was friendless, and he loves you because you have become his kind friend, does he not?"

"Yes, mam," she replied.

"Well, when you were a homeless, friendless girl, alone on the earth, who gave you a home and love?" said I.

"You did—you did," she sobbed, and sank beside my chair.

"Then," said I, putting my arm around her, "haven't you perfect confidence in my better judgment? Don't you owe me love and duty first?"

"Yes," she answered; "I'll try to never think o' him agin."

The next morning, before the stage left, when she was off milking, I, too, was up by dawn, and seeking Topsy Jack, forbade his ever daring to approach the girl as he had done, to work upon her feelings; and received his reply, like an honest man, that the sympathy and interest she had felt for him had awakened memories of better days, and with them better resolves; that, in her purity, she seemed an angel, calling him out of the depths; that he had been forgetful, presuming, and wicked in thus imposing upon the tender-heartedness of a child; and he promised to keep away from her forever.

Nearly a month passed, and he did not return, but reports came that he was drinking himself to death, while Posy grew thin and homesick, but bravely banished all talk of Jack. I had her join me in rides and climbs during her

leisure hours, taught her carefully, and grew fonder of her.

"He has took to his bed for keeps," said Bill; "has brain fever, and calls for Posy all the time."

"I shall go to him by the mornin' stage," said Posy, rising, with a new and womanly determination. "My poor Jack—my poor, unloved Jack!"

"Come into the house, girl," I said. "Are you mad, that you make such a rash resolve?"

"O, mam, I must go! God is callin' me. I shall die ef I can't!" she said, with extreme anguish and beseeching looks.

"I'll go with you, poor, foolish child," was my reply; so morning found us *en route* home. I had Jack—who was, indeed, very ill—removed to our house, where, day and night, she and I watched beside him. Good nursing improved him, and he became rational, but was very feeble. One night he had a relapse and stood at the gates of death.

"O, not yet, dear Lord—don't take him from me yet!" Posy cried, flinging herself wildly on her knees beside him.

Jack raised her hand to his lips, and feebly gasped, "That ring—that ring!" She drew from her finger the slender twist of gold with its pearl cross within a turquoise heart.

"My own mother's wedding ring," she replied—"John an' Hannah Johnson..."

"Mary—my child!" he said. "I am John Johnson. We had a little girl—Mary..."

"It is me—it is me!" cried Posy. "O, I knew God was a-leadin' o' me. His child was to save him..."

"His own child," murmured Jack.

"Perhaps this excitement has saved him," the doctor said.

Quietly we watched him, and the crisis passed. He lived. Posy would not allow me to touch the dear, faded face, nor scarcely to assist in any way. He

slowly improved, and in a month was again on the street. Every morning, as he left the house with her sweet kiss warm upon his lips, he promised to taste no liquor. In a short time, he was able to resume his driving.

I suggested to Posy that she and her father had better rent a little cottage in town, and keep house by themselves. So they did.

Posy's eyes had a new light, and her life a new interest and earnestness, while Jack's reformation was the common wonder. And, whether blithely driving her goats from the sunny hills, or galloping after "father's stray horses," or quietly sitting by his side at home, they both daily grew in content, happiness, and charity. Her Indian friends came, cold and hungry, and always left warm and comfortable; while Jack's house was always a rendezvous for guides and drivers "out of a job"—a welcome haven for the "hard-up ones."

Bill was frequently around, or "thereabouts;" in fact, Posy liked him passing well, but when I teased her about him, she said: "I'm nobody's gal but jist father's, an' ain't never a-goin' to be. He jist filled up every corner in my hungry heart!"

The year sped by, and her careful watch kept Jack straight. The holidays were approaching, and I was going to San Francisco to arrange for the Sunday-school Christmas-trees, and, as she had never been to the city, I resolved to take her with me. She was in ecstasy over the prospect, but when ready to start, came in and said: "I don't reckon I'd better go. I hate to leave father. P'raps I'd better not."

"O, nonsense," replied I. "Your father can't have you present every minute, and young girls need change and pleasure. Come," I urged, "don't start off with gloomy thoughts." So she kissed him, and, as we rode off, placed her finger on her lips in warning.

"All right, Morning-glory," said he; "good-by, and God bless you."

We spent a glorious week, in which Posy was wild with delight and in a land of enchantment. Returning with our supplies and gifts, we found Jack a maniac from drink. His daughter's restraining influence once withdrawn, he had yielded to temptation.

She was overwhelmed with grief and remorse. Men feared to go near him, but she slipped up to his side, and softly called, "Father—father!" when he ceased his ravings, and, putting his arms around her, said, "Why, it's daughter; it's my little sunshine come again!" "Come, dear," said she, leading him to his room. He went into a fever, and sunk away to a shadow.

One dawn she awoke me, saying, "Come—come and pray; he under-

stands now." Following her, I lifted the curtain, and wheeled his couch to the raised window. The mountain-tops were glorious in the morning light. I knelt and prayed, while she held his emaciated hand.

"Will He forgive me, Golden-rod—even me?" he feebly asked.

"O, yes; for Christ's sake," she earnestly answered.

"For Christ's sake," he murmured in prayer; then became again unconscious.

The out-bound stage, with its merry-making company, wound up the hill. Jack aroused, and, springing up, cried, "Give me a-hold o' the lines!" then sunk back on his pillow.

"Come, darling," I sobbed, lifting the sinking girl, "kiss his eyes before I close them. He went to sleep in faith; you saved him!"

THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI.

THE Hawaiian semi-savages are indebted to the White foreigners for two prominent features of their civilization, namely, the Gospel and Leprosy! To a certain extent, they have acquired a taste for the former, but they take to the latter like ducks to water. Fancy a village in which there are but two or three clean people—where every one else is plague-stricken, and condemned for life to the narrow limits of a little peninsula, bordered on three sides by the ocean, and walled at the back with a perpendicular bluff three thousand feet in height!

The Doctor and I stood on the brow of this bluff, and looked down on the leper village with mingled emotions. However, my emotions did not mingle with his, for he was devoted to science, and I to sentiment and light literature. It was three o'clock in the afternoon.

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The Doctor thought we had better be descending, and we commenced the descent by dropping out of our saddles; for the trail was dizzy and steep, and there is no fun in riding on a horse's neck with a frightful abyss just forward of his ears.

Having arrived in the green, undulating country that lay at the base of the bluff—it seemed the very end of the earth—we remounted and rode rapidly toward the village, which we reached about sunset, and there we were cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, the keepers of the settlement.

I noticed that the Walsh house was small, surrounded by long, low white-washed structures—which I afterward learned were hospital wards—and that the house was inclosed with a picket-fence, also whitewashed. Everything but the lepers seemed to be in a perpet-

ual state of whitewash, yet the tops of those pickets had a dingy and disagreeable look.

I believe I was glad to get inside the fence. I remember that our horses were given in charge of some natives, who wore gloves and had strange-looking faces. I remember that everybody appeared unnatural, and nearly everybody limped a little; that some went on rude crutches, and that there was everywhere a suggestion of unutterable things, as though the half had not been told, and that now they were about to make a clean, or an unclean, breast of it.

The sun set, and a cool breeze came in from the sea. We sat down to supper, which I supposed was, of course, prepared by a leprous cook, but it seems he was merely the husband of a leprous woman. After supper, we fumigated in the veranda. Never before had I smoked with such earnestness of purpose. Mr. Walsh kindly advised us to keep within the fence—standing about three feet from us at that moment—unless we went out by daylight in his company. He said the poor creatures were generally well-behaved, and they were forbidden to fondle foreigners, but visitors were so very uncommon, that their curiosity might overstep the limits of the quarantine. That night we stayed within the fence without a murmur.

About dusk, a procession of villagers approached the premises. They brought tin-cups, cocoanut-shells, hollow joints of bamboo, and various receptacles; ranged themselves along the fence, and regarded us with considerable interest. Most of them kept hold of the pickets, and I saw that their hands were frightfully mutilated; some had but three fingers, some two, some scarcely a finger left—certainly not a whole one, but only a joint or two, according to their luck. Nearly all the hands were raw and bloody, and I no longer wondered at the condition of the pickets on the fence.

It was almost too dark to distinguish the features of that melancholy group, and I had the greatest difficulty in selecting a complete face out of the score or more ruins that stared at us.

Each man, woman, and child waited till the measure of milk had been dealt out at the gate, and then all withdrew with a kind *aloha*, and we smoked for some time in silence.

I think I slept little that night. The Doctor slept, but he slept in the cause of science, and left all the sympathy and sentiment to the man of feeling, which was myself. A long night is a great bore—a night when your eyelids defy you, and stick wide open till broad daylight. I arose from my sofa-bed somewhere in the small hours, and went out on the veranda. The stars were marvelously bright; stars generally are when the wind blows, as though their fires burned the fresher for it. I heard the sea beating all along the shores of the end of the earth. I expected to hear groans from the hospital wards, but the surf was too loud. I noticed that the cliff at the back of the peninsula looked at least a mile high, and how any leper could have the heart to brave such an obstacle to his escape was more than I could account for; yet one does it occasionally.

Suddenly it occurred to me that lepers must have been inside of the fence. I was barefooted on the veranda, full of sympathy and unrest. There was no particular lock on the gate; I think there was a small iron hoop, about the size of a butter-keg, that clasped three or four of the pickets, and this was all that separated us—the Doctor, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, and myself—from living death! I returned hastily to my sofa-bed, with a strange itching in the soles of my feet.

The next morning we all breakfasted in peace, and, after the early deputation of lepers had been dismissed with meas-

ures of new milk, or with ointments, we put on our gloves, and began an inspection of the settlement.

Like all native villages, there were no particular streets; a road wound in among the houses and came out at the farther end, wherever it was convenient. Small foot-paths, scarcely broad enough for two, branched off from the main road toward houses that faced all points of the compass. The houses were like the generality of native houses, a simple frame-work of light wood, covered with a comfortable thatch that shed rain and sunshine, but admitted as much air as any bower—for that is the sort of ventilation necessary to the climate.

Lepers in the primary stages of the disease were at work in strips of garden, or perhaps beating *poi*, the most arduous labor they knew. Lepers a degree worse off were chatting or smoking in the shadow of the few trees that grew about. Lepers whose sands of life had dwindled to a few grains lay on mats in some of the houses, a pitiful and disgusting spectacle. As we walked in single file, the Doctor leading us in the cause of science, I following as professional mourner, supported by Mr. Walsh, keeper of lepers and guests, the natives fell apart into two bodies, between which we passed in silence. It was the strangest pilgrimage I ever made. If the graves were to give up their dead, and the earth be peopled with the re-animated *manes* of those who have gone before us, the sight could scarcely be more unnatural than is daily seen in that forlorn spot.

I could not help thinking of the words of Maundrel, that old English traveler of the seventeenth century, who, writing of the leprosy he saw in Syria, says: "It is a distemper so noisome that it might well pass for the utmost corruption of the human body on this side the grave." And why not? Here is the diagnosis of the leprosy, or elephantiasis of the Greeks: "When it is fully developed, it

is characterized by the presence of dusky red or livid tubercles of different sizes upon the face, lips, nose, eyebrows, ears, and extremities of the body. The skin of the tuberculated face is at the same time thickened, wrinkled, and shining, and the features are very greatly distorted. The hair of the eyebrows, eyelashes, and beard falls off; the eyes are often injected, and the conjunctiva swelled; the pupil of the eye contracts, giving the organ a weird, cat-like expression. The voice becomes hoarse and nasal; the sense of smell is impaired or lost, and that of touch, or common sensation, is strangely altered, for while the tuberculated and other affected parts are, in the first instance, sometimes supersensitive, latterly in the course of the disease they become paralyzed or anæsthetic. As the malady progresses, the tubercles soften and open; ulcerations of similar mucous tubercles appear in the nose and throat, rendering the breath extremely offensive; tubercular masses, or leprosy tubercles, as shown by dissection, begin to form also internally upon various mucous membranes, and on the surface of the kidneys, lungs, etc. Cracks, fissures, and circular ulcers appear on the fingers, toes, and extremities, and joint after joint drops off by a kind of spontaneous gangrene. Sometimes the upper and sometimes the lower extremities are specially afflicted by this mortification and mutilation of parts."

Doctor Halbeck, in looking down from a neighboring height into the large leper-hospital of Hamel-en-Arade, tells us that he noticed particularly two lepers sowing peas in the field: "The one had no hands, the other had no feet, these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted hands was carrying the other, who wanted feet, on his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot."

That was just the sort of thing we might have seen at almost any turn. There were few feet with the full complement of toes; there were few hands but had lost a joint or two of finger, and none but looked bruised and blistered across the palms, or had bones and joints laid bare, for a whole inch, in some instances. Mr. Walsh told us that the poor fellows who came to the gate for ointment would, from time to time, inform him that another joint had dropped off. It was about the only episode worth mentioning in their slowly wasting lives. I have seen a leper bend the first joint of his fleshless finger till it snapped like a dry twig, and he was not a monopolist in that line, either.

Having made the circuit of the village, and found no cases as bad as those awaiting our inspection at the hospital wards, we returned to the house, and rested an hour before entering the chamber of horrors.

Those living—why not say dying—about the village, were very comfortable, and generally happy, or as happy as people can be who lack some of the important faculties necessary to the enjoyment of life. The less crippled nursed those who were helpless. In some houses we found natives who betrayed no symptoms of the plague; these were friends of the lepers, who had voluntarily exiled themselves for the sake of those they loved.

The Hawaiian Government provides for the afflicted; but any relative or friend, who persists in following a leper in his banishment, must provide for his own support, take care of the sufferer until death relieves him of his charge, and he must promise never to quit the settlement. There are not many Whites who would be as fool-hardy as these natives; but, bless their hearts, they are heathen, and they do not know any better! It was one of these self-sacrificing fellows who cooked for us, and his case

puzzled me more than all the lepers in the kingdom.

Here was a young native, who was perhaps twenty years of age, splendidly developed, and with very attractive manners. If he had chosen, he might have passed a life of unrestrained sensuality, for it is next to impossible for such fellows to be decent; but he had seen a woman with a face like a cobra—a hideous, lithe creature, possessing the charms of Medusa—there was something fascinating in the very flutter of her garments, as though she were not wholly human; a woman, who, in her best days, had belonged to the late king's household, and who yet preserved an air of royalty, but who had been banished to Molokai with the shadow of the plague upon her.

I thought of Swinburne's poem, "The Leper," and shuddered at its horrible truth, for there was the living theme of it:

"God, that makes time and ruins it,
And alters not, abiding God,
Changed with disease her body sweet,
The body of love wherein she abode.

"Love is more sweet and comelier
Than a dove's throat strained out to sing.
All they spat out and cursed at her,
And cast her forth for a base thing.

"They cursed her, seeing how God had wrought
This curse to plague her, a curse of his.
Fools were they, surely, seeing not
How sweeter than all sweet she is.

* * * * *

"I hid her in this wattled house,
I served her water and poor bread.
For joy to kiss between her brows,
Time upon time, I was nigh dead."

Sooner or later, that youth expected to sacrifice his body to the plague. At any rate, never again could he hope to quit that village—where, indeed, he was quite contented, and in nowise regretful of the temptations of his island world. He seemed to be under some singular spell; for he was familiar with the horrors of the place, associated with lepers of high and low degree, and at the same

time preserved a light heart and a cheerful spirit that bordered on frivolity. He followed us into the various wards devoted to lepers who were in the last stages of decomposition. As we entered the room, there was a low murmur of welcome from the sufferers, who were, for the most part, unable to turn themselves on the mats spread in a row along both sides of the apartments. A fetid odor, faint but perceptible, tainted the air. We heard hoarse, hard breathing, harsh whispers, and deep sighs, from those who might never again speak with their old voices. There were faces turned toward us, with the nostrils slowly withering away—some of them too abominable to be thought of for a moment. There were fingers held up to us, looking sharp at the ends, sloughing the skin, and seeming to belong to anything but human hands. One old man, sitting in a *malo* (a narrow strip of cloth bound about the loins), was covered from head to foot with large hard swellings. There was not valley enough between his thousand-and-one fleshy hillocks to lay the tip of your finger, yet he was unconscious of any pain. He called our attention to a new swelling of uncommon magnitude, and seemed a little proud of it, as though he had surpassed himself in this last effort. He had been a leper for ten years, and was still strong enough to walk about without assistance; in fact, he seemed comparatively well, and good for some years to come. It is almost like injury added to misfortune, that leprosy is not more swift in its destruction.

The following brief statistics, made when there were but one hundred and seventy-one lepers at the settlement, will give some idea of the progress of the disease: There were two cases of fifteen years standing; three of fourteen years; two of thirteen years; seven of twelve years; nine of ten years; seven of nine years; thirty-two of eight years;

ninety-four of one to three years, and fifteen cases not yet one year in progress. In some instances it seems to have been hereditary. I heard of an infant that gave evidence of the plague soon after its birth, and I saw a leprosy child but six years of age; yet the rapid increase of the disease is plainly traceable to other causes.

It has been affirmed, by certain members of the medical faculty of San Francisco, that leprosy is hereditary, and not to any degree contagious. In the face of the faculty, it may be stated that the first case of leprosy, or one of the first cases, on record in the Hawaiian Islands, is that of a German who arrived from China about forty years ago, married a native woman, and the two eventually became leprosy. From this unholy union the disease has radiated to every corner of the kingdom.

It is an established fact that the Hawaiian women are not prolific, and that except in extremely rare cases leprosy women are barren. I am willing to grant that, had the German from China lived, he might have embraced his great-grandchild, perhaps a dozen grand-children—though the gods seem to love little Kanakas, for they die uncommonly young. But that the sins of this particular father could have been visited through three generations upon two thousand or more children, I am prepared to dispute to my dying day. In a better cause that were indeed a propagation devoutly to be wished.

The leper settlement was established on Molokai in January, 1866. In three years, four hundred lepers were gathered there, and supported by the government. Lads between the ages of twelve and fifteen years, and girls from sixteen to eighteen, seem to be the worst cases. Afterward the symptoms seem to be in a measure modified, and the patient gradually wastes away.

Now, the Hawaiian social platform is

exceedingly broad and shaky. The Hawaiian, matrimonially considered, is a phenomenon; as a husband, he is too impartial; as a wife, she is not too faithful. The consequences are confusing. Lads from twelve to fifteen years of age sustain marriage relations, and girls are matrons upon entering their teens. Is it any wonder that these children wake from love's young dream to all the hideous realities of the plague?

There are the strongest evidences of contagion existing all over the islands. A leper on Kauai, the most northern island of the group, married a woman who was not leprous. He died, and the widow married a second husband, who was not leprous, but who developed the disease shortly after his marriage. Having buried the second husband, she married a third, who followed in the footsteps of his predecessors, and died a leper. It was at this stage of her matrimonial career that the woman herself succumbed to the disease, though she must have contracted it in the first marriage, and been accountable for the deaths of husbands number two and three. The family is happily extinct.

In Hawaii, were the disease simply and solely hereditary, it would probably perish with the second generation, for there could be no production beyond that. It may be said that under these conditions it would be almost impossible for it to make any headway. If it is hereditary, why is it not visible like a withered branch in a family tree? Probably the early isolation of the cases is the only check to the disease. I remember no solitary cure on record in the annals of Hawaiian leprosy.

Agassiz, in his "Journey in Brazil," mentions two asylums he visited, where certain individual cases had been cured, and it was believed, with proper medical acumen, the disease would gradually decrease. In Brazil, as well as in China, foreigners sometimes fall victims to the

plague. If it is hereditary and not contagious, why do aliens, who for centuries have been free from any symptoms of the malady, find no difficulty in falling into the ranks of the outcasts?

"Mezeray records, that, in the twelfth century, there was scarcely a town or village in France without its leper hospital. Muratori gives a similar account of the extent of the disease, during the middle ages, in Italy; and old Scandinavian historians amply prove that the inhabitants of the kingdoms of northern Europe equally became its unfortunate victims. In England and Scotland, during the middle ages, leprosy was as rife as it was on the neighboring continent of Europe. Almost every large town in Great Britain had a leper hospital or village near it, for the reception and separation of the diseases. Some of the cities were provided with more than one. There were six leper-hospitals in Norwich or its immediate vicinity, and five at Lynn Regis."

I would call attention to the learned and conclusive essay on "Leprosy and Leper Hospitals in Scotland and England," by Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., of the University of Edinburgh, wherein much curious information is gathered from all quarters. While Sir James Y. Simpson notes cases of hereditary leprosy, he does not pretend to deny the contagious character of the disease. He gives a list of one hundred and ten leper-houses that existed in Great Britain from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. He says: "By Astruc, Bach, and others, it has been averred that the leprosy of the middle ages was introduced from the East by those who returned from the Crusades, though the disease was not unknown on the continent at an earlier period, and there were two lazarus-houses at Canterbury during the reign of William the Conqueror, seven years previous to the first Crusade.

"The royal families of England and

Scotland did not always remain exempt from the suspicion, at least, and accusation of leprosy. Henry III. was accused of being a leper, and it was a local tradition that the leper-house of Waterford, in Ireland, was founded by King John, father of Henry III., in consequence of his sons being afflicted at Lismore with an eruption that was supposed to be leprosy.

"Historians have alleged that Henry IV. was afflicted with leprosy at the latter part of his life. King Robert the Bruce died of leprosy, aged fifty-five years; and Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem, died at twenty-three, a leper."

Sir James adds: "At the present day, tubercular leprosy is still regarded as a disease which sets at defiance all powers of the medical art."

These asylums are things of the past. Yet I should like to ask where hereditary leprosy begins? and, if it can be rooted out, why have we any at the present day, for, from the time of Moses, it has been the custom to banish the leper into the wilderness, as one accursed. "Laws were enacted by nearly all the princes and courts of Europe, to arrest the diffusion of leprosy among their subjects. The Pope issued bulls with regard to the ecclesiastical separation and rights of the infected." Nay, more: a particular order of knighthood was instituted to watch over the sick, and of this order the devoted natives who leave all to follow their afflicted friends into banishment deserve to rank as honorary members.

"According to the tenor of various civil codes and local enactments in Great Britain and other countries, when a person became afflicted with leprosy, he was considered as legally and politically dead, and lost the privileges belonging to his right of citizenship. The church also took the same view, and on the day on which he was separated from his fellow-creatures and consigned for the remain-

der of life to the lazar-house, they performed over and around the yet living sufferer the various solemn ceremonials for the burial of the dead, and the priest terminated the long and fearful formula of his separation from his living fellow-creatures by throwing upon the body of the poor outcast a shovelful of earth, in imitation of the closure of the grave."

The leprosy of antiquity seems to have been visited upon people high in office, as a punishment for sin, and to have been cured by charms and miracles, and yet in all cases it was treated as a contagion. The method of cleansing leprosy, found in Leviticus xiv, is not very unlike the rites of the Hawaiian *kahunas*, or magicians, when they endeavor to charm away distemper in the shadow of Molokai.

I remember no case of scaling leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands; nor of elephantiasis or thickening of the flesh, either of the arm or the leg, or of both, which is so common in Tahiti, where the ulcerous leprosy is comparatively unknown. Neither has the malady spread much among the Chinese; there were not more than a dozen or twenty coolies at the settlement during my visit, in a community of three hundred. There were three White foreigners, who had consented to join the natives on Molokai, rather than be shunned by every one, and forced to live a life of perpetual solitude. If it were a local malady, a foreigner might regret the hour he wandered within its fatal boundaries, but it is not.

"In modern times it has been found existing, to a greater or less extent, in places the most distant and dissimilar in regard to temperature, climate, situation, and soil: as in Sumatra, under the equator; in parts of Iceland, almost within the verge of the Arctic circle; in the temperate regions of both hemispheres—in the southern, as at Hamel-en-Arade in the Cape district, and in the northern,

at Madeira and Morocco; in the dry and arid plains of Arabia, and in the wet and malarious districts of Batavia and Surinam; along the shores of Guinea and Sierra Leone, and in the interior of Africa, Hindostan, Asia Minor, and Asiatic Russia; on the sea-coast, as at Carthage, and thousands of feet above the level of the ocean, as on the table-lands of Mexico; on some of the islands in the Indian, Chinese, Caribbean, and Mediterranean seas, and at many heights far in the interior of the continents of Asia, Africa, and America."

But it is in this small kingdom of three-score thousand souls that the plague festers and waxes cruel. There is neither nook nor corner in any island of the group that has not offered its human sacrifice upon that altar; there is not a threshold in the land that is not blood-stained, and not a native subject that may not look with ominous and fearful glance toward the solemn shores of Molokai.

I accompanied the Doctor on his professional pilgrimage among the islanders, seeking out those who were hidden away in dread of banishment. It was with the utmost difficulty that we discovered the retreat of some of these unhappy people. We would hear of them, through friends who feared them a little; but when we came to their retreat, they were missing, for at the last moment the hearts of the friends had softened, and they had hastened to secrete the sufferers, rather than to force them into exile against their will. We found many middle-aged people, and some children, who wept bitterly when the Doctor had pronounced their doom, and given them into the hands of constables who were to conduct them to the settlement.

The final separation of the lepers from their friends, and their departure from the homes they had loved, was a scene pitiful beyond description; it seemed to them like being buried alive, and the

whole company of mourners wept aloud as we rode out of the village with our sorrowful charges. All possible excuses were made by the natives for the wounds they bore—many of them very ingenious, and some of them exceedingly plausible—but there were signs unmistakable that sealed their doom.

It seemed to me they could hardly have been consigned to a more suitable locality. Molokai lies east and west, with an inclination to the north in the western portion. Mountains as verdant as possible, and usually cloud-capped, rise from the eastern centre. The south shore, open to the trade-wind, and consequently well showered by the frequent rains, is green and fresh. The north and north-western portions are dry and sandy, offering little to attract the eye.

Our first ride was easterly, over a fertile plain by the shore. To the right swept the sea, and beyond it lay Maui, with the great extinct crater, Haleakala, folded about with cloud; occasionally we caught glimpses of its sublime proportions through the openings in this vapory curtain. Near our shore the "league-long roller thundered on the reef," leaving a stiller sea lapping among the pebbles, or sliding up the curves of the smooth, hard sand, where a dozen canoes were lodged, half in, half out of the water. To the left rose the mountains. Here and there beautiful vistas dawned upon us—deep valleys, green as green could be, and a water-fall, perhaps, sparkling from the cliff to the bed of the valley like a silver chain.

Such a still island as it is! It was like crusading in the land of Nod. The Doctor said "it seemed as though everybody had just stepped out for awhile, and was not back yet," and so it did. Wherever we went in Molokai that impression was constantly renewed. A sense of loneliness and desertion pervaded the very air. We passed many old houses in ruins; the walls of adobe

quite dilapidated, the roof entirely gone, surrounded by acres of *taro* patches, dried away and out of use. These *taro* patches look ugly enough when the water that usually fills them is gone, and the deep-green calla-shaped leaves of the *taro* no longer swing in the wind. There is plenty of wind left, almost too much of it; but the gentle souls that once cultivated all this silent land—and to judge from appearances, it was densely populated—have gone to that land more silent still.

You may call it sentimentality, if you choose, but there is something inexpressibly sad in the doom that seems to cloud the horizon of these almost deserted shores. Not only has the leprosy undetermined the race, but various epidemics sweep through the land and mow them down by hundreds. There are very few old people left; the middle-aged are living such riotous lives, that, if they survive, they will be of little use toward repopulating the country. What can be done for them? Nothing at all, but to wait, and see how long they will live to laugh at life and play with death.

There is but one conclusion to come to, and it is this: *That the unbridled licentiousness of the people has begotten the seed of the plague that is scattered broadcast over the land, and through promiscuous intercourse it is nourished and increased!*

While we were at the settlement, a young woman came to see her sweetheart, a leper. She had stolen in unobserved, but was soon discovered, and ordered to leave the place within an hour. It was toward dusk; two persons stood a little way from us, by the roadside, locked in each other's embrace. It was a romantic episode in leper-life, by no means rare. In a few moments, the woman broke from him with a pitiful cry, ran to her horse, threw herself into the saddle as only those women can, and rode away, filling the air with

an agonizing wail that cut into us like a knife. The youth was about to follow her, but being ordered back into the village, he sunk on the low hillock where they had parted, buried his face between his knees, and wept bitterly.

It was nearly time for us to leave. As we were about bidding farewell to our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, we heard a familiar hymn, and saw a group of young lepers clustered about a solitary hymn-book, like flies over a honey-pot. They read music, many of them, and are passionately fond of it. This accomplishment is not neglected, even on Molokai. There is a church and a school-house at the settlement. A big leper teaches a little leper how to be leprosy; a leprosy policeman arrests leprosy offenders who are overstepping the modesty of leprosy, which they sometimes do. Their passions increase, and there is no Jordan at hand. They marry and give in marriage; albeit there is no cedar-wood, nor scarlet, nor hyssop, nor clean birds, nor ewes of the first year, nor measures of fine flour, nor offerings of any sort! There is nothing but leprosy, whitewash, a high wind, a traveling doctor, and a scribe. Well, these little fellows were singing with all their might out of a leprosy copy of Henry Ward Beecher's "Plymouth Collection;" and may God have mercy on their souls!

After that, the Doctor and I climbed those awful heights, and glanced over our left shoulders at the little settlement far below us; looking, with its dots of white houses in a green field, as sweet as a heathen village—and no spot on earth can look sweeter.

So, with that last glimpse of the lepers of Molokai, with fresh air in our nostrils—the first we had breathed for a week—the Doctor and I rode over the highlands, thanking kind heaven that we had passed in safety through the "Valley of the shadow of Death."

ETC.

The Gain of a Man.

There are some men who have a talent for turning everything touched by them into gold. All ventures turn out fortunately. There is a better gift than this. It is the half-unconscious power of influencing other men to bestow their wealth wisely and beneficently—the faculty of enlisting the interest of others in a good cause. When the University of California found such a man, it was started on a new career of prosperity. There was no perfunctory begging to be done—no preachments about the value of a liberal education, and no poor face to make up. Busy men lent a willing ear when there were a few quiet utterances to be made from a full and generous mind. It never seemed so good and grand a thing before to put broad shoulders to this and that plan for helping the University, and to push these plans up to a successful termination. A suggestion dropped here and there wisely, was enough. A strong man, who puts his soul into the work, carries with him the inspiration of hopefulness. Everybody else is made hopeful; and out of this spring plans, suggestions, and quiet benefactions. It is a rare gift that of touching the best springs of other natures at the right moment, and to follow this with the right suggestion, so that neither more nor less ought to be said or done. We have not had a “melting season” yet. But the hearts of many have warmed toward the University as never before. Perhaps the President could not explain how men have been drawn to him as the head of the institution, neither is it necessary now. The fact is better than the explanation. When Agassiz wanted money for his museum, he had only to name the necessary sum to find it at his disposal. The President asks for nothing in vain. And the time will come when it will only be necessary to suggest the wants of the University to find a responsive and generous emulation for giving. The President has also been mindful from the first that there is a literature to

be fostered on this side of the continent—that something has already been done as an earnest of the future. The OVERLAND knows him best in this relation, and knows how helpful a man of generous culture may be, who omits no opportunity to do a good thing by way of suggestion, counsel, and authorship. It is but simple justice to recall these facts. The OVERLAND has from the beginning been the exponent of whatever was best in the literature of this coast. And this recognition from the head of the University is not an isolated indorsement, but stands among the many which have been fairly earned. The University and the OVERLAND were concurrent as to the time of their origin; and they stand concurrently for whatever is best in education and literature.

Our Female Graduates.

To many of California's fair daughters, the past month has been an era of emancipation from academic halls. To the patrons and promoters of female education and development, the occasion has been of scarcely less interest than to the immediate participants. Scores of young women, from all over the State, have taken final leave of their school-day life, and have stepped forth into the broader avenues of female activity and influence, with high hope and noble purpose.

Noblesse oblige—new dignities impose new duties; and doting parents, exultant friends, and devoted instructors, will watch the future career of these promising daughters of our State with an interest almost amounting to solicitude. Let their heroic lives, wherever cast, reflect nothing but credit upon their fair *alma mater*! She has afforded them every facility for developing the most endearing and ennobling attributes of an exalted womanhood. Let a grateful impulse impel them forward to still higher achievement. Nothing is denied to well-directed diligence; and, with them, life—real life—has but just com-

menced. The deepest joy must ever have its root in something noble; the highest happiness must spring from lofty purpose. Woman must learn to prize her heritage of broad, salient, and commanding powers, as well as to nurse and caress the tepid kindliness of a constitutional good nature. Both are needed in this advancing age. "Let us cherish and foster the beautiful, for the useful can take care of itself," says Goethe; but when applied to feminine gifts and graces, the converse would rather seem to be true.

The germs of lofty literary ambition which have been implanted should be quickened into growth, and the love of intellectual pursuits cultivated into a habit of life. Exalted and refined objects of pursuit among women would add incalculably to the sum total of human happiness, and lessen the fever of discontent—that bane of domestic life. The light of genius, however bright, must eventually pale and flicker in the unworthy struggle after fashionable notoriety; and elegant insipidity and refined frivolity will dig the grave of aspiration, and wrap the winding-sheet around the most glowing intellect.

There is, at the present day, such a wild clutching after wealth and aristocratic ease, such a proud disdain for the humbler walks of life, that all the grander incentives to a full and perfected character seem crushed and withered. In the insane pursuit of fortune and position, souls are married that never can be mated, lives in utter dissonance are brought into hateful contiguity, and prostitution is hallowed under the holy ordinance of wedlock.

Deplorable habits of extravagance have begotten the fatal idea that marriage is a luxury too expensive for any but the sons of the wealthy; that a wife is becoming too costly an ornament for young men of the middle and lower classes—young men of promise, whose income, though amply sufficient to support a genial helpmate, would be entirely inadequate to maintain a delicate inutility. The modern training of too many of our American daughters is not calculated to bless and enrich home-life, or to endow them with capacities for the proper superintendence of household affairs. In a vast number of instances, marriage might justly be defined as a contract on the part of the bridegroom for

the payment of a double instead of a single board-bill. Under such circumstances, a young man of moderate means is quite justified for waiving the privilege.

With the young ladies, who have so recently bidden adieu to scholastic halls, life has but just begun. In the evidences of culture and attainment, which have given parents and friends such high hope and pleasure, we have seen but the buds that imprison summer glories. There is a triple crown of virtue, beauty, and genius awaiting every earnest seeker after truth. Life is radiant with possibilities. The goddess Opportunity beckons forward every aspiring soul. The noblest aim of every true woman is not the happiness which serves herself, but the joy that she may irradiate to others. And, however obscure and quiet may be her sphere, the world will feel her ennobling influence—for true virtue and genius, however unrecognized and uncompensated by their own age, will ever take honorable revenge upon posterity—the mother will live in her children, the true woman in the influence that she distills about her from day to day. Duty and love will always work together in whatever she undertakes, and joyously and prosperously will she fulfill her life-mission. She will be the crowning glory of her model home, holding empire over the hearts of husband and children quite down to the gate-way that leads forth into life beyond. She will be the strength of the feeble, and the kind benefactress of her race. And when the story of life is told, and her task on earth accomplished, the angels that brooded and hovered over her earthly walk, will greet her pure spirit in the glad hereafter with the exultant shout, "Well done!" She will then know the full bliss of the rest that remaineth.

Fashion.

The extraordinary demands Fashion is making upon her votaries at the present time—the incongruous and untasteful combinations of color, the absolutely hideous outlines of form—are creating such a false standard of taste, that it is well to consider the result of this senseless way of putting things together without studying the effect of fitness.

The crude, confused, and fantastic ideas

of contour, which are apparent in our public promenades, not only offend the eye, but create a positive revulsion in favor of the most severe simplicity of outline. There are certain characteristics of dress which belong to the wearer, as much as the perfume of a particular flower belongs to its species. But these are overlooked, if not entirely destroyed, by the affected imitations which copy elaborate modes without reference to their individual adaptation. A little common sense might not inaptly be applied in this direction, for the laws of taste in dress are as positive as those in architecture; and a jumble of Corinthian, Ionic, and Doric, would be even less incongruous than those peculiarities of structure which have grown and developed into unnatural deformities under the sway of Fashion. To a certain degree, the effects of culture determine style in dress and forms of ornament; but the capacity of acquiring harmony and elegance is the result of observation and study.

We are told—and perhaps justly—that the most elaborate fashions, both in household decorations and in dress, emanate from the Parisian *demi-monde*. Whether this be so or not, one certainly never sees on the *rue* or *boulevard* of that gay metropolis such jumbling of colors, such material, or such inappropriate costume, as is displayed in public by the average American woman. A sense of adaptation pervades, which is conspicuous everywhere. The “colors of the rainbow” are reserved for effect under evening lights; bright, flossy material accompanies balmy days and summer sunshine; the costly lace wrap sits well on its wearer draped in moire or velvet as a carriage costume; but a hat of small dimensions, laid out as a flower-garden, is not attractive, considered as an apex to two or three hundred pounds of perambulating mortality.

If there is ever impressiveness in the “fitness of things,” it fails to reveal itself in the dress which Fashion sanctions at the present time. Waste, extravagance, bad taste, awkwardness of carriage, an ungainly hump, and a waddle which is as far from walking as is a kangaroo’s leap, are the combinations which, alas! too frequently exhibit themselves. To allow a quantity of costly fabric to sweep uselessly behind the wearer, and gather the

filth of the *pavé*, is not only uncleanly and unrefined, but is nasty; and, although the poet defiantly asks, “What’s in a name?” if the recognized term of “Flying Josie” is appropriate to the short demi-jackets so universally worn, surely the “Shack-nasty-Jim” would be legitimate for the trailing street-skirt, and would do more to obliterate the fashion than volumes of talk against it. We say nothing of the stereotyped fathers and brothers toiling over the desk, or gambling in stocks, to supply this constant waste. We have no patience with the fathers and brothers thus cajoled—let them suffer, if they are unfamiliar with the action of “putting the foot down” against it—but we want a reform, a reform to spring from women themselves, as a matter of economy and right-mindedness if they so choose, but imperatively as a matter of taste. It is corrupting to the rising generation to have such models—those who yield themselves as such simply because some aspiring *modiste* has followed out her vulgar ideas to produce a fashion-plate. The weak head which aches under its mountainous arrangement of hair, would gladly lay down its burden if some wealthy leader of the *ton* would be satisfied with a reasonable amount of the German importation, sufficient to cover the inevitable baldness which must ensue from overweight and heat upon the—brain, we were going to say—scalp, would perhaps be better. Less than thirty yards of *gros-grain* might possibly serve four feet of femininity, if it was voted in bad taste to display ball-dresses on the public promenades.

Seriously, the evil increases. How to remedy it? Overweening love of dress has its origin in emptiness and vacuity. If the taste which now runs riot in senseless extravagance, could be stimulated to seek for other outlets—if chaste and refined ideas of harmony in color associated themselves with a love for that which is really beautiful—we should have no such massing of bilious green about a tawny complexion, nor deep rose set against a florid skin. Elegance of form would receive its illustration, not from the stereotyped ideas of uneducated *modistes*, but emanating from the clearer conception of classical types; and reveal to us, not an elaborated fig-leaf, but a chaste and convenient

costume, consistent with the fullest freedom of physical development. Grace and ease are simply unattainable under present conditions. The shadow a fashionably dressed woman throws is emphatically

“Humpty-dumpty on the wall,”

and it will be a happy day when Humpty-dumpty gets a deserved fall. The taste for personal ornament is legitimate and praise-worthy. A woman should make herself as cleanly attractive, as purely lovely, as possible, for the outward is an index of character; but confessedly subordinate and auxiliary is that which is revealed to the senses only. We seek the index for the contents of the volume, and Carlyle's idea that “clothes make the man,” studied out in its broadest sense, has great depth and significance. Composition and arrangement of detail are recognized points in artistic studies. Why should not dress, so engrossing in its details, give us some evidences of artistic finish, instead of being the fragmentary slop-shop affair it is, under the hands of crude *modistes*, whose only conceptions of form consist in padding, of color, in producing something glaring for ornament, in so overloading the fabric with the conventional trimming that the identity of the wearer is completely lost from the effect of constant similarity and repetition? Another point: How many girls spend hours in picking silken flosses into fine canvas, or massing bright zephyrs into (generally hideous) mats, or dawdling over some

intricate watch-case or slipper pattern—who might be advantageously employed in making their own costumes. We should have infinitely less elaboration if this were the case; inertia would never make headway against a “ton of ruffles,” and some more simple substitute would displace the tumbled frippery so soon reduced to limp untidiness. Moreover, every woman, every girl, should have some understanding of her own needs in this department. Philadelphia has a large school mainly devoted to teaching young ladies the art of cutting, fitting, and making dresses. The daughters of the most prominent and wealthy citizens attend at stated hours, and absolutely learn the trade; and the knowledge thus attained has often been made available, when even money could not command the desired services of one “to the manor born.” It is fortunately fashionable in the Quaker City for young ladies to take lessons in this branch of education, and is as often a matter of choice in the pupil as of compulsion on the part of the parent. A succession of really artistic ideas regarding dress are evolved, and convenience and beauty are in many cases substituted for absurdities only tolerated because they bear the vacillating favor of Fashion. In this day of sewing machines, we shall never go back to the primitive industry of the thread and needle; but it is a positive abuse to that worthy little worker to employ it in disfiguring the “human form divine.”

CURRENT LITERATURE.

STAR PAPERS. By Henry Ward Beecher.
New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The original publication of *Star Papers* in 1855 was greeted with warmest welcome. The compilation was made up of articles which first made their appearance in the *New York Independent*, over the signature of a *star*—hence, their designation in book-form, *Star Papers*.

The publishers have now given to the public a reprint of this interesting volume, in the uniform series of Beecher's miscellaneous

works, with an addition to the original collection of a number of interesting articles from the columns of the *Christian Union*.

The genius of their gifted author sparkles through them all; and they come into the home-circle, shedding warmth as well as lustre—dispensing genial sunlight not less than the glittering starlight, although in literary construction they are free and inartificial. The author, in his preface, says: “They have sprung out of a life of rushing activity, as bubbles form in a mountain stream. And

as bubbles catch the shapes and colors of rock, tree, and sky, reflect them for a moment, break, and pass away, so these papers may give a moment's brightness to some solitary hour, even if they go out with one reading."

The "Letters from Europe," kindling with enthusiastic ardor and brilliancy, form an interesting feature of the work. Beecher is one of those happy harvesters who possess the knack of roaming through fields of ripened grain, gleaning the richest kernels and leaving the stubble behind. Even his letters from the summer solitudes show that his practice is abreast of his teaching, in that he seeks the solitude which has in it all the flavor and color of sweet society—that it is a rest that nourishes, in that it is taken with the sauce of good company.

Open the book wheresoever you may, there is an irresistible impulse to quote. Each page seems more attractive than the preceding, and you smack your lips in very pleasure of appetizing zest. Hear him prattle of "A Country Ride:" "There is more company in a spirited horse, a thousand times, than in a foolish man. You sit in your saddle at ease, giving him his own way, the bridle loose, while you search on either side the various features of the way. Your nag becoming used to you and you to him, a sympathetic connection is established, and he always seems to do, of his own reflection, just what you wish him to do. Now a leisurely swinging walk, now a smart trot, then a spirited bit of a canter, which imperceptibly dies out into an amble, a pace, and then a walk again. When you rise a hill to overlook a bold prospect, can anybody persuade you that your horse does not enjoy the prospect, too? His ears go forward, his eye lights up with a large and bright look, and he gazes for a moment with equine enthusiasm, till some succulent bough or grassy tuft converts his taste into a physical form. A good horse is a perfect gentleman. He meets you in the morning with unmistakable pleasure; if you are near the grain-bin, he will give you the most cordial invitation, if not to breakfast with him, at least to wait upon him in that interesting ceremony. His drinking is particularly nice. He always loves running water, in the clearest brook, at the most spark-

ling place in it. No man shall make me believe that he does not observe and quietly enjoy the sun-flash on the gravel beneath, and on the wavy surface above. He arches down his neck to the surface, his mane falls gracefully over his head, he drinks with hearty earnestness, and the throbbing swallows pulsate so audibly and musically that you feel a sympathetic thirst. Now he lifts his head, and looks first up the road to see who is coming, and then down the road at those work-horses, turned loose, affecting gayety with their old stiff legs and hooped bellies, and then, with a long breath, he takes the after-drink. Once more lifting his head, but now only a few inches above the surface, the drops trickle from his lips back to the brook. Finally, he cleanses his mouth, and chews his bit, and plays with the surface of the water with his lithe lip, and begins to paw the stream."

This is but a morsel from the charming bits of description with which the book is illumined. The impassioned author introduces you to Nature, as to a cherished friend, with whom he has an established kinship, and with whom he is on terms of the most intimate communion. The work tells of a heart fragrant with sympathy, and a soul magnetic with love—a character with a deep undertone of rich experience, and a nature affluent with tender pity. There is no trite, vapid, goodish talk in it, but a quaint and spicy individuality of thought and expression. Occasionally, the versatile writer modulates into a minor key, but only to add depth and richness to the musical melody, and to fill the soul with a strange and tender exaltation. There is an interplay of sly humor, and delicate pathos; restless, fiery exuberance, and gentle, quiet self-poise; serene, unaffected dignity, and dashing, riotous *abandon*; there are tropes, and metaphors, and similes tripping each other up in their hot haste, and plain, matter-of-fact statements, Doric in strength and simplicity; there are thoughts electrical and brilliant; there are musings sombre and suggestive. At one moment he soars, at another he plods, at another he dives. The variety of mood is exquisitely fascinating and healthful. Like a well-prepared dinner, it is both savory and succulent. Bold, bright, and genial, the author is the

best illustration of one of his own aphorisms: "Knowledge is the soil, and intuitions are the flowers that grow up out of it. To insure beauty and fragrance, the soil must be well enriched and worked."

But the best service we can render both author and reader, is to commend with cheerful assurance a work that carries its own credentials along with it.

NEW LIFE IN NEW LANDS. By Grace Greenwood. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

We are not sure that women are not the best travelers, after they have learned how to travel without handboxes and bundles; at any rate, feminine eyes see very much that masculine eyes scorn to take note of, and these thousand - and - one little items tell the true story.

Grace Greenwood enjoyed California. Perhaps she would enjoy any country under the sun, for she seems marvelously good-natured. In her *New Life* there is no fretting nor fault-finding because things are not just as she expected to find them. There is a charming and healthy humor in all that she says, and an amiable and womanly spirit in all that she does.

One might almost object to the rollicking fun of some of her pages, but for the genuine tenderness and evident sincerity of others. Everywhere she reproduces the atmosphere of places, persons, and things, with freshness and spirit, and there is not a dull line in the book.

No one can suffer through reading such notes of travel as these. The mind of the writer is not warped with prejudice; her broad charity is only exceeded by the breadth of her humor in some places; and if she has a weakness, what author has not? It is her fondness for saying pleasant things of pleasant people, and we can forgive her this agreeable fault.

Those who have read the *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*, written a score of years ago, will marvel a little that the hand which wrote in her girlhood such frank and genial pages, can, after all these years of varied experiences, write pages as frank and genial; and we congratulate her upon the

fact that she has not fallen from the original *Grace*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By H. Taine. New York: Holt & Williams.

This is a careful revision of the work as it was first published in London, some seven years ago. It is an improvement on that edition, being a much more literal translation of the original. The first introduction of M. Taine to the American public was through the medium of this work; since which time the author has become famous through that masterly production, the *History of English Literature*, as well as his *Notes on England*, *Philosophy of Greek Art*, *Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands*, *The Ideal in Art*, etc.; in all of which he carries out a system or method on which he inevitably proceeds—a system or method of classification by which he reduces the moral, emotional, and æsthetic productions to the same plane as those of the physical, material, and ethical. Hence, as his translator intimates, these lectures, as a system of æsthetics, consist of an application of the experimental method to art, in the same manner as it is applied to the sciences. Art is explained by social influences, and other causes. "Humanity at different times and places, climate, and other conditions, furnish the facts on which the theory rests. The artistic development of any age or people is made intelligible through a series of historical inductions terminating in a few inferential laws, constituting what the title of the book declares it to be—the philosophy of art." Invariable laws underlie all history, is a proposition upon which he starts out; and reigning circumstances are the determining agencies; or (as some writer expresses it still more clearly), with him, "moral matters, like physical things, have dependencies and conditions." His biographer, W. F. Rae, in the introductory chapter to the *Notes on England*, says: "In short, M. Taine deciphers the man in the age, and the age in the man, and becomes the historian of the human mind in depicting the events of a particular generation, and in exhibiting the share which the finished work of one era or race has had in molding the work of the era which has succeeded, or the race which has displaced it."

A careful study of the argument shows it, in its totality, to be, that in order to the production of beautiful works, the one condition requisite is that indicated by the immortal Goethe: "Fill your mind and heart, however large, with the ideas and sentiments of your age, and the work will follow."

The present work is but a pleasing earnest of what have followed, in quick succession, from the pen of this versatile and original writer and thinker, who never writes or thinks but to some evident purpose. He is critical, brilliant, and vivacious; and his readers owe much to his faithful translator, who has rendered his exquisite French into the most expressive and satisfactory English.

MYTHS AND MYTH-MAKERS. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

In the series of papers which constitute the volume before us, the author touches briefly upon many of the more important points in the study of mythology. In treating of popular legends and superstitions, he has wisely avoided intricate philological and antiquarian discussions, which tend to confuse the student without contributing to the general interest of the theme. M. Kavanagh, in his *Origin of Language and Myths*, has traversed the field of philological discovery, and elaborated his views on the evolution and modification of words, critically examining the various etymological methods, and ruthlessly overhauling the vast stores of accredited philological phenomena. The most exacting student could desire nothing more elaborate in this direction, whatever may be said of its accuracy.

The author opens his work with "The Origins of Folk Lore," leading off with that justly celebrated mediæval hero, William Tell, who (like the three wise men that went to sea in a bowl), in spite of vast reputation, probably never existed. And as, with a sort of perverse exultation, he compels the Swiss to give up his William Tell; so, in turn, with a kind of barbaric ferocity, does he clutch

the brave dog, Gellert, from the adoring Welshman. He shows, that the latter story occurs in the fireside lore of nearly every Aryan people. There is a very nice distinction drawn between a myth and a legend—the distinguishing characteristic of the former being, that it is spread, in one form or another, over a large part of the earth, the leading incidents remaining constant, while the names, and often the motives, vary with each locality; the latter, on the contrary, being usually confined to one or two localities, and told of not more than one or two persons. The author defines a myth as "an explanation, by the uncivilized mind, of some natural phenomenon; not an allegory, not an esoteric symbol—for the ingenuity is wasted which strives to detect, in myths, the remnants of a refined primeval science—but an explanation."

From the vast store-house of folk-lore, of a peculiar kind, that Ireland offers, Mr. Fiske has drawn but sparsely. Kennedy, in his *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, opens a tempting reservoir for the comparative mythologist; but the author seems to have left this field untraversed, or, at least, unrepresented. Briefly, the remainder of the work falls under the following heads: "The Descent of Fire," "Were-Wolves and Swan-Maidens," "Light and Darkness," "Myths of the Barbaric World," "Juventus Mundi," "The Primeval Ghost-World." In the development of his subject, the author reviews, incidentally, the works of Grimm, Mueller, Kuhn, Bréal, Dasent, and Tylor; and lays under tribute the best antiquarian authorities and most valuable chronological records. If less critical and accurate, less elaborate and searching than Chambers; if less stimulating and fascinating than Baring-Gould, the author nobly vindicates the claim of his valuable book to a place beside the classical works of those celebrated writers, and *Myths and Myth-Makers* will be found as indispensable to the literary man, as useful and entertaining at the household fireside, as *The Book of Days*, or *Legends of Old Testament Character*, from *the Talmud and other Sources*.

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THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. IX.—THE YOCUTS.

IN the language of this nation, *yocut* is a collective word signifying "people" in the aggregate, while *myee* or *no-no* denotes "man." As in several other instances, it is necessary to adopt the former as a nucleus of classification, since these Indians have no distinctive national name.

In general terms, the Yocut dominion includes the Kern and Tulare basins, and the middle San Joaquin; stretching from the Fresno to Kern River Falls. More definitely, they occupy the San Joaquin from Whisky Creek down to the mouth of the Fresno; King's River from Pine Flat and Mill Creek to the mouth; all the minor streams which make into Tulare Lake, together with the shores of that lake; and the Kern River up as far as the falls. Americans have told me that they had traveled from the Fresno to Fort Tejon, and understood the Indians all the way; but at the fort they must have chanced to hear Indians brought from above to the

reservation, for the language there indigenous is totally different from the Yocut.

In the Yocut nation there appears to be more political solidarity, more capacity in the petty tribes of being grouped into great and coherent masses, than in any other family of the true California Indians, except perhaps the Hoopas. This is particularly true of those living down on the plains, who display in their encampments a military precision and regularity which are remarkable. Every village consists of a single row of wigwams—conical or wedge-shaped, made of tule, and with just enough earth scooped out at the bottom to allow the Indian to sleep with his feet lower than his head—all in perfect alignment, and with a continuous brushwood awning stretching along the front. In one end-wigwam lives the village captain; in the other, the medicine-man, or *sicero* (Spanish, *sortero*?). In the mountains there is occasionally some approach to this mili-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by JOHN H. CARMANY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

tary array, but on the plains it is universal.

But it is more especially in their actual organization, and in the instances of great leaders who have arisen, that this quality is manifested. Every large natural division of territory, possessing a certain homogeneity, constitutes the domain of one tribe and acknowledges one chief—for instance, a river-valley from the snow-line down to the plains, or from the foot-hills to the lake; though nowadays this system has been disturbed by the Americans. In this domain every village has a captain, who stands to the central chief (the latter being distinguished by his long hair) in the same relation that a Governor of a State does to the President of the United States. At certain annual meetings and special councils, each captain reports to his chief the general condition of his village, as to morals, as to quarrels, as to the acorn-crop, etc. In return, the chief delivers a lengthy homily of advice and counsel; warns, instructs, and admonishes his subordinates; and, if necessary, berates soundly any delinquent. Both the chiefship and the captaincy are hereditary, unless the son is a fool; but the chief may designate any of his sons, or any other person, to succeed him. For instance, Santiago, the aged captain of the Tachees (at Kingston), had appointed his second son, Kootomats, over the head of his first-born, Cateh, because, as the latter naïvely acknowledged, "he was the smartest." Instances of this hierarchy exist yet: in Cheweenec, who is chief of all the villages in Squaw Valley; in Watooga, chief of the three upper villages on King's River; and in Sloaknitch, chief of all the Chookchancie villages.

The captain has no substantial authority, not even to appoint the time for a fandango or a special mourning; he can only request the chief to do it in his behalf. Nowadays, however, there are

many villages which have broken away, and are entirely independent; their captains exercising such limited power as they can, without reference to any superior. But the chief sometimes wields a very considerable authority, as will be evinced in the following instances.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, Pascual consolidated all the Yocut villages on King's River, excepting only the one at the mouth, into a robust little kingdom, and he made his name feared and dreaded for many a score of miles around. He apprenticed out his subjects at will, adults as well as children, to the American ranchmen, on life-long indentures, which the former accounted as binding as the decrees of heaven.

Nyackaway was a famous prophet of the Chookchancies, who died in 1854. It is said that his power was acknowledged from King's River as far north as Columbia, but this seems doubtful. Nyackaway had a lofty ambition, and he meditated great and beneficent designs for his people, but he was doomed to disappointment. He sought to mollify all those miserable janglings and that clanishness which have been so fatal to the California Indians; to reconcile the warring captains of villages and chiefs of tribes, and thereby harmonize them into one powerful nation, peaceful and happy at home, and feared by all their neighbors. But the question of a food-supply was one which this savage statesman, able and far-sighted as he was, could not master. In former times they had immense herds of elk and deer, and, sweeping across the plains on their swift mustangs, they could shoot down a fat *bronco*, bogged by the lake, and procure an abundant supply of meat. But now all these were gone. They had to scatter into families, and miserably grub for roots; the accursed feuds of the petty captains were eternally breaking out afresh. Nyackaway beheld one hope after another, one humane design after

another, pass away. He exclaimed, in his melancholy, "I wish to live no longer," and died broken-hearted.

Another notable characteristic of the Yocuts is the potent influence and the long peregrinations of their wizards, or rain-makers (*tace*). Caya, who lives at Woodville, is one instance; but the most remarkable is Hopoadno. Though living at Fort Tejon, and therefore not strictly a Yocut, he has, by his personal presence, by his eloquence, and by his cunning jugglery, made his authority recognized for two hundred miles northward. In 1870, the first of two successive years of drought, he made a pilgrimage from the fort as far up as King's River. At every centrally located village he made a pause, and dispatched runners to fetch in the Indians of all the neighboring villages to listen to him. In long and elaborate harangues he would promise to bring rain on the dried-up earth and terminate the drought, if they would contribute liberally of their substance. But they were then incredulous, for he was as yet a man talking *de bene esse*, and they mostly laughed him to scorn; whereupon he would stalk out of the village in high dudgeon, denouncing woe upon their sinful heads, and threatening them with a second year of drought, worse than ever before. Sure enough, the enraged Hopoadno brought drought yet another year, and the Indians were smitten with remorse and terror, believing him endowed with superhuman power. When, next year, he made a second journey through the land, offerings were showered upon him, and the savages listened with trembling. He compelled them to pay him fifty cents apiece, and many gladly gave him more. Some waggish Americans, being relieved by the drought from the necessity of working their ranches, attended one of his harangues, and contributed a half-dollar each, telling him if he did not manufacture some rain they would kill

him. And, sure enough, Hopoadno was right a second time; for in autumn the windows of heaven were opened, and the land had abundant rain. All the old generation of Indians were now confirmed in believing him a genuine wizard, and even the younger ones, imbued with American ideas, were troubled in their minds concerning him.

As to the implements and weapons of the Yocuts, there are some interesting particulars to be noted. The Indians on the plains, as everywhere in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, make no bows, but purchase them all from the mountaineers. This is because they have no cedar. This wood is extremely brittle when dry, and is then the poorest possible material for bows; but by anointing it every day with deer's marrow while it is drying, the Indian overcomes this quality, and renders it the best. The bow is taken from the white or sap-wood, the outside of the tree being also the outside of the bow. It is scraped and polished down with wonderful painstaking, so that it may bend evenly, and the ends are generally carved so as to point back slightly. Then the Indian takes a quantity of deer's sinew, splits it up with flint into small fibres, and glues them on the flat outside of the bow until it becomes hemispherical. These strips of sinew, being lapped around the end of the bow and doubled back a little, impart to it an amazing strength and elasticity. The glue is made by boiling deer and elk-bones, and combining the product with pitch. I saw a bow, thus carefully made, in the hands of a white-haired chief, and it was truly a magnificent weapon. It was about five feet long, smooth and shining—for whenever it becomes a little soiled the fastidious savage scrapes it slightly with flint, then anoints it afresh with marrow—and of such great strength that it would require a giant to bend it properly. For lack of

skins, the owner carried it in a calico case. The string, composed of strands of sinew, was probably equal in strength to a half-inch rope of sea-grass. When not in use, the bow was unstrung, and the string tied around the left segment. To prevent the slightest lesion of its polished surface, the old hunter had slipped on the bow, where the string was tied around it, a short section of fur from a mountain-cat's tail.

Of arrows, the Indians living on the plains make a few for themselves, from button-willow, straight twigs of buckeye, and reeds; but the most durable come from the mountains. There are two sorts—war-arrows and game-arrows; the former furnished with flint heads, the latter not. The shaft of the war-arrow generally consists of a single piece, but that of the game-arrow frequently contains two or three pieces, furnished with sockets so as to fit into each other. When the hunter, lurking behind the covert, beholds the quarry approaching, he quickly measures with his eye the probable length of the shot he will have to make, and if a long one, he couches the arrow with three pieces; but if a short one, with extraordinary dispatch he twitches it apart, takes out the middle section, clasps together the two end sections, and shoots. An arrow made of what we should account the frailest material, the tender shoot of a buckeye, and pointed with flint, has carried death to many a savage in battle. I have seen an Indian couch a game-arrow, which was pointed simply with a piece of arrow-wood, and drive it a half-inch into the body of an oak! An old hunter says he has seen a California Indian stand a full hundred paces from a hare, raise his long and polished bow, shoot a quick glance along the arrow, then send it whizzing through both the enormous ears of the animal, pinning him fast to a tree.

These Indians—at least those who

choose to make them—like most California tribes, have always worn moccasins of a very rude construction, more properly called sandals. Their method of tanning was by means of brain-water. They dried the brain of a deer or an elk, reduced it to powder, put the powder into water, and in this decoction soaked the skins—a process which answered tolerably well. The graining was done with flints.

Their money consists of the usual shell-buttons, and a string of them reaching from the point of the middle finger to the elbow is valued at twenty-five cents. A section of bone, very white and polished, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, is sometimes strung on the string, and rates at a bit. They always undervalue articles which they procure from Americans. For instance, goods which cost them at the store \$5 they sell among themselves for \$3.

They say that, in former times, they rubbed their acorns to flour on a stone like the Mexican *metate*—a suggestion of the mouse; but now they pound them up in mortars—a suggestion of the wiser coyote. In Coarse Gold Gulch, on one great boulder, I counted eighty-six of these mortar-holes, an evidence of a former great density of population. For snaring quails, rabbits, and other small animals, they employ cords made of a kind of wild flax growing on the Sierra Nevada.

Manzanita-cider is manufactured by the Yocuts, of a quality greatly superior to the wretched stuff made by the Wintoons. After reducing the berries to flour by pounding, they carefully separate out all the seeds and skins, then soak the flour in water for a considerable space of time. A squaw then heaps it up in a little mound, with a crater in the centre, into which she pours a minute stream of water, allowing it to percolate through. In this manner she manufactures about a gallon an hour of

a really delicious beverage—clear, cool, of a pale claret color, and richer than most apple-cider made in California.

In the mountain streams which discharge into Tulare Lake, the Yocuts catch lake-trout, chubs, and suckers. Sometimes they construct a weir across the river, with a narrow chute and a trap set in it; then go above and stretch a line of brushwood from bank to bank, which they drag down-stream, driving the fish into the trap. A curious method is employed on Tule River and King's River. An Indian takes a funnel-shaped trap in his teeth and hands, buoys himself on a little log, then floats silently down the rapids, holding the net open to receive the fish that happen to be shooting up. On Tulare Lake the savages construct very rude punts, mere troughs, of tule, in which they cruise timidly about the shores. There is a margin where the bottom is almost level and the waves run light; but the middle of the lake is said to be of a prodigious depth, and there the billows thrash themselves into an oceanic vastness.

About the lake a family will occasionally be found using a portable stone mortar. The Indians always admit that they did not manufacture these implements, but chanced upon them in digging or on the surface, and that they belonged to a race older and other than their own. But they sometimes have the ingenuity to improve upon them, by fastening a basket hopper around the top, to prevent the acorns from flying out. Around the lake and on King's River these mortars are remarkably numerous.

On Tule River I saw the process of basket-weaving. Instead of willow twigs for the framework or warp, the squaw takes the long stalks of rye-grass; and for the threads or woof, various barks and roots, split fine—pine-root for white, willow-bark for brown, and some unknown bark for black. She simply bends the stalk round and round, renewing it

when necessary, and passes the thread over it and under the one beneath. For an awl she employs the sharpened thigh-bone of a hawk.

All the tribes of California have a method of gambling with pieces of bone wrapped in pellets of grass, but the Yocuts have another way, employed only by the women. It is a kind of dice-throwing, and is called *oochoous*. For a dice, they take half of a large acorn or nut-shell, fill it level with pitch and pulverized charcoal, and inlay it with bits of bright-colored shells. For a dice-table they weave a very large, fine basket, almost flat, and ornamented with various devices woven in colors. Four squaws sit around it on mats to play, and a fifth keeps tally with sticks. There are eight dice, which the players scoop up in their hands and dash into the basket, counting the number which remain with the flat side uppermost. How many scores make a game, or how the parties are constituted, I could not discover, for they played right on and on without cessation, and with the utmost infatuation; neither could I by any means discern when one had forfeited her right to throw, and another gained it. The rapidity with which, at a single glance, they added up all the numbers was wonderful. After each throw the player would exclaim "*yetne*" (equivalent to "one-ne"), or "*wéatac*," or "*co-mi-éh*," which words are simply a kind of sing-song or chanting. One old squaw, with scarcely a tooth in her head, one eye gone, her face all withered, but with a lower jaw as of iron, and features denoting a most resolute will—a reckless old gambler, and evidently a teacher to the others—after every throw would grab into the basket and whisk her hand across it, as if by the motion of the air to turn the dice over on the flat surfaces, and ejaculate "*wéatac!*" It was amusing to see the savage energy with which this fierce, old, battered hag carried on the game.

The range of food consumed by the Yocuts is quite extensive. Around the lake they cut and dry the seed-stalks of a kind of flag, which has a head something like a teasel, then thrash out the seed and make it into panada; also the wild-rye and sunflower. They eat grass-nuts and the seeds of the same—a plant with a file-shaped stalk. In the mountains they used to fire the forests, and thereby catch great quantities of grasshoppers and caterpillars, already roasted, which they consumed with relish. But since about 1862, for some reason or other, the yield of grasshoppers has been very limited. They are fond of a huge succulent worm, resembling the tobacco-worm, which is also roasted. Dogs are reared largely for the flesh they supply, which is accounted by them a special dainty, and which serves, like the farmer's chickens, as a kind of reserve supply when other meat is lacking.

Among the animals that are sacred to them is the rattlesnake (*tayel*), which they never destroy. A story is related of an Indian who captured one on the plains and tenderly carried it into the mountains, where he released it, that it might be less liable to the assaults of White men; and of another, who, seeing an American about to destroy one, scared it into a crevice of rock for safety. The coyote also moves among them with perfect impunity, for he is revered as the creator of the universe. Before the ruthless American came, these animals swarmed thick about every mountain *rancheria*, and they often would pursue the dogs right into the village. It is a singular fact that in several of the northern languages *hiyu* denotes "dog," while in the Yocut, *kiyu* (Qy.? Chinese *kiuen*) is "coyote." Indeed, to judge from his appearance to this day, the Indian dog is an animal in whose genealogy the coyote appears to have largely assisted. In the Winton language the

word for "coyote" signifies "hill-dog."

As among all savages, the wizard or rain-maker is a person of mighty consequence, though he can be put to death for cause by a majority of the council. The wizard sometimes chews the seeds of the "jimson," which have the same effect upon him as opium, and he raves, maunders, and gives forth oracular sayings, which the savages regard as the utterances of one inspired. The Indians relate a story of one wizard who chewed too much "jimson," and yielded up the ghost.

It is the custom of these jugglers to hold every spring the Rattlesnake Dance (*tatúlowis*), which is a source of great revenue to the cunning rogues. They plant green boughs in a circle, inclosing a space fifty or sixty yards in diameter, wherein these performances are held, as well as most other Yocut dances. The great audience is congregated in the middle, while the wizards dance around the circle, next to the arboreal wall. Besmeared with numerous fantastical streaks of paint, and gorgeously topped with feathers, four of them caper around like circus-clowns, chasing each other, chanting, brandishing rattlesnakes, twining them about their arms, and suffering them to bite their hands. It is supposed that the jugglers have either plucked out the fangs of the snakes, or have allowed the reptiles to drink no water for a number of days beforehand, which is said to render them harmless. But the credulous savages believe the jugglers invulnerable, and eagerly crowd forward with their offerings, in return for which the wizards give them complete immunity and absolution from all rattlesnake bites for the space of one year. The younger Indians, somewhat indoctrinated in American ideas, have become skeptical concerning these dances, which they contemptuously term "skunk-meetings," to the great grief and scandal of their pious elders.

An old Indian, named Chuchuka, relates that many years ago there was a terrible plague, which raged on both sides of the Fresno, destroying thousands of people. According to his account, it was a black-tongue disease. Abundant evidences of his truthfulness have been discovered in those localities, in the shape of human bones. A man, named Holt, was digging a ditch on Ray's ranch, near Sand Creek, and found such an immense quantity of bones, about eighteen inches beneath the surface, that, after digging three hundred yards, he was forced to abandon the undertaking. On Hildreth's ranch, near the Pool of Water, a large boxful of bones was collected in making a garden.

Nowadays, from \$20 to \$30 in gold is paid for a wife, but this only for a virgin. For a widow, or a maiden suspected of being unchaste, no man will pay anything or make any presents. And it is due to the Yocuts to state, that a pioneer who has lived among them twenty-one years affirms that, before the arrival of the Americans, they were comparatively virtuous. Dr. E. B. Bateman, physician to the Tule River Reservation, gives me the information that both females and males, though bathing entirely separate, never enter the water without wearing at least cinctures about their waists; and this is corroborated by an old resident on King's River. Charles Maltby, agent of the above reservation, and well acquainted with aboriginal habits throughout the State, also affirms that the Yocuts are purer than their northern brethren; and that the Indians of southern California are less addicted to the infamous practice of selling the virtue of their women to Americans than those of the north. Though the language has a word for "prostitute," it has what is generally accounted a favorable indication, separate words for "woman" (*mokella*) and "wife" (*mokêê*),

also for "man" (*nono*) and "husband" (*loweet*).

Many years ago, the Indians dwelling on the lake about the mouth of King's River were carried away captives by the Spaniards, and taken to San Luis Obispo. After a long residence there, upon the breaking up of the missions, they returned to their native land; but meantime a new generation had grown up, to whom the old mission was their home. They yearned to return, and to this day they make an annual pilgrimage to San Luis Obispo, where they remain a month. They would by preference live there all their remaining days, only their children, born on the shores of Tulare Lake, will not consent. Some persons may jump at this as a convincing proof of the affection of the Indians for the old Jesuit *padres*; but it is a *non sequitur*, because the pilgrimage is easily enough accounted for by the California Indian's proverbial love for his birth-place, even as the children of Israel lusted for the flesh-pots of that Egypt which had scourged them.

ORIGIN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Once there was a time when there was nothing in the wide world but water. About the place where Tulare Lake now is, there was a pole standing far up out of the water, and on it perched a hawk and a crow. First, one of them would sit on it awhile, then the other would knock him off, and sit on it himself. Thus they sat on top of the pole above the waters for many generations. At length they wearied of the lonesomeness, and they created the birds which prey on fish, such as the kingfisher, the duck, the eagle, the pelican, etc. Among them was a very small duck, which dived down to the bottom, picked up its beak full of mud, arose to the surface, died, and laid floating on the water. The hawk and the crow then fell to and gathered all the mud out of the duck's beak,

and with it commenced the creation of the mountains.

They began at the place now called Tehachaypah Pass, and the hawk made the eastern range, while the crow made the western. Little by little, as they dropped in bit after bit of the earth, these mighty mountains grew and heaved themselves athwart the waters, gradually stretching northward. It was a labor of many snows; but finally the workers met at Mount Shasta, and the task was finished. But behold! when they compared their mountains, it was found that the western portion was a great deal larger than the other. Then the hawk said to the crow, "How did this happen, you rascal? I warrant you stole some of the earth out of my bill, and that is why your mountain is the largest." It was a fact, and the crow laughed in his claws. Then the hawk went and got some Indian tobacco, and chewed it, which made him exceedingly wise. So he took hold of the mountains and slipped them round in a circle, putting the range he had made in place of the other; and that is the reason the Sierra Nevada is now larger than the Coast Range.

This legend is of value, as showing the aboriginal notions of geography. To illustrate his meaning, the Indian who narrated the story drew in the sand a long ellipse, representing quite accurately the shape of the two great ranges. He was an Indian of ordinary intelligence, and had never traveled; so his information must have been shared by his tribe.

While I was in Coarse Gold Gulch, it was my good fortune to witness the great Dance for the Dead, or Dance of Weeping (*Kotéwachil*), which was one of the most extraordinary human spectacles I ever beheld. It was not the regular annual mourning, but a special one, held in behalf of Colómusnim, a sub-chief of the Chookchancies, who

had recently lost a sister; but it was in all respects as strange, as awful, and as imposing an exhibition of barbaric superstition and barbaric affection as is afforded by the formal anniversary. Not to my dying hour will the memory of that frightful midnight pageant be effaced.

It will be well to explain that, among the Yocuts, this Dance of Weeping is protracted nearly or quite a week. The first two or three nights—while they are waiting for the arrival of all the delegations and the late comers—are occupied only in speech-making, story-telling, jokes, etc., until a late hour; but during the last three nights they dance throughout the night until morning, and on the third night about daybreak they burn the offerings consecrated to the dead. This happened to be the first of the three last nights, hence no burning occurred; but in every other respect it was complete, and all the exercises were conducted with more energy and by fuller choruses than they would have been after the Indians had become exhausted.

When the Indian interpreter, Tueh, and myself entered the camp it was already an hour after nightfall; but there were yet no indications of a beginning of the dark orgies that were to be enacted. We found about three hundred Indians assembled, at a place remote from any American habitations, in a gloomy ravine, and encamped in open booths of brushwood running around three sides of a spacious quadrangle. This quadrangle had been swept and beaten hard for a dancing-floor, and near one of the inside corners there was a small circular embankment of earth like a circus-ring, with the sacred fire brightly burning in the centre. Colómusnim and his relatives, the chief mourners, occupied the corner-booths near this ring, and near by was Sloaknitch, the head-chief of the Chookchancies, by whose authority this assem-

bly had been convened. Here and there a fire burned with a staggering, sleepy blaze just outside the quadrangle, faintly gleaming through the booth; at intervals an Indian moved stealthily across the half-illuminated space within; while every now and then the atmosphere was made discordant and hideous, as indeed the whole night was, during the most solemn periods, by the yelping, snarling, and fighting of the accursed hordes of dogs.

For fully a half-hour we slowly sauntered and loitered about the quadrangle, conversing in undertones, but still nothing occurred to break the sombre silence, save the continually repeated scurries of yelps and howls from the abominable dogs. Now and then an Indian slowly passed across and sat down on the embankment, while others in silence occasionally fed the fire. But at last, from Colómusnim's quarter, there came up out of the darkness a long, wild, haunting wail, floating out through the silent night with an inexpressible mournfulness. After a few minutes, it was repeated. Soon another joined in, then another, and another — slowly, very slowly — until the whole quarter was united in a dirge-like, eldritch, dismal chorus. After about half an hour, the wailing ceased as slowly as it began, and there was profound, death-like silence, broken only by the often-renewed janglings of the dogs.

Some time elapsed before any further development occurred, and then Sloak-nitch, a little old man, but erect as an arrow, with a keen face and basilisk eyes, stepped forth into the quadrangle, and began to walk slowly to and fro around three sides, making the opening proclamation. He spoke in extremely short, jerky sentences, with much repetition, substantially as follows:

“Make ready for the mourning. Let all make ready. Everybody make ready. Prepare your offerings. Your offerings

to the dead. Have them all ready. Show them to the mourners. Let them see your sympathy. The mourning comes on. It hastens. Everybody make ready,” etc.

He continued thus about twenty minutes; then closed, and re-entered his booth, after which he took no further part in the proceedings except as a private person. By this time, the Indians had collected in considerable numbers, sitting on the embankment. They kept slowly coming forward until the circle was completed, and the fire was only visible shooting above their heads. A low hum of conversation began to buzz around it, as of gradually awaking activity. The slow piston-rod of aboriginal dignity was beginning to ply, the clatter of the machinery was slowly swelling up. Indians, like Germans, must take their time. No woman had yet appeared on the scene. It was now quite ten o'clock, and we were getting impatient.

Presently, the herald—a short, stout Indian with a most voluble tongue—came out into the quadrangle with a very long staff, and paced slowly up and down the line of booths, proclaiming: “Prepare for the dance. Let all make ready. We are all friends. We are all one people. We were a great tribe once. Now we are small. All our hearts are as one. We have one heart. Make ready your offerings. The women have the most money. They have the most offerings. They give the most. Get ready the tobacco. Let us chew the tobacco,” etc. This man spoke with an extraordinary amount of repetition. For instance, he would say: “The women—the women—the women—have the most—have the most—the most money—have the most money—the women—the women—have the most offerings—the most offerings—give the most—give the most—the women—the women—give the most.”

He spoke about as long as the head-chief had; and while he was speaking, the savages were preparing a decoction of Indian tobacco by the sacred fire. When he ceased speaking, he took his place in the circle, and all began to sip and taste the tobacco, which seemed to be intended as a kind of mortification of the flesh. Sitting along on the embankment, while the nauseous mess was passing around in a basket, and others were tasting the boiled leaves, they sought to mitigate the bitter dose with jokes and laughter. For instance, one said: "Did you ever see the women gather tobacco for themselves?" This was intended as a jest, for no woman ever touches the weed, but nobody laughed at it. As the powerful emetic began to work out its inevitable effect, one after another arose from the circle, and passed slowly and silently into the outer darkness, whence there presently came up to our ears certain doleful and portentous sounds, painfully familiar to those who have journeyed much on the ocean. After all the Indians in the circle, except a few with strong stomachs, had gone forth and returned to their places, the hour being eleven o'clock, the herald passed around as before, making the third proclamation:

"Let all mourn and weep. O, weep for the dead. Think of the dead body lying in the grave. We shall all die soon—all die. We were a great people once. We are weak and little now. Soon we shall all be gone. Be sorrowful in your hearts. O, let sorrow melt your hearts. Let your tears flow fast. We are one people. We are all friends. All our hearts are one heart."

For the last hour or so, the mourners and their friends and sympathizers, mostly women, had been collecting in Colómusnim's quarter, preparing their offerings. Occasionally, a long, solitary wail came up, trembling on the night-air.

At the close of the third proclamation, the death-dance and the mourning began—the Indians being crowded promiscuously in a great open booth. As they danced, they held aloft in their hands or on their heads the articles they intended to give in memory of the dead. It was a splendid exhibition of barbaric gewgaws. Glittering necklaces of rare marine shells; bits of American tapestry; baskets of the most intricate workmanship—on which they had toiled long months, perhaps years—circled and furred with hundreds of little quail-plumes, bespangled with beads, scalloped, festooned, and embroidered with beadery until there was scarcely place for the handling; plumes, furs, shawls, etc. Colómusnim had a pretty plume of metallic-glistening raven's feathers in his hand. But the most remarkable article was a great plume, nearly six feet long, shaped like 'a parasol slightly opened, mostly of raven's feathers, but containing rare and brilliant spoils from all the birds of the forest, topped with a smaller plume or kind of coronet, and lavishly bedecked through all its length with bulbs, shell-clusters, circlets of feathers, dangling festoons—a magnificent bauble, towering far above all; its glittering spangles and nodding plume on plume, contrasted strangely with the tattered, howling savagery over which it gorgeously swayed and flaunted. Another woman had an image, very rudely constructed of shawls and clothing, to represent the dead sister.

The beholding of all these things—some of which had belonged to the dead woman—and the strong contagion of human sorrow, wrought the Indians into a frenzy. Wildly they leaped and wailed; some flung themselves on the earth, and beat their breasts. There were continual exhortations to grief. Sloaknitch, sitting on the ground, poured forth burning and piercing words: "We have all one heart. All our hearts

bleed with yours. Our eyes weep tears like a living spring. O, think of the poor dead woman in the grave." Coló-musnim—a savage of a majestic presence, bating his garb—though a hesitating orator, was so broken with grief that his few sobbing words moved the listeners like a funeral knell. Beholding now and then an especial friend in the circle of sitters, he would run and fall upon his knees before him, bow his head to the earth, and give way to uncontrollable sorrow. Other mourners would do the same, presenting to the friend's gaze some object which had belonged to the lamented woman. The friend, if a man, would pour forth long condolences; if a woman, she would receive the mourner's head in her lap, tenderly stroke down the hair, and unite in lamentation. Many eyes, both of men and women, of mourners and strangers, glistened in the flickering firelight with copious and genuine tears.

But amid all this heart-felt mourning, there were occasional manifestations of purely mechanical grief which were very laughable. The venerable Sloaknitch, although a gifted and thrilling orator, a savage Nestor, preserved a dry eye; but once in awhile he would arise in his place and lift his voice on high like a sand-hill crane, then presently sit down and calmly light a cigarette. After smoking awhile, he would stand up again and join in the mourning. Cigarettes were constantly being smoked. An Indian would take one out of his mouth, give a prolonged and most dolorous blast, and then take two or three whiffs again. Yet even these comical manifestations were so entirely in earnest, that nobody thought of laughing at the time; and, though one's sense of humor could not but make silent note of them the while, they were greatly overborne by the preponderance of real sorrow, by the spontaneous and unmistakable outpouring of grief. So far, even, from smiling at

them, one might, without accusation of sentimental weakness, have dropped a tear at the spectacle of these poor creatures, weeping not more perhaps for the loved and lost than over their own miserable destiny of extermination.

These demonstrations continued for a very long time, and I began again to be impatient, believing that the principal occasion had passed. It appeared afterward that the Indians are required by their creed and custom to prolong the proceedings until daybreak; hence this extreme deliberation. But at last, about one o'clock in the morning, upon some preconcerted signal, there was a sudden and tumultuous rushing from all quarters of the encampment, amid which the interpreter and myself were almost borne down. For the first time during the night the women appeared conspicuously upon the scene, thronged into the sacred circle, and quickly formed a ring around the fire—a single circle of maidens facing inward. The whole multitude of the populous camp crowded about, surging and jostling. A choir of male singers took their stations hard by, and commenced the death-song, though they were inaudible except to the nearest listeners. At the same instant the young women began their frightful dance, which consisted of two leaps on each foot alternately, causing the body to rock to and fro, and either hand was thrust out with the swaying, as if the offering it held were about to be consigned to the flames; while the breath was forced out with violence, in regular cadence, with a harsh and griding sound of "Heh!" The blaze of the sacred fire flamed redly out between the bodies of the dancers swaying in accord; while the disheveled locks of the leaping hags wildly snapping in the night-wind, the blood-curdling rasp of their breath in concert, and the frightful ululations and writhing of the mourners, conspired to produce a terrible effect.

At the sight of this weird, awful, and lurid spectacle, which was swung into motion so suddenly, I felt all the blood creep and tingle in my veins. We were beholding now at last the great Dance for the Dead.

All the long remainder of that frenzied night—from one o'clock to five—those women leaped in the maddening dance, through smoke, choking dust, darkness, glaring light, cold, and burning heat, amid the unceasing wail of the multitude, not knowing or heeding aught of anything else on earth. Once in five or ten minutes, when the choir finished a chorus, there was a pause of a few seconds, but no dancer moved from her place for a moment. What wonder that only the strongest young maidens were chosen for the duty! What wonder that the men avoided this terrible ordeal!

About four o'clock in the morning, wearied with the din, and benumbed with the cold of the mountains, I crept away to a friendly blanket, and essayed to sleep. But it was in vain; for still through the night-air were borne to my ears the far-off crooning, the ululations, and that slow-pulsing, horrid "Heh!" of the leaping witches, with all the distant voices, each more distinct than ever before, of the mourning camp. The morning-star drew itself far up into the blue reaches of heaven, blinking in the cold, dry California air, and still all the mournful riot of that Walpurgis-night went on. Finally the rising sun made ruddy the eastern sky, but still there was no abatement.

Then slowly a soft curtain of oblivion was drawn over everything; the distant voices died away, and were still; the wailing was ended; the dancers ceased because they were weary. For half an hour, perhaps, I slept. Then awaking

suddenly, I stood up in my blanket and looked down upon the camp, now broadly flooded by the level sun. It was as silent as the grave. Even the unresting dogs slept at last, and the Indian ponies ceased from browsing and stood still between the manzanita-bushes, to let the first sunshine warm and mellow their hides, on which the hair stood out straight. All that wonderful night seemed like the phantasmagoria of a fevered dream.

Before the sun was three-quarters of an hour high, that tireless herald was out again, going the rounds, shouting loudly to waken the heavy sleepers. In a few minutes the whole camp was in motion; not one Indian remained, although many eyelids moved like lead. The choir of singers took their places promptly, and a great company of men and women, bearing their offerings aloft as before, joined in a tumultuous rush-round, yet all leaping in cadence, and with the same demoniacal "Heh!" of the breath in perfect unison. Every five minutes, upon the ceasing of the singers, all faced suddenly to the west, and ran forward a few paces with great clamor of lamentation. Those in the front ranks prostrated themselves, and bowed down their faces to the earth, while others stretched out their arms to the west, waving their offerings with imploring cries, as if vainly beckoning the departed spirits to return, or bidding them a last farewell. This is in accordance with their belief in a Happy Western Land. Upon the singers resuming, they would all rise and join again in the disorderly rush-round, raising a great cloud of dust. This lasted about an hour; then all was ended for the day, and the weary mourners betook themselves to their booths and to sleep.

NUMBER 119.

AT last I could stand it no longer, and, going to the mantel-shelf, I deliberately turned the picture face to the wall. Yet even after that, and though I could not see it, I felt as if those eyes with their baleful glare were still gazing into mine, and was just angrily muttering to myself, "Why on earth does Fraser have such a picture in his private office?" when the door opened, and he entered.

"Ah, Bennett! I am sorry I kept you waiting, but I had to stop at the Hall, and . . . who has been arranging things?" looking toward the mantel-shelf.

"I am the offender, if you mean that confounded picture. I turned it to the wall, for I had sat here with those eyes staring at me, until my flesh began to creep. What is it?—or, rather, who is it?"

Ralph Fraser looked curiously at me, as he took down the picture and walked with it to his desk. Opening an inner drawer, he laid it in, and turned the lock. Then, taking off his coat, he came again toward the fire-place, motioned to me to take a seat, sat down, and looked thoughtfully at the fire. I was impatient, nervous, and said, tartly:

"Well, how much longer are you going to be dumb? and why did you send for me? I can't afford to wait here all day."

He looked steadily at me for a minute, before he answered:

"I am truly sorry, Harry, you were punctual, this morning, or rather that I was late; for it is something different from ordinary business that I want to talk to you about, and you seem—excuse me—somewhat out of sorts."

"Well, I was all right till I came in

here, and had no company save that picture. Is the business about that?" Then, as he nodded, "Well, fire away! I am in sorts enough to listen, and give my opinion. Who is it?"

"You know, Harry, I have a number of Spanish and Cuban-Spanish clients, but you may not know what a peculiar people, in some respects, they are; being always in one extreme or the other—very suspicious of you, or else foolishly confiding; and of the two varieties I think I prefer the former. You have often heard me speak of José Valriques?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, he was a curious client. He left me full power to lease his houses—he owned a good many—and invest the rents. Never but twice in the years I have been his lawyer has he asked to examine the accounts. As the request might, I know, come at any time, I have always kept them carefully balanced, so that in a few minutes' time he could see where he stood. He reserved always his house No. 119, in — Street, even when abroad, for he would often send home pictures and objects of *virtu* which he had picked up. He spent most of his time on the Continent. As the goods were always consigned to my care, I had them unpacked and arranged in No. 119; and, of course, it was necessary to have a trusty person in charge. Such a one I had—a woman who had been a servant at my father's; her daughter lived with her for company. Valriques knew and liked them. Well, a few weeks ago he turned up in his unexpected way. On entering my office, one morning—stay, I have the date, the 20th of March—I found him sitting where you are

now. He greeted me as if we had seen each other only a day or two before, instead of its being three years and more, and after a few unimportant questions, asked if I could show him how his accounts stood. I said, 'Yes,' and in a few minutes we were going over the book together. There was a balance of \$5,000 in the bank to his credit, and I explained how I had left only that sum, investing the rest in another house. He seemed entirely satisfied. After a short silence, he asked:

"I own twelve houses, is it not so?"

"I assented.

"Well, Mr. Fraser, as they are valuable—each being worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$20,000, I understand—some must be sold, and I must have the money from them in ten days from now. I shall need \$60,000; so that, even if all must be sacrificed but No. 119, it must be done, that I can have the money by the 30th of March. You will not forget the amount—\$60,000. Make the best terms you can; but that amount I must have on that day. I leave everything to you, and will be satisfied with what you do. Good morning. I will call for the money!' And ere I could collect my senses he was gone.

"I decided that it was not my business to interfere with the way in which he spent his money. I went to the best of the house-brokers, gave him a list of the houses, said I must have \$60,000 on such a day, and he must get the best terms he could. By sacrificing four of the houses, we succeeded, and punctually on the 30th Valriques appeared. I told him what I had done, and gave him the checks. He thanked me in an abstracted way, and gazed moodily at the fire. He was looking worn and haggard, and kept gnawing his under-lip. After awhile I turned to my desk and busied myself with my papers, when he suddenly broke silence:

"Mr. Fraser, I know you are an honest man. I want to place a trust in you. I want you to keep my will. If you hear nothing from me in the next ten years, and if by the 1st of January, 1873, no one properly accredited appears claiming under the will, then open it and take out the inner paper—let that be my last will; and I trust you will see it carried out. If I do not claim the papers myself, and my heir appears by the 1st of January, 1873, then let the will stand, and burn the inner paper unopened. Will you do this for me, and properly indorse these directions on the outside of the wrapper?"

"He handed me the papers, watched me as I did what he requested, and then locked up the papers in the safe.

"You will collect my rents as usual, and No. 119 must always be kept as it is. Now, as we may not meet for a long time, if ever again, I beg you, as a reminder of me, to wear this,' drawing a diamond ring from his finger, and slipping it on mine." [Here Fraser pointed to one I saw glittering on his little finger.] "'Good day!'—and he was gone.

"I thought of this interview at intervals during the day, but other business drove it from my mind, and I forgot all about Valriques in the press of other affairs, until Saturday, when who should come into the office but Millicent Farrell, the woman who has had charge of No. 119. I supposed she had come to anticipate her salary; but when I saw her more closely, I was shocked at the change in the woman's face—it was pinched and haggard, the eyes were worn and sleepless, and her whole appearance was of a person hunted and worried to the limits of endurance.

"'Why, Millicent, what is the matter? Have you been ill?'"

"Carefully closing the door, she came up to me, and said, in a low voice, 'O, Master Ralph' (she had been my nurse),

‘I can stand it no longer. I shall go wild.’

“‘Stand what, Millicent?’

“‘Mr. Valriques’ tormenting me so.’

“‘What!’ I exclaimed, in amazement, ‘I don’t understand.’

“‘Listen, then, sir, and I will tell you.’

“Then such a tale as I heard! I will abbreviate for your benefit, Harry.

“She said that Mr. Valriques came to the house, one afternoon, and asked if she and her daughter had any place where they could pass the night, as he wanted the house to himself. They could take a pass-key, and come back early in the morning, when he would be gone. They went off. When they came back next day, the house was empty: no bed had been slept in, and one of the parlor chairs had a portion of the back broken. Otherwise, everything was as usual. Now begins the improbable part of my story.”

I pricked up my ears. I had wondered what was the meaning of this long preamble.

“That night, Millicent said, after they had gone to bed, they were both awakened by hearing somebody call their names. Each thought it was the other, and answered, but both denied calling. In a few minutes they both heard again, ‘Millicent! Anne!’ They gazed around, but saw nothing. Millicent, who is no coward, got up, and had just lit her lamp, when down-stairs, in the parlor, they heard the noise of something falling, and an exclamation. Now thoroughly alarmed, she, with Anne, crept cautiously down-stairs, and when they reached the parlor, found it deserted and quiet; only they noticed that the broken chair, instead of being against the wall where they had placed it, was standing near the centre-table. They waited a few minutes; nothing more was heard, and they went back to bed.

“The next night the same thing hap-

pened, and so for several nights. At last Millicent determined not to go to bed, but to watch in the parlor (all this took place before twelve o’clock); and they seated themselves there. Everything was quiet until about eleven—the usual time—when they heard, as before, the call, ‘Millicent! Anne!’ followed by a stifled groan, a fall, and she saw the broken chair raised as if to strike with, then replaced on the floor.”

“How can you tell such stuff, Ralph?—the women are trying to impose upon you.”

“That is what I thought, Harry; but when I asked her what night this first happened, she said the 31st of March—that Mr. Valriques had sent them away the evening of the 30th. She said the voice was Mr. Valriques’ voice—she could not mistake it—and the tone was as if he were begging for help. She said they could stand it no longer; it had been going on now for over a fortnight. They had not spoken of it to anyone, and begged I would find another person to keep the house.

“I was puzzled. The woman did not know that Valriques had received from me so much money on the 30th. I had learned that he had drawn half of it in coin, and the other half in bills of exchange. She was so straightforward in all her answers, that I began to feel there might be something wrong. Although not a believer in ghosts or spiritualism, no one could see or listen to Millicent without realizing that she had borne this secret till she could control her fears and nerves no longer. I promised to be at the house in the afternoon, and went up just before dark. There was the broken chair she had spoken of, one side of the back shattered as though a heavy blow had been struck with it. I staid through the evening, Harry; everything happened just as she said. The voice was Valriques’!”

Here Ralph stopped, and I sat dumb-

founded. He was no boy, to have his fancy run away with him, and yet. . . . In a few minutes he went on:

"On Sunday I went to a medium, and, saying nothing of my story, asked if he could recommend any spirit-artist, as they are called. The medium gave me an address, and on Sunday evening there was a strange gathering in the parlor. The medium put the artist into the magnetic sleep, or whatever it is called. A few minutes before eleven o'clock, he began to draw with great rapidity, and the result was the picture you saw here."

I started at this. "Now, you have never seen him; but the way in which the eyes affected you they did Millicent and I. It is a likeness of Valriques; only with that look of horror, hate, and rage in the eyes, which in life we never saw."

Here Ralph again paused, and for awhile there was silence, which I broke by asking:

"What are you going to do? Can you find out if there has been any foul play?"

"I mean to try. And now for what I want you to do. Thinking there might be a faint possibility of collusion between Millicent, the medium, and the artist, I sent yesterday to Boston for Lovell the medium, and Norris the spirit-painter. I want you to meet them at the train, and let them see no one here, until I call for them and you at the hotel. Then we will all, if you are willing, go together to No. 119, and sift this matter thoroughly, if we can."

After a little reflection I consented, and we separated. I met my singular acquaintances, and as they did not know for what they were wanted, I felt sure they were not in collusion with any New York friends. At eight o'clock Ralph called, and, taking a carriage, we all drove to No. 119. I was myself struck by the haggard look of the woman who opened the door and ushered us into the

parlor, and to whom Ralph spoke as Millicent. Scarcely were we seated, when the medium said:

"There is some one here besides ourselves. Shall I speak to him?"

Ralph eagerly assented, and then, though we heard no one ask, we heard the medium answer, and he said abruptly:

"I am to write a letter. Give me paper."

As soon as he received it, he began to write, evidently from dictation, and slowly. He gave the sheet to Ralph, who, glancing at it, said in astonishment:

"Do you understand Spanish?"

"No," replied Lovell, curtly; "he only uses my fingers. I don't understand a word I have written. But don't talk to me; he wishes me to write another letter."

Again he began to write, while I, going with Ralph to the other end of the room, listened attentively as he read in a startled whisper the following note, which he has preserved:

"Mr. Fraser, will you in person deliver the note, which the medium is to write for me, at the door of the room, the number of which I will give? Remember about my will. Let this house remain empty until my heir disposes of it; let nothing be touched, altered, or repaired, about or in it. Give Millicent and Anne whatever you think right, and bind these two men by bribes to secrecy. When the person comes, have my picture taken, and let her recognize it. Of the money returned, invest it as you think best.
J. V."

The signature was peculiar, and the writing, Ralph said, was Valriques'. I began to feel somewhat uncanny myself, and did not like the idea of being left there while Ralph went after the unknown, but swallowed my fears as best I could. In a few minutes Lovell finished the letter, addressed "Mme. Isabel, No. 36, Hotel —," and gave it to Ralph, who, glancing at the address, started off. The medium put the artist into his trance, and then seemed to doze himself; while I, unable to control or conceal my nervousness, walked restless-

ly to and fro. In less than half an hour, I heard a carriage drive up, saw Ralph step out, and then assist a lady to alight, who slowly followed him up the steps. She shivered as she entered the parlor, and, though she wore a heavy black veil, her ghastly pallor was visible even through its heavy folds. As she entered, the artist began to draw, and I watched him, fascinated by what grew beneath his fingers. As soon as the lady drew near the table, she trembled violently, and in broken tones gasped out: "Pardon—pardon! For the love you once bore me, have pity!" I noticed that her eyes were turned in the same direction as those of the artist, and she never once moved them; she seemed spell-bound. There was silence; though her lips moved, no sound came forth, and she clasped her hands in mute entreaty. We could hear nothing, but it was evident, from the expression of their faces, that both she and the medium were listening intently. He afterward said, that, although he could hear what was spoken, he could not understand it, and the language was probably Spanish, as were her answers, which, as Ralph and I knew the language, we could understand. After awhile, she said fervently, "I swear it, José," and, sinking on her knees, repeated an emphatic formula; then arose, and gazed and listened as before. Again, after another pause, she said the same, only adding, as she rose from her knees, "Spare me, José; for heaven's sake, spare me! I will do as you say; but O, have mercy on me!" A third time she swore, and piteously asked, "Must I look?—is not this enough?" Then, evidently obeying some command, she walked up to the artist, and glanced over his shoulder. The pencil had just dropped from his hand; as she looked, a suppressed moan broke from her, and she fell heavily forward. We raised her, and called for Millicent. Ralph, hastily concealing the picture, bade the medium

awake the artist, and, imploring them to say nothing, begged them to go back to the hotel and wait for him.

As soon as they were gone, he and I examined the portrait. It is by me now. Poor lady! I do not wonder at the shock it gave her. I have never shown it but to two persons, and it affected them so painfully that I keep it carefully hidden. It is the face and figure of a man about fifty; but the expression—imagine the head of horror by Angelo, with a living human soul in the eyes, in which glow hatred and wrath. The vest and shirt are torn open, and one hand rests on a wound in the breast, while the other points at the looker-on. That picture haunted me for days. As Ralph would not take it, and it seemed best not to destroy it, I kept it. In horror it surpasses his, though the faces are the same; but in mine one almost hears the curses, which, from the glare of those intolerable eyes, the mouth must be uttering.

While Millicent attended on the lady, Ralph told me, that, knowing the hotel, he went directly to the room, knocked, and she opened the door.

"She is beautiful, Harry; but whatever this terrible secret may be, it is slowly killing her. I never saw greater anguish in any eyes than in hers as she saw the address. She bade me enter, read the letter through, then, with a heart-broken sigh, passed into an adjoining room, and in a few minutes returned, ready to accompany me. In utter silence we were driven here. I wish we were out of this horrid business, though I don't see but that I must bear the burden of it for years yet."

As he finished, the lady entered. In a low voice she spoke these words: "I am no longer needed, and would like to go back." Followed by us, she re-entered the carriage, and in silence the drive was taken. Ralph and I went to my room, and there met the medium and

artist, who promised silence, and have kept their word I know. Then, too excited for sleep or work, we talked and wondered what this all meant. We entirely forgot that Millicent and her daughter were left alone, and did not think about them until the next morning, when, before going to business, we stopped at the house. We found that everything had been quiet the night before, so apparently the troubled spirit was at rest. They were only too thankful to leave the house, and the large sum Ralph paid them for their services would have insured their silence, even if there had not been the love and reverence for Ralph's family which made them discreet.

That day Ralph received a bundle, containing \$20,000 of the \$60,000 given to Valriques, and a note:

"I leave to-day. I will observe my vows as faithfully as you will, I know, your promises. I. V."

"'I. V.'—do you suppose that stands for Isabel Valriques, and that she was his wife? Where did she go?" I asked, in the evening, when he showed it to me.

"She was known at the hotel as Mme. Dubois, and under that name sailed for Havre. But, Harry, this affair has completely upset me; I have lost my powers of judging as to what I should do. I do not know that Valriques was murdered, though the presumption is great. Sometimes, for years, I have neither seen nor heard from him. He lived abroad, and must have had property there, for often two years have gone by without his drawing on me for funds. Would you stir in this matter, or would you do as he asked—shut up No. 119, and wait for 1873? He may have had relatives—I do not know about that; but all his property here is in my hands, and I have full control over it. What would you do?"

"'Tis an ugly business, Ralph, for two sober lawyers to start the rumor that there has been a murder, on the strength of a spiritual sitting. By the way, though

Millicent thinks that something is wrong, she doubtless puts it down to the fact of Valriques being an outlandish foreigner. The medium does not understand Spanish; neither he nor the artist saw the picture; so only I. V., you, and I, know anything, and we very little. If Valriques is dead, we can do him no good. If that was his spirit, evidently he forced that poor woman to swear to do what he wanted, and I think the best thing we can do is, if possible, to dismiss the whole subject from our minds."

"You forget I have that accursed will! Well, if anything happens to me before the ten years are gone, you must take charge of that. For fear we may both die, I will to-morrow put it in an envelope directed to my executors, with instructions, but never will I have anything to do with a new Cuban client. Will you go with me to lock up that house, and leave it to the mice and roaches for the next ten years? I will never go near it again, nor let any one step inside of it, if I can help myself, until the rightful heir takes possession."

We found No. 119 deserted. Millicent had left everything in perfect order. We went all over the house to examine the fastenings, and I felt all the while as though an unseen third person went with us. It was with a feeling of relief that we closed and locked the front door after us, and left the house unoccupied, save by the poor ghost.

No. 119 is in the centre of one of the best blocks of comfortable though not "extra-fine" houses in the upper part of the city, and for a year or two Ralph had to refuse many applications for permission to examine it, with a view either of buying or renting. The neighbors at first wondered at its deserted condition, but considered it some freak of a crazy Cuban. After some years, however, it began to be whispered that there was something the matter with the house, and that its neglected state injured oth-

er houses, besides rendering No. 119 less valuable. To all objections, Ralph always answered that his instructions were explicit to leave it just so until his client should say otherwise. There are many, who, if I should give the name of the street, would remember how, when passing through, they have wondered why so nice a house should be left to go to ruin.

And so the years went by. We often spoke of the affair, and wondered if time would ever solve the mystery. Once the police had notice that a burglar had entered No. 119, but when they reached it he had fled with such precipitation as to leave the door open. Whatever he had encountered in the house was evidently more to be dreaded than cold, exposure, and danger outside.

Last December, just before Christmas, I had a letter from Ralph (we are now on the shady side of life), asking me to be at his office at two o'clock that afternoon. I went a few minutes before the time appointed, and found him surrounded by a number of papers. Seeing a packet, from idle curiosity I lifted it, and again felt a thrill, when, as I turned it over, the eyes of José Valriques met mine.

"Well, Harry, the same old affair. Yesterday I had a note informing me that Mr. José Valriques would be here at two o'clock P.M. to-day, if convenient to me, to receive his father's will, which he had understood from his mother was in my possession. Ah, here he is!"

There was a knock at the door. We were in Ralph's private room. At his call, "Come in!" a clerk entered with a card—"José Valriques."

"Show the gentleman in," said Ralph, impatiently, and with ill-concealed eagerness we looked at the incomer. He bore no trace of resemblance to the portrait was tall, slight, and effeminate-looking. Ralph greeted him cordially, and the

young man handed him a packet, saying, "From my mother." Then, as Ralph began reading the inclosures, he turned to me, and we talked desultorily for a few minutes; when Ralph, addressing him, said:

"Your mother incloses the certificates of her marriage and of your birth; also, her own will, assigning all her claim in her husband's property to you. In addition, she sends me a letter, referring to a house, No. 119 in — Street, which..."

"Yes," broke in the young man, eagerly, "here is a request of hers which I agreed to before I came away, and she went into the convent" [here we looked at each other]; "a request which I hope you will not gainsay." Taking a paper from his pocket-book, he read:

"I beg, implore, and direct my dear son, José Valriques, as he loves and reveres my memory, to promise to resign to Ralph Fraser, the esteemed friend of my late husband, José Valriques, the house and lot No. 119 — Street, with everything there is in it. Also, to give me his solemn promise never to go to said house, but to let it be to him as though it had never been part of the property left by his father.

"ISABEL VALRIQUES."

"I hereby promise to fulfill my mother's wishes in every particular.

JOSE VALRIQUES."

There was a pause, and I looked at Ralph, wondering what he would do. After a few minutes' silence, he said:

"I am much perplexed what to say, Mr. Valriques. I do not like to accept such a gift, and... But stay—if you will let the matter rest for the present, I will take time to make my decision. Now, if you please, I would like you to examine these accounts, and see that everything is correct, before I resign the papers. I will first open your father's will, for I suppose your mother..."

"My mother is dead," said the young man, sadly. "I am entirely alone in the world."

"Dead!" echoed Ralph. "I understood you to say she went into a convent?"

"Yes, she did, last November; but in June of this year she died. Mr. Fraser, I look to you to tell me of my father, how and when he died, and why, from the time my mother came back from this country ten years ago, we have lived so secluded—nay, hidden, I must say—and why, also, my mother forbade my ever mentioning my father's name to her, and carefully destroyed every paper, except these few I have here? Were they unhappy together? I never remember seeing my father but twice, and at wide intervals."

Ralph was utterly unprepared for this appeal. He hesitated a moment, before he answered:

"Your mother I never saw but once, just before she left here, and until then never knew that your father was married, though I had been his lawyer for many years. He lived abroad, and my personal knowledge of his affairs, other than business, was so slight, that, upon all the points upon which you desire information, I am entirely ignorant."

The young man sighed; then said, "I am ready to hear the will, Mr. Fraser, whenever it is your pleasure to read it."

Ralph first read the indorsements; then breaking the seal, threw, agreeably to the direction, the inclosure into the fire without opening it. It was much more voluminous than the will, and I am free to confess my curiosity was great. I would have liked to have drawn it out and read the contents. The will was short, leaving everything he possessed to his wife, Isabel Valriques; after her death, to his son, José Valriques, born at Paris, May 21st, 1852; with the direction that the managing and investing of the estate be left in the hands of Ralph, if he would keep it, or in the hands of any one whom he should recommend.

After hearing the will, Mr. Valriques asked Ralph if he would attend to the

necessary formalities, and also if he would be so kind as to keep charge of his affairs. On Ralph's assenting, he immediately took leave. When he was fairly gone, I said, eagerly:

"Well, there is no hope now of the mystery being solved. What will you do with your gift?"

"'Tis a strange business. But listen, Harry, to her letter:"

"DEAR MR. FRASER:—I am lying on my death-bed, and beg you will regard these words as those of one already beyond the reach of this world's censure. May I beg of you to watch over my son, and also to take from him the fatal house in — Street. I am not as guilty as you deem me, but ah! criminal enough, and I would never have my innocent boy enter that house, nor breathe a breath of its polluted air, nor ever own or handle a single article in it. Do not refuse to take it, even if you raze the house to the ground. Thanks for the forbearance shown toward a suffering woman.

"ISABEL VALRIQUES."

"Well, Harry?"

"I think there was some crime committed there, but that we shall never know. What will you do with the house?"

"I can not take a bribe for failing to denounce a murder. I shall put it in order, try to sell it, and add the proceeds to Valriques' money. But go with me there, now."

I agreed, and we started on our visit. The house presented a forlorn appearance, more noticeable from its being the only shabby one in a fine block. The glass of some of the windows was broken, one or two blinds were hanging by one hinge, the paint stained, the whole aspect of it dreary. The key grated in the lock, and the door was opened with difficulty. As soon as we stepped inside, there came over me the faintness produced by bad air and decay. We hurriedly entered the parlor, and, opening a window, gazed silently at the deserted room. The dust had gathered thickly on the once bright furniture, the pictures, and the bronzes. Everywhere we went the, same dreary atmos-

phere accompanied us. After we had been all over the house in silence—it seemed impossible to speak—we came back to the parlor, and for the first time Ralph spoke.

“I shall send to — to-morrow, ask him to take everything there is here to his auction-room, and sell it for what it will bring. After that I shall have workmen put the house in order, paint, paper, and repair; then try to sell it.”

“Shall you dispose of all the pictures?”

“Yes, everything. I would not own a pin that had been here; and—as I said ten years ago, though I have had to break my word—I shall never, if I can help it, see the place again. An evil atmosphere clings to it. Come, Harry, let us go.”

Ralph did as he had said. By the

end of January, the house was ready for occupancy, and, though it is in the hands of agents, who have put a bill on it to attract attention—though the neighborhood is unexceptionable, and the house itself a nice one—yet up to to-day, when I passed by it, no one, though many have applied for permits to examine it, has ever returned to make an offer. Although Ralph stands prepared to sell it under the market price, No. 119 now, at the middle of March, remains deserted. Evidently, all who enter it are affected unpleasantly by the “evil atmosphere,” and I fear that the mystery and the house will still for many a year wear on Ralph Fraser’s mind. I only know that after that afternoon’s visit, nothing would induce me to enter it again, nor would I take it as a gift. Still I wonder what is the story connected with that fatal parlor.

WHITE AS WOOL.

“SHE is my husband’s niece—not my daughter, as you supposed, though I do not wonder at the mistake. Her existence, a dire misfortune of itself to some, has proved a blessing to us. We love her as though she were our own.”

“‘Misfortune to some.’ What do you mean?” asked my old friend.

“It is a long story. Shall I tell it?”

“By all means,” she replied.

“It all happened ten years ago. I had been sick for several months, when one morning, as I lay feeling weak and quite ill after a bad night, my husband said that there was something unaccountable in the manner of my nurse. Men of action are not given to lay much stress upon ‘impressions;’ in fact, only women and idealists give heed to the intangible stuff revealed by the lightning collision of one soul with another, and, in

my astonishment at the dawning spirituality in so unlooked-for a quarter, I involuntarily said, ‘There must be something in it, if he, who sees so little, says so.’ The nurse had just come that morning, and, for the first moment after my husband’s remark, I felt that if our family physician had less of a mania for the immediate employment of needy nurses, he would be quite as satisfactory as a doctor, and much more agreeable as a man. With that thought as a beginning, others fully as disagreeable followed fast enough. My mood became decidedly morbid and censorious. A nurse bristling with offensive peculiarities had been introduced into my household by one of a fraternity which, at best, was composed of experimentalists. Grievances, and many of them, had I borne from their hands, and this last offense was too much. Doctors were failures,

mine especially so. At this climax of feeling, the nurse was again brought to my attention by a casual reference. Nurses have always struck me as an order of beings quite distinct from any other, and one thing that distinguishes them as a class is their ability to reflect by their manner the temporary condition of the patient. What expressive walks; what volumes in the mere handling of knife and fork; what uproarious though voiceless boisterousness, in the event of twins; what demurely modulated sadness, in case of an underweight! However, all this was not in my mind at that time, but an ungraceful image of angels, conjured up by my husband's expression, and endowed with all the professional idiosyncrasies which had come under my observation. In sheer wantonness of vexation, I had so fast and furiously molded this creature into shape, that, full formed and of grotesquely deformed proportions, she sprung into a palpable creation, so visible, that an ogre with red eyes, armed with a bottle and teaspoon, hanging over my bedside, could not have seemed more real, or more hateful, than this sick-brained phantasm, which, however, vanished in a suffusion of shame, as the real woman entered my room for the first time on her return from breakfast; when my severe inspection, if more thorough than lady-like, was at least satisfactory, as far as outward appearance went. Neat and well clothed, she impressed me as a person quite above the level of her class, and possessed of a voice too well modulated to belong to any one wholly uneducated. It was about the first time my husband had ventilated an undigested fancy for my benefit. I had listened and been humiliated. Hereafter the opinions of others, be they of kin or stranger, would be entertained with a frigid indifference bordering on inhospitality.

"The day passed more than satisfactorily. After making me comfortable

for the night, the nurse took from her satchel a brown flannel wrapper, and, enrobed within it, stretched herself on the lounge, which was to be her bed for the night, or such part of the night as I should permit her to rest undisturbed. I could not sleep. The sound of subdued, but constant nestling, revealed the fact that my nurse had nerves. How she came to have them, why a person of sensibility should have chosen a soul-harrowing profession, how long the nestling would continue, were questions feebly agitating me; when suddenly, and with an outrageous disregard as to time and place, she said:

"'Mr. Dean had two sisters, named Margaret and Mary.'

"You well know my husband's name is Hiram Dean. Startled into perfect wakefulness by this astounding observation, I gathered my faculties, and said, 'Yes,' although a reply seemed unnecessary, since she spoke in the sententious manner of one who held clear and established knowledge of facts. My husband's remark of the morning came back with some force, and, by a gentle stirring of the tinder-like material of my temper, I got myself into quite a fever. You will, of course, say there was nothing to be miserable about; but, unhappily, there was, as you will soon see. In early youth, I had met with the intolerable misfortune of a marriage with the favorite son of a nowise merciful family. I had not come up to the requirements of the Deans. I had lived and drooped under the shade of a sincere and ill-concealed disapproval. To charges of ingratitude, and others of a similar kind, I had not submitted gracefully. There was bad blood in the Dean family, but distributed through various and widely-separated branches, it generally amounted to nothing more than infirmity of temper, dislike of the truth, and minor imperfections, such as humanity at large will, if honest, plead guilty

to; but in about every second generation, the ancestral taint would seem to call in its wandering forces, and concentrate into one grandly wicked unit, and, to compensate for this malignant diablerie, a ravishing beauty was bestowed on the victim. Hence, beauty to the Deans had lost its heavenly significance.

"In rare perfection the tranquil, white beauty of Mary Dean grew and unfolded, day by day—no golden opulence, to hint that youth was at its full; but ever as a new grace put forth a challenging leaf, another, that was hid beneath, obtruded an edge, suggestive of others still to bloom. This century plant—stately in the face of heaven, rooted in the lowly earth of dead men's bones—was my husband's sister. In childhood, she had sat apart, too great in native wickedness to find common amusement in the death of insects or torture of animals. Even in babyhood, her depravity was of an ambitious kind, and stooped to the wounding of nothing below her kind. As she grew older, by interpositions and untruths, she made my life intolerable. She forced me to an open rupture with the whole family. I induced my husband to quit the scene of so much misery, and try the chances for peace and fortune elsewhere.

"Thousands of miles from them all, our trouble had settled into an unpleasant memory, only to be revived and shocked at the end of a few years by a new disgrace. Mary, in the darkness of an autumn night, had disappeared in the company of a married man. Since then nothing had ever been heard of either of them. This digression will explain to you why my feeling was aggravated by the nurse's remark, and why, under any circumstances, Mr. Dean's sisters could never be pleasant subjects of conversation. Expectant, I listened, thinking every moment that an explanation would follow, some questions be asked,

or some clue given me, by which I might know just how far the family dishonor had traveled. Nothing more was said. The nurse dropped to sleep; and so did I, after a length of time.

"As Mrs. Grimes—for that was the name she was called by—placed my tea and toast within reach on the following morning, she turned to Mr. Dean, and rather pointedly asked:

"Are you a descendant of old John Dean, of Connecticut?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," answered she. "I once lived in that State. I see a family likeness. I remember your sister. Mary quite distinctly. Do you know where she is now?"

"After being answered in the negative, she came back into the world of her duties, much to my relief, for the subject touched upon was too delicate for indiscriminate handling. How much she knew, how much she could or would tell, we did not choose to ask. Thinking the old adage of 'least said soonest mended' was to our purpose, we adopted it, and the matter was never referred to again by either of us. We felt there was safety in keeping and liking her, if possible. At the end of a week, we had made up our minds in regard to her. She had none of those perverse personal habits which, however inoffensive to the healthy, are to sick people inexpressibly distracting. Her hand was not soft, yet, smooth and firm in its texture, it waylaid and dissipated pain, by a gentle and benign effectiveness. A perfect understanding of her profession and its responsibilities, combined with real womanly qualities, made her to me a companion, no less than nurse. I give these details, that you may see that we could not be otherwise than satisfied with her. In fact, so well pleased were we, that her services were engaged for the remainder of the winter. The doctor encouraged the

scheme, hinting that I could scarcely expect a full return of health before the opening of the spring. Whether this was a design of that gentle soul's for the benefit and well-being of the nurse, or for his patient's, never transpired.

"Time passed on wearily enough, but not altogether unpleasantly, for I was getting well. My nurse had now been with me about three months. One morning, as she was drawing my chair toward the sunny window, the servant opened the door and handed her a telegraphic dispatch. Perceptibly shocked, the poor woman left me in the middle of the floor, helplessly bound in blankets and flannels, but as keenly engaged with her agitation and confusion as she was with her telegram. What an expressive face, and well worth study. Radiant with joy, she sat down at the foot of the bed, leaning over, and fell into a quiet, heart-easing fit of weeping, which lasted for a short time only. She arose and came to me with a face transfigured and tear-stained.

"'Dear Mrs. Dean,' said she, 'my children are found.'

"'Children!' said I, piqued that I had not gained her confidence. 'When did you lose them?'

"'O, years and years ago—an eternity it seems to me,' she answered.

"'Have you had trouble in finding them?'

"'Trouble! ask you? Where have I not been?—what have I not done? There is scarcely a school in the land that I have not visited. I should know them among ten thousand; but all my efforts have been in vain, until now the chief of police telegraphs that they will be here to-night. What shall I do with them?—where shall I go? Joy has deprived me of my senses. Help me, dear madam, with your advice.'

"'My good woman, you forget that this is all a mystery to me, and that,

without knowing positively, I thought you were a childless widow. It is impossible to give advice on a matter of which one is wholly ignorant.'

"'Forgive me,' said she, 'for not giving you my history. Mine is a story that can not be told—too sad for human ear; too horrible for tongue to relate—I have dumbly kept it secure within my own breast. Six years ago I had a home, a husband, and children. My husband—a man of some note—had imbibed in the army a taste for an exaggerated style of living, which could not be gratified in our country village. Lost to manhood, the dreadful cruelty of his nature deprived me . . . Dear madam, forgive me—I can not go on. Having been left penniless, I settled upon my present vocation, as one affording opportunities for prosecuting my search. I have lived in many cities, and the changes have been made with but one purpose. I have found my children; and he—instead of pouring scorn upon him living, from my eyes have rained the most sorrowing tears of my life—tears over the lost, dishonored life of the one man whom I have loved. He is dead. I shall once again have my children; and I forgive him.'

"Seeing that she had suffered intensely, I did not ask the particulars of the misfortunes that had attended her, but gave her permission to bring her children to my house for a few days, until she could make a permanent arrangement for their settlement and comfort. At four o'clock precisely there was a great excitement in the hall. The sound of children's pattering feet and children's voices, mingled with a woman's sobs, came faintly to my room; the bumping of a trunk on the stairs; then silence. In her own room, the moment had arrived when this mother could take to her breast each wanderer—blessing God that Hope, grown dim on the long track of her woes, had again arisen as a shin-

ing star in heaven—and resume again the sacred trust so rudely torn from her, in a love enlarged a thousand-fold by experiences more bitter than death, and, like death, fruitful of glorious resurrections.

“Mrs. Grimes had left my room at three o’clock, and did not return until near six. Traces of weeping were still on her face. Tossed and stirred by this dramatic passage in her frozen life, she still showed evidences of a conflict. What had the few hours unfolded? Had she heard tales of suffering and neglect, of hurried flights from one place to another, of changing names, and the stealthy advance of slaying poverty; of vacant and cheerless days, and of nights when, infolded in each other’s arms, their baby lips could whisper of the times gone, when all the world was in bloom; and of the evenings, when sleep visited their pillows blessed by a mother’s prayers? Had the mother’s memory kept them company through the years, while another had occupied her place in their father’s heart? And repentance—had it come with death? Did the great revealer work no change ere his final touch? Did no thought of home disturb the parting soul? Was there some farewell word?—ah! who shall say?—or was there a new sorrow added to her lot: something of which she could not speak; something that must be borne with the high resolve of a just soul, unheeding the mortal cries of outraged maternity? Anon it will be seen that heroines are not a fabulous race, but more common in our midst than we think; and that all along the line of the ages, motherhood has furnished themes for grander epics than the purple-hued courage of man, with its mailed and bannered train of loud darings.

“She came to ask some necessary questions, and announce her plans for the future. She would, she said, rent a

small house of a few rooms; send East for an unmarried sister, whose duty would be to keep the children together, and take care of them out of school-hours; and she would continue her business, which was remunerative, and, in providing a home for her sister and children, she would be making a retreat for the days or weeks when she felt inclined for rest. I approved the plan, joying in the bravery of a fellow-woman, who, by nerve and fortitude, had not only made herself a successful nurse, but who resolutely assumed the entire charge of her children.

“In the evening, she brought them to my room, at my request. The eldest—a girl of about fourteen, well-grown, womanly-looking, but awkward—led by the hand a little girl; two boys, of about twelve and nine, followed. They were neither good nor bad looking children; common in appearance, certainly, but theirs was an uncommon fate, evidently. The poor tatters of motherless children are sorry sights enough to tender hearts. In this instance, some untutored hand had tried to make their garments whole, which but added to and strengthened the unfed effect of the group. The little girl, who appeared oldly-young, so small and weird was she, never moved her eyes from Mrs. Grimes. Something like the wildness of a new despair was in their dark and unnatural brilliancy. We fancy that despair is reserved for maturity. I saw its grandest type in this young child. Clinging to her sister with passionate clasp, with feet drawn up under her chair, the thin cotton dress disclosing the sharp angles of meagre limbs, the long pale face lit up by eyes that seemed to see with horror an on-coming wave of destruction which she was powerless to escape—she looked to me a fiery lesson of flesh and blood, permitted to the earth for the instruction of man; for when a young child despairs, God should scourge

His world with a swift hand. I thought, too, as I looked at the mother, that she regarded this trembling waif strangely. Tender glances, accompanied by smiles, were for the elder ones; and this was not as it should be, for the youngest and most helpless ever claims the warmest spot in the true mother's heart. Perhaps the arrested growth, the pinched, gray look of the child, were keen notetrumpeters of miseries past—of child-sufferings too sore to be looked upon with dry eyes. Perhaps...

"Next day they moved into a small house, already furnished, where Mrs. Grimes would remain until the arrival of her sister.

"Two years passed away. With my mother-in-law's death the family feud had expired. Poor father Dean was too aged and simple to remember the shortcomings of the interloper into his household. Margaret had married, and, in her own cares and struggles, found little time to indulge in the bitter criticisms characteristic of her youth. I had regained my health, my husband was prosperous and kind, and the world looked brighter than in our early married life. A drizzly-wet evening—one of those evenings which our neutral climate knows so well how to tag on to the dark days of winter—set in, more gloomy than usual. Something had gone wrong with my husband, and I was not too amiable in the beginning, but at length the general and continued depression gave a rebound to my spirits, and I determined to make the best of it. A gladdening hearth, a soft light falling on an interesting page, and something brewing over the fire, had united to put us each in a happier frame of mind. Toasting our toes over the edge of the grate, listening placidly to the sound of wind and rain, we had fallen into that dreamy state of creature comfort, from which we viewed with equanimity, if not with absolute fortitude, the sufferings of our homeless fellows, when

a sharp ring of the door-bell startled us out of reverie into wondering who could be our visitor on such a night. Our curiosity was soon relieved by the entrance of a half-grown boy, soaked and dripping, in a little skull-cap which provokingly resisted all his efforts at removal in doing the polite thing in the way of a bow. His errand was soon made known. Mrs. Grimes, he said, wanted to see us immediately at her house. So completely had time and changes obscured my remembrance of Mrs. Grimes, that some moments elapsed before I could recall her, which I did soon, however, only to question what meant the hasty summons.

"In a few weeks after she left me, I was able to creep lazily for a block or two on the sunny side of the street, and once ventured as far as her house. Mrs. Grimes was on duty. I saw no one but the maiden sister, who told me that the children had been clothed, and were at school, and that soon they were to move into another house. Since then I had lost sight of them entirely. It was not an easy matter to get my husband started out in such a night. Nothing short of a dire calamity, he said, would justify the impertinence of dragging a man from his home in a miserable rain-storm; and calamity it was not, as we had assured ourselves from the boy. Husbands—and wives, too, for that matter—sometimes grumble vastly at being obliged to do things, which they set about immediately and perform with an alacrity commensurate with the amount of grumbling. The vituperative language directed against the unreasoning portion of humanity, with a few obscure hints as to his intentions, should he ever meet a certain person face to face, all ended in a cheerful zeal on my husband's part to start for Mrs. Grimes' house as soon as possible.

"It was not an ill-looking house on the outside, and the hall opened brightly

and cheerfully. Mrs. Grimes met us at the door.

“‘Mr. Dean,’ said she, ‘this is none of my doing. Your sister Mary is here; it was she who sent for you. Come into the drawing-room.’

“‘Give me a little time,’ said Hiram Dean.

“‘Certainly,’ returned Mrs. Grimes. ‘Stay here till you are quite prepared to meet her.’

“Thrilled with the unfolding of a mystery, I awaited results. I was living in a novel. The repentant sinner was on her death-bed, begging breath of the unwilling air, delay from the hurrying spirit, that she might, at the feet of the traditionally respectable part of the family, lay down the burden of her anxious being in the smile of their forgiveness. My husband strode up and down the hall. He breathed heavily, and shivered now and then. He was struggling to master the great fact of the brotherhood of man—of saint and sinner. He was trying to find it in his heart to forgive. Yes, he had attained the upper air of a Christian! He would take his sister’s hand in his, and consign her to their angel mother. Vain imaginings! I opened the door. We stepped inside. Mary Dean arose, and, with extended hand, came forward to meet us. The golden brightness of her hair was as yet untarnished by time. The sunny waves rolled back from a fair face whose chiefest charm were eyes of heavenly blue—whose cerulean depths might serve innocence for a dwelling-place—unchanged, save in the magnificence of her apparel. We greeted her as best we could.

“‘Brother Hiram,’ said she, ‘do you see this child?’—laying her hand upon the arm of the little girl, whom we had supposed was Mrs. Grimes’ own. ‘She is mine.’

“‘Great God! Mary,’ was the wild exclamation.

“‘Yes; and I now desire to make

some permanent arrangement and provision for her.’

“‘Mary, do not go on with this dreadful thing. It can not be true.’

“‘O, yes; quite true,’ she replied; ‘and can be very well arranged, if you will dry up your fountains of woe, and listen to me.’

“‘Go on. I will hear you.’

“‘I left the child to the care of her sister, whom she has always preferred before me. I have not loved her very deeply. I have no confessions to make. I have managed remarkably well, considering my early mistakes. I was married about six weeks ago, to a good, religious man. I have become a member of his church. A knowledge of the existence of this child might impair my usefulness. Hence, prudence warns me to use some discretion. Will you adopt her?’

“‘A long time he considered the question. It was a rash thing to do, and a more rash not to do. The poor child, cowering and pallid, was very unlike the mother at her age, as we remembered her. She was of golden and delicate coloring—free, frank, and unshrinking in manner. Plain and simple, hope whispered that the little girl might not have inherited the Dean curse, and might be a blessing to our childless house. Should he refuse to take her, what fatal disasters might follow—no less than a dreadful exposure at any time, which would involve and cover with odium the entire family.

“‘Mary,’ said he, at last, ‘if you will swear to me that you will be honest, true, and a good woman for the rest of your life, I will take the poor child, and love and care for her as my own.’

“‘Have I not just told you that I have joined the church? I have the reputation of being a good woman. I shall retain that reputation—make your mind easy on that score. However, I will give the promise.’

“Well satisfied at the termination of prayer; and, though pure of heart and affairs, the fortunate wife of a rich man made a money provision for her child, departed in peace, and is now gently floating heavenward in the sweet odor of sanctity; while the woman whom she made husbandless nurses the sick, toils, gathers comfort from the love of her children, is low-voiced in the house of

life, and of many charities, yet is of little consequence in a world where good deeds are made known only by the blare of trumpets.

“The little thin girl, who indirectly has been the theme of my story, grew into the lovely maiden whom you saw, and of whom we are very proud.”

HARVEST.

All day we set the sheaves in shining rows,
 And capping them, hung fringes of dull gold
 About their heavy brows; and at the close
 Watched the wood-shadows their dark wings unfold,
 Hovering them, and said: So may *we* rest
 In covert of soft plumage, happy when
 From the blue east, lit by her silvery crest,
 Tender as south-winds in the blossomy glen,
 Peace comes again.

But what of those slain lilies, whose best yield
 Was the faint perfume clinging to our hands
 As went we up and down the sun-swept field,
 Twisting them heedless in the wheaten bands?
 Their wealth was safe in unseen garner stored;
 To subtle essence changed, they gained their quest.
 Said we: If immortality so sweet reward
 Service of sacrifice, then are we blest
 Losing life's best.

For so did reapers slay our hopes' high blooms,
 Reckless of tears and pleading, till they lay
 Languishing, smothered 'mong the dusty glumes,
 When the swift binders blithely passed that way
 And glancing on them, pitied—and so caught
 Sweets that will linger with them eyermore.
 Thus hath experience fragrant memories brought
 Into our hearts, making for us rich store
 Of harvest lore.

Then homeward going by the bridge that spanned
 The elmy stream, faint, after toil and heat,
 The mist-wraith soothed us with her delicate hand
 Cool on our brows; and dewy to our feet
 The red-tops' ragged plumelets lightly bent
 In welcome; and red robins kept the door.
 We said: “They are good signs to us”—and went
 In 'neath the woodbine shadowing the floor,
 Happy once more.

SONS OF FORTUNE.

THE adventurer, as commonly understood, is well named—so well that he must have presided at his own christening. He has sovereign faith in arriving at, instead of achieving results. To his own sanguine and eccentric mind he seems fore-ordained to Fortune's favors; and his conduct converges to the idea of his destiny. His hypothesis is as false as his etymology is correct; and on its falseness he rears stately plans which can not help but fail from the nature of their foundation.

In the new mythology, the adventurer would be the love-child of Mercury, born from the embraces of a golden cloud. His crafty father would incite him to triumph, and his airy mother would comfort him in adversity. He would perform the labors of Hercules by deputy, and the heroisms of Perseus by adroitness. In the division of the globe, he would reserve to himself the fairest kingdoms, and touch the heavens with the finger of his fancy.

The most hopeful and elastic of mortals, he sees the sun behind the blackest clouds, and the hovering halcyon amid the wildest bursts of the storm. His mind is disordered by excess of expectation, as his moral code is from a lack of conscientiousness. Of the three divisions of time he regards only the future. What he may have accomplished acts but as a spur; what he possesses grows tame by tangibility. The outlying is his domain; the unreached is his province. Born to great things, in his own estimation, he is inclined to overlook such trifles as the feelings and the rights of others, when they are obstacles to his advancement. He is not at all malignant, nor is he primarily un-

just. He merely wants his own—meaning all he can get—and they who are overridden in the execution of his purpose, he considers simply unfortunate, as if they had fallen across the path of the elements. His aim is the assurance of distinction, the prosperity of his enterprise, whatever it may be. Between his glance at the target and hitting the white, the intermediate issues are of little consequence, and external claims hardly to be reckoned.

There are high adventurers also. All progressive and reformatory spirits, all large and catholic characters, and all philosophers and heroes, have in them some dash of the adventurer, but are kept in wholesome restraint by considerations beyond themselves—by ends of general significance. Some of the most distinguished personages of history—some whom the ages have embalmed—have been adventurers; but grand and stable success baptized them anew. When they passed beneath the arch of victory, they were habited in purple, and hailed as Cæsar; and those wont to name them with irreverence were awed to silence. They are adventurers while arranging their campaign, moving against the foe, contending in the field. Triumph on their crests exalts their stature, and bestows more honored titles. Then the line of their march is strewed with flowers, and so thickly, too, that its unclean places are hidden from sight.

The greatest of the ancients and the greatest of the moderns—Julius Cæsar and Napoléon Bonaparte—were adventurers; but such splendid ones that they have been ranked as demi-gods. They had the rarest genius, the strongest magnetism, the finest insight. They

were such kings of men, such princes of performance, as neither crowns nor lineage could affect. Still, they toiled tremendously, as though they were not in the slightest creditors of Nature, and by earnestness and honesty of work signalized themselves from the vulgar herd, who imagine reputation an over-ripe fruit which a little shaking will bring to their feet.

Adventure is the resolute reaching forth for the possible—the serious effort to winnow from the common harvest of opportunity the best grain of advantage. Who makes it not must be without pride or ambition—content to stagnate, serene amid self-retrogradation. Nothing risk, nothing gain, is an axiom of conduct incapable of exciting to exertion the conventional class that covets as a decoration the mold of conservatism. The mere name, adventurer—to such an extent is the world governed by terms—has deterred men of more than average stuff from laudable undertakings. Often it is the badge mediocrity and envy put upon their superiors to shame ambition, or belittle achievement; and they hold it to the spot until success is written under it. Then they shout with the rest, seeking to compensate for former gibes and detraction by servile adulation and sycophancy. It is noble to be an adventurer, if one's aim be worthy, and the means to reach it estimable; though when they are, their maker and adopter is labeled differently. The world is no stickler for the morals of its leaders or its chieftains. It does not judge them by the decalogue, nor try them by common canons. In the glory of their present, it forgets the errors of their past; in the assurance of success, it is lenient to the method of their grasping. Narrowly censorious and critical before prosperity, it is too forgiving and charitable after it. It exceeds the meanest cur in its behavior—yelping at the heels of the dusty wayfarer, and cringing to

the wheels of the chariot he has had the strength to mount. The travel-stained pedestrian is the adventurer, the laureled driver of the chariot is the hero. They are the same; but the change of position has changed the face of the man, as the mass sees it, and added to his height by the difference of the wheels.

Columbus was an adventurer, until, braving unknown seas and unnumbered dangers, he discovered a New World. Luther was an adventurer, until he defied the power of Rome and the thunders of the Vatican to liberate human faith from its heaviest swathings of superstition. Copernicus was an adventurer, until twenty-five years of study proved the truth of his astronomical assumptions. Cromwell was an adventurer, until he struck down the royal standard, and shattered the divine right of kings. Shakspeare was an adventurer, until mankind turned to his page to trace its mystery in music. Beethoven was an adventurer, until, measuring the heights of aspiration and the depths of passion, he reproduced them in magic numbers. Who cared for—who detected aught beyond the common in the son of the Genoese cloth-weaver? Who suspected, in the boy singing for bread from house to house, or in the drudging Augustine monk, the leader of the Reformation? Who recognized in the medical student of Cracow the genius destined to subvert the Ptolemaic system? Who would have predicted that the dissolute student of Sidney-Sussex College should become the Protector of the English Commonwealth? Who could have seen in the careless poacher and indifferent player the creator of "Hamlet" and "Othello?" Who felt in the presence of the tenor-singer of Bonn the effluence of the soul that was to mirror itself in deathless symphonies?

Had the greatness of those adventurers been foretold, with what derision

the prophecy would have been met! Now the world marvels at their struggles, at their long-delayed appreciation, for it can discover without difficulty what everybody knows. In the common judgment, greatness is computed by consequence, and the mighty force of circumstance unheeded. Who walks to power over the open highway is assigned to the Valhalla. Who has clutched it at the summit of perpendicular steeps, and lost his hold through exhaustion, is dispatched to the limbo of fools.

Louis Napoléon is a remarkable instance of the unsteadiness of the popular verdict. First he was an imbecile revolutionist; then a dissipated vagabond; after the absurd affair at Boulogne, a ridiculous visionary; in the fortress of Ham, a dreamy scribbler; subsequently, a queer nobody. The *coup d'état* of 1851, and the declaration of the Empire, while they excited indignation and horror, gave Napoléon reputation for ability as well as perjury and cruelty. His reign and the events thereof wrung even from his enemies an acknowledgment of extraordinary capacity. He was fixed in public opinion as a great man, until the disaster of Sedan humiliated France, shattered the Empire, and made the Emperor a fugitive and an exile. Then he became a trickster and a charlatan again. The nations revenged themselves on him for the blunder of his country, never forgiving him for furnishing them an opportunity to alter their judgment. Dead at Chiselhurst, he was still a charlatan, and history must decide whether he was the same man at Sedan that he was at Magenta. His moral qualities are not at issue—of them there can be no question. Was there much or little in him? He could not have been a fool at Strasbourg, a great man on the throne, and a fool revived by the loss of the purple. Human nature does not suddenly advance, and as suddenly go backward.

That which he was as Emperor belongs to his memory, which would have stood better and brighter had he but fallen with his power at Sedan. That was his splendid opportunity, as Waterloo was his uncle's. By consenting to survive, both forfeited a dramatic close to a most dramatic career.

Louis Napoléon was, in the largest sense, an adventurer. He began as one, and so he ended; but a kindly bullet on his final field would have saved him from the satire of his foes, from a lingering agony in a parish of England. No romance has been more stirring than his life; no fiction stranger. He will point more morals and adorn more tales than Charles of Sweden ten times over. And every generation that reads will think of Sedan as an occasion magnificent but discarded.

If his own "*Mémoires*" may be trusted, Giovanni Giacomo Casanova was the most bewitching of men. He was to the world of fact what Anastasius is to the world of fiction—from exordium to peroration a model adventurer and splendid profligate. Venice pushed him into being in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and destiny, usually indulgent to brilliant scoundrels, allowed him to escape the hundred deaths he had fairly earned in the service of ill. Rascals were connected with the Casanova family by a long line of legitimate descent. Of Spanish origin, one of the first known of its members ran away from Rome with a pretty nun, and then cruelly, because causelessly, deserted her. Another was a noted duelist; a third, an ingenious gentleman who combined poetry with assassination; a fourth had no capacity to distinguish between other men's wives and his own; while scattered scions of the house regarded that day lost on which they had not violated the entire Ten Commandments.

Giovanni was the son of a shining spendthrift, who, at a time of depleted

purse, turned comedian and married Zannitta Farusi, a beautiful Venetian, with only a shoemaker's blood in her veins to match her husband's descent from the Arragon house of Palafax. Giovanni, ten years of age, and under the tuition of Abbé Gozzi, at Padua, found he was growing recreant to his ancestors, and so made desperate love to the Abbé's sister, a very pretty girl, his superior in age, and tried to elope with her. Not long after, implication in a deadly brawl between the students of the University and the police of the city, drove home the precocious youth.

In Venice, he devoted himself exclusively to the conquest of women, and with the most extraordinary, or ordinary, success. He could hardly pass in his gondola beneath the palaces lining the Grand Canal without great danger of beautiful dames breaking his neck by throwing themselves at his head from the windows above. His own version of his erotic experiences is really diverting. According to it, his namesake of Seville was a very slow coach, compared to him. No Leporello could have completed a list of the young Venetian's *inamoras*. Giovanni was to the opposite sex like fire to wax. He did not even have to appear before them to achieve victory. They became enamored of his heart-destroying reputation without seeing him; sending him oral and written declarations of love, flowers, philtres, trinkets, endless pledges of affection. When his name was mentioned in public, they thrilled; when he spoke to them in private, they fell into his arms. What fearful havoc did he make! Of what sentimental tragedies was he hourly the cause!

If falling in love be the result of idleness, as there is some reason to believe, Venice, about that date, must have been the laziest city on the earth. Casanova's licentiousness became so notorious, after awhile, that (as he believed, no

doubt) a secret conspiracy of outraged husbands, formed against him, caused him to be thrown into the dungeons of Sant' Andrea, with the hope and expectation that he would die there. Few men, still in their teens, have any appetite for their own funerals, and Giovanni evinced his fondness for life and freedom by an early and ingenious escape. The capital of canals was exhausted for the nonce, and so he betook himself southward.

Hurrying to and fro, he was not long in gaining the good-will of Pope Benedict XIV., through the influence of Cardinal Acquaviva. Established in the best society of Rome, he sparkled like a diamond by his wit, conversation, and keen intellectual encounters with venerable scholars. An extraordinary youth, truly! Not yet twenty, and, in spite of what appears a ceaseless round of dissipation, he had acquired a vast fund of learning; he delighted sages, puzzled prelates, fascinated poets. Admirable Crichton was reproduced in the wonderful scapegrace. Rome went wilder than Venice over him. Men laid their laurels, women their loves, at his feet. He rioted in the softest floods of sunshine, and quaffed with ever-thirsty lips the rich wine of success, its spice of vanity intoxicating him every moment to a deeper and deeper deliciousness. His was a nature, however, incapable of prudence or restraint. The part he had taken in an elopement grievously offended the poetical Marchesa Gabrielli, who had been devoted to him, and she insisted that Cardinal Acquaviva should discharge him from the position of secretary. Under a cloud, the high-spirited boy went back to Venice in disguise, and sailed thence with the Venetian ambassador to Constantinople. On the voyage he ingratiated himself with the minister, and was received with marked favor in the Ottoman capital by the Cardinal's friend, the Pasha of Caramania,

who presented him to the Turkish dignitary, Yussuf Ali. As an inevitable consequence, Ali's wife became enamored of him—the east and west, the north and south, produced alike the feminine wheat which fell before Casanova's sickle—while her husband offered to the irresistible youth his daughter Zelmi. As may be supposed, he was not addicted to hymeneal sacrifice in his own person. He held, with the French, that they who love much never marry; and who, at his tender age, had loved so much, or so many? The daughter he did not want, because he could have her with entire propriety. The wife he wanted, because he could not have her except with the grossest impropriety. Passion for the interdicted was the directing influence of his life. His gallantry was liberal. He loved all the women he had met, and all the women he had not met. In one sense, he was chivalrous. Not one of the sex ever stretched her arms to him in vain.

Yussuf Ali's household, as respected the dissolute Italian, was a copy of hundreds of others. Still, no harm came to Giovanni; on the contrary, much material good. He quitted the Sublime Porte rich in presents and piastres; returned openly to his native city (even his short absence had rehabilitated him), and, for awhile, lived like an Eastern prince. His old excesses were renewed. He was twenty now—radiant as Apollo, all-conquering as Jove. Unable to spend his money fast enough, he set to gambling, and in a few weeks his purse was so empty that he could have whistled in the face of the sturdiest robber. Needing even bread, he engaged himself as a violinist in the orchestra of San Semuele (he was an excellent musician among his numerous accomplishments), and there gained a friend in the affluent Senator Bragadio, who helped him in every way.

Throughout the checkered career of this precious rascal, it is noticeable that

he found relief in every extremity; and yet, to walk in the mire, he would always break down the flowers which hid his feet. The imp of unrest bestrode and drove him. Fresh violations of justice forced him from Venice, and again he flitted over Italy like an itinerant actor, assuming new characters in every town. For a space, he seemed to ape Cagliostro. He was a priest at Verona, a conjurer at Mantua, a comedian at Ferrara, a dialectician at Parma, a sculptor at Modena, a poet at Pistoja—a dazzling devil everywhere.

Casanova's fortunes fluctuated as they had ever done. Wealthy in the morning, and impoverished in the evening; king to-day, and courtier to-morrow; but sanguine, selfish, and self-possessed always. Just turned of five-and-twenty, he directed his eyes to Paris, where every adventurer takes his last degree. The thousand scandals connected with his name, his beauty, grace, learning, and genius, were already known there, and exaggerated to the credit of their hero and possessor. The court of Louis XV. was the true theatre for him. He knew it, and went with fervid anticipations to the banks of the Seine. Profligate wits, elegant wantons, charming sinners, and delightful tempters awaited his coming—beckoned to him from afar with white and jeweled hands. He entered the Eden of licentious gayety, where the breast of expectancy bounded to him. He conquered without a blow. His mere name wrought a spell. The notorious *roué*, Louis François Armand Duplessis, Marshal de Richelieu, was drawn to him as to a younger brother in iniquity; they became close companions and bosom friends. The Duchess de Chartres adored him, as did a thousand other ladies of rank and beauty.

Whatever Casanova's Roman experience, it paled before the glorification of Paris. A prime favorite at Versailles, and the fashion and infatuation every-

where, the son of Zanitta Farusi, the daughter of a poor shoemaker, condescended to dukes and was gracious to grandees. But the blood of Zanitta was purer than that of his father Cajetano, which sprung from heroes, only to flow through generations of scoundrels, of whom Giovanni Casanova was brightest and worst. Fêted and flattered on every side, all palace doors and castle gates flew open at his approach, and the proudest nobles deemed it an honor to be presented to him. His epigrams were passed from tongue to tongue, and *précieuses* rose to ecstasy at the exquisite turn of his compliments. Calm scholars glowed over his learning, and dulcet darlings remembered with rapture the honey of his kisses.

Cloyed with sweets, wearied with conquests, after two years he went to Dresden to visit his mother, then acting at one of the theatres. He seems to have been profoundly attached to her, and to have aided her even when he himself was in sorest need. No very remarkable virtue this; but it is pleasant to know that this man, walking constantly in the darkness of vice, could look up and worship sometimes, as sole guiding-star, his mother's love. The capital of Saxony welcomed him warmly; and so afterward did Vienna.

The City of the Doges had for Casanova an unaccountable allurements. He had never gone to it but to feel the scourge of Fortune, yet now he hungered again for the gawds and gondolas of his childhood. Still were the dames of Venice lovely and loose; still was its wine of Cyprus treacherously sweet. Its revels were resplendent; its masks were delightful; its revenges were mysterious. In the sparkling goblet lurked the poison; behind the wooing coquette crept the bravo, his stiletto outshone by her smile. While Casanova was stepping into his gondola to thrum his guitar under the balcony of his latest mis-

stress, an emissary of the dreaded Council of Ten stalked between him and the moonlight, and the hideous darkness of the dungeons of the ducal palace closed about his amorous daintiness. Even from that *inferno* he escaped; but, as he relates, only by the exercise of such skill, coolness, and daring, as had never before been equaled. Soon back in Paris, his self-deliverance from the Venetian dungeons rendered him a greater lion than before.

Politics and finance now engaged his attention, and in those (to him) new branches he won unexpected laurels. In divers missions he encountered St. Germain, D'Éon, and Cagliostro, and their meetings were singularly entertaining—of the real diamond-cut-diamond stamp. He visited the leading scholars, philosophers, and princes of Europe; studied with *savants*; hobnobbed with kings. Grand seigniors were ceaselessly helping him out of trouble, and he as resolutely getting into it again. While pursuing in Spain his usual routine of intrigues, gallantries, successes, and scoundrelisms, he was thrust into prison at Barcelona, in which he staid long enough to write a refutation of La Houssaye's "History of Venice." He filled one country after another with his scandals; until, toward the close of his brilliantly bad career, he met at dinner, in Paris, Count Waldstein of Bohemia, who invited him to become the librarian of his *château*. Scarcely any place then offered sanctuary, and the arch-adventurer was satiated with adventures. He gladly accepted the office; no one thinking he would hold it more than a few months. But he kept it for fourteen years, until he had written (in French) his extraordinary and excessively exaggerated "*Mémoires*," which no man can read without the keenest indignation, and no woman can glance at without blushing to the eyes—until he had grown gray and wrinkled

by a millennium of startling experiences compressed within eight-and-seventy years—until Death, not to be cajoled, nor charmed, nor caressed away, touched the body that had been so beautiful, the heart that had been so false, the lips that had been so eloquent, and made them as ghastly and loathsome as was in saddest truth the corruscating life of Giovanni Casanova.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE GREAT TUOLUMNE CAÑON.

THE rivers of the Sierra Nevada are very young. They are only children, leaping and chafing down channels in which as yet they scarcely feel at home. It is generally believed that rivers make their own valleys, but this is not true of the mountain rivers of California. So far from having, since their birthday at the close of the glacial epoch, eroded the valleys through which they flow, they have cut less than the 500,000th part of the cañon's depth. Both flanks of the Sierra have been sculptured by the direct physical action of glaciers, just as a clay-bank is guttered and carved by the agency of rains. Observers who have obtained partial views of the larger Sierra cañons, such as Yosemite and its branches, can not see how ice could possibly have accomplished so great a work; but the formation of these grand cañons constitutes only a small fraction of the denudation due to glacial action. The ice of this portion of the Sierra, during the glacial period, did not consist of separate glaciers, like those now flowing compliantly along the crooked valleys of the Alps—it formed a continuous flood, filling all the cañons and valleys, and sweeping over all the mountains between like a wind. And as the upper portions of the main wind-currents that overflow the mountains move steadily, while at bottom they are shattered, and deflected hither and thither upon the countless surfaces against which they strike, so

also the upper portions of the heavy glacial wind of the Sierra flowed grandly and rigidly, high over crests and domes, while the bottom was broken into a thousand currents, that mazed and swedged down in crooked and dome-blocked cañons of their own making. The State Geologist, in advocating his subsidence theory of the formation of Yosemite Valley, tells us that "the upper portion of the Half Dome is sublimely *above* any point that could possibly have been reached by denuding agencies;"* but at the time of which we are speaking it was sublimely *beneath* the most powerful of all denuding agents, with every other dome of this dome-paved region. This we will endeavor to show when we come to treat particularly of mountain structure and mountain sculpture.

The Tuolumne and Merced rivers are twins, flowing from a glacier situated upon the north side of Mount Lyell. That part of the crest on which we find the head of the glacier, is eroded to a thin blade, full of seams and joints, so that a portion of the water produced by the melting of the ice flows through it from the north to the south side, giving rise to the highest trickling tributaries of the Merced; while the greater portion, flowing northward, feeds the highest branches of the Tuolumne. After diverging for a distance of ten or twelve

* Whitney's "Guide Book," page 83.

miles, they both preserve a general westerly direction; and, on emerging from the mountains to unite their waters with those of the San Joaquin, they are not more than twelve miles apart.

Since these twin rivers are so closely related—beginning and ending together, traveling in cañon pathways cut in the same kind of rocks, and making the same amount of vertical descent (about 12,000 feet in all), it will be interesting and instructive to compare them and their basins; but in this article, devoted chiefly to the Great Tuolumne Cañon, only a very brief sketch will be possible.

The Merced River flows through five well-defined valleys, differing from one another only in size, each having been eroded from the same kind of granite by glaciers. Of these, Yosemite, the one best known from its peerless waterfalls, is the largest and last. The first is about six miles from Mount Lyell. Below the last, the Merced Cañon retains more or less of a Yosemiteic character, until it enters the slate; after which most of its cross-sections would be found to be nearly V-shaped, in accordance with the cleavage-planes of the slate. From the foot-hills of the Sierra to the San Joaquin River, the Merced flows in a shallow channel, without any well-marked valley.

Like the Merced, the Tuolumne River also falls rapidly at first, making a descent of about 3,000 feet in the first three miles of its course. It then enters one of the very noblest cañon-valleys of the range. It extends northward for a distance of about eight miles; then suddenly bends westward, and widens into a broad, flat-bottomed valley, created by the force of the confluent ice-streams that once descended from the flanks of Mounts Dana, Gibbs, and other nameless mountains to the south of Gibbs, and formed a vast *mer de glace*, four or five miles in width. This ice-sea had two principal outlets: one

on the south side of the Hoffman range, by which an immense flood of ice passed over the present water-divide into the Merced basin, and into the Yosemite Valley, which it entered by the Tenaya Cañon; the other, on the north side of the Hoffman range, through the Great Tuolumne Cañon, which begins here, and extends westward unbrokenly a distance of more than twenty miles, varying in depth from 2,000 to 5,000 feet. From the foot of the Great Cañon down to the San Joaquin plain, and across it to the San Joaquin River, the Tuolumne flows through valleys and cañons in every way similar to those of the Merced below Yosemite.

Sometime in August, in the year 1869, in following the river three or four miles below the Soda Springs, I obtained a partial view of the Great Tuolumne Cañon before I had heard of its existence. The following winter I read what the State Geologist wrote concerning it:

“The river enters a cañon which is about twenty miles long, and probably inaccessible through its entire length.”...“It certainly can not be entered from its head. Mr. King followed this cañon down as far as he could, to where the river precipitated itself down in a grand fall over a mass of rock so rounded on the edge that it was impossible for him to approach near enough to look over. Where the cañon opens out again twenty miles below, so as to be accessible, a remarkable counterpart to Yosemite is found, called the Hetch-Hetchy Valley.”...“Between this and Soda Springs there is a descent in the river of 4,500 feet, and what grand water-falls and stupendous scenery there may be here, it is not easy to say.”...“Adventurous climbers... should try to penetrate into this unknown gorge, which perhaps may admit of being entered through some of the side cañons coming in from the north.”

Since that time, I have entered the Great Cañon from the north by three different side-cañons, and have passed through it from end to end, entering at the Hetch-Hetchy Valley and coming out at the Big Meadows below the Soda Springs, without encountering any extraordinary difficulties. I am sure that it may be entered at more than fifty different points along the walls by

mountaineers of ordinary nerve and skill. At the head, it is easily accessible on both sides.

In September, 1871, I began a careful exploration of all the mountain basins whose waters pass through the Yosemite Valley, where I had remained winter and summer for two years. I did not go to them for a Saturday, or a Sunday, or a stingy week, but with unmeasured time, and independent of companions or scientific associations. As I climbed out of Yosemite to begin my glorious toil, I gloated over the numberless streams I would have to follow to their hidden sources in wild, untrodden cañons, over the unnumbered and nameless mountains I would have to climb and account for—over the glacial rivers whose history I would have to trace, in hieroglyphics of sculptured rocks, forests, lakes, and meadows.

This was my "method of study:" I drifted about from rock to rock, from stream to stream, from grove to grove. Where night found me, there I camped. When I discovered a new plant, I sat down beside it for a minute or a day, to make its acquaintance and hear what it had to tell. When I came to moraines, or ice-scratches upon the rocks, I traced them back, learning what I could of the glacier that made them. I asked the boulders I met, whence they came and whither they were going. I followed to their fountains the traces of the various soils upon which forests and meadows are planted; and when I discovered a mountain or rock of marked form and structure, I climbed about it, comparing it with its neighbors, marking its relations to living or dead glaciers, streams of water, avalanches of snow, etc., in seeking to account for its existence and character. It is astonishing how high and far we can climb in mountains that we love. Weary at times, with only the birds and squirrels to compare notes with, I rested beneath the spicy pines,

among the needles and burs, or upon the plushy sod of a glacier meadow, touching my cheek to its enameling gentians and daisies, in order to absorb their magnetism or mountainism. No evil consequence from "waste of time," concerning which good people who accomplish nothing make such a sermonizing, has, thus far, befallen me.

Early one afternoon, when my mountain freedom was about a week old, after drifting among the picturesque domes and ridges of the west rim of Yosemite Creek basin, I struck its northernmost tributary—a lovely stream in rapids and bonny cascades, and, from the abundance of moraine soil through which it flows, everywhere green and flowery. As I followed it up to its head, wading across spongy patches of meadow, and climbing over fallen logs and heaps of boulders, to the top of the Yosemite Creek divide, I felt the premonition of discovery. I found that here it was not a thin ridge, but a smooth, sedgy tableland, holding a shallow mirror-lake. A few yards from the margin, on a gravelly hillock, covered with a beautiful grove of the Williamson spruce (*Abies Hookeriana*), I made my camp, and then proceeded to explore the plateau in a north-easterly direction. I had not gone far before I came in sight of a stately group of headlands, arching gracefully on the south, with here and there a feathery pine-tree on their sides, but vertical and bare on the north. They are drawn up side by side in exact order, their necks stiffly curved, like high-mettled cavalry-horses ready for a charge. From the base of their precipitous fronts there extends a large, shallow mountain-bowl, in the bottom of which ten smaller bowls have been scooped, each forming the basin of a bright lakelet, abundantly fringed with spruce-trees, and bordered close to the water with yellow sedge. Looking northward from the edge of the great lake-bowl, I observed several gaps

that seemed to sink suddenly, suggesting the existence of a deep gorge running at right-angles to their courses, and I began to guess that I was near the rim of the Great Tuolumne Cañon. I looked back at the wild headlands, and down at the ten lakes, and northward among the gaps, veering for some minutes like a confused compass-needle. When I settled to a steady course, it was to follow a ridge-top that extends from near the edge of the lake-bowl in a direction a little east of north, and to find it terminating suddenly in a sheer front over 4,000 feet in depth.

This stupendous precipice forms a portion of the south wall of the Great Tuolumne Cañon, about half-way between the head and foot. Until I had reached this brink, I could obtain only narrow strips and wedges of landscape through gaps in the trees; but now the view was bounded only by the sky. Never have I beheld a nobler atlas of mountains. A thousand pictures composed that one mountain countenance, glowing with the Holy Spirit of Light! I crept along on the rugged edge of the wall until I found a place where I could sit down to absorb the glorious landscape in safety. The Tuolumne River shimmered and spangled below, showing two or three miles of its length, curving past sheer precipices and meandering through groves and small oval meadows. Its voice I distinctly heard, giving no tidings of heavy falls; but cascade tones, and those of foaming rapids, were in it, fused into harmony as smooth as the wind-music of the pines.

The opposite wall of the cañon, mainly made up of the ends of ridges shorn off abruptly by the great Tuolumne glacier that once flowed past them, presents a series of elaborately sculptured precipices, like those of Yosemite Valley. Yet, sublime as is the scenery of this magnificent cañon, it offers no violent contrasts to the rest of the landscape;

for the mountains beyond rise gradually higher in corresponding grandeur, and tributary cañons come in from the ice-fountains of the summits, that are every way worthy of the trunk cañon. Many a spiry peak rises in sharp relief against the sky; in front are domes innumerable, and broad, whale-backed ridges, darkly fringed about their bases with pines, through openings in which I could here and there discern the green of meadows and the flashes of bright eye-lakes. There was no stretching away of any part of this divine landscape into dimness, nor possible division of it into back, and middle, and foreground. All its mountains appeared equally near, like the features of one face, on which the sun was gazing kindly, ripening and mellowing it like autumn fruit.

The forces that shaped the mountains—grinding out cañons and lake-basins, sharpening peaks and crests, digging out domes from the inclosing rocks—carving their plain flanks into their present glorious forms, may be seen at their work at many points in the high Sierra. From where I was seated, sphinx-like, on the brink of the mighty wall, I had extensive views of the channels of five immense tributary glaciers that came in from the summits toward the north-east. Everyone of these five ice-rivers had been sufficiently powerful to thrust their heads down into the very bottom of the main Tuolumne glacier. I could also trace portions of the courses of smaller tributaries, whose cañons terminated a thousand feet above the bottom of the trunk cañon. So fully are the lives of these vanished glaciers recorded upon the clean, unblurred pages of the mountains, that it is difficult to assure ourselves that we do not actually see them, and feel their icy breath. As I gazed, notwithstanding the kindly sunshine, the waving of grass, and the humming of flies, the stupendous cañon at my feet filled again with creeping ice,

winding in sublime curves around massive mountain brows; its white surface sprinkled with many a gray bowlder, and traversed with many a yawning *crevasse*. The wide basins of the summits were heaped with fountain-snow, glowing white in the thin sunshine, or blue in the shadows cast from black, spiry peaks.

The last days of this glacial winter are not yet past, so young is our world. I used to envy the father of our race, dwelling as he did in contact with the new-made fields and plants of Eden; but I do so no more, because I have discovered that I also live in "creation's dawn." The morning stars still sing together, and the world, not yet half made, becomes more beautiful every day.

By the time the glaciers were melted from my mind, the sun was nearing the horizon. Looking once more at the Tuolumne, glistening far beneath, I was seized with an invincible determination to descend the cañon-wall to the bottom. Unable to discover any way that I cared to try, from where I stood, I ran back along the ridge by which I approached the valley, then westward about a mile, and clambered out upon another point that stood boldly forward into the cañon. From here I had a commanding view of a small side-cañon on my left, running down at a steep angle; which I judged, from the character of the opposite wall, might possibly be practicable all the way. Then I hastened back among the latest sun-shadows to my camp in the spruce-trees, resolved to make an attempt to penetrate the heart of the Great Cañon next day. I awoke early, breakfasted, and waited for the dawn. The thin air was frosty, but, knowing that I would be warm in climbing, I tightened my belt, and set out in my shirt-sleeves, limb-loose as a pugilist. By the time I reached the mouth of the narrow cañon-way I had

chosen, the sun had touched all the peaks with beamless light. I was exhilarated by the pure, divine wildness that imbued mountain and sky, and I could not help shouting as I dashed down the topmost curves of the cañon, there covered with a dense plush of *cavex*, easy and pleasant to the tread.

After accomplishing a descent of four or five hundred feet, I came to a small mirror-lake set here on the slanting face of the cañon upon a kind of shelf. This side-cañon was formed by a small glacier, tributary to the main Tuolumne glacier, which, in its descent, met here with a very hard seamless bar of granite, that extended across its course, compelling it to rise, while the softer granite in front of it was eroded and carried away, thus forming a basin for the waters of the cañon stream. The bar or dam is beautifully molded and polished, giving evidence of tremendous pressure. Below the lake, both the sides and bottom of the cañon became rougher, and I was compelled to scramble down and around a large number of small precipices, fifty or a hundred feet high, that crossed the cañon, one above another, like gigantic stairs.

Below the foot of the stairs are extensive willow-tangles, growing upon rough slopes of sharp-angled rocks, through which the stream mumbles and gropes its way, most of the time out of sight. These tangles are too dense to walk *among*, even if they grew upon a smooth bottom, and too tall and flexible to walk *upon*. Crinkled and loosely felted as they are by the pressure of deep snow for half the year, they form more impenetrable jungles than I ever encountered in the swamps of Florida. In descending, one may possibly tumble and crush over them in some way, but to ascend them, with their longer branches presented against you like bayonets, is very nearly impossible. In the midst of these tangles, and along their margins,

small garden-like meadows occur where the stream has been able to make a level deposit of soil. They are planted with luxuriant *carices*, whose long, arching leaves wholly cover the ground. Out of these rise splendid larkspurs six to eight feet high, columbines, lilies, and a few polygonums and erigerons. In these moist garden-patches, so thoroughly hidden, the bears like to wallow like hogs. I found many places that morning where the bent and squeezed sedges showed that I had disturbed them, and knew I was likely at any moment to come upon a cross mother with her cubs. Below the region of bear-gardens and willow-tangles, the cañon becomes narrow and smooth, the smoothness being due to the action of snow-avalanches that sweep down from the mountains above and pour through this steep and narrow portion like torrents of water. I had now accomplished a descent of nearly 2,500 feet from the top, and there remained about 2,000 feet to be accomplished before I reached the river. As I descended this smooth portion, I found that its bottom became more and more steeply inclined, and I halted to scan it closely, hoping to discover some way of avoiding it altogether, by passing around on either of the sides. But this I quickly decided to be impossible, the sides being apparently as bare and seamless as the bottom. I then began to creep down the smooth incline, depending mostly upon my hands, wetting them with my tongue, and striking them flatly upon the rock to make them stick by atmospheric pressure. In this way I very nearly reached a point where a seam comes down to the bottom in an easy slope, which would enable me to escape to a portion of the main wall that I knew must be climbable from the number of live-oak bushes growing upon it. But after cautiously measuring the steepness—scrutinizing it again and again, and trying my wet

hands upon it—both mind and limbs declared it unsafe, for the least slip would insure a tumble of hundreds of feet. I was, therefore, compelled to retrace my devious slides and leaps up the cañon, making a vertical rise of about 500 feet, in order that I might reach a point where I could climb out to the main cañon-wall, my only hope of reaching the bottom that day being by picking my way down its face. I knew from my observations of the previous day that this portion of the cañon was crossed by well-developed planes of cleavage, that prevented the formation of smooth vertical precipices of more than a few hundred feet in height, and the same in width. These may usually be passed without much difficulty. After two or three hours more of hard scrambling, I at length stood among cool shadows on the river-bank, in the heart of the great unexplored cañon, having made a descent of about 4,500 feet, the bottom of this portion of the cañon above the level of the sea being quite 4,600 feet. The cañon is here fully 200 yards wide (about twice the size of the Merced at Yosemite), and timbered richly with libocedrus and pine. A beautiful reach stretches away from where I sat resting, its border-trees leaning toward each other, making a long arched lane, down which the joyous waters sung in foaming rapids. Stepping out of the river-grove to a small sandy flat, I obtained a general view of the cañon-walls, rising to a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, composed of rocks of every form of which Yosemiteans are made. About a mile up the cañon, on the south side, there is a most imposing rock, nearly related in form to the Yosemite Half-Dome. The side-cañon by which I descended looked like an insignificant notch or groove in the main wall, though not less than 700 or 800 feet deep in most places. It is one of the many small glacier-cañons that are always found

upon the south sides of trunk cañons when they have a direction approaching to east and west.

The continuity of the north walls of such trunk cañons is also broken by side-cañons, but those of the north side are usually much larger, and have a more steady and determined direction, being related to cañons that reach back to high glacier-fountains; while many of those of the south side may be strictly local. The history of their formation is easily read: they were eroded by the action of small, lingering glaciers that dwelt in the shade of the walls, long years after the exposed sun-beaten north walls were dry and bare. These little south-side cañons are apt to be cut off high above the bottom of the trunk cañon, because the glaciers that made them were swept round, and carried away by the main trunk glacier, at heights determined by the respective forces of their currents. This should always be taken into consideration when we are weighing the probabilities of being able to reach the bottom of a trunk cañon by these tributaries.

Immediately opposite the point I descended are "royal arches," like those of Yosemite, formed by the breaking-up and removal of a portion of a number of the concentric layers of a dome. All of the so-called "royal arches" of this region are produced in the same way.

About a mile farther down the cañon, I came to the mouth of a tributary that enters the trunk cañon on the north. Its glacier must have been of immense size, for it eroded its channel down to a level with the bottom of the main cañon. The rocks of both this tributary and of the main cañon present traces of all kinds of ice-action—moraines, polished and striated surfaces, and rocks of special forms. Just at the point where this large tributary enters the trunk cañon, there is a corresponding increase in size and change in direction of the latter. In-

deed, after making a few corrections that are obviously required, for planes of cleavage, differences of hardness, etc., in the rocks concerned, the direction, size, and form of any main cañon below a tributary are always resultants of the forces of the glaciers that once occupied them, and this signifies that *glaciers make their own channels*. In front of this great tributary the cañon is about half a mile wide, and nobly gardened with groves and meadows. The level and luxuriant groves almost always found at the mouths of large tributaries are very distinct in appearance and history from the strips and patches of forest that adorn the walls of cañons. The soil upon which the former grow is reformed moraine matter, collected, mixed, and spread out in lake-basins by streams. The trees are closely grouped into villages, social and trim; while those of the walls are roughish, and scattered like the settlements of the country. Some of these lake-basin groves are breezy from the way the winds are compelled to tumble and flow, but most are calm at the bottom of pits of air.

I pushed on down the cañon a couple of miles farther, passing over leafy level floors, buried in shady greenwood, and over hot sandy flats covered with the common *pteris*, the sturdiest of ferns, that bears with patience the hot sun of Florida and the heavy snows of the high Sierra. Along the river-bank there are abundance of azaleas and brier-roses growing in thickets. In open spots, there is a profusion of golden *compositæ*. Tall grasses brushed my shoulders, and yet taller lilies and columbines rung their bells above my head. Nor was there any lack of familiar birds and flies, bees and butterflies. Myriads of sunny wings stirred all the air into music. The stellar-jay, garrulous and important, flitted from pine to pine; squirrels were gathering nuts; woodpeckers hammered the dead limbs; water-ousels

sung divinely on wet bowlders among the rapids; and the robin-redbreast of the orchards was everywhere. Here was no field, nor camp, nor ruinous cabin, nor hacked trees, nor down-trodden flowers, to disenchant the Godful solitude. Neither did I discover here any trace or hint of lawless forces. Among these mighty cliffs and domes there is no word of chaos, or of desolation; every rock is as elaborately and thoughtfully carved and finished as a crystal or shell.

I followed the river three miles. In this distance it makes a vertical descent of about 300 feet, which it accomplishes by rapids. I would fain have lingered here for months, could I have lived with the bears on cherries and berries, and found bedding and blanketing like theirs. I thought of trying their board and lodging for a few days; but at length, as I was in my shirt-sleeves and without food, I began my retreat. Let those who become breathless in ascending a few stairs, think of climbing these Yosemite attics to a bed 5,000 feet above the basement. I pushed up the first 3,000 feet almost without stopping to take breath, making only momentary halts to look at striated surfaces, or to watch the varying appearances of peaks and domes as they presented themselves at different points.

As I neared the summit I became very tired, and the last thousand feet seemed long indeed, although I began to rest frequently, turning to see the setting sun feeding the happy rosy mountains. I reached the top of the wall at sunset; then I had only to skim heedlessly along a smooth horizontal mile to camp. I made a fire and cooked my supper, which, with me, means steeping a tincupful of tea, and eating a craggy bowl-der of bread. How few experience profound mountain weariness and mountain hunger!

No healthy man who delivers himself

into the hands of Nature can possibly doubt the doubleness of his life. Soul and body receive separate nourishment and separate exercise, and speedily reach a stage of development wherein each is easily known apart from the other. Living artificially in towns, we are sickly, and never come to know ourselves. Our torpid souls are hopelessly entangled with our torpid bodies, and not only is there a confused mingling of our own souls with our own bodies, but we hardly possess a separate existence from our neighbors.

The life of a mountaineer is favorable to the development of soul-life, as well as limb-life, each receiving abundance of exercise and abundance of food. We little suspect the great capacity that our flesh has for knowledge. Oftentimes in climbing cañon-walls I have come to polished slopes near the heads of precipices that seemed to be too steep to be ventured upon. After scrutinizing them, and carefully noting every dint and scratch that might give hope for a foothold, I have decided that they were unsafe. Yet my limbs, possessing a separate sense, would be of a different opinion, after they also had examined the descent, and confidently have set out to cross the condemned slopes against the remonstrances of my other will. My legs sometimes transport me to camp, in the darkness, over cliffs and through bogs and forests that are inaccessible to city legs during the day, even when piloted by the mind which owns them. In like manner the soul sets forth at times upon rambles of its own. Brooding over some vast mountain landscape, or among the spiritual countenances of mountain flowers, our bodies disappear, our mortal coils come off without any shuffling, and we blend into the rest of Nature, utterly blind to the boundaries that measure human quantities into separate individuals. But it is after both the body and soul of a mountaineer have

worked hard, and enjoyed much, that they are most palpably separate. Our weary limbs, lying restingly among the pine-needles, make no attempt to follow after or sympathize with the nimble spirit, that, apparently glad of the opportunity, runs off alone down the steep gorges, along the beetling cliffs, or away among the peaks and glaciers of the farthest landscapes, or into realms that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; and when at length we are ready to return home to our other self, we scarcely for a moment know in what direction to seek for it. I have often been unable to make my muscles move at such times. I have ordered my body to rise and go to bed, when it seemed to me as if the nerves concerned were cut, and that my soul-telegram had not reached the muscles at all.

Few persons have anything like an adequate conception of the abundance, strength, and tender loveliness of the plants that inhabit these so-called frightful gorges. Had I been able, in descending this one small side-cañon, to "pluck up by the spurs" one of each of the mountain-pines that I met, together with one of each of the other cone-bearing trees, my big resinous bouquet would have consisted of, first, the short straggling *Pinus flexilis*, then *P. contorta*, *P. ponderosa*, *P. monticola*, and *P. Lambertiana*; two spruces—the elegant drooping *Abies Hookeriana*, and the

noble *A. Douglassii*; the burly brown-barked *Juniperus occidentalis*, the grand *Libocedrus decurrens*, and the two silver firs, *Picea amabilis* and *P. grandis*. Had we gathered the shrubs, we would have had two maples, four willows, two dogwoods, two honeysuckles, three manzanitas, one kalmia, one mountain-ash, one amelanchier, one vaccinium, one ledum, two ceanothus, one bryanthus, one cassiope, two spiræas, one rose, two brambles, one azalea, one kamnus, three currants, and a few others.

This little cañon is a botanical garden, with dwarf arctic-willows not two inches high at one end, bush *compositæ* and wandy half-tropical grasses at the other; the two ends only half a day apart, yet among its miniature bogs, prairies, and heathy moorlands, the botanist may find representatives of as many climates as he would in traveling from Greenland to Florida.

The next morning after my raid in the Tuolumne country, I passed back over the border to Merced, glad that I had seen so much, and glad that so much was so little of the whole. The grand rocks, I said, of this Tuolumne Yosemite are books never yet opened; and, after studying the mountains of the Merced basin, I shall go to them as to a library, where all kinds of rock-structure and rock-formation will be explained, and where I shall yet discover a thousand water-falls.

UPON THE PARAPET.

The sun has sunk behind the rocky steep,
 The light now fades away;
 By smoldering fires my men lie stretched in sleep,
 To dream till break of day.
 But me no more the stirring bugle-blast
 Will waken to the strife;
 This victory must be for me the last—
 This night, my last of life.

Should I repine that at the nation's call
 I hurried to the fight?
 Surely, though I had gained no wound at all,
 It were no cheery sight
 To look on mangled flesh and shattered bones,
 And see the life-blood flow—
 No pleasant sound to hear half-stifled groans
 Of agony and woe.

And I have not escaped, but on the ground
 Lie gazing at the sky,
 Counting the stars upon their ceaseless round;
 Feeling that I must die—
 That ere those stars shall pale before the flush
 Of day, I shall be gone—
 No more amid the onward battle-rush,
 To wave the colors torn.

Nay, I will not repine. To every man
 Must come at last his doom.
 Better to meet it in the battle-van
 Than in the darkened room—
 Better to fall with face toward the foe,
 Leading the stormy fray,
 Than with some lingering illness to lie low,
 And feebly waste away.

And though I ne'er will see those loved ones dear,
 So far from me this night,
 I know that they will always joy to hear
 How in the thick of fight,
 When in the storm our strength began to lag,
 On one last effort set,
 I climbed the steep and placed the starry flag
 Upon the parapet.

Surgeon, draw near—but let me quiet lie—
 For me, your skill is past.
 To-morrow, mention how you saw me die,
 True to the very last;
 And how, when stretched upon the field of strife,
 The thought which cheered my heart
 Better than aught beside, was that in life
 I bravely did my part.

Chaplain, bend down and listen! Ere to-night
 To your repose you go,
 Fail not unto my darling ones to write,
 And let them surely know
 How, in my spirit, they were at my side,
 How dear to me they were;
 How, with their names upon my lips, I died....
 And now—one little prayer!

One prayer to help me over the abyss,
 Which leads unto the grave—
 One prayer that God, forgiving all amiss,
 My sinning soul will save!
 And so, with shattered arm on bleeding breast,
 I'll calmly bide my doom,
 And gazing at the stars, await that rest
 Which fills a soldier's tomb.

GENTLEMAN HANSE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN he first came to the Divide, he was apparently about twenty-seven years of age; tall, slim, dark-eyed, and with black, curling hair; a frank countenance, but reserved and unsocial in his manners. His possessions were a suit of gray tweed, rather coarse; a flannel shirt or two, also gray; thick stogie boots; rubber overalls; a pick-axe, spade, and pan. No person knew him. At first, there was a little inquiry as to where he hailed from; but in the busy days of ten or twelve years ago, the population of a mountain mining-town was too heterogeneous, and too much occupied individually, to care much about the antecedents of a newcomer.

His name was Hanse—"Gentleman Hanse," for soubriquet; almost every resident of the little town having a handle to his name. There was "Humbug Joe," "Old Man Grimes," "Pumpkin Peel," and twenty other odd and fantastic or grotesque nicknames, which were so universally received as appropriate, that even due-bills were more frequently made out in these than in the original names of the individuals. "Gentleman Hanse" dated from one stormy evening when the young man had occasion to go to the nearest saloon for alcohol. His spirit-lamp needed replenishing, and the one grocery-store was a block or two farther off than the saloon; which, to a tired man walking in the slip-

pery mud, was some consideration. As he entered the saloon, three men sat at a dingy table, with a pack of soiled cards before them; their garments were still dripping from the rain, and a little stream of water coursed round the hat-rim of the one nearest the door.

"Hullo! stranger," was the greeting he gave to Hanse. "We've jist been waitin' for some one to take a hand yere; but it's sich a darned infernal nasty night, the fellers keep cabin, or are gone to bed, most on 'em, I reckon—preparin' for an early prospectin' in the mornin'. These yere rains fetch the color sometimes. But 'pleasure before biz,' say I; so let's have a hot toddy an' a game. Loser pays for drinks all round."

He began shuffling the cards in his dirty hands, and pushed a chair unceremoniously toward the new-comer. Hanse was scarcely aware of the personal danger he ran by repulsing this familiarity, for derringers and bowie-knives were as prompt to avenge fancied as real insult in those days. But there was an unconscious something in his manner which at once placed a wide distance between him and such companionship. His "Excuse me, gentlemen," while it was coldly courteous and polite, lifted him immeasurably above them, and they felt at once that he was not of their kind. But the man who acted as spokesman, a little the worse for the liquor he had been imbibing, with an air of bravado said:

"Now, look yere, stranger—'taint no use a-takin' on airs an' bein' stuck-up like, when yer come to the mines. Them things belongs to biled shirts an' plug hats; but yer see we're all hail-fellows well met, here—an' like enough you'll find that you'll have need to borror alcohol, an' grub too, for the like o' that, when yer money's all petered out—so yer might as well be sociable fust as last."

The intense desire for a four-handed

game, rather than any decided intention to brow-beat Hanse, prompted this observation. But it was met by a still more cold and equally courteous refusal. Taking the alcohol, which had been measured out for him, he picked up his lantern, and groped his way out of the door—not without some fears of being followed by the half-intoxicated man who had spoken; nor were his fears unfounded.

"D—d ef I aint most a mind to bust that feller's head for him," rudely swore the coarse ruffian, half-rising. But the other two interposed.

"Don't kick up a row now, Hooper, just 'tend to your own business to-night. It's pourin' like blazes, an' he'll be sorry enough when he gits back to that lonesome cabin, that he didn't liquor with us, and be sociable," said one; while the other advised:

"You leave him alone. He'll come round yet. They all do; no man can stand by hisself in these yere mines—'taint in natur'; and 'Gentleman Hanse' 'll find that out sooner or later."

"'Gentleman Hanse!' that's a good one, Johnny—we'll make him sick o' that yet. Who deals?"

The landlord, like a wise man, said nothing. He knew more money dropped into his till from the earnings of such as these, than from the very few in the community who were opposed to them in manners and practice. He stirred up the fire briskly, brewed another hot toddy for the dripping three; then opening the door and looking up and down the one narrow street, shut it, hopeless of customers, and coming nearer the group, said:

"Well, gents, seein' as I've got no chance to fleece the public to-night, I don't keer ef I take a hand myself; but it won't be for drinks. When I plays, it's for twenties—so put up your money."

Hanse groped his way by the aid of his lantern to the slender bridge which

crossed the road at the end of the village—if the few straggling houses, post-office, blacksmith's - shop, and grocery might be called a village—and stood for a moment looking at the water rapidly rushing through the ravine between two high hills. These hills had been uptorn by the pick of the prospector, and had a ragged and dreary appearance.

"The bridge is almost covered," he said, "and if that villain should chance to follow me, how easily he could push me into this boiling current . . . but nobody would be much worse for my sudden taking-off," he muttered.

Hastily looking behind him, he stepped lightly upon the loose boards which spanned the swollen stream, crossed in safety, climbed the slippery foot-path leading up the bank on the other side, and struck into the densely wooded pine-forest. A quarter of a mile brought him to a dreary-looking little cabin, made of shakes and covered with heavy pieces of water-proof rubber-cloth—evidently the cast-off blankets of some lucky or unlucky miner who had deserted the diggings. A half-window set in the side was hidden by a rough wooden shutter, made to open and close with hinges, so that the shanty appeared to have no light save that which entered by the door. This, however, could be closed in stormy weather—the window making the place sufficiently light within. To-night some living thing sat at the threshold—wolf, coyote, or dog, Hanse could not tell which, until a low whine convinced him it was the latter. The half-drowned creature seemed animated by almost human joy as he wagged his tail and leaped up, pleading for admittance with the master, who was not disposed to refuse this brute companionship, however much he shrunk from that of man.

"Come in, poor fellow," said Hanse. "We are both drenched through, and a good fire in these pine-woods is, thank God! always available."

The same tenant who had left the rubber-cloth that covered the roof had also found the stove either too heavy or too worthless to remove, and it had proved a treasure to Hanse during this dreary winter. A ready blaze of pine-cones soon heated it nearly red-hot. The dog crept near the grateful warmth, and expressed his joy again. Something familiar in his face struck Hanse; but with a "Pshaw! it can't be," he laughed at the fancy that he had known and caressed the creature far from his present rough surroundings. But the animal seemed determined to be recognized, and capered so extravagantly, that in a mere whim of fancy Hanse said, "Carlo, old fellow!" No human intelligence could have more plainly demonstrated the joy of recognition; and, had it not seemed an utter impossibility, the young man would have yielded to the conviction that the dog knew him, and was expressing the delight of meeting an old friend. His collar had evidently been removed or lost in his wanderings, and his shaggy coat was apparently the worse for travel.

"A most striking resemblance, at all events," mused Hanse; "so I will feed and cherish you for old Carlo's sake. But it will be meagre fare compared to the dainty messes of that pampered animal."

Removing his overalls, he dried his curly hair and beard on a coarse, clean towel; but before extinguishing his lantern he lifted from a wooden shelf above his head a long-necked bottle, in which was inserted a tallow candle. Lighting the candle, he set it upon a packing-box, which served alike for table and pantry. A stale loaf, a bologna sausage, bacon, and potatoes, with a paper of ground coffee, comprised his larder. Breaking a piece from the bread, he offered it to his new-found friend, who rather greedily devoured it, and then stood looking at Hanse with more grat-

itude in his eyes than his tail could express.

"Stand by me to the last, will you? Is that what you mean to say, old fellow? Well, give us your paw. A man might be worse off than to have such a friend as you."

The four men in the saloon were soon interested in their game, and had it not been for the occasional interruption of Hooper's "Here's to young Stuck-up!" or, "Bad luck to Gentleman Hanse!" as he swallowed his toddy, the young man would have been speedily forgotten, in the eager interest which the gamblers felt in losing or winning. But the evening was destined to another interruption. About nine o'clock, a man—a stranger to all of them—entered the saloon. His boots were spurred, and he had evidently just dismounted from a horse.

"Is this the hotel?" he civilly inquired.

The landlord rose, and pointed out the hotel; then said: "It's a foul night—won't you take something?"

"Thank you, no—I am in haste." And, remounting his horse, he took the same direction Hanse had taken before him; for the hotel stood on that side of the bridge, near the centre of the village.

"Wonder what he is after, this time o' night?" said Hooper. "He can't ha' come very far, for he wasn't much wet. An' he had an umbrella, too—a city chap, I reckon.

"What makes you so inquisitive about people's affairs, Hooper?" said one of the men. "Can't you let a feller mind his own business, an' you mind yourn?"

One word led to another, and finally Hooper's irritation culminated in his throwing down the cards, declaring he would play no more, and striding from the room. He went out into the darkness without a lantern, for every foot of the way was familiar to him; but he had not proceeded far, when from the side

of the road, and apparently from one of the deep gullies which the rain had washed in its slope, he thought that he heard a call for help. Stopping to listen, a groan startled him.

"Bet that's Gentleman Hanse, fallen into one o' these gullies—an' I'll let him lay there for his high and mighty ways. He's found out he can't stand alone in these diggin's sooner than he thought. But hullo! here's a hoss—so 'taint him. It's that un who come to ask the way to Severns' Hotel. He didn't find it, though—not much. Hullo!" He uttered it louder this time, and a voice broken by pain and irritation answered him:

"I have fallen down one of these accursed pitfalls, and sprained my ankle, so that I can not rise. Will you have the goodness to assist me?"

The poltroon parleyed with the unfortunate traveler: "An' what'll you give me for settin' you on your hoss, an startin' him up to the hotel for you?"

"Anything, you greedy devil!—only be quick about it, for I am fainting with pain."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, or you'll have to lay there all night. Nobody's helped me so much in this world, that I owe it anything; an' it's no small job to dig out a feller stuck up to his neck in this slippery mud."

It was true that it required a great effort for Hooper to raise the prostrate traveler, and it was still more difficult to assist him to mount. The horse was restive, and the ankle of the unfortunate man was not only badly sprained, but he appeared to be otherwise injured.

"So, there! Now you're up. You jist go straight ahead to where you see that light yonder. That's the hotel, kept by Severns—an' a honester man never lived. He'll see you all right."

"Stay—can't you lead the creature? I'll make it worth your while."

"I can't, stranger—I'm in a hurry.

My wife's sick, an' I'm jist goin' for a doctor. I was only a-jokin' when I asked for a reward. I wouldn't take nothin' on no account; but I'll see you agin, an' you can stan' the drinks."

So saying, and starting the horse gently forward, Hooper struck into the trail leading along the cañon and up over the east hill of the Divide.

Painfully and slowly the traveler at last gained the hotel, which fortunately stood open to the roadside, with a low porch of entrance.

"Any one here?" he called out, as he rode up to the door. The alert Severns, who was making ready to retire, appeared in a moment.

"I have fallen and sprained my ankle. You will have to assist me to dismount—and carefully, too, confound it." He winced, as Severns, calling the hostler, attempted to lift him off the horse.

"Badly hurt, sir, I fear; and more than your ankle. The shoulder must be onset, I'm thinkin', or you wouldn't feel such pain there."

"Let your man get on my horse, then, and go for a doctor at once; and give me a warm room and comfortable bed, if you have such a thing."

"Best in California, sir—and all ready. Just set in this wheeled chair, and I'll roll you in. There's a good fire in the room. These rainy nights I always keep one room het up."

The cheery words and cheerier ways of Severns had due effect on the injured man, and the sight of the brisk fire glowing and sparkling in the broad chimney-place did much toward alleviating his suffering.

"Just let me sit here till the doctor comes," he said, as Severns lifted the lame foot upon a little footstool.

"You'll take somethin' warmin'?" queried the host.

"Yes—but none of your infernal strychnine whisky! Give me a cup of strong tea."

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Severns laughed. "You're about right there. I keep a bar because I can't keep a hotel without one, but I often feel as if I am dealin' out poison, and wish I had any other way of makin' a livin'."

The tea was brought, and while the stranger was enjoying it as much as he could in his crippled condition, the doctor came clattering furiously up.

"Man half dead here?—eh?" he said, as he drew off his gloves; "fell down a precipice and broke . . . eh! that him? Why, what did that scoundrel mean by telling me such a pack of lies!"

Severns made no reply. The Doctor, a young man of thirty or thereabout, had unfortunately fallen into a habit of gambling. He had been brought up to consider cards as instruments of the devil for the eternal perdition of human souls, and that to touch one was contamination. The inevitable result followed. When he had once broken the prohibition, gambling became an infatuation, and while all testified to his medical skill, many a patient complained of his want of promptness and attention, owing solely to the unfortunate habit which had beset him. Only a crisis would move him to dispatch, and the story that a strange gentleman entering the village had fallen into a gully and was dangerously injured, had been the occasion of his present speedy appearance. Once in the presence of his patient, however, he became the gentlemanly and kind physician.

"A bad fracture of the shoulder-blade—a severely sprained ankle, and some injuries about the head"—so he summed up the case. With a groan of pain and dismay the gentleman gave himself into the hands of the Doctor. Great suffering was the result of the complications of setting and splinting needed to reunite the fractured bone; the Doctor administered an opiate, and retired. When he returned early in the morning, he found that inflammation and

violent fever had set in, and that the patient was delirious.

"Who was he?" That was the question remaining unsolved for three weary months of vibration between life and death. No marks were on his clothing except initials. "A. H." told nothing of name or locality; while his lucid intervals were so few, and he was so much debilitated, that it was impossible to question him with any hope of a rational answer. Meanwhile, the hospitable Severns "het" up daily the cheery room, and his wholesome-looking wife thought it no hardship to attend the forlorn gentleman thus strangely cast upon them. A single bill of one hundred dollars, rolled carelessly into an empty cigar-case, and a little loose silver, was all the money found upon his person.

Time went on, and curiosity, which had been keen and active at first, died out in the excitement of a great discovery. For Hooper, the heretofore seedy vagabond, had struck gold—struck it rich. It was only a pocket, he said; but its present indications denoted a vein; yet not even his most intimate chums could wrench from him the secret of its locality. He had given up whisky, and seemed suddenly to become watchful and suspicious. He made occasional trips to the city, and intimated that these were for the purpose of getting his coarse gold coined at the mint. He became overbearing to his equals, and was more than ever insulting in his manners to Gentleman Hanse, whom he left no opportunity untried to annoy, when chance—which was very seldom—threw him in the way. Hanse rarely frequented the village; he kept his own counsel, and his quiet, almost secret, manner of living ceased to provoke curiosity. But day after day he and the dog would travel miles in all directions, and every outcropping, every indication of a ledge, would be diligently prospected by the anxious explorer.

"It is getting to be hard times for us, Carlo," he said, one evening, after a weary tramp. "Hard times! I have pawned every book in my possession—watch, rings, and pin have gone long ago; my boots and my derringer remain, and I must send one or the other off by old Early, to raise means for our dinner to-morrow. He is secret and trusty, and he only knows of my dire necessities. Go for him, good Carlo, and bring him here."

"Old Bright and Early," as he was called, occupied a lone cabin half a mile beyond that of Hanse. By the freemasonry of neighborhood they had become acquainted, and by those imperceptible degrees of intimacy which grow from constant intercourse, they had become friends. It began by Hanse getting Early to execute a little commission for him here or there when he went to the village; and so by and by such portions of the history of each leaked out to the other as they chose to confide, and Gentleman Hanse had become to the old man as a ward over whom he exercised guardianship.

"Well, Hanse, my boy! no better success to-day, and consequently blues to-night?" said Early, following the dog into the cabin.

"One more dinner from the proceeds of my rubber-boots, and I am insolvent," replied Hanse, dejectedly. "I shall take my derringer and seek work in the mines. That ruffian Hooper was right; I can not stand alone, and I will neither beg nor starve. Why could I not have discovered the wonderful pocket which yields to him its treasures?"

Old Early put his finger on his lip, as a sign to the younger man to keep dark, and then said in a whisper, "What if I tell you I have found his prospect, and that it is no mine at all, but a deposit of good hard twenty-dollar pieces, and a roll of bank-notes covered with parchment and marked \$15,000? He is pre-

paring to travel East, I am told. But it will go hard if I do not prevent him. I have an old grudge to settle with him—and he has come by that money dishonestly, I am sure.”

“No robbery has been heard of in these or adjacent parts, or I might be of your opinion. No, he has taken his nuggets, as he said, and had them coined, and you have only found his hiding-place.”

“The coin, some of it, dates twelve years back,” said the old man. “There is something wrong; and do you note the change in his manner? He does not spend much, but is hoarding the money to escape with it from here. There is no truth in his gold discovery—of that I am so well assured, that I propose to constitute myself a detective to track his guilty path.”

The sick man at the hotel gradually recovered strength. His mental faculties, which had been strangely obscured, were slower in the process of recuperation. One morning as Mrs. Severns sat quietly in his room, three months after his accident, he suddenly opened his eyes, looked wonderingly around the room, and then said slowly and distinctly, “Has anything happened to me, since last night?”

“Yes, sir—you had a terrible fall; but you are better this morning,” said the good lady, a little startled, but humoring his delusion.

“O!—was that it? Thank you for your kindness. I recollect also your husband’s attention, and I am anxious to make some inquiries of him. Will you be kind enough to hand me my belt, and the wallet which was secured about me? My memory seems a little confused, and the memoranda in my pocket-book will assist me.”

“Belt! pocket-book!” Mrs. Severns was dazed. Nothing of the kind—no data, memoranda, or money, except that

we have mentioned—had been found on his person; and even the little clothing he needed in his illness had been supplied from her husband’s wardrobe. She was too wise to agitate the sick man by the real story of his fall, but said, gently, “I will call Mr. Severns;” and, leaving the room, she hastened to communicate with her husband, who in his dilemma, before seeing the invalid, sent for the Doctor.

“He has been knocked off his horse and robbed,” was the instant suspicion of that individual. “If his faculties are clear, no danger need be apprehended from questioning him.”

The invalid’s replies were brief and concise. “I came from the East, directly to M——,” he said, “thence to your village, in search of a gentleman in whom I am interested. I had on my person a large amount of gold coin, and \$15,000 in bank-notes—for a definite purpose, not at all connected with my search. My money-belt must have been stolen, for it was fastened about my person. I have no recollection of any event or individual in connection with the accident.”

“Did you feel any blow, or sense of being stunned?” queried the Doctor.

“I have not the slightest recollection of anything, except riding toward the hotel, after inquiring the way at a saloon. Beyond that all is oblivion.”

“Memory will return gradually,” said the Doctor to Severns. “Meanwhile, that robber must be ferreted out. But secretly—do you mind that? No word of this gentleman’s recovery. If the guilty parties are in the vicinity, they will be keeping a watch on him. Now, who have we among us of a suspicious character?”

They ran over the names of those who might have been implicated in the affair. Hooper—the three men at the hotel—other loafers and bummers, who may be found about the tavern-doors in country

villages—finally, Old Early and Gentleman Hanse.

“More likely to be one or both of them,” said Severns. “They are like moles, workin’ in the dark. No one knows anything of them—especially of Hanse.”

“He is a mighty uppish sort of a fellow,” said Mrs. Severns, who was unwisely included in the council. She remembered once asking him to a ball at the hotel, and his distant and ceremonious refusal had offended her pride. “We are not good enough for him, I suppose,” had been her thought, and she had ever since retained a feeling as nearly akin to resentment as was consistent with her generally amiable disposition.

“Hooper’s round in out-of-the-way places a good deal, since he made his strike, and I’ll put him on the track to watch Hanse,” thought she; “but I’ll not let him know the reason.” And, plumed with this idea, the good woman, full of importance, hastily sallied into the street.

“Mind, Molly, ‘mum’s the word,’” said Severns. “*He* says we’re right about keepin’ quiet for a few days; and be sure you don’t tell he’s come to his mind again.”

“Never fear, Ned—I can keep a secret.”

By some wind of chance, apparently—but really through the ordering of the Evil One, who presents his instruments

ready to the hand of any person willing by reason of ignorance or vice to use them—Mrs. Severns met Hooper, on the alert to hear, without seeming to inquire, about the man he had robbed.

“Mornin’,” he said—“glad to see you out, mum. Yer must be tired o’ waitin’ on that strange man. It don’t seem to have no end.”

“It will, soon,” said Molly, bridling with the pleasure of knowing what she dared not tell.

“So—better, is he? Come to his mind, like?”

“O, no!—that is—leastwise—not much!”

Hooper detected her confusion, which induced him to believe she was keeping something back. The thought made him uneasy. He passed on, and, without a moment’s delay, hastened to his buried plunder. The hour was almost noon. Old Early had not counted upon the robber’s open approach to the spot, and had relaxed his watch on the place to go into the village and look after the man. Hooper unearthed the hoard, and—the story of a wife being a pure invention—he was free to escape. The through stage for M—— would pass by the cañon, a mile to the right, in a short time, and he made what haste he could to reach it. That night he was in San Francisco. The next morning there was an additional passenger on the steamer for Oregon, who had taken his ticket as “H. Fairfax.”

SOUTH OF THE BOUNDARY-LINE.

ARUGGED and sparsely populated region lies immediately adjacent to the southern boundary-line of the Golden State—the northern political division of Baja (Lower) California, known as the province of La Frontera. It extends from the boundary-line as far south as the ex-Mission of San Fernando, a distance of about 275 miles; and from the Pacific Ocean eastward to the Colorado River; a distance of 118 miles, embracing an estimated area of 30,000 square miles. It has a population of less than 3,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of that number being Indians—branches of the Yuma, Cocopa, and Jacume tribes—the remaining one-third being Mexicans and Americans.

Viewing La Frontera from the north, it presents a bold, rough, and unbroken front, from the silvery surf of the Pacific Ocean to the arid sands of the Colorado Desert. The same topographical characteristic predominates in the interior. It is, consequently, not an agricultural country. The greater portion of it is really better adapted for pasturage than anything else, and for that purpose is now employed. As a pasturage, La Frontera has been considered superior to Upper California, being used by the stockmen of the southern counties for the preservation of their animals during seasons of drought. Grass is always abundant, heavy rains falling during the winter and light showers during the summer.

La Frontera, it is true, does contain some tracts of arable land, well watered and adapted for the culture of semi-tropical fruits, but all of which, in consequence of the inanity and indolence of the inhabitants, remains in its virgin

state. But the chief wealth of La Frontera exists in its mineral deposits, consisting of gold, silver, cinnabar, tin, copper, and sulphur. In the number and richness of its gold-bearing quartz-ledges it promises at no distant day to outvie any other mining section on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, a sufficient number having already been discovered and tested to warrant the opinion. A belt of talcose slate, about seven miles across, prolific in gold-bearing ledges, follows the mountain range extending through La Frontera from north to south, and is evidently a continuation of the auriferous belt of the Sierra Nevada and Sierra Madre ranges of California.

For at least half a century back, placers in the vicinity of the San Rafael Valley, seventy miles south of the boundary, have been profitably worked by the natives. In many instances the auriferous earth had to be carried in bags two miles to a point where it could be washed. The quartz ledges attracted no attention until about three years ago, when a Spaniard, named Ambrosio del Castillo, undertook to prospect them. Castillo was a practical miner, having had some experience in the mines of the northern counties of California. The result of his explorations was the discovery of the ledge now known as the Trinidad, situated at a distance of about two and a half miles from the present settlement of San Rafael. It has been steadily worked since its discovery, and has yielded good returns. The vein is narrow but rich, averaging about \$50 to the ton. Pockets, containing large quantities of free gold, are frequently discovered, one being found lately con-

taining \$3,000. The quartz is crushed by arrastras worked by mules or water-power—a slow and tedious operation. The substitution of a ten-stamp mill is in contemplation.

Castillo received from the National Government of Mexico, as a bonus for the discovery, a grant of three leagues of the land upon which the ledge exists. This grant was named "*Real del Castillo.*" From the rush that followed the discovery, the present settlement of San Rafael, containing from 200 to 300 inhabitants, sprung up.

Shortly afterward, the Palmas ledge was discovered on the outskirts of the village. It is the widest ledge in the district, being ten feet from wall to wall. The croppings were exceedingly rich, and the rock now yields an average of \$20 per ton.

About three miles from the settlement is the San Nicolas ledge, ranging from six to eight feet in width. The rock is not of a high grade, but the gold is disseminated regularly throughout, averaging about \$15 per ton. From twenty-five to forty men find steady employment in the mine. The ore is all crushed in a ten-stamp mill.

The Pueblo ledge is generally considered the richest yet discovered in the Real del Castillo. It differs materially from all other ledges in the district, inasmuch as the gold in it exists only in pockets, the intervening rock being barren. Two years ago a pocket was struck containing \$8,000. The vein-matter in the Pueblo ledge varies in thickness from one to three feet.

The last of the list of mines at present being worked in the San Rafael district is the Apataka. It contains two ledges, about 150 feet apart, and nearly two feet each in width. The ore is rich, yielding an average of \$45 per ton.

The Zapate ledge was worked some time ago, operations being suspended for want of capital to prosecute the ex-

plorations. It is six feet in width, and contains gold and silver in considerable quantities. It is considered to be a good ledge, but it is more expensive to work and reduce its ores than any other ledge in the Real del Castillo.

The copper deposits of San Antonio, a section of La Frontera adjacent to the north-western sea-board, have frequently been the object of the speculation of San Francisco adventurers. Considerable money has, from time to time, been fruitlessly expended in their exploration. In most of the shafts sunk nothing more has been discovered than faint traces of copper, shown in the discoloration of the gneiss and porphyry formation. One or two small bodies of ore—principally carbonates, a little silicate and oxide of copper, all well mixed with much gangue—have been found. It was, however, of little value, as the ore was friable, making concentration difficult, and the poverty of the mineral was such as to make it unprofitable to work. Although evidences of copper exist throughout the San Antonio district, there are no indications of a regular body of ore, either in mass or in vein, existing at any great depth.

During the latter portion of the last century, and the beginning of the present, La Frontera formed a portion of the missionary field of those godly men who devoted their lives to the conversion of the ignorant pagans inhabiting the Californias—Alta and Baja. Ten missions were founded, and churches erected, by the Franciscan and Dominican friars in La Frontera, before the year 1800. The earliest of the missions was that of San Fernando Villacata, situated in the extreme south-western corner of the province. Its founder was the venerable Franciscan pioneer missionary, famous in the early annals of California as the founder of the majority of its missions, Francis Junipero Serra, better known as Father Junipero, and was established by

him in 1769, while on his way from the City of Mexico to Alta California.

Father Junipero and his colleagues passed hurriedly through La Frontera, the true objective point of their mission being Alta California. A few years later, his footsteps were followed by a band of Dominican friars, who undertook to finish the work he had inaugurated, founding seven other missions in the province—namely, El Rosario in 1774, Santo Domingo in 1775, San Vicente Ferrer in 1780, San Miguel in 1782, Santo Tomas in 1790, San Pedro Martin in 1794, and Santa Catarina in 1795.

In the beginning of the present century these missions were thriving. The "Resumen General"—a report made at stated intervals to the then Viceroy of Mexico of the condition of the missions of La Frontera—of the year 1801, has the following table showing the population of the missions during the previous year, the stock owned, and the crops harvested:

MISSIONS.	Name.	STOCK.						CROPS (in fanegas),*			
		Cattle.	Horses.	Mules.	Sheep.	Goats.	Swine.	Wheat.	Corn.	Barley.	Beans.
	San Fernando.....	303	110	54	30	103	13	450	800	130	...
	Rosario.....	257	300	76	25	650	140	30	20	100	4
	Santo Domingo...	315	500	141	23	1000	100	1000	500	30	100
	San Vicente.....	461	750	113	48	1150	150	350	400	...	10
	Santo Tomas.....	202	1715	115	69	2000	400	600	500	400	50
	San Miguel.....	224	1350	300	27	1044	7	450	200	268	10
	San Pedro Martin...	92	600	113	26	400	300	50	300	...	80
	Santa Catarina...	192	315	120	24	210	102	6	25
		1952	5000	1032	284	7137	1249	3126	2825	768	254

* A fanega is nearly equal to an English cwt., being about 110 lbs.

General," further than that "they save dried grapes and manufacture some brandy." Fruit and vine culture were almost totally neglected, as the padres were compelled to devote most of their time in securing the foothold they had obtained in the province.

These missions have long since been abandoned, and the churches are now the refuge of the owl, bat, ground-squirrel, and gopher. The San Fernando Villacata Mission Church is a mass of worthless ruins. A marshy tract of land—perhaps half a mile long—below which is another tract of arable land, comprising about one hundred acres, is in the immediate vicinity of the crumbled ruins. The decay of this mission must have been very rapid during the past few years, as there is a striking contrast between its present condition and the description given of it by Don José Matias Moreno, in his report to the National Government of Mexico, in the year 1861. Moreno says, "The ex-mission has ample water and farming land, and a considerable extent of pasturage for raising cattle on its old ranchos, known as San Juan de Dios, rancho de Peña Arroyo Grande, Sausalito, and Santa Ursula, each of them of two square leagues (or a total area of about 43,000 acres), with water, grass, and timber." Evidently considerable of the land in the vicinity of this mission was at one time under cultivation; an aqueduct through which the water for irrigating was carried being still in a fair state of preservation, and capable of being put in good repair with an outlay of about \$100.

The missionary Fathers had much to contend with in their efforts to Christianize the aborigines of La Frontera. They did not apparently wield the same power over the Indian tribes inhabiting it as they did over the Indians of Alta California. Alexander S. Taylor says, that, "between 1789 and 1800, the in-

Of the grape, wine, and brandy interests nothing is said in the "Resumen

fant missions were several times attacked by the Yumas, who greatly retarded their establishment and growth. These Indians finally effected the entire destruction and abandonment of the two missions before 1828."

A similar fate befel every other mission in the province, and there is not one to-day whose buildings are better than a mass of crumbling ruins.

Santo Tomas, the capital of La Frontera, is an insignificant village, containing a few adobe buildings, situated in a small valley, twenty-five miles inland from the Bay of Enseñada. The surrounding country is barren, and outside of the raising of barely sufficient corn and vegetables for the few inhabitants resident in Santo Tomas, it is utterly unproductive.

The principal place of interest in La Frontera is that of San Rafael, in the vicinity of which the gold-mines are situated. It is about twenty-five miles from the coast, and contains the greater portion of the White and Mexican population in the province — about 300.

Santo Elmo, or as it is called by some, San Telmo, is a village situated in the interior, and is where the entire adult population of La Frontera within a radius of one hundred miles assemble at Christmas time, to celebrate "*La Fiesta de la Pascua.*" The feast continues for a whole week. Religious services are performed by the priests, after which the people devote themselves to dancing and revelry. Gambling, for which the people of La Frontera have a passionate fondness, is indulged in to a reckless degree. It is not infrequent that the largest stock ranchos in the province change hands at the gambling-tables of Santo Elmo.

The only place of interest on the eastern coast is that of San Felipe de Jesus, a fine little harbor on the Gulf of California. It was at San Felipe that the Franciscan and Dominican Fathers land-

ed their stores for the founding and subsequent support of the mission of San Fernando Villacata. It is now used as an Indian trading-post.

The political affairs of La Frontera are conducted by a Lieutenant-Governor, entitled *Sub-Jefe Politico-Militar*, residing at Santo Tomas, and who is appointed by the Governor (*Jefe Politico-Militar*) of the Territory of Baja California, who resides at La Paz, the capital. Associated with the *Sub-Jefe* are a number of judges, known as the Judge of Primary Causes (*Juez de Primera Instancia*), the Constitutional Judge of the Peace (*Juez Constitucional de la Paz*), the Local Judge (*Juez Local*), and the Civil Judge (*Juez Civil*). The Judge of Primary Causes receives his appointment directly from the National Government of Mexico, and makes La Paz his head-quarters. His jurisdiction extends over the entire territory of Baja California, and all civil and criminal cases are brought before him for hearing. The Constitutional Judge of the Peace is elected by popular vote, and receives a stated salary. He is stationed at Santo Tomas. The Local Judge is appointed by the *Ayuntamiento* (Council) of Santo Tomas, and receives fees only as a reward for his services. The Civil Judge is also an appointed officer, whose duties are limited to the execution of marriage contracts.

Justice is administered in a very peculiar way in La Frontera. The sequel of a mining suit involving the Pueblo ledge, in the San Rafael district, affords an excellent illustration. Previous to the discovery of the Pueblo ledge, Don Ambrosio Castillo swayed supreme authority over the Real del Castillo, by virtue of the grant made to him by the National Government, and the powers vested by it in his person. He floated his three-league grant wherever it best suited his purpose, and claimed that the Pueblo ledge was within its boundaries.

The discoverer of the Pueblo ledge alleged that it was situated some distance outside of the limits of the grant. Being a shrewd man, he enlisted the support of the people in his favor by inviting them to take shares in the property, assigning to himself a small royalty on the proceeds of the mine. The people gladly accepted, as the ledge gave evidence of being exceedingly rich. Castillo at once saw the utter impossibility of getting possession of the Pueblo mine by any arbitrary measures, while it was protected by the strong arm of the people. He appealed to the Constitutional Judge of the Peace at Santo Tomas. A pure-blooded Indian, Chacun by name, then held the office. He was ignorant and corrupt. What he lacked in education was more than counterbalanced by cunning. When the complaint was made, Chacun informed the parties interested in the suit that before he could proceed with it, a deposit in Court of \$375 would be required of each party as security for the costs. The desired amounts were at once deposited, and Chacun proceeded with the case. His first step was to order the appointment of two arbitrators—one by Castillo and the other by the Pueblo Mining Company—both of whom were to be mining experts. The arbitrators were appointed, and instructed by the Court to inspect the disputed ground and report the result. Each arbitrator was, of course, the creature of his appointer. It was part of Chacun's plan that it should be so. Having viewed the ground, they reported to the Court their inability to agree; upon which Chacun rendered the following remarkable decision:

"I have not been to the ground, and I have no business there. I know nothing of mines, and it is not my business to know. The experts have been to the mine, and do not agree. My decision is, that the mine belongs to those who claim it in the name of the Pueblo, and that

each of the parties to this suit pay into Court the sum of \$375."

He thus made the costs cover the deposits. He cared nothing about the rights of either party. His point was to please his constituents and secure a fat fee, which he gained.

Although a region of vast natural resources, La Frontera has retrograded rather than progressed during the last half-century. The revolutions that have from time to time passed over Mexico, found a faithful response in this its most remote province. The people that have repeatedly flocked to its shores during time of peace, have as often deserted it to risk their fortunes with the vicissitudes of the civil dissensions agitating its sister provinces across the Gulf of California. Its impoverishment has been made the more complete by the ravages of the hostile Indians inhabiting it, and by the levies of filibustering adventurers, to whose raids it has frequently been subjected.

The Texas and Pacific Railway—the great avenue which proposes to span the continent on the line of the thirty-second parallel of latitude—is on the eve of construction, and La Frontera becomes a region of special interest to the American people. Situated as it is in close proximity to the line of the Texas and Pacific Railway, it must become tributary to it. The great want of La Frontera is capital for the development of its vast mineral deposits. At present there is a total absence of it; while the instability of the Government, the laxity of the administration of the laws, and the insecurity of life and property, are formidable barriers to its introduction. The construction of the Texas and Pacific Railway will be the means of destroying these barriers. The vast population that will then flow westward through the new channel, will find its way south of the present boundary line. Isolated from its mother-land—Mexico

—by the Gulf of California, and closely connected with the United States by Nature, and, as it will be then, by the interests and sympathies of its people, the annexation of La Frontera to the United States must inevitably follow.

When this does take place, an era of prosperity will be inaugurated for this border province; capital will flow in, its mineral resources will be fully developed, and the magnitude of its wealth will dazzle the civilized world.

LONDON ART EXHIBITIONS OF 1873.

THE banquet over, the speeches spoken, the curiosity of royalty appeased, and the critics, dealers, and *cognoscenti* having had their day of private inspection, the galleries of the Royal Academy of Arts were once more thrown open to the general public on the customary day, the first Monday in May. This is always an "event" in the London season, and, as the day happened to be quite tolerable, the rooms filled at an early hour with crowds of well-dressed spectators, eager to see what the artists had provided for them this year, and prepared to be amused or instructed, as the case might be.

Burlington House, as the structure is commonly called, which comprises the galleries and schools of the Royal Academy, the Linnæan and Royal Societies, and the London University, is now almost completed; at least, the scaffolding has been removed, and instead of alighting on a board platform edging the muddy street, and then traversing a semi-obscure tunnel constructed of rough boards, you now pass legitimately beneath the lofty and highly ornate archway, and enter the spacious quadrangle, at the upper end of which rise the broad stairs leading to the entrance halls of the Academy. Old Burlington House, the town mansion of the Earls of Burlington and Cork, purchased by the nation, has been transformed to the present stately edifice, and compares favorably with most of the recent struct-

ures of London. Its style is that of the Italian *renaissance*, I believe. All around the interior *façade* of the building are introduced numerous niches, in which will be placed statues of the great departed in painting, sculpture, and architecture; but as yet only one solitary figure, that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, has been placed in position; the rest will follow after the close of the Exhibition.

The one hundred and fifth Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts comprised some 1,600 specimens of paintings, sculpture, engravings, and architectural designs, the result of the year's labor of the artists, and embodying the character of the art of England. The number of works rejected were this year unusually large—several thousands, I believe. The Exhibition is considered an average fair one, although we have nothing from the brush of Frederick Walker, and only portraits—but some of them noble ones—from Millais. The learned Whistler exhibits neither "nocturnes" nor "symphonies," and Leighton is only represented by a cartoon for his wall-painting in the Kensington Museum. The absence of anything by Mr. Walker is a great disappointment; but an important commission, I understand, prevented him getting his usual quota ready for the Academy. Millais is the great portrait-painter *par excellence*—the modern Vandyke; although several other academicians practice that lucrative branch of art, and paint heads of high artistic

value. Millais has steadily raised his price, to stave off, I suppose, the flood of orders for portraits which is inundating him, and leaving him no time for more congenial work. It is said that he will not, in future, paint a full-length under 2,000 guineas; and, indeed, I imagine that if he charged five times as much, he would obtain it. In the present "flush times" in England, there are numbers of people to whom money is literally no object; mercantile Midases, who are both able and willing to pay even that figure for an advertisement indirectly of their wealth and taste, and directly of themselves, their wives, and daughters, by the fashionable but truly great painter of the "Huguenots" and the "Order of Release." A striking piece of portraiture by this artist, is that of Mrs. Heugh, an old lady, said to be verging toward her century. It is painted in solid *impasto*, the lights massed up with a palette-knife. In the Sculpture Gallery is a marble bust of the same subject, in which the expression is far more pleasing than in Millais' picture, which is that of a wrinkled, hard-lined visage, unsoftened by the snows of her many winters, though it is a face full of character. By way of contrast to this hard-featured old dame, he presents us next to a perfect darling of a little Miss, in a Dolly Varden dress, seated on the grass in the corner of an old-fashioned garden, nursing a black kitten, whose green eyes seem to follow you as if they were alive. Universal and deserved praise is bestowed upon his full-length of Mrs. Bischoffsheim, the wife of the rich German banker. She is a beauty of the sweet English type, and the artist has done her justice. The elaborately painted pattern in her Dolly Varden dress seems to me to interfere somewhat with the flesh-tones, or would do so, if by a less accomplished colorist.

Richmond, R. A., has painted a full-length portrait of Lord Salisbury, in his

robes as Chancellor of the University of Oxford—a fine picture of one who looks every inch a nobleman. Among Sant's portraits, that of "Gertrude" is particularly charming—a little, delicate-looking girl in black, a real patrician child. Conspicuous among the usual presentation pictures is a large one of Sir Sills Gibbons, Bart., the ex-Lord Mayor, as he appeared in St. Paul's Cathedral on the day of Thanksgiving. He is in all his bravery, ermine robe, jack-boots, and gorgeous collar, resting on the huge city sword, and properly supported by several furred and ermined aldermen. On his rubicund and benevolent countenance dwells a smile of unutterable complacency. No doubt it was the proudest day of his life.

If it be conceded that the English school of painting is more particularly one of color, and in that respect superior to those of the continent, Mr. Poole may be allowed to be at the head of it and the first of living colorists. The artists are full of praise of his large picture, "The Lion in the Path," representing a naked man encountering a lion in a wooded landscape. The figures are only so-so, but the landscape is grandly conceived and painted in the large manner of the old masters, whose backgrounds, more especially those of Titian, it readily suggests. It is Nature idealized, and not a mere portrait of so much cloud, stream, and hill, and in that light should be judged. So considered, Mr. Poole's work is thought to have no superior, if any equal, in ancient and modern landscape art.

Far more realistic—that is, a more realistic but still practical transcript of Nature—is Vicat Cole's "Hay-time," a dreamy, hazy summer afternoon brooding over an extended landscape of woods, fields, and streams. "Nature in her prime" is Mr. Cole's specialty. His pictures of this year come from the same land "in which it seemed always after-

noon"—a country which this artist apparently claims for his own. The new landscape associate, Mr. Peter Graham, whose striking picture, "The Home of the Sea-birds," was so much admired last year, vindicates his election nobly in his large canvas, entitled "Wind," a relief and contrast to his fellow-associate's perpetual afternoons. A mountain torrent is tearing down its rock-strewn bed; a belt of Scotch firs on the bank is swaying and bending before the furious blast; and a chill, watery ghost of a sunset forebodes "an awful night."

One of the great pictures of the year is F. Goodall's "The Subsiding of the Nile." In the foreground a party of wandering Arabs are driving a herd of gaunt buffaloes and a flock of sheep across a slough of the subsiding Nile. The time is sunrise, which steeps the Pyramid of Cheops in soft, tender light, and gilds the endless expanse of the great desert beyond. It is a noble picture, not obviously picturesque, but impressive by its evident truthfulness. Mr. Goodall possesses great artistic knowledge, and paints with astonishing rapidity. I am told that this large picture, with its plentiful details, only occupied him eight weeks.

Among the painters of the sea, P. Graham, Colin Hunter, and Edwin Hayes are the most prominent. "The last is a member of the R. H. S., and is more particularly than the two first a marine painter, inasmuch as Mr. Hayes deals mostly with the open sea, which he understands in all its varied phases. His having been to sea in his youth stands him in good stead, as it did Stanfield, and his sea-pictures satisfy the sailor as well as the artist. Mr. C. Hunter is a young man, coming rapidly to the front. His "Travelers Waiting for Darkness" is a masterpiece. It is simply a piece of shore, near which are anchored a couple of boats, laden with nets and gear for night-fishing. The men are

standing about or lounging in the sterns, waiting for darkness, to go to sea and commence their work. The wide expanse of the gently ruffled sea beginning to darken with the approach of night is realized with rare skill and power. The picture is perfection in its way. He has two others, similar in subject and treatment. I think Mr. Hunter is a good investment. "Foundered," by Mr. Wyllie, is another marine picture of merit. A ship has stranded on a desolate shore. A huge incoming roller, toppling to its fall, conceals the hull, leaving only the masts visible over its green crest, above which clouds of sea-birds are hovering and screaming; while in the foreground, on the storm-washed beach, some more ghostly white and black birds are stalking about in the deepening twilight, the embodied ghosts, perhaps, of the drowned crew.

One of the few good historical pictures on the walls this year is that by Ward, R. A.: "The Visit of Charles IX. to the wounded Admiral, Coligny, on the Eve of St. Bartholomew." The life of the Admiral has just been attempted, and the grand old man, his arm in a sling, is lying in bed, earnestly whispering in the ear of the young King, who bends over him. The Queen-mother, Catharine de Medicis, and her younger son (aware of the coming massacre) are standing apart, and watch suspiciously the interview between the leader of the Huguenots and the irresolute King. M. Teligny (one of the first victims of St. Bartholomew), with his sweet young wife, the daughter of the Admiral, is waiting for the termination of the royal visit to approach the bedside of his father-in-law. The incident is well told on canvas, and the varied expressions of the different *dramatis personæ* are nicely distinguished, without being unduly forced.

Among the animal painters we have probably seen the last by the best of all

of them. The place of honor, where hung last year Millais' "Dummy Whist," is occupied by a large sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer of the Queen's favorite riding-horse—a white, gentle-looking Arab. It does not require the catalogue's emphatic assertion to be sure that its rider is not a portrait of her Majesty. The action and caution characteristic of a sure-footed animal is given with the cleverness of Sir Edwin's best days. Sidney Cooper, Academician, who has made the painting of cattle his specialty, has encountered a formidable rival in the new associate, Mr. B. Davis, whose large picture of a stampee of cattle drew so much attention last year. His "Summer Afternoon" is a large canvas of sleek, mild-eyed cattle, standing knee-deep in a small stream, on which float some miraculously painted water-lilies. Auguste Bonheur, brother to the famous Rosa, has a herd of more gaunt-looking French cattle crossing a ford, equally as good in drawing and color as Mr. Davis' cows. Briton Riviere, the painter of "Daniel in the Lions' Den," shows us in his "Argus" how the old faithful hound recognizes, before he dies, his long-lost master, Ulysses, who, old and in rags, looks gratefully upon his only friend. A young man, a Mr. Hardy, has drawn not a little attention this year by his "Fighting Lions," a large picture, conspicuously placed in Gallery I. In a rocky, arid wilderness—on a slope of the Atlas, perhaps—two mighty lions (life size) are clinching each other, tooth-and-nail, in mortal combat; a lioness is crouching and snarling near by, apparently undecided which side to take; or, perhaps, like the western woman, who found her drunken husband wrestling with a bear, she does not care which whips.

Mr. V. Princep, A., presents himself also this year as an animal painter, in his queer conceit called "The Gadarene

Swine," illustrating the text, "And the unclean spirits went out and entered into the swine, and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were choked in the sea." The slope leading down to a precipice is black with pigs rushing frantically to the brink, over which they are tumbling head over heels, save one old grunter, who pauses on the verge of the cliff before he fulfills his manifest destiny. The unclean spirits seem to have selected to enter into some particularly fat and sleek porkers, real Berkshires. I judge "what a reckless waste of juicy hams and streaky bacon," is, I think, the main reflection this curious picture gives rise to. A much more satisfactory work by the same artist is one of two beautiful, stately ladies (sisters, perhaps), in full evening toilet, and, under an effect of artificial light, ascending the grand staircase of Devonshire House.

Calderon is represented by two pictures very dissimilar in subject and feeling: "Good-night," the representation of a very pretty young mother, dressed for a ball, with her new gloves and fan, and flowers in her hair, caressing a noble little fellow, standing upright in his cot, and promising him something nice if he will be a good boy and go to sleep. This is a subject which appeals successfully to the maternal instincts, and is sure to enlist the sympathies of the young ladies. The baby element was a good deal more common in English pictures formerly than now, but artists of any reputation need not nowadays have recourse to the nursery to insure a sale. Calderon's picture is certainly very "sweet," but I think his "Victory" more worthy of his ability. A party of women and children are watching from the battlements of a castle a fight going on beneath the walls. The weather-stained and lichen-colored masonry, and the swallow-nests beneath the projecting lintel, are conscientious studies from

Nature. The enemy has been put to flight, as may be judged by the expression in the faces of the spectators and by a cloud of horsemen disappearing over the brow of a hill. The face of one young woman is lighted with joy, while that of another—a pale-faced mother—is pinched in an agony of doubt and fear. One tall, stately dame—a veritable Roman—looks sternly down on the battle with unflinching eye and compressed lips, and the children, careless and ignorant of the consequences, laugh and shout as they point toward the retreating horsemen. A third picture by Calderon is “The Moonlight Serenade;” an infuriated husband or father pursuing with drawn sword a luckless lover, whose back and heels are at the point of disappearing round the corner. Lying on the ground are a guitar and a nosegay, which he has dropped in the hot haste of his flight.

A very interesting picture of a strong dramatic situation is Pettie’s “Flag of Truce,” the sequel, I suppose, to his “Terms to the Besieged” of last year. The old white-bearded commander has at last yielded to the pressure of hunger and misery, and is issuing forth from the city gate, with the treaty of surrender in his hand, and accompanied by a young knight bearing the white flag of truce. One poor creature, with an emaciated infant in her arms, is stooping down and kissing his hand, while a multitude of haggard and weeping women is crowding the archway behind, blessing them and thanking God with uplifted arms for their approaching deliverance. Another dramatic incident, well told, is Mr. M. Stone’s “*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi.*” Through a partly withdrawn curtain you get a glimpse of the old king lying dead in his bed, forsaken by all save an old deer-hound that gazes wistfully at the still face of his master. In the fore-part of the picture we see a crowd of obsequious courtiers bending

low to the new king, a little boy, who clings frightened to the skirts of his nurse, not even noticing the glittering crown and sceptre, which have been placed at his feet. A kindred subject is treated by Mr. Calthorpe, in his “*Le-vée de Monseigneur.*” In a gorgeously furnished antique bedroom (one of the splendid state-rooms of Knole Park, I believe) a boy prince is being dressed by his attendants, all fawning upon him, from the scarlet cardinal to the hair-dresser upon his knees before the fire heating the curling-irons; but the incident is lost sight of in our amazement at the marvelously painted accessories, the absolute realization of which Mr. Calthorpe achieves in a manner unequalled by any other artist. No Dutch imitative painter ever produced a more startling illusion.

An amusing incident in the life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague is capitally treated by A. C. Gow. At a meeting of the Kit-Kat Club, her father, Lord Kingston, the president at the time, was seized with the whim of nominating as a candidate for the toasts of the year his own little daughter, then only eight years old. According to the rules of the club, no beauty was eligible for such honor, unless she had been seen by the members. Whereupon, the old gentleman had her sent for forthwith. With much struggling and coaxing, the little maid was presented to the jovial members, who received her with enthusiasm and elected her with acclamation, her attendants in the door-way vastly enjoying the fun.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson gives us another piece of humor in his capital “Jack Ashore.” A British man-of-war’s-man, a magnificent specimen of a devil-may-care tar ashore on liberty, has drifted into the court or alley of some Moorish town. A party of fezzed and turbaned natives are sitting blinking and dozing in the sun, and looking with languid curiosity upon this strange dog of an infi-

del, a look which Jack returns with interest, as he eyes with supreme contempt the dirty beggars, evidently with a rising wish to fight the whole lot of them. A pathetic picture is H. B. Roberts' "Homeless," whose striking work "On the Track" was among the most noticeable of the Exhibition of 1871. On a desolate common a traveling-van is rapidly being consumed by fire. One poor old creature is sitting on a stone, her face hid in her hands. A younger woman, with the brown face of a gypsy—one child in her arms, another clinging to her skirts—looks helplessly on the calamity which has overtaken them. The figures tell their own story, and the low stretch of scrubby and furzy common, closed in by a red evening sky, is finely rendered. An exquisite picture is "Good-by, God bless You!" by P. R. Morris, of the school of the late Mr. Mason in choice and treatment of his subject. It is a calm summer evening, and the whole landscape lies flushed in the rays of the declining sun. On a broad country road, where the little pools in the ruts are glowing like molten gold, an old country-woman is giving the parting kiss to her daughter, about to leave her home to go out into the world in the old-fashioned vehicle a little distance off. Mr. Morris has invested this homely incident with true poetic feeling, and the charming composition gains upon you by every renewed visit.

Mr. Poynter, M. A., has another dragon-fight this year. The subject this time is "Moore of Moore Hall slaying the Dragon of Wantley." It is painted to order, I am told, for a descendant of the dragon-slayer—surely none else would wish to hang this ghastly thing on his wall. Mr. Poynter, mindful of the criticisms of last year, has imparted a good deal more vigor to his present champion, who is in the act of dealing the death-blow to the hideous monster. Its wings are broken, the blood flows

freely from many a wound, and the huge scaly tail is coiling and twisting convulsively around the trunks of trees, torn up by the roots in the death-struggle.

Sir John Gilbert, the President of the old Water-color Society, and associate of the Academy, and one of the first but perhaps also one of the most mannered of British artists, exhibits two fine pictures, which reveal their author in every line. "The First Prince of Wales" represents a finely composed group of wild Welsh chieftains and druidical-looking priests gazing reverentially upon their baby prince in his mother's arms. The other is an equally unmistakable Gilbert "Naseby;" a splendid confusion of horsemen—the broken Royal Cavalry, which the fiery Rupert is vainly trying to rally for a last charge. The scene is vividly brought before you, and you seem almost to hear the din and tumult of battle.

Mr. Herkomer, a well-known water-color painter, has a fine picture in oils—"After the Toil of the Day." The scene is a street of a Tyrolean village, beyond which are seen the glaciers and peaks of the Alps, rosy with the last gleam of departing day. Rustic lads and lasses are chatting to each other, children are playing about, old crones are sitting spinning before their doors, and a party of chamois-hunters, in their peaked hats with the eagle plume, their rifles slung across their backs, are discussing the day's sport over their evening beer in front of the village inn. The characteristic air and expression of the Tyrolean mountaineer is finely rendered. Herkomer is of the school of F. Walker, and his work is easily mistaken for that of the famous associate. His colors in oils have at times a tendency to muddiness and dinginess, a fault of which the head of the school is not always free himself. Another follower of Walker is the American artist, Mr. J. Hennessy, who has exhibited in the Royal

Academy for several years. His "Summer Days" is a charming composition of a gay picnic party on "Long Island's sea-girt shore." The tone is rather gray—good color, artistically; but I think a warmer and more yellow hue would have been in better keeping with the sentiment of the picture.

Mr. Boughton, an American artist, domiciled in England, and, like Mr. Herkomer, a member of the National Academy in New York, is represented by a fine picture, entitled "The Heir." A little lord—a child—is taking an airing in his ancestral park, under the charge of a prim, stately nurse. A little distance behind, a gigantic Negro footman is leading his master's white pony. It is late in the autumn, and the ground is strewn with yellow leaves, which an old gardener is engaged in sweeping into heaps. He stands humbly, cap in hand, exposing his poor old pate to the wind, as the little lord of the manor passes carelessly by. The stately old park is capitally realized, with its huge oaks standing inch deep in the russet leaves, and gray vistas of distance opening out between them.

A solemn picture is Mr. Waite's "Passing Bell." The scene is in a country church-tower. The sexton, a grave-faced rustic, is pulling the bell-rope; an aged man, his father, perhaps, is sitting on a bench with folded hands, pondering on the end from which he can not be far distant, while a little child is carelessly playing on the floor. Through a half-open door is seen part of the interior of the dim old church. A quotation from Longfellow is appended:

"Bell, thou soundest mournfully.

Tellest thou the bitter parting hath gone by?"

A little *genre* picture, by Hardy, "Looking for Father," tells its own mournful story. A poor little girl stands on tip-toe in the snow peering in through a pane in the door of a public-house, looking for one who ought not to be there.

Among the foreign contributors, who are but very few in number, Alma Tadema, a Belgian, and Israels, a Dutchman, are painters of high reputation. They are both residents of London, and make good incomes. Tadema has three tiny but exquisite pictures in one frame, illustrating a Greek banquet, entitled "The Wine, the Dinner, and the Siesta." They are marvels of color and minute touch, like the little cabinet-pictures of Meissonier. "The Death of the First-born" is his other contribution this year: an Egyptian interior, where a mother sits stupefied with grief, with her dead first-born across her lap—a powerful painting of a ghastly subject. Tadema seems to affect particularly scenes from classical or Egyptian life; at least, I have not seen any other from his hand. Israels is a strong realistic painter. In his "Poor of the Village" we see the hull of a Dutch fishing-smack left dry by the receding tide. The master is doling out a supply of fish to a group of the village poor of both sexes, who have helped to discharge her. Auguste Bonheur is represented by a very fine cattle-picture, to which I have already alluded. A Danish artist, Herr Olric, exhibits a striking likeness of his charming country-woman, the Princess of Wales—a presentation picture, evidently, as her Royal Highness is in full gala costume, white satin robe, a feather fastened by a diamond *aigrette* in her hair, and three or four orders on her breast. It is a fine specimen of portraiture of the realistic school.

There are several good water-colors in the Academy this year, although none are contributed by the members of the two societies, who naturally are not disposed to impoverish their own exhibitions for the sake of the Academy. "Linden Common"—a large, powerful drawing of a peat-moor, deep and rich in color, seen under a stormy sky—"Rival Mountains seen from Carnarvon

Bay," and a "Brigantine Dropping out of Port," in the bold, sketchy style, are noticeable among a dozen or more water-color paintings of more than ordinary merit.

In the gallery devoted to designs, etchings, and miniatures, I was attracted by a series of clever drawings in sepia, executed by M. Zichy for the Prince of Wales, illustrating the various incidents of deer-stalking, in which his Royal Highness figures conspicuously. Among them, one representing a dance of Highland gillies by torchlight to the wild music of the bagpipes in the courtyard of Abergeldy Castle—the Prince's Highland hunting-lodge—struck me as exceptionally interesting. The original pen-and-ink drawing for the cut in *Punch's Almanack*, entitled "Pussie's Nightmare," is exhibited by the artist, Mr. DuMaurier. A ruthless crowd of mounted hunters, among them several ladies, preceded by a pack of hounds of most ferocious aspect, their eyes and tongues protruding, are charging furiously at one wretched hare; a hideous nightmare, which one may readily suppose often haunts poor puss in her form during the season.

The Sculpture Gallery is principally a collection of portrait-busts and monumental effigies. There are, however, three statues of singular beauty in terracotta, by J. Dalon, a French artist, residing in Chelsea. The first, "*Paysanne Française*," a young French peasant woman nursing her babe, seems to me to be life itself. It was sold on the private view day for the price marked—500 guineas—the double of which, I understand, has already been offered and refused. His other two figures, "*La Musique*" and "*La Peinture*"—two lovely girls, personifying these two arts—are also of very high merit.

My limited space will only permit me a brief notice of the exhibitions of the water-color societies, which may not be

quite so fashionable as that of the Royal Academy, but are to artists and real lovers of art no less attractive. Both exhibitions are unusually good this year, the younger society, or the Institute, fully equal to, if not better than, the old. In the Society, F. Walker is *facile princeps*. Sir John Gilbert, the President, has a characteristic drawing, "Artillery of the Commonwealth taking up a Position," and W. Goodall a pair of beautiful drawings of Italian life. Among the landscapists, Birket Foster is clever as usual, and Fripp Hunt, Danby, and Whitaker come up to their usual mark, which is that of high excellence. Among the honorary members, Dr. Prescott Jewett, the well-known physician, exhibits two down-pictures, which would do credit to any professional. The Doctor is very fond of art and artists, and manages to snatch a few weeks each summer from his toilsome practice for a sketching tour. He is also a liberal and judicious buyer, particularly of water-colors. Alma Tadema, another honorary member, is represented by an Egyptian scene, of course, which proves that there are people outside of England who understand the theory and practice of water-color art. It is a pure *aquarelle*, without any admixture of body color, and entirely free from that turbidity of tone which ordinarily characterizes the efforts of continental artists in that medium.

The Institute contains a half-dozen men of the highest reputation, both in figure and in landscape. H. B. Roberts has a most beautiful drawing, a young girl standing near an old hawthorn-bush laden with snowy blossoms, listening to the song of a lark. Roberts, and perhaps Gow, may be said to be the successors of W. Hunt, and their little drawings of homely incident are much sought for. Highly finished work of this class demands great patience as well as great knowledge; but these two factors combined beget that wonderful "quali-

ty" which constitutes the peculiar value of high-class water-color work. Mr. Linton's "Maundy-Thursday" occupies the place of honor this year. A mediæval prince or noble is on his knees, displaying his humility in washing the feet of a half-dozen of evil-visaged beggars, while his lady, attended by a dwarf, is preparing with evident disgust for the task before her. It is a rich, mellow picture, Titianesque in its tone, and conspicuous for its masterly drawing as well as for its refined color. Mr. Hine has some of his inimitable down-pictures: soft swelling hills, dotted here and there with sheep, and under various conditions of time and atmosphere. Mr. Collins, elected an associate a year ago, bids fair to wear the mantle of David Cox, whose feeling for Nature he possesses, although he can not be said to be an imitator of his manner. His art is purely a matter of feeling, and he, like Cox, is careless of detail, but, viewed at the proper distance, his pictures are singularly suggestive of real out-door Nature. Mr. Collier is a colorist of very high order. The Institute numbers among its members one of the best marine painters in England, Mr. Edwin Hayes. His water-color drawings of the sea and of boats and shipping are equal to the pictures in oil which he contributes regularly to the Academy every year. Mr. J. C. Reed, the well-known painter of mountain landscape, exhibits two striking specimens, the one the "Three Sisters of Glencoe," a gloomy mountain view near the famous Pass, and "Cruachan Ben," touched by the last gleam of the setting sun. Mr. Mogford excels as usual in his sunsets and coast views; and Mr. Prout treats us to some charmingly picturesque bits of architecture from the Low Countries.

The water-color societies exhibit only works by their respective members, but there are two other annual exhibitions in London, besides the Royal Academy,

which are open to the artist world at large—namely, the Suffolk Street Gallery and the Dudley, both admitting water-colors, as well as oils. Though, of course, the general average of work exhibited there is below that of the Academy, they are well worth examining, and one frequently encounters works of superior merit and many of great promise. As a rule, the young artist commences with Suffolk Street, whence he emigrates to the Dudley, and is finally made happy by being hung in the Royal Academy, which is open to all comers, provided they come up to a standard, which is not always a very high one. A royal institution, located in ample and palatial premises, the Academy naturally is the centre exhibition, and is possessed of a prestige which obscures the fact that it is in water-color painting English art finds its chief exponent, and in which it compares favorably with that of other nations. Too much praise can not be bestowed upon the English school of landscape painters in that medium. Assiduous out-door study and the thorough knowledge of the resources of their material, result in a delicacy of tint and tone, sense of atmosphere, and aerial perspective, which suggest at once Nature itself. Water-color art is, indeed, largely patronized in England, but still, in the eyes of numbers of people, as in America, a piece of painted paper has no chance with a painted canvas, particularly when the latter presents itself on a large scale and in a resplendent frame. If the members of the two societies could make up their minds to sink their mutual jealousies and re-organize in one body, the peculiar value and beauty of their charming art must needs be more fully and generally appreciated. They should welcome meritorious work by outside practitioners of their art, and, in fact, constitute themselves a separate academy. Supplied with a titled president (they have one now), spacious galleries,

and a more liberal patronage of royalty, the water-color painters would soon become formidable rivals of their academic brethren, and achieve the recognition and position to which their art entitles them. Not that they have cause to complain from a pecuniary point of view; well-known names in either medium command prices hitherto unexampled. The son of the famous David Cox sold lately the last remnant in his possession of his father's sketches. They were mostly blots of color—mere memoranda for future sketches—but the dealers outbid each other in obtaining the precious bits of paper, confident they would secure a still further advance. The two days' sale realized not far from £30,000. I know, from good authority, that Agnew, the Vanderbilt of dealers, cleared £100,000 by his sales of last year, a fact which lends some color to the truth of the rumor, that, besides bulling and bearing the picture-market, he also exercises no little control over the Hanging Commit-

tee of the Royal Academy itself. At any rate, the artist who has previously sold his picture to the Messrs. Agnew may be pretty certain of seeing it "on the line."

The prestige of the Royal Academy makes it the goal of ambitious artists, notwithstanding the longest price paid for any modern English picture is that paid recently by the same firm for "The Shadow of the Cross," by Mr. Holman Hunt, who, in conjunction with his pre-Raphaelite brethren—Rosetti, Maddox, Browne, and others—has steadily held aloof from the Academy, and is the chief of that independent, able, but somewhat crotchety school of English "painters of the future." Mr. Hunt has been engaged on his work for four years in Jerusalem. It has not yet been exhibited. It is in course of being engraved. The sale of the plates and the money made by the exhibition throughout the country, will, it is believed, pay Mr. Agnew a handsome profit on his investment.

PROCLIVITY.

FEW people know how to enjoy themselves rationally—to discriminate between elevating, or building-up, and relapsing, or pulling down, pleasures. Life is too much of a blindfold race after happiness to eventuate otherwise than in a frequent contravention of its own ends. In other words, the blind man gets "buffed" in the game of life at every corner. A mole, working underground in the dark, is able, by the aid of peculiar instincts, to calculate with wonderful accuracy the direction he is taking, just what distance he has mined, and how far he may yet mine without risking the chance of overrunning or falling short of the desired point of *dénoue-*

ment. Man is not a mole, and can not "follow his nose" in the dark with any certainty that he will not get it disjointed.

The faults, the vices, and the miseries of mankind—and also of womankind—are more directly attributable than are their virtues to the sway of "proclivity." Proclivity impels us to do this, or to do that, and we do it, without discreetly pausing to analyze the proclivity, in order to discover whether it comes of Nature, or whether it comes of Civilization—for Civilization is too often an *uncivil* check on Nature—or whether it comes from morbidness of individual appetite. Example is the rule, investigation the

exception. It should be reversed. Sufficient investigation to enable us to distinguish between examples that are good and examples that are bad, should certainly precede the committal of ourselves to "consequences."

Most of the proclivities which are noxious to the human constitution are inculcated; they are oftener proclivities of education than of the natural man. Nature not unfrequently enters her most strenuous protest against their indulgence; and generally in vain. Such, however, is her adaptability, that she gradually ceases to remonstrate with her perverse children, and finally comes to tolerate, even to crave, the very things which at first aroused her ireful abhorrence. But the penalty is only suspended for a time. It is sure to fall after many days. The offending member, whether it be the heart, the stomach, or the heels, will not be allowed to escape the retributive switch. Sometime, or soon, or late, there will come "a mighty tingling."

That Nature should not be improved upon, that we should be content to accept ourselves as we are, that we should not endeavor to cultivate and refine our original material, is not to be implied; but this is: that all improvements which are contradictions to Nature are *mal*, and can not issue otherwise than in evil and enervation.

We are not a reformist of the ultra school—in self-application. Although our philosophy may be highly tinged with asceticism, only the slightest possible ascetic coloring pervades our practice. We do not conform strictly to what we inculcate—who does? Yet what we perceive to be right, even when perceiving but as one who sees "in a glass darkly," the spirit of right forces us to acknowledge and disseminate abroad. We have our proclivities. Some of them are of that degree of virtue that is called "questionable." A

few of them are known, and most of them partly admitted, vices—errors in the abstract—from which the old Adam which is in us abstracts delicious Adam-apple mouthfuls of pleasure; ignoring the imperceptible, indefinite, slowly accumulating, but sometimes certain and unrescindable results. We have a proclivity—a civilized proclivity—for an Indian weed known as tobacco—and who has not? Trask and Parton! Tobacco is the evil spirit these twain have hurled the entire vocabulary of invective at, and essayed to exorcise from the lips of mankind in vain. The smoke of sacrifice continues to ascend, and offend their nostrils.

There is some fire, volumes of smoke, and a residuum of ashes, in what Trask and Parton say about the "tobacco proclivity." Still the million continue to puff and dissipate their compunctions with flagrantly fragrant cigars—blowing their Trask-and-Parton-aroused convictions away in blue festooning wreaths, that curl airily upward into—nothing! The great smoking world seems to have smothered whatever feeble twinges of conscience it may have felt with the reprehensible sophistry of the enamored "Queen," in the spectacle of the *Yellow Hat*—"I know it's naughty, but it's nice."

Trask was probably—in fact, he confesses he was—at one time an inordinate devotee to the "pernicious weed." Hence the extreme physical prostration and nervous irritability he so vividly pictures as the certain consequence of indulgence. The rebound he experienced on discarding the pipe, according to his own description, bordered upon the terrific and marvelous. He says: "I had so much health I didn't know what to do with it, and felt as though I wanted to be continually jumping over stone-walls and rail-fences!" It is to be hoped that stone-walls and rail-fences were favorably abundant in

his region at this critical time, and that he vaulted until he got enough. It would not be much more unpleasant to have a defective boiler located in one's cellar, and a dancing safety-valve pressure of steam kept up therein, than to have a person about who was incessantly beset with an irrepressible tendency to jump things. We should want to have such a person jump foul, and come down astride of a sharp-edged upper rail just once. If that failed to knock the nonsense out of him and effect a radical cure, and he could not be coaxed to "smoke it out," we should not allow that man a day's grace, but should send for a straight-jacket and the keeper of the nearest asylum for lunatics forthwith.

In the case of Parton, the idea that a man who possesses sufficient gravity and brain-power to make a good historian, "can't smoke worth a cent," seems preposterous. It is well known that men of thought are generally men of smoke—occasionally in a two-fold sense. Tennyson is reported to love his pipe as himself, and if rumor is to be accepted in good faith, Longfellow is no foe to a choice cigar. The majority of smokers find that the moderate use of tobacco, like the moderate use of tea, "cheers, but not inebriates"—soothes, but not depresses. Parton confesses to an experience that is exceptional—the experience of a perpetual "boy with his first cigar." He was never able to surmount the initiative penalty. In the face of his evidence, it will have to be admitted that there is now and then to be found a man of steady brains who is very ticklesome about the œsophagus.

For ourselves we should prefer to expend our surplus energy on cigars, to working it off in stone-wall and rail-fence acrobatisms. We do not pretend to decide who deserves to be considered most a monomaniac, Trask or ourselves. Too much tobacco *is* injurious

—so is too much anything. But that does not argue either the necessity or the discretion of abstaining from everything altogether. We once had a friend whose only dissipation was eating mush. A very harmless dissipation, you will say. Exactly. But mush killed him. He ignored the dictates of moderation, and paid the penalty. We had another friend, whose only dissipation was pedestrianism. A most healthful exercise is walking, say you? Yes, indeed. But walking killed him—he walked himself into an untimely grave. There is one word that requires to be branded with a red-hot iron, as an admonition and warning, upon everything under the sun that mortals have a proclivity for using or doing. That word is — moderation! *moderation!*—MODERATION! On every loaf of bread and every pail of water, as well as on every box of cigars and every cask of liquor, that word requires to be *burnt in*.

Our proclivity now and then inclines us to associate with certain "hail-fellows well met," for the purpose of experimenting with the expressed juice of apple, and the fermented products of wheat and other valuable cereals; and our proclivity for small feet inclines us to tight boots, which predispose us to corns, which predispose us to profanity; all of which, according to the hypothesis of the great regenerating duality—Temperance and Vegetarianism—is dubiously bad, and we do not care to face the two with an argument in favor of their entire good. So our proclivities confront each other, and clash. Their base of indulgence rests entirely upon cold water and "yarbs;" we take the latitude of free choice, subject to moderation. They assert that the natural food of man is not flesh, because he is not of carnivorous conformation—because he has not suitable claws and tusks to rend his prey. Therefore he is "off" his regimen when he partakes

of animal food; and, inferentially, if he does commit himself to petty cannibalism, he should devour his meat raw, because animals are not born ready cooked! Is it not equally evident that vegetables are not the proper food of man, because Nature has failed to endow him with a snout of porcine proportions, to root tubers from the soil? Yea, verily! Down, therefore, with roots—and let them stay down. Is not the evidence conclusive, that shoes and stockings are pernicious to the physical economy of man, because he is brought forth barefooted? Otherwise, would he not be born in hobnails or French calf? In

dogmatic but unanswerable affirmative, "Certainly, for certain."

It is not because we run to proclivities that we are baned by them, so much as it is that we allow our proclivities to run us to extremes. Extremes of all kinds are dangerous. Extreme abstinence is as certain death as extreme indulgence. If only the power and patience were ours to forecast for a few years our condition, and behold where the unrestricted indulgence of our proclivities would be likely to leave us, there would be but little danger of our cultivating bad habits, or by excesses transposing good ones into evils.

LOVE-LIFE IN A LANAI.

IT was the witching hour of sunset, and we sat at dinner with tearful eyes over the Commodore's curry. You see the Commodore prided himself on the strength of this identical dish, and kept a mahogany-tinted East Indian steward for the sole sake of his skill in concocting the same.

We dined, as usual, in the Commodore's unrivaled *Lanai*—the very thought of which is a kind of spiritual feast to this hour—and, while we sat at his board, we heard for the twentieth time the monotonous recital of his adventures by flood and field. Like most sea-stories, his narratives were ever fresh, as though they had been stowed away in brine, were fished out of the vasty deep expressly for the occasion, and put to soak again in their natural element as soon as we had tasted their quality.

The Commodore was a roaring old sea-dog, who had been cast ashore somewhere in the early part of the century; and finding himself in quarters more comfortable than his wildest fancy dared to paint, he resolved to end his amphib-

ious days on that strip of shining beach, and nevermore lose sight of land until he should slip his cable for the last time, and sail into undiscovered seas. Meanwhile, he entertained his friends at Wai-ki-ki, a kind of tropical Long Branch a few miles out of Honolulu, and the grace with which he introduced Jack-ashore to the dreamy twilight of his *Lanai* is one of Jack's deathless memories. We met the Commodore in the interesting character of Jack-ashore, and with uncovered heads and hearts full of emotion entered the *Lanai*.

And now for a word to the uninitiated concerning the *Lanai* in question. Off there in the Pacific, under the vertical sun, all shadow is held at a premium. There are stationary caravans of cocoa-trees, that seem to be looking for their desert-home; weird, slender trees, with tattered plumes and a hopeless air about them, as though they were born to sorrow, but meant to make the best of it. Still, these fine old palms cast a thin shadow, about the size and shape of a colossal spider, and there is no comfort

in trying to sit in it. Of course, there are other trees with more foliage, and vines that run riot and blossom themselves to death; but somehow the sharp arrows of sunshine dart in and sting a fellow in an unpleasant fashion, and nothing short of a good thatch is to be relied upon. So out from the low eaves of the Commodore's cottage, on the seaward side, there was a dense roof of leaves and grass, that ran clear to the edge of the sea, and looked as though it wanted to go farther—but the Commodore knew it was useless to attempt to roof over that institution. There was a leafy tapestry hanging two feet below the roof on the three sides thereof, and from the floor of the inclosure rose a sort of trellis of woven rushes that hedged us in to the waist. There was a wicker-gate, and an open space between the leafy stalactite and stalagmite barricade for ventilation and view, and everywhere there was a kind of semi-twilight that seemed crammed full of dreams and delicious indolence—and this is the Hawaiian *Lanai!*

Of course, the Commodore always dined in his *Lanai*. It was like taking curry on the quarter-deck of the *Whatyoucallher*, in the dead calm of the Indian seas; and when that mahogany steward entered with turban and mock-turtle—he always looked to me like a full-blooded snake-charmer—I had the greatest difficulty in restraining myself, for it seemed to me incredible that any Jack-ashore could dine in a *Lanai* with his Excellency, and not rise between each savory course to make a dozen profound *salaams* to the fattish gentleman at the head of the table, who was literally covered with invisible naval buttons—and this hallucination increased as the dinner courses multiplied.

At this stage—just as the snake-charmer was entering with something that seemed to have come to an untimely end in wine-sauce—at this stage, the

Commodore turned to us as though he were about to give some order that we might disregard at the peril of our lives—these sea-dogs never quite outgrow that sort of thing. "Gentlemen," said he, casting a watchful and suspicious eye over the weather-bow, "there is to be a *Luou*—a native feast—in the adjoining premises. Will you do me the honor to accompany me thither after we have lighted our cigars?"

I forget what answer we made; but then dinner was well on toward dessert, and our answer was immaterial. We had our orders, couched in courteous language, and we were thankful for this consideration; moreover, we were wild to see a native feast! There is a peculiar charm in obeying our superiors, when we happen, by some dispensation of Divine Providence, to be exactly of the same mind.

Black coffee was offered us, in cups of the pattern of gull's-eggs. By this time all the sky was saffron, all the sea a shadow of saffron, and in the golden haze that lay between, a schooner with a piratical slant to her masts swam by, beyond the foam that hissed along the reef. It was a wonderful picture, but it came in between the courses of the Commodore's dinner as though it were nothing better than a panel-painting in the after-cabin of the *Whatyoucallher*. However, as she swung in toward the mouth of the harbor, and passed a bottle of Burgundy in safety, but seemed in imminent danger of missing stays abreast of an enormous pyramid of fruit—from the Commodore's point of sight, you know—the old gentleman lost his temper, and gave an order in such peremptory terms that I cheerfully refrain from reproducing it on this occasion. To cover our confusion, we immediately adjourned to the native feast.

Hawaiian feast-days are not set down in the calendar. Somebody's child has a birthday, or there is a new house that

needs christening. Or perhaps a church is in want, and the feast can net a hundred or two dollars for it; since all the eatables in such cases are donated, and the eaters enter to the feast with the payment of one dollar per head. Our feast was not sanctified; a chief of the best blood was in the humor to entertain his friends, countrymen, and lovers. We belonged to the first order; or, rather, the Commodore was his friend, and we speedily became as friendly as possible. As we entered the premises, it appeared to us that half the island was under cover; for limitless *Lanais* seemed to run on to the end of time in bewitching vistas. Numberless lanterns swung softly in the evening gale. A multitude of white-robed native girls passed to and fro, with that inimitable grace which I have always supposed Eve copied from the serpent and imparted to her daughters, who still affect the modern Edens of the earth. Young Hawaiian bloods, clad in snow-white trowsers and ballet-shirts, with wreaths of *mailé* around their necks and ginger-flowers in their hair, grouped themselves along the evergreen corridors, and looked unutterable things without any noticeable effort on their part.

Through the central corridor, under a long line of lanterns, was spread the corporeal feast, and on either side of it, in two ravenous lines, sat, tailor-fashion, the hungry and the thirsty. It is useless to attempt an idealization of the Hawaiian eater. He simply devours whatever suits his palate, as though he were a packing-case that needed filling, and the sooner filled the more creditable the performance. But the amount of filling that he is equal to is the marvel, and the patient perseverance of the man, so long as there is a crumb left, is something that I despair of reconciling with any known system of physiology. The mastication began early in the afternoon. It was eight P.M. when we looked in up-

on the orgie, and the bones were not all picked, though they seemed likely to be before midnight.

"Will you eat?" said the host. It was not etiquette to decline, and we sat at the end of the *Lanai*, with nameless dishes strewn about us in hopeless confusion. We dipped a finger into pink *poi*, and took a pinch of baked dog. We had limpets with rock salt; kukui-nuts roasted and pulverized; and the pale, quivering bits of fish-flesh, not an hour dead, and still cool with the native coolness of the sea. It was a fishful feast, any way; and not even the fruits nor the flowers could entirely alleviate the inward agony consequent upon a morsel of raw fish, swallowed to please our host.

There was music at the farther end of the palm-leaf pavilion, and thither we wended our way. The inner court was festooned with flags, and covered with a large mat. Upon the mat sat, or reclined, several chiefesses. I am never able to account for the audacious grace of these women, who throw themselves upon the floor and stretch their supple limbs like tigresses, with a kind of imperial scorn for your one-horse proprieties. Their voluminous light garments scarcely concealed the ample curves of their bodies, and the marvelous creatures seemed to be breathing to slow music, while their slumberous eyes regarded us with a gentle indifference that was more tantalizing than any other species of coquetry that I have knowledge of.

At one side of the inclosure sat a group of musicians, twanging upon native harps, and beating the national calabash. Song after song was sung, pipe after pipe was smoked, and bits of easy and playful conversation filled the intervals. The evening waned. The eaters and drinkers were still unsatisfied, because the eatables and drinkables were not exhausted; but the moon was high and full, and the reef moaned most mu-

sically, and seemed to invite us to the shore.

The great charm of a native feast is the entire absence of all formality. Every man is privileged to seek whom his heart may most desire, and every woman may receive him or reject him as her spirit prompts. We noticed that the Commodore was uneasy. He was as plump as a seal, and the crowd oppressed him. We resolved to get the old gentleman out of his misery, and proposed an immediate adjournment to the beach. The inner court was soon deserted, and our little party—which now embraced, figuratively, several magnificent chiefesses, as well as the primitive Hawaiian orchestra—moved in silence toward the sea. The long, curving beach glistened and sparkled in the moonlight. The sea, within the reef, was like a tideless river, from whose pellucid depths, where the coral spread its wilderness of branches, an unearthly radiance was reflected. A fleet of slender canoes floated to and fro upon the water, and beyond them the creaming reef flashed like a girdle of silver, belting us in from all the world.

The crowning luxury of savage life is the multitudinous bondsman who anticipates your every wish, and makes you blush at your own poverty of invention by his suggestions of unimagined joys. Mats—broad, sweet, and clean—lay under foot, and served our purpose better than Persian carpets. The sea itself fawned at our feet, and all the air was shining and soft as though the moon had dissolved in an ecstasy, and nothing but a snap of cold weather could congeal her again. Wherever we lay, pillows were mysteriously slipped under our heads, and the willingest hands in the world began an involuntary performance of the *lomi-lomi*. Let me not think upon the *lomi-lomi*, for there is none of it within reach; but I may say of it, that, before the skillful and magnetic hands

of the manipulator are folded, every nerve in the body is seized with an intense little spasm of recognition, and dies happy. A dreamless sleep succeeds, and this is followed by an awakening into new life, full of proud possibilities.

We were *lomi-lomied* to the murmurs of the reef, and during the intervals of consciousness saw an impromptu rehearsal of the "Naiad Queen," in operatic form. The dancing-girls, being somewhat heated, had plunged into the sea, and were complaining to the moon in a chorus of fine harmonies. History does not record how long their sea-song rang across the waters. I know that we dozed, and woke to watch a silver sail wafted along the vague and shadowy distance like a phantom. We slept again, and woke to a sense of silence broken only by the unceasing monody of the reef; slept and woke yet again in the waning light, for the moon had sunk to the ragged rim of an old crater, and seemed to have a large piece bitten out of her glorious disk. Then we broke camp by the shore—for the air was a trifle chilly—and withdrew into the seclusion of the Commodore's *Lanai*, where we threw ourselves into hammocks and swung until daybreak.

In those days we fed on lotus-flowers. Jack-ashore lives for the hour only, and the very air of such a latitude breathes enchantment. I believe we bathed before sunrise, and then went regularly to bed and slept till noon. Such were the Commodore's orders, and this is our apology. There was a breakfast about one P.M., at which we were permitted to appear in undress. The Commodore set the example by inviting us to the table in an extraordinary suit of cream-colored silk that was suggestive of *pan-jamas*, but might have been some oriental regalia especially adapted for morning wear. He looked like a ship under full sail, rocking good-naturedly in a dead

calm. The Commodore was excessively formal at first sight—that is, just before breakfast—but his heart warmed toward mankind in general, and his guests in particular, as the meal progressed. Some people never are themselves until they have broken their fast; they are so cranky, and seem to lack ballast.

The snaky steward sloughed his clothes twice a day. He was a slim, noiseless, gliding fellow at breakfast, but he was positively gorgeous at dinner. Of course, the Commodore had ordered this nice distinction in the temporal affairs of his servant, for he kept everything about the place in ship-shape, even to the flying of his private signal from sunrise to sunset at the top of a tall staff, that rivaled the royal ensign floating from a similar altitude not a quarter of a mile distant. His Majesty has a summer palace in Wai-ki-ki, and it has been whispered that the Commodore refused to recognize him, and never dipped his colors as the King cantered by in a light buggy drawn by a span of spanking bays.

After breakfast, the cribbage-board was produced, and for three mortal hours the Commodore kept his peg on the steady march. At cribbage the old gentleman was expected to lose his temper. He stormed with the arrogance of a veteran card-player, than whom no man is supposed to make himself more disagreeable on short notice. Lieutenant Blank was usually the victim, but he deserved it. The true story of Lieutenant Blank—his name is suppressed out of consideration for his family—is so common in tropical sea-ports, that I do not hope in this epitome to offer anything novel. The Lieutenant was a typical Jack-ashore. He had twice the mail that came to the rest of us, and he read his love-letters to the mess with a gusto. He boasted fresh victims in every port, and gloried in his lack of principle. It did not surprise me at all that the Lieu-

tenant had *shaken* his mother. In fact, under the circumstances, I think his mother would have been justified in shaking him, if she could have got her hands on him. In the love-light of the Commodore's *Lanai*, life was very precious to this particular Jack-ashore. To him a *Lanai* was a city of refuge provided by an all-wise Commodore for those fascinating lieutenants who were pursued by the chief women of the tribe; yet he loved to loiter without the walls, during the off-hours from cribbage. No man so relished the *lomi-lomi*; no man, except the native-born, so clamored for the *hula-hula*; and no man, not even the least of these, forgot himself to the same alarming extent when there was the slightest provocation.

Of course, he met a chiefess and surrendered; of course, he meant in time to crush the heart that pulsed with the blood-royal. He simpered and tried to turn semi-savage, and was simply ridiculous. He made silly speeches in the worst possible Hawaiian, and afforded unlimited amusement to the women, who are wiser in their dark skins than the children of light. He tried to eat *poi*, and ruined his linen. He suffered himself to be wreathed and garlanded, until he was the picture of a sacrificial calf. He gave gifts and babbled in his sleep. But in the hour when his triumph seemed inevitable, he was beautifully snubbed by his supposed victim. The sirens of Scylla are a match for any mariner who sails with unwadded ears. The Lieutenant can not hope to hear the last of that adventure, though the subject is never broached by himself.

If we had dwelt a thousand years with the Commodore, and sipped the elixir of life from the gourd that hung by the door of the wine-closet, I suppose we should have had the same daily and nightly experiences to go through with, barring a slight variation in the little matter of moonshine. But there were orders su-

perior to the Commodore's, since he was off active duty, and these orders demanded our re-appearance on shipboard at an early hour of the day following. There was a farewell round of everything that had been introduced during our brief stay at Wai-ki-ki—dances, songs, sea-baths, and flirtations. The moon rose later, and was but a shadow of her former self; but the stars burned brightly, and we could still trace the noiseless flight of the solitary sail that passed like a spirit over the dusky sea.

I know that in after years, whenever I come within sound of surf under the prickly sunshine, my fancy will conjure up a picture of that grass cottage on the slope of a dazzling beach, and the portly form of the old Commodore stowed snugly in the spacious hollow of a bamboo settee, drawn up on the stocks, as it were, for repairs, with a bandana spread over his face and a dark-eyed crouching figure beside him, fighting mosquitoes with a tuft of parrot-feathers. No wonder that a body-guard of some kind was necessary, for I believe that the old Commodore's veins ran nothing but wine, and mosquitoes are good tasters.

The picture would not be complete without the attendant houris, and with their image comes an echo of barbarous chants and the monotonous thump of the tom-tom; of swaying figures; of supple wrists; of slender, lascivious hands tossed skillfully in the air, seeking to interpret their pantomimic dances, and doing it with remarkable freedom and grace. I shall hear that one song, like an echo eternally repeated—the song that was sung by all the lips that had skill to sing, in every valley under the Hawaiian sun. I remember it as a refrain that was first raised in Honolulu, but for the copyright of which the respective residents of Hawaii and Nihau would willingly lay down their lives with the last words of the song rattling in their throats.

"*Poli-anu*," or "Cool-bosom," is a fair specimen of the ballad literature of Hawaii, and the following free translation will perhaps give a suggestion of the theme. "*Poli-anu*" is sung by the old and decrepid, the lame, the halt, and the blind, as well as by the merest children. I have heard it caroled by a solitary boy tending goats upon the breezy heights of Kaupo. I have listened to it in the market-place, where a chorus of a dozen voices held the customer entranced. In the high winds of the middle channel the song is raised, as the schooner lays over at a perilous angle, and ships water enough to dampen the ardor of most singers. It is sung in the church-porch, by the brackish well in the desert, under the moonlit palms, and everywhere else. It cheers the midnight vigil of the prisoner, and makes glad the heart of the sorrowful. It is altogether useful as well as ornamental, and the Hawaiian who does not number among his accomplishments the ability to sing "*Poli-anu*" tolerably well, is unworthy of the name.

POLI-ANU.

Bosom, here is love for you,
O bosom cool as night!
How you refresh me as with dew—
Your coolness gives delight.

Rain is cold upon the hill,
And water in the pool,
Yet all my frame is colder still
For you, O bosom cool.

Face to face beneath a bough
I may not you embrace,
But feel a spell on breast and brow
While sitting face to face.

Thoughts in absence send a thrill
Like touch of sweeter air:
I sought you, and I seek you still,
O bosom cool and fair.

That is all of it; but your Hawaiian turns back and begins over again, until he has enough.

I suppose it is no breach of confidence on my part to state that the gorgeous old Commodore is dead! There was nothing in his *Lanai* life to die of, except an

accident, and in course of time he met with one. I forget the nature of it, but it finished him. There was wailing for three mortal days in the solemn shadow of the *Lanai*; and then one of the large motherly-looking creatures, with numberless gauzy folds in a dress that fell straight from her broad shoulders, moved in. After three days of feasting, all vestiges of the Commodore's atmosphere had disappeared from the premises. I fancy she always felt at home there, although she was never known to open her lips in the presence of the Commodore's guests. Life was a little more intense after that. The snaky steward disappeared, without any sort of warning. I have always believed that he crawled under some rock, and laid himself away in a coil; that he will sleep for a century or so, then come out in his real character, and astonish the inhabitants with his length and his slinness.

Lieutenant Blank survives, and sails the stormy seas on a moderate salary, the major portion of which he turns into naval buttons. I hear from him once in a dog's age. He is first at Callao, with a daily jaunt into Lima; then at one of the South Sea paradises; next at Australia, or in the China Sea; and in the future—heaven knows where! He vibrates between the two hemispheres, working out his time, and believing himself supremely happy. I doubt not that

he is happy, being as selfish as men are made.

As for myself, I am a landsman. After all that is said, the sea is rather a bore, you know; but I do not forget the dreamy days of calm in the flowering equatorial waters, nor the troubled days of storm. There are a thousand-and-one trifling events in the fragmentary experiences of the seafarer that are of more importance than this stray leaf, but perhaps none that will serve my purpose better. For this yarn is as fine-drawn as the episodes in an out-of-the-way port—with nothing but the faint odor of its fruits a little over-ripe, of its flowers a little over-blown, and a general sense of uncomfortable warmth, to give it individuality. I have found these experiences excellent memories; for though the dull "waits" between the acts, and the sluggishness of the action at best, are a little dreary at times, they are forgotten, together with most disagreeable matter. I'll warrant you, Lieutenant Blank, strutting his little hour between-decks, or in the fleeting moments of the delectable "dog-watch," muses upon the past. When he has aroused the fever in his blood, and can no longer hold his tongue, he heaves an ominous sigh, knits his brows, and, in a voice that quivers with unaffected emotion, he whispers to the marines the beguiling romance of his *Love-life in a Lanai*.

LEAF AND BLADE.

I am a lowly grass-blade,
A fair green leaf is she;
Her little fluttering shadow
Falls daily over me.

She sits so high in sunshine,
I am so low in shade,
I do not think she ever
Has looked where I am laid.

She sings to merry music,
She frolics in the light;
The great moon plays the lover
With her through half the night.

The swift, sweet winds they flatter
And woo her all the day:
I tremble lest the boldest
Should carry her away.

Only a little grass-blade,
That dare not look so high;
Yet, O! not any love her
One-half so well as I.

My little love—so happy!
My love—so proud and fair!
Would she might dwell forever
In the sweet summer air.

But, ah! the days will darken,
The pleasant skies will pall,
And pale, and parched, and broken,
My little love down fall:

And yet the thought most bitter
Is not that she must die,
But that ev'n death should bring her
To lie so low as I.

ETC.

Blunders.

Blunders have their mission. They are by no means our worst enemies. Wisdom is begotten of blunders. No truths are so effectually lodged in the heart as those that come crashing in from the muzzle of some ill-shotted and ill-aimed blunderbuss of human experience. And so it not unfrequently turns out that what we are wont to call misfortune, is, after all, our richest heritage. Every true life is but a series of diversified blunders ending in success. Genuine valor consists not so much in freedom from stumblings as in the agility with which the racer springs to his feet again after every fall.

Character, like meadow-land, to be rich and productive, requires a thorough subsoiling. Tender blades of promise and pretty daisies of fancy must be mercilessly uprooted by the rude plowshare of disaster, before the richer harvest can be realized. But the mold-board of a strong and resolute purpose will catch the beleaguered and drooping verdure, gently turning it over and hiding it from sight, with whispers of munificent promise. Even then the ground may have to lie fallow for a time, exposed to summer heat and winter snow, pitiless storm-blast and drenching flood, before it is mellowed for the seed-corn. And if the first crop or two be turned in, the reluctant soil will yield the richer tilth.

Blunders—how they lie in wait to trip up nimble-footed endeavor! How hideous and ugly they are! But, like the uncouth bulb, they may imprison wondrous possibilities, and, under favoring conditions, they will blossom out into marvelously beautiful flowers of fruition. There is nothing more stimulating than a big blunder dressed out in the trophies of victorious conquest. No one can be really great who has not learned to make blunders his potent and disciplinary teachers. "Our antagonist is our helper," says Burke;

much more may our blunders be our helpers.

Who has not, at one time or another, served an apprenticeship in the blundering school? A small patrimony laid by for a rainy day, under some pressure of sudden excitement, is recklessly invested in some ephemeral stock, whose sole value is based upon the baseness of those who put it upon the market. The poor victim, though impoverished in exchequer, may be enriched in experience, and the unwholesome stock operation may, after all, bring in a wholesome stock of prudence and common-sense for future use. The exultant bridegroom, in the wild exuberance of new-found joy, spirits his inexperienced, beautiful bride into the well-appointed home of her prim and exacting mother-in-law, and learns, just a little too late, the suggestive meaning of tear-bedewed eyes and half-suppressed tremors of discontent. If endowed with ordinary good sense, however, the lesson serves him well in behalf of a second wife. The chronic fault-finder, domestic or social, finds himself bereft of sympathy at the crucial moment, and sadly consents to believe, at last, that "molasses catches more flies than vinegar."

The overtaxed, overstrained, overworked journalist received prophetic hints from that avenging Nemesis, Nature, long ago, but did not heed them, until now she lifts her relentless scourge and drives him incontinently forth in pursuit of health and healing. Though saved "so as by fire," the direful warning may suffice to prevent him from eventually sending off his intrepid soul on the point of a goose-quill. The stern and rigorous parent whacks and belabors his impetuous child for provoking little peccadilloes, a native tendency to which is a gracious inheritance from said irate parent himself; who, by the time that good old grandfatherly contemplation creeps over him, fortunately comes to understand that a parent should

himself be what he would have his children to be.

The self-elected teacher of moral truth, hide-bound and contracted by musty creeds and effete dogmas, in abject helplessness, with grievous lamentation, bewails the forthcoming doom of the "lapsed masses," who instinctively reject the dry husks of a dead theology which he persistently proffers in the place of soul-nourishment with plenty of room for expansive growth. Happy for himself and for humanity, if there blaze upon his darkened vision a light on the way to Damascus, and he come to apprehend the fact that among all blunderers the ruthless athlete in moral and social ethics is perhaps the most hopelessly irretrievable, because unwilling to be considered capable of a good healthy blunder—unwilling to acknowledge that any system of ethics adequate to the needs of humanity must be the potent regulator of conduct from day to day.

The political strategist, who, with miraculous self-renunciation, spends the best energies of an enfeebled nature in capering around the edges of great facts and principles, impotent to grasp and powerless to comprehend, must finally settle back in the mortifying conviction that republics are ungrateful, and, drawing the robe of his attenuated honesty about him, retire to the privacy of home-life—a sadder if not a wiser man. Better still, if on the rude crags of the inglorious career of blundering, he mount to the better atmosphere of noble purpose and high resolve.

The young woman, well-intentioned and faithful in the unwise pursuit of all the little subtleties of ornamentation, in place of thorough culture, early widowed and left with a large legacy of motherly care, learns to her bitter sorrow that a serious blunder has been committed—that pretty æsthetic trivialities will not atone for lack of available education. In the bootless struggle for meagre subsistence, she pays the penalty for early folly, but her children are made to profit by her dearly bought experience.

And so we come to understand that Nature holds no secret grudge against honest blunderers, but is beneficent and kindly; and nothing so effectually throttles the arrogant self-conceit of the present as the wisdom garnered from unseemly blunders in the past.

Chinese View of the Pigtail Ordinance.

The Honorable Board of Supervisors of this city, deeming that the General Government had so tied the hands of "we the people," by the treaty with China, as to justify a *quasi* rebellion, bravely resolved to settle matters themselves by a gallant *ruse de guerre*. And so, with a courage evincing more of party zeal than regard for international comity, they galloped into the lists, with weapons couched, "in brave pursuit of chivalrous emprise," venting their prowess in a storm of words, of which the following is a sample :

"Each and every male prisoner incarcerated or imprisoned in the County Jail, under any judgment or conviction had by the Police Court of the city and county, shall, immediately upon their arrival at said County Jail, have the hair of their head cut or clipped to a uniform length of one inch from the scalp. It shall be the duty of the Head Jailer to enforce this ordinance."

A Chinese official, high in authority, having been consulted in regard to some feasible plan for protecting the Chinese now in this country, replies. We quote from his letter, which is a model of chirography, *verbatim et literatim* :

"The difficulties and disabilities which the Chinese in your State and city labor under, are of a character too deeply rooted to be managed by any Chinese you can name."

Here follow some sensible and practical suggestions in regard to the matter in question, which it would be premature to disclose.

"It is fruitless for me to characterize the resolutions of the Supervisors. If they embody the general sentiment of the people of California, then, indeed, is it high time that the Chinese be advised to return in mass to China; but, if they simply express the views of a *clique*, the better portion of the community ought to give public expression to their sentiments. The resolutions reflect no credit on the State of California in particular, nor do they accord with the spirit and tendency of free institutions in your country. Outrage, proscription, persecution, and oppression, committed by one class upon another, not only belie republicanism, but they are sure signs of internal weakness and cowardice, as they are indubitable evidences of fear and moral degeneracy. If the framers of those infamous resolutions and their constituents are enlightened and strong men, they need have no fear whatever of the Eastern races flocking to their shores, which are opened to the oppressed of every nation and tongue. They could welcome and utilize them

in such a manner as that they should prove a benefit to the State and the republic. If the Asiatics are persecuted because they are economical and frugal in their habits, then, indeed, is it time that the people of your country should return to simple habits, for if there is anything that goes to undermine and destroy a republic, it is extravagance and luxury; and these, in their turn, corrupt the virtue of the people; when that is gone, your republican institutions will go with it.

"Again: the treaty obligations which bind the United States and China together, are not ropes of sand that can be washed away with every popular caprice. Their observance is binding upon every citizen on this side of the Pacific, and every Chinese throughout the empire on the other side, and it is a great mistake for any one to suppose that he could violate these obligations by trampling upon the rights of another, without reaping a full share of its consequences.

"Finally, it should be borne in mind that China had no desire to mingle with the people of the West. The people of the West forced them, by repeated wars, to have intercourse; and now that they are coming out, in the commingling of the nations of the earth, you people of California wish to drive them back to their exclusiveness. What does all this mean? You have incurred great responsibilities in breaking down the barriers of exclusiveness, and you can not escape them. You may persecute, oppress, and outrage the Chinese on your shores now, but as true as there is a living God, He will avenge their wrongs, as He has ever visited all oppressors, sooner or later, with His vengeance.

"With sentiments of high regard,

"I am yours truly,

"_____."

It may not be amiss, in this connection, to state that another installment of Chinese Government students, numbering thirty, is expected to arrive in this city about the middle of the month; some of whom, it was intended, should remain in California to be educated. What effect the late movement of our city authorities will have upon the ar-

rangement, remains to be seen. It could hardly be expected that the guardians of these Chinese pupils would knowingly leave them amid the mephitic vapors of acrimonious hate and barren inhospitality, when an atmosphere of well-bred civility and genial welcome awaits them just across the continent.

Our Superior Civilization.

The Chinese think it meet
To dwarf their women's feet,
We, with our higher taste,
Cramp and contract the waist.
Thus much more wise are we than they,
The foolish people of Cathay.

Some squaws, as Catlin shows,
Wear rings in ears and nose.
Our more fastidious dears
Only so deck their ears;
Being thus much advanced in grace
Beyond a wild she copper-face.

The Hindoos, it is said,
Give to the fire their dead:
We ours to stifling clay,
To worms, and foul decay.
Yes, more humane are we than these
Barbarian Hindostanese.

Some tribes sleep in the breeze,
In hammocks swung in trees.
We breathe in air-tight rooms
Foul air and fetid fumes.
Such comfort do our arts confer,
Unknown to the poor Islander.

Some tribes, from darkness sprung,
Possess no written tongue.
Our people fill their nob's
From Tupper's pen, and Cobb's.
Therein is shown our very great
Advance beyond the savage state.

O. W. C.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA. By Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

In the careful study of this controversial work, we find ourselves perpetually wondering what would be the *critique* of the great Master of Rugby, were he still in the flesh, and sitting in judgment upon the strange new gospel set forth by his distinguished son, in this his latest contribution to theological literature. It is not unlikely that the strenuous opponent of the Oxford school, with his fondness for argument, his fearlessness in defending his positions, his strong convictions, his fixed and serious views of life and duty, and his lofty Christian spirit, would have heroically assailed many of the positions taken by his equally resolute and earnest son. For, with all the mental and moral tergiversations revealed in the present work, it would be unjust for censorious critics to stigmatize the able author as the degenerate son of a worthy sire. There are points where father and son meet in fullest fellowship. No one recognized more clearly the essential harmony and necessary coöperation of man's spiritual, moral, intellectual, and practical powers, than did Dr. Arnold; but it remained for his ultra-philosophic son to proclaim the discouraging theory, that only a true and broad culture will avail for a full and correct interpretation of Bible truth—a culture that apprehends and appropriates the best that has been thought and said in the world. Very disheartening this, for poor toil-worm, care-burdened spirits, who turn longingly for help toward the wisdom supposed to be in store even for babes.

It was the one aim of the father to make religion a life, and life a religion; and his grand principles found embodiment in action, and it was the singular force of these personal characteristics that elevated the Rugby School to its high position of intellectual and moral eminence. The son intensified the same idea into an absolute perversion where he says that conduct is to be reckoned as

three-fourths of human life, culture constituting the remaining fourth. But the work challenges careful consideration, both from the dignity and importance of the subjects discussed, and the well-known celebrity of its author.

In his preface, Mr. Arnold speaks of an inevitable revolution which is befalling the religion in which we have been brought up. He counsels considerateness and caution—which, in the subsequent prosecution of his work, it would seem he conveniently forgets—disdaining the admirable suggestion of Goethe, who says: "I keep silent at many things, for I would not mislead men, and am well content if others can find satisfaction in what gives me offense."

The author proceeds to consider the fearful strides that skepticism is making, and the slight hold which religion has on the masses of the people, who reject the Bible altogether, or follow teachers who regard it as an exploded superstition. It is the writer's avowed wish, to reinstate the Scriptures in the heart and affections of mankind; but to re-enthroned the Bible as explained by current theology, whether learned or popular, he regards as absolutely and forever impossible—"as impossible as to restore the predominance of the feudal system, or of the belief in witches." The question arises, as to what he deems "current theology" to be?

Mr. Arnold proceeds, at once, to assail the assumption that there is a great personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the Universe, from whom the Bible derives authority; because, he says, such assumption can never be verified, and whatever is to stand must rest upon something which is verifiable. He does not, however, favor us with his own idea of the law of causation, whether apprehended by reason or experience, nor point out the probable cause of the uncaused. Exactly what his notion of a personal God is, we fail, after the most diligent research, to discover. He boldly affirms that the present received the-

ology of the churches and sects is a hindrance to the Bible rather than a help, and that if we would have the Bible reach the people, some other basis than this theology affords is indispensable. And the avowed aim of the author is, to discover the right construction, and the real experimental basis. He proceeds to assert that "our mechanical and materializing theology, with its insane license of affirmation about God, its insane license of affirmation about a future state, is the result of the poverty and inanition of our minds." The sole remedy suggested is culture—the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit—a culture that will enable the student to feel what the Bible writers are about; to read between the lines, and so discern where one is to rest with his whole weight, or where he is to lean lightly. Had Mr. Arnold been more explicit in his definition of culture, we might be better prepared to accept his position in regard to it. If by culture he means what Shairp defines it to be, in his noble work on *Culture and Religion*, it would inevitably result in the carrying of man's nature to its highest perfection, and the developing to the full all the capacities of our humanity—the developing of them in their Godward aspect, as well as their mundane aspect. And in assigning to all the capacities their mutual relations, it must concede to the Godward capacities the dominant place; that is, culture must embrace religion and end in it. The author of the volume before us contends that culture supplies a flexibility of spirit, which enables the reader to understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary—not rigid, fixed, and scientific; and that this is the first step toward a right understanding of the Bible. Mr. Arnold has numerous indorsers of this latter view. He does not assuredly claim originality of thought or theory in this particular. It is both sensible and philosophic. In a recent discourse from the Plymouth Pulpit, on the subject, "The Bible to be Spiritually Interpreted," we find similar bold utterances. Beecher says: "The Bible is a book which characteristically concerns itself with truths of emotion, of disposition, and of character—these are the entities of the Bible; and such truths

can not be perfectly inclosed in words. In other words, the interpretation of the Bible is *inward*, and is according to the nature which you are carrying, and the life which you are living." By some eager defenders of the faith once delivered to the saints, this would be termed sadly heterodox, but where-in does it differ in essence from the words of the Divine One himself, where he says: "If any man do His will, he shall know of the doctrine?"

After some apposite thoughts on the Canon of Scripture, the author pleads eloquently for a judgment thereon, founded upon extensive culture—a judgment which forms itself insensibly in a fair mind along with fresh knowledge, when things come to look differently to us in the light of such knowledge. He avers that "far more of our mistakes come from want of fresh knowledge, than from want of correct reasoning; and that minds with small aptitude for abstruse reasoning may yet, through letters, gain some hold on sound judgment and useful knowledge, and may even clear up blunders committed, out of their very excess of talent, by the athletes of logic."

The author now proceeds to lay out his principal thesis, specifically and definitely; taking bold issue, from the very beginning, with those who blunderingly use the terms grace, new birth, justification, which he contends were with St. Paul mere literary terms, and which theologians persist in employing as if they were scientific terms, with a definite, fully grasped meaning; whereas, they were, he avers, used by the apostle in a fluid and passing way, as men use terms in eloquence or poetry, merely to describe approximately. So, too, he further argues, is it in regard to the term, God; it is used as if it were "an idea about which every one was agreed, and from which we might proceed to argue and make inferences with the certainty that the basis on which we were going every one knew and granted. But, in truth, the word 'God' is used in most cases as by no means a term of science or exact knowledge, but a term of poetry and eloquence, a term *thrown out*, so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness—a literary term, in short; and mankind mean different things by it as their consciousness

differs. The seemingly incurable ambiguity in the mode of employing this word is at the root of all our religious differences and difficulties." And so the erudite author proceeds to combat the various titles of the "Not Ourselves" which is in us and in the world around us, and has almost everywhere, as far as we can see, struck the minds of men, as they awoke to consciousness, and has inspired them with awe. "*Jehovah* gives us the notion of a mere mythological deity; *Lord* conveys to us the idea of a magnified and non-natural man." *The Eternal, a power which makes for righteousness*—this is the title which the author accepts as a guide to steady us, and a constant clew in following after the truth. Just wherein Mr. Arnold finds so much strength and help in the new title, the "Not Ourselves," in which his soul delights, is the mystery of mysteries. Just how he makes this strange, unconditioned, incomprehensible, unknown quality or power more verifiable than the "great Personal Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the Universe" of dogmatic theology, we have utterly failed to discover. If materialism clamors for the reign of law, Christianity is not endangered by the recognition of the Divine government of the universe by fixed laws. If it is more helpful to talk of the reign of law, than of the reign of God, by all means use the former expression—but law pre-supposes an informing energy behind it. So, too, if our super-sensitive author finds more exalted strength and purpose, greater fullness of meaning, and clearness of conception in the, to us, vague and unsatisfactory title "Not Ourselves," he should by all means employ it—truth will not suffer thereby.

The object of religion, Mr. Arnold plainly states, is conduct; and this he estimates to be three-fourths of life, the remaining fourth being culture. Accepting the theory of Monsieur Littré, he traces all our impulses to "two elementary instincts, the instinct of self-preservation and the reproductive instinct;" but pressing the theory of the great Positivist still further, he contends that it is the business of religion—that is, conduct—to see to it how we obey, regulate, and restrain these impulses. He says, and truly, that some will object that this is morality, not re-

ligion. He replies that religion is ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling; the passage from morality to religion is made when to morality is applied emotion. Hence, religion, in his estimation, is morality touched by emotion. Indeed, he plainly states that "conduct is the word of common life, morality the word of philosophical disquisition, righteousness the word of religion."

So this new interpreter would have us in subjection to this real power which makes for righteousness—not to be called God, but recognized simply as "the stream of tendency by which all things fulfill the law of their being." Has Mr. Arnold now solved the problem proposed at the outset—namely, to find for the Bible a basis in something which can be verified, instead of in something which has to be assumed, as when we set out with the idea of a great First Cause, the mighty God? In the place of a Personal God, he puts "the sentiment of righteousness." Is the latter more understandable than the former? Faith in God does not come from culture any more than from the merely scientific faculty. Dr. M'Leod Campbell well says: "No telescope will enable us to see God. No finest microscope will make Him visible, in the act of working. No chemistry, no study of physical forces, no search after the one primary force, can bring us one hand-breadth nearer God. Science in the abeyance of our spiritual nature attains not to God. No scientific study of the phenomena which imply a reign of law could ever have issued in the discovery of the kingdom of God; but neither can it issue in any discovery that contradicts that kingdom."

Mr. Arnold's theory, accepted as a total philosophy of life, while less subversive of the true religious idea than that of Huxley, is still obnoxious to the gravest censure. Professor Huxley might justly be termed the prophet of scientific culture; Mr. Arnold, the "prophet of literary or æsthetic culture," but both are alike oblivious of the fact that the ends of culture, rightly apprehended, are best secured by forgetting culture and aiming higher. Soul-growth is the only interpretation of God. He reports Himself to man's moral sense, and the revelation keeps exact pace with man's spiritual development.

We have devoted ourselves thus far to the

text of the author's discourse, to the fundamental groundwork of his scheme. After thus ranking that as secondary which should be primary, and making that subordinate which should be supreme, it is not difficult to predict his position in regard to miracles, from which, he avers, "the human mind, as its experience widens, is turning away," so that revelation, to insure its perpetuity, must make itself independent of miracles, and the fact must be conceded that Scripture reporters both "could and did err." The same, he contends, holds true of prophecy. Both miracles and prophecy are a pretty aggregation of fairy tales that the adherents of Christianity have been busy in telling themselves and one another, which have been heretofore a help rather than a hinderance; but the time is now come when "the substitution of some other proof of Christianity for this accustomed proof is to be desired most by those who most think Christianity of importance." This *Aberglaube*—extra belief—he contends, is but the poetry of life, and will not bear close dissection. The New Testament record, with Mr. Arnold, is but a tissue of unfortunate blundering statements, existing to reveal Jesus, but not to establish the immunity of its writers from error—writers who wrote of One whom they neither adequately nor accurately comprehended. The testimony of Jesus to Himself, according to the conception of the author, is, that He came to expunge this tendency to extra belief, and to give eternal life, by "restoring the intuition," which had been utterly lost in the human heart, in the perpetual use of the words God, Jehovah, Eternal, Redeemer, and the like.

In *Ecce Homo*, we feel a thrill of sympathetic joy and tenderness as we read of "the enthusiasm of humanity," even though there be a conscious lack of something after which the spirit yearns; but where do we find, in Mr. Arnold's new gospel of development, the ideal of human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection? Where is He, "the Man of Sorrows," able to help and succor the weary and the toil-worn, because very God and very man? Where is the lesson of self-renouncing, in the losing of one's thought of self in the thought of One higher, to whose guidance every child of earth may

commit himself? The devout author of *Ecce Homo* had come to understand that "there are some things which can only be gained by renouncing them."

We lay aside the work, after a careful perusal, with a feeling of disappointment bordering on pain. Mr. Arnold, both from ancestral inheritance and from former writings, has given pledge and promise of better things. If in his poetry we fail to discover the joy of victorious faith, we fail, also, to find the dreary cadences of despairing unbelief. His fine and cultivated genius has never before descended to scoffing sneers and ill-concealed vituperation at those who chance to differ with him in hugging to the heart the sweet consciousness of a Personal God and Father, whether verifiable or unverifiable by philosophical or scientific research.

For Mr. Greg, in his *Enigmas of Life*, we feel the profoundest respect and sympathy, as we attend to the queries and speculations of a thoroughly honest, upright, and conscientious doubter, who is as tender and considerate of others in their beliefs as he is earnest and devout in the utterance of his own thoughts, aspirations, questionings, and longings.

One can scarcely resist the impression that Mr. Arnold has been a faithful disciple of Strauss, in his *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube*. May we not hope that before he surrenders himself—body, soul, and spirit—to this great apostle of atheism, he will submit to be taught awhile by the great Heidelberg expositor—Dr. Von Ludwig Schœberlein, who, in his *Die Geheimnisse des Glaubens*, may be able to convince our disquieted author that "there is a region behind and beneath all our knowledge upon which all our knowledge rests, and that the more science advances, the further it penetrates, the more will it prove that only the acceptance of a 'great Personal First Cause,' and a free creation by Divine love, will solve all the mysteries."

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Every one who has once known the easy grace which characterizes the narration of Mr. Howells, and has not come to the point of sublime wisdom when one determines all

time given to reading fiction utterly wasted, will be glad to read this last volume. And the few hours that he will consume over it will be pleasant. This is a story for warm summer days; but not that exclusively, for it is also equally a story for the cool summer days here, where we have scarcely any other. When Mr. and Mrs. Basil March were taking "Their Wedding Journey," they met, at Niagara Falls, Miss Kitty Ellison, who, with her cousin Richard, and Fanny, his wife, went on with them to Quebec. Of course, you will remember that, and how, also, the historian of that peregrination confined himself almost exclusively to the movements, and thoughts, and conversations of the newly married pair. The two parties parted in a few days, the Marches coming on to Boston, and the Ellisons taking a trip up the Saguenay before starting homeward. With the conscientiousness of an honest historian, having brought his wedding journeyers safely back to Boston, he remembered that Miss Kitty was the only unmarried one of the little community, and he has gone back to tell the result of the tarrying of the Ellisons in Canada, and what, if anything, happened to her. Anybody could see at a glance that Kitty was a young lady worth knowing. Her pretty face invited an introduction, and her womanly qualities confirmed our first impression and rewarded our interest. She had always good sense, more culture than she confessed; of little experience in the world, but with much native acuteness of perception, and many aspirations for a knowledge of the best things in art and humanity; was very pure and sweet in manner and appearance; one "who liked to be frank and gay in her parley, to jest, and to laugh, and to make harmless fun, and to sentimentalize in a half-earnest way," and "innocently expected that in people of culture she should always find community of feelings and ideas," and whom you can easily picture, as "she sat leaning forward a little, with her hands fallen into her lap, letting her unmolested thoughts play as they would in memories and hopes around the consciousness that she was the happiest girl in the world, and blessed beyond desire or desert." On board the Saguenay boat, everybody was watching a tipsy couple come on board, when a stranger, looking at the

scene, suddenly "perceived the young lady of the party he had made up his mind to have nothing to do with, resting one hand on the rail and sustaining herself with the other passed through his arm, while she was altogether intent upon the scene below. The ex-military gentleman, the head of the party, and apparently her kinsman, had stepped aside without her knowing, and she had unwittingly taken Mr. Arbuton's arm." This was the chance from which grew Miss Kitty's acquaintance with Mr. Arbuton, a name the very sound of which must compel from worshipers of aristocracy silence, and the sign of devotion. He was from Boston, a place of unknown literary possibilities to some, and of elsewhere unattainable culture, while some of its possible representatives will give you inferential assurance that it is a place of "mysterious prejudices and lofty reservations, of high and difficult tastes, as alien as Europe to her simple experiences, that seems to be proud only of the things that are unlike other American things, that would rather perish by fire and the sword than be suspected of vulgarity; critical, fastidious, and reluctant, dissatisfied with the rest of the hemisphere, and gelidly self-satisfied." And this is the idea Kitty obtained from Mr. Arbuton, after some progress in acquaintance. Kitty was what in Boston would be called a western girl, simply because she was brought up in Kansas, a part of the country over a thousand miles east of our present location. She was naturally enough somewhat diffident, and everyone knows that a Bostonian could tell without seeing such a person that she must be inferior to a home product. "Kitty was oppressed by the coldness that seemed perpetually to hover in Mr. Arbuton's atmosphere, while she was interested by his fastidious good looks and his blameless manners, and his air of a world different from any she had hitherto known. He was one of those men whose perfection makes you feel guilty of misdemeanor whenever they meet you, and whose greeting turns your honest good-day coarse and common." It seemed a little like bringing the north pole and the equator together, and hoping to effect sympathy. The story everyone guesses must be a love-story. But everyone also asks immediately if these can be the lovers, and how

can they ever impress each other? He must freeze her, or she must melt him; and, as love is always warm, you will believe that his temperature must be wholly changed—until you come to the last chapters.

It is safe enough for us to avoid telling all the story, than which one could scarcely be simpler, and yet to say that Arbuton did yield very much to the controlling influence of western civilization. To be sure, Kitty was always "in a dim dread of hitherto unseen and unimagined trespasses against good taste, not only in pictures and people, but in all life," when she was with him; but he, though always warned by his inner and early instincts to preserve himself from intimacy with these people, nevertheless saw a charm in her manner; her freshness was winning, and he wondered at the evidences of her culture. Then, he approved of her "low, gentle voice; her tender, long-lashed eyes; her trick of drooping shoulders, and of idle hands fallen into the lap, one in the other's palm; the serene repose of her face, and her light, eager laugh." Moreover, "she had that soft, kittenish way with her which invites a caressing patronage; but, as he learned, she had also the kittenish equipment for resenting over-condescension," and that was what Arbuton's nature made him often undesignedly guilty of. If his trait was a new study for her, her own was suggestive of a needful discipline to him. The contact of two persons of different sexes so utterly dissimilar is interesting, and its development admirable, which is much the same as saying it accords with most people's theories of human possibilities. The narrative claims and holds our interest continuously; and, while it a little surprises some of us in its progress, its final issue is satisfactory to poetic justice, even though our human interest would like to be informed of what really did happen to the person about whom the most interest clings, at a time subsequent to the last chapter. On the trellis-work of this love-story, Mr. Howells has gracefully twined much picturesque description of historic Canada. As we have before suggested, the story is a short one, is worth reading, and worth remembering. We can not say that in it the author has excelled his earlier elegant contributions to literature, but he has kept even pace with his own pre-

vious progress, and if he does not promise from this work anything better in future, he leaves us satisfied that he does nothing ill, and that what he shall do he will do well. Anything different from his former work will be better, and, well or better, will be always welcome.

BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS.
By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There is an old legend which has come drifting down to us through the years, with Mother Goose's Melodies and other little tidbits of wisdom, concerning a Fairy who spoke pearls. Every time she opened her lips, lo! a transparent globe dropped. Some of these rolled before swine, doubtless, though the legend sayeth not.

Now, this Fairy has undergone some transformations since those days; she is not quite so gracious in the matter of dropping pearls herself, but we recognize her, nevertheless, as having generously shared her gifts with others. H. H. has opened her mouth in the same fashion. Some of her pearls are without flaw, and deserve a golden setting; but, laying aside the simile, she leans too graciously toward the reign of children. The poor bewildered parents can not come up fully to the requisitions of obedience demanded of them, nowadays. It is hard for the children, it is true, to be so thwarted and tormented by unruly parents. But there seems to be a sort of nature in it, after all, and it will take some years of turning things upside down, before the happy millennium will come, when the child shall say to the parent, "Do this, and he doeth it." The wise, and good, and only available rule of government is found in that most excellent, but we fear, a little old-fashioned book, wherein is written in words of living vitality, this imperishable sentence: "*Children, obey your parents in the Lord.*"

Now, we incline to the belief that the "in-humanities of parents" are not so conspicuous as H. H. believes them to be. How many tender and beautiful thoughts the man traces back to the mother's lips, when as a boy she held him to her heart! How much of patient endurance, untiring watchfulness, and self-denial, comes into the life

of a mother! And if sometimes irritability and haste take the place of kindness and gentle speech, it is but momentary; the heart lapses back to its allegiance, and she is, alas! more apt to spoil the child by concession than to train him by a wise denial.

"Shan't I have the moon? Can't that horse come into the parlor? Mayn't that big dog sleep with me? Does it hurt to pull the cat's tail?" These, and a thousand other equally absurd ideas chase through a child's mind, and find instant expression; and if the "No, dear," is followed twenty times over, with: "*Why* can't I have the moon?" etc., etc.; and the "No," finally repeated with a little asperity, and without the "dear," is it any marvel?

"Breaking the Will" is a chapter fraught with pain and much weariness. It is unwise to make conditions with a child, especially in matters not involving principle, because, if made, they must be persistently contended for; and every such contest for trifles weakens the authority when matters of moment are at stake. Parents do make and have made fatal mistakes, from time immemorial, from not studying the dispositions of their children; but the tendency of the age is gradually ripening the rising generation for ultimate disobedience, and even teachers are made to feel that they run the risk of "investigation" if they use necessary repressive force toward the froward and unruly.

"Boys not Allowed," has a good deal of truthfulness in many of its points; but it is one-sided and exceptional, and were boys generally trained in gentlemanly habits, they would not only be tolerated in households, but be gladly welcomed in the majority of them. The mischievous maxim, "Boys will be boys," ignores the capacity for refinement; and their boisterous manners are so often unchecked that they become a positive nuisance, simply for the want of a little touch of "inhumanity" in their guidance. The fault of Geo. Washington's little hatchet coming in contact with his father's best apple-tree, has been so overlooked in the marvelousness of his not telling a lie about it, that it has come to be quite a test of lofty aspirations to hack and hew valuable trees, because the father of his country became a President in spite of it; and we could point to many a

youngster who is a Modoc with the hatchet, knowing he will be very slightly reprimanded if the lie is not forthcoming. To overlook a grave fault of destructiveness, in making a merit of the acknowledgment which is a simple duty, is scarcely to be commended as a general rule, however well it may work in particular cases, and we are inclined to think the "inhumanities of parents" are more frequently found in improper indulgence than in improper restraint.

The bit of talk about "Maple-wood Fire" is as pleasant and sparkling as the fire itself, and warms one to read it. The "Apostle of Beauty" is a sweet revelation of pure contentment; and in the "King's Friend" we comprehend the tender compassionateness, which sometimes impels H. H. to overlook just restraints. The "Correlation of Moral Forces" is perhaps the most suggestive chapter in this fragmentary little volume, and it is to be regretted that H. H. has not eliminated it, for herein is much of the root of her moral productiveness. The alchemy which has rounded her pearls of thought is hidden in her own nature, and we may see how little things, so considered, have become to her great things. This passage we quote: "The things which we have clumsily and impertinently dared to set off by themselves and label as 'immaterial,' are no less truly component parts, or members of the real frame of natural existence, than are molecules of oxygen or crystals of diamond. We believe in the existence of one, as much as in the existence of the other. In fact, if there be a balance in favor of either, it is not in favor of the existence of what we call matter." The infinite series of subjects which this passage opens up for consideration, is rather summarily disposed of, and it may be our author, finding herself a little beyond her depth, struggled to shore again with some annihilated ideas in favor of the preponderance of matter.

MEN AND MEMORIES OF SAN FRANCISCO IN THE "SPRING OF '50." By T. A. Barry and B. A. Patten. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Lord Dundreary, in uttering his criticism upon the letter he had received from his brother Sam, anticipated us in giving the

briefest expression of our opinion of this book, when, weighing its contents, he exclaimed, "Wot wubbish!" Yet, if any one was dull enough to expect anything valuable from the announcement of its forthcoming, he may now thank his dullness for his disappointment. And, growing philosophic for a moment, he may weigh the worth of a quarter of a century's experience in keeping a grog-shop as a school for making scholars or authors. That it does not unfit men for making a book, this publication will bear witness, if it is true that it was written by the persons whose names are on the title-page.

If we were to notice it as a contribution to literature, we should have to say it did not belong to any department thereof that is worthy of notice. As we do give space to mention it, we can not help saying that it stands as one of a class of books that may be published at the risk of the writers, and as a means of gratifying their vanity. Its object—that of rendering "decisions worthy of consideration" upon the highly important "mooted points" as to the "location of some building, or the names of its occupants, their personal appearance or peculiarities in the 'spring of '50'"—could scarcely have been attained without some further specifications, and as an instrument of evidence, we might give it more consideration did we see a sworn verification and notarial seal at its close. The writers seem to have known the names of a great many actual or possible individuals, and to have heard a great many stories of doubtful worth for preservation, but which we believe quite on a level with the anecdotes told, and retold, and amended, and taken from, in the atmosphere where most of the persons most familiarly named were doubtless accustomed to take their tipples. It may be of historic interest to know that Brown, and Jones, and Robinson came up in the propeller "*Columbus*, Captain Peek," and that the enterprising barkeepers—at whose risk, we presume, this book was printed and published—came up also on the same vessel. It is, doubtless, a thrilling fact that Jenkins kept a corrugated-iron store on the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, or where you will, in the spring of '50, but that the flames in that awful "May fire" lapped it up; that Jenkins had one whisker

slightly scorched trying to save one of his boots—poor fellow! he lost the other, and will never, never recover it; had given his last fifty-dollar piece—an "auriferous octagonal," in the language of the writers—to a drayman to carry away some of his goods; that he, or Jones, or his friend Smith, was burned out three separate times in as many months, had wonderful energy, and rebuilt; gave a great deal of money away to poor fellows (that he might have used to pay his debts with, and Barry & Patten wish they had one per cent. of what he made); was successful at last, and—heaven help him, poor fellow!—he has gone now to the sunny land, and his memory is green, and everybody remembers his generous heart, his warm impulses, and that he spent many a "twenty" at our bar.

The writers of this book must have known a great many men not worth remembering or knowing; and the utterly unmethodical manner in which their names are strung along, a dozen at a time, with an occasional interval to indulge in a little maudlin sentiment, or to tell where some came from, or where others boarded, or another kept store, makes one wonder at the singular idea these persons must have had of the worth of the information they were imparting to people who read books. Then there is a charming personality about the book that must add great interest to those who were here so many years ago—an interest which must culminate with most gentlemen of sensibility at the happy discovery that their names have haply been forgotten by the writers; for we can scarcely appreciate the person who can feel considerable pride at finding his name printed in full as among the *residentes*, as they are called here, and inferentially possible and frequent customers of the "highly popular and fashionable saloon" of Messrs. Barry & Patten. And we can not help feeling a proper commiseration for those less fortunate living gentlemen whose names have been impudently blazoned out upon these pages, as they contemplate the possible result to their reputations of being obliged to endure the flattering praises of these "members of the bar." It is hard to have to endure praise from some lips.

Ayer's Almanac is not a volume that we

have ever felt called upon to notice as a literary publication, yet we have had positive enjoyment comparatively from its pages; and at least, though the compounds it was issued to aid in selling may have the worse flavor, its reading matter was not an offense to good taste. That does not actually disclaim "all merit," and in reality as loudly claim consideration as a literary product. To commence upon the title-page with a quotation from Virgil raises in us a hope, but if that hope is for a modest and valuable narration, the reader will be startled at the constant, sophomoric aspirations betrayed in its constant interpolations of words from foreign languages, the frequent violations of good taste, the insertion of the most trivial and unimportant facts, the full information of the location of grog-shops, gambling-hells, and restaurants; and he will then, perhaps, curiously refer again to the title-page, and read there "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit,*" and wonder if those who put them there knew their meaning. And one stumbles on *un peso*, and *quanto*, and *dinero*, and "faro" defined as *genus felis tigris*, and *ton*, and *salle-a-manger*, and *dos amigos*, and talk of the artistic *chef* and the mysteries of the *cuisine*, and of *dos reales*, and their inapt likes, to satiety—making evident what a dangerous thing is a little learning—until he is quite happy, if by chance he comes to a page that is English alone, though that may pardonably be as bad as bad can be. As a book it is difficult to classify, yet we know it can not be placed among the directories or census reports, to which it bears a certain likeness, but differing in completeness; while the newspapers of the past of California might put to shame the interest of this book, whose "mnemonic faithfulness" we are not allowed by its makers to doubt.

It may, indeed, be that we have not caught the real value of the volume, because we were not of those who saw "the water above Montgomery Street," and that its real worth is one of those things that no other "fellow can find out." And therefore we may be rendered speechless and unhappy, if the authors stand and contemplate us, and estimate their book as my Lord Dundreary did himself, and say of it that "two fellahs out of three would say it is a good 'book,' and the

other fellah—well, the other fellah, he'd be an ass, you know."

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY, OR TURF AND TOWERS. By Robert Browning. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Robert Browning shows a laudable zeal in the unearthing of tragical histories for the purpose of perpetuating them in verse. *Turf and Towers* is another romance in real life, affording him scope for much vigorous satire on some of the important issues of the day.

After an elaborate overture—a pleasant acquaintance with Miss Thackeray, to whom the poem is dedicated, being the theme—the poet lays hold of his story with the firm, nervous grasp peculiarly his own. Monsieur Léonce Miranda, heir of a proud house, who in his early youth was pious enough for his friends to deem him a worthy candidate for sainthood, but who later in life met Clara de Millefleurs and forgot his prayers, is hero.

Miss de Millefleurs was not above reproach, though unfavorable circumstances were the occasion of her fall. She fed, like the caterpillar, upon the elements necessary to her growth, and Léonce Miranda chanced to be one of them. Madame Miranda, the proud mother of Léonce, who passed her time in Paris, playing *bazique* with the good priest or the better sister from the neighboring religious houses, died suddenly of a broken heart, in consequence of her son's conduct; and at that moment he suffered a fatal change of heart himself, for he thrust his two hands, full of love-letters, into a burning grate, and sacrificed both letters and hands before he was rescued. Again he grew devout, dreamed over the miracles, and, to prove them, cast himself from a tower, hoping to be borne through the air before the eyes of Paris, thereby eclipsing the memory of his former life in the glory of his transfiguration. But Léonce broke his neck at the foot of the tower; his estates were scrambled for, and finally distributed in a manner that scandalizes Mr. Browning, who launches his poetical thunder-bolts at all the church dignitaries in Christendom; and the poem ends. The poet says:

"Miranda hardly did his best with life:
He might have opened eye, exerted brain,

Attained conception as to right and law
 In certain points respecting intercourse
 Of man with woman—love, one likes to say.

* * * * *

. Aspire, break bonds! I say
 Endeavor to be good, and better still,
 And best! success is naught; endeavor's all."

"Mad!" exclaimed the gardener, who
 found Léonce dead at the foot of the tower;
 but Browning adds:

"No; sane, I say.

Such being the conditions of his life,
 Such end of life was not irrational.
 Hold a belief, you only half believe,
 With all-momentous issues either way—
 And I advise you imitate this leap,
 Put faith to proof, be cured or killed at once!"

In the earlier pages of the poem, Mr.
 Browning harps upon the eccentric title of
 his book:

"Night-caps, night-comfort of the human race:
 Their usage may be growing obsolete,
 Still, in the main, the institution stays."

We have the seven ages of night-cap:

"Its form and fashion vary, suiting so
 Each seasonable want of youth and age.
 In infancy, the rosy, naked ball
 Of brain, and that faint golden fluff it bears,
 Are smothered from disaster—nurses know
 By what foam-fabric; but when youth succeeds,
 The sterling value of the article
 Discards adornment, cap is cap henceforth,
 Unfeathered by the futile row on row.

"Manhood strains hard a sturdy stocking-stuff
 O'er well-deserving head and ears; the cone
 Is tassel-tipt, commendably takes pride,
 Announcing work-day done and wages pouched,
 And liberty obtained to sleep—nay, snore.
 Unwise, he peradventure shall essay
 The sweets of independency for once—
 Waive its advantage on his wedding-night:
 Fool, only to resume it, night the next,
 And never part companionship again.
 Since, with advancing years, night's solace soon
 Intrudes upon the daybreak dubious life,
 Persuades it to appear the thing it is,
 Half-sleep; and so, encroaching more and more,
 It lingers long past the abstemious meal
 Of morning, and, as prompt to serve, precedes
 The supper-summons, gruel grown a feast."

The poet fancies an exposition of remarka-
 ble night-caps, wherein may be seen

"Pope's sickly head sustainment, damp with dews
 Wrung from the all-unfair fight.

* * * * *

Voltaire's imperial velvet! Hogarth eyed
 The thumb-nail record of some alley-phiz

Then chucklingly clapped yonder cosiness
 On pate, and painted with true flesh and blood!
 Poor hectic Cowper's soothing sarsnet-stripe!"

And, further on in the catalogue, he espies
 "the hangman's toilet," and again

"The Phrygian symbol, the new crown of thorns,
 The cap of freedom."

Browning quotes the "Corsican:"

"Had I but one good regiment of my own,
 How soon should volleys to the due amount
 Lay stiff upon the street-flags this canaille!
 As for the droll there, he that plays the king,
 And screws out smile with a red night-cap on,
 He's done for! somebody must take his place.'
 White cotton night-cap country: excellent!
 Why not red cotton night-cap country, too?"

And here we have it: *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, a story of France and French principles, with a fling at the Pope and the Church, and a laugh at the miracles, and two hundred and twenty pages of Browning's spirited and unflagging verse. If he would indulge his eccentricities less frequently, his poem would appear more lucid. There are words and phrases in *Turf and Tower* that are not and can not, under any conceivable conditions, be thought poetical; yet they seem less out of place in this poem than they might were they a part of any other poem by any other poet, for the exceptional reputation of Mr. Browning countenances almost anything that may be conceived by mind of man.

MOTHERLY TALKS WITH YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The brief and pithy articles of which this work is composed were originally published in the Household Department of *The Christian Union*, and were regarded as an interesting feature of that valuable paper. The publisher, in a brief preface, indicates the position of the distinguished authoress on the "woman question." Mrs. Beecher's notion of woman's sphere is, that, whatever exceptional women may be able to accomplish, by reason of peculiar circumstances and talents, and freedom from domestic responsibilities, the place of labor and achievement for most women, and for all married women and mothers, is home. And this book is exactly

what its title indicates—a kind and motherly way of helping the inexperienced in making agreeable, well-regulated, and happy homes.

In a few introductory remarks, Mrs. Beecher tells some wholesome truths—truths that should find lodgment in every womanly heart. The home education of our daughters is sadly neglected. Young girls too often pass from their graduation into married life, and are suddenly transformed from simple school-girls into wives and housekeepers; and that, too, with little or no knowledge of attendant duties and responsibilities. Without such knowledge, “the *home* which the lover dreamed of proves dark and comfortless, and the bride becomes the heartless devotee of fashion, instead of the companion and helpmeet God designed a wife to be.”

An early and full initiation into the routine of home duties and household mysteries would exalt her to the true dignity of her position as mistress of a well-appointed home, and add new lustre to her charms as companion and friend.

In the work before us, the labors and duties of every day, indispensable to all classes of homes, are reviewed and analyzed with loving scrutiny. Wholesome suggestions and criticisms are offered in regard to the manual labor of a household, and the actions, motives, and principles which build up and secure the happiness of a family, are kindly and ably considered.

Mrs. Beecher, in pursuance of her work, does not assume the attitude of instructress to old, well-established mothers and housekeepers; but, like a faithful and tender mother in the midst of young daughters, she sits as a gentle dispenser of the sweet gospel of womanhood, answering perplexing questions, pointing out mistakes, suggesting remedies, and offering kind encouragement to the heroic young strugglers, who have the noble purpose to make home what it should ever be—the happiest place on earth.

Another valuable feature of the work, is a choice selection of nearly five hundred cooking recipes, all vouched for by the author's own experience and skillful testing. There is little danger but that this timely work will win its own way to popular favor. A fine carbon-photographic portrait of the author gives additional interest to the volume.

A FAIR SAXON. By Justin M'Carthy. New York: Sheldon & Co.

If genius be what Carlyle defines it, “an infinite capacity for taking pains,” Mr. M'Carthy would seem to have somewhat invalidated his title thereto, in the work now under review. The author's stately serial, *Lady Judith*, first published in the *Galaxy*, was full of strong, vigorous action, coupled with much dramatic power and artistic finish. In his later character-sketches, recently compiled under the title of *Modern Leaders*, he has shown such a marvelous aptitude for divining the springs of human action, and such a subtle instinct for discovering the introspective workings of the human heart, that we have, perhaps, been encouraged to expect too much from a favorite author.

But no writer can perpetually do his best. Mr. M'Carthy is a diligent worker—a perpetual producer. The danger in such cases is imminent that the quantity will excel the quality. The most affluent and generous mind can only secrete a given amount of thought, and, if too sorely pressed, will avenge itself by doing slovenly work for its oppressor. In the present volume, we find commonplace incident too often usurping the place of pleasing characterizations; sensational improbabilities ruthlessly pushing aside quiet realism and tender touches of philosophical reflection, which constitute a charming peculiarity of the work to which allusion has been already made. If the writer, indeed, possesses the rare genius and knowledge of human passion which stamp him as the one best qualified to take the place vacated by Thackeray and Dickens, as some enthusiastic critic avers, then must he henceforth do more faithful and conscientious work; and suggest less painfully the fagged and jaded cicerone, pointing out with dreary dullness objects in which he has, apparently, long since ceased to feel a shadow of genuine interest.

With delicious promptitude, at the very outset of the book, we are introduced to the wild Irishman who is the hero of the tale—Mr. Maurice Fitzhugh Tyrone, M.P., “rather a disappointing person to look at”—tall, fair, and handsome, with languid eyes, and hair parted in the middle; the man whom the papers were forever abusing, but who be-

lieved himself descended from old Irish kings, and who was as proud as a Spaniard.

At a still earlier stage of the drama, the curtain lifts on pretty Jennie Aspar, the heroine, with her bright brown hair and deep gray eyes, dancing a graceful minuet on the dining-table, that she might see how her dainty feet and pretty slippers looked. She was a witching English damsel, with a dash of the sensuous—a half-poetic little maiden, full of longing, and hope, and romance, and passion. Just the one, was the dashing Jennie, to strike a profoundly sympathetic chord in the sensitive, impulsive, Celtic nature of the formidable and dignified Tyrone—and she struck it.

But we have no sort of idea of revealing the progress and *dénouement* of the neat little plot. There are exciting situations, wondrous strategical movements, pretty tableaux, felicitous groupings, and beautiful unfoldings. And it is just precisely here that we feel such a genuine pleasure in making ugly mouths at one of our favorite authors—that he should have put the warp and woof for so fine a fabric into such sleazy texture, meantime manifesting so sublime an indifference about the whole thing. The conscientious care and regal power of the gifted artisan of *Romola* and *Middlemarch* would have elaborated patterns the most beautiful and exquisite from such a wealth of raw material.

But we are done with scolding. The novel is full of excellencies that gracefully overlay its defects. The author's love-making shows him to be an adept in the art; there is much of graphic realism; the characters are well drawn and discriminated, for the most part; there is richness of sentiment, tender pathos, and a delicate artistic touch and finish that betrays the master-hand and genius of the born artist. While the work can not contribute much to the enviable reputation of the versatile and brilliant author of *Lady Judith*, it may yet claim the incense of many an admiring reader.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS. By Celia Thaxter. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mrs. Thaxter says, by way of preface and apology, "Except that some account of the

place (the Isles of Shoals), however slight, is so incessantly called for by people who through these islands in summer, I should hardly venture to offer to the public so imperfect a chronicle, of which the most that can be said is, that it is, perhaps, better than nothing."

We consider it a great deal better than nothing, for it is, apart from its purpose, a very readable sketch, full of beautiful descriptive passages, and having a salty, sea-flavor about it that is most refreshing. The earnest simplicity of Mrs. Thaxter's style is not the least agreeable feature in the book; and, as a study of the isolated life of those stalwart New England fishermen, it is as perfect in its way as anything that has lately come under our eye.

UPS AND DOWNS. An Every-day Novel. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a story of genuine "Ups and Downs." The "Ups" are quite up, and the "Downs" are away down. Edward E. Hale could scarcely write on average topics; nothing short of extremes can give scope to his wonderful vitality. The story is, of course, interesting; whatever sins Mr. Hale may be guilty of, dullness is not one of them. Here is a passage from chapter three:

"A head appeared from the outer entry of Massachusetts."

[It was the close of Commencement Day at Harvard.]

"Are you undressed, St. Leger?"

"No; what's up?"

"I wish you would come round; and Ferguson, whom they called St. Leger for fun, came—came quickly. As he ran into the room, he found Jasper making rings of cigar-smoke. Jasper gave him a cigar, but before he lighted it, handed him the letter, which he read.

"What does all this mean, Jasper?"

"It means, my dear boy, that I am a beggar."

This is the first "Down" in the book, but there are others to follow. Perhaps less robust martyrs than Mr. Hale cultivates might not be as philosophical as Jasper; possibly there are some worthy people who suffer and are strong, but who do not reap the glorious rewards that fall to the lot of most of Mr. Hale's strong sufferers. But we do not com-

plain of the cheerful justice dealt out in his books. We like to read of it; we would be glad to see more of it in the world, and to find the healthy atmosphere that always pervades the writings of this particular apostle of "sweetness and light" spreading through the land.

Of course, the "Ups" at the end of this every-day novel more than compensate for the "Downs" that are sprinkled through it. This is as it should be; for there is a grain of comfort in all agreeable fiction, even though it is so thin that we may see through it. If any man can benefit his fellow by an example of loyalty and courage, backed by unflinching industry, we believe Mr. Hale is that man.

THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER'S MANUAL. By Catherine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The present compilation is a new and revised edition of *The American Woman's Home*, published in 1869. That work attained great popularity, being devoted to the principles of domestic science, and a guide to economical, healthful, and beautiful homes. In the republication, the value of the work has been greatly enhanced by the judicious addition of "The Handy Cook Book"—a condensed guide to wholesome, economical, and delicious cooking.

The distinguished authoresses, whose names must give confidence to the work, are not only gifted writers, but practical housekeepers. Their names are recognized all over the land, as authorities in matters of domestic economy, possessing, as they do, a keen intuition of human nature, large experience in household economy, and a thorough knowledge of family needs and of the readiest mode of supplying the same. Their style of writing is unusually clear and attractive, and the subjects treated are marshaled with ingenious regard to the harmony of relationship and methodical consistency.

The increasing difficulties that environ domestic life in America doubtless account for the increasing number of works on domestic economy. The harassing problems that present themselves, need to be met in a clear, intelligent, and lucid manner, by authors of

acknowledged position, whose words are clothed with authority. The work before us is designed to supply this need.

The value of the book is greatly enhanced by its handsome typography, its elegant illustrations, its attractive binding, and the workmanlike style of manufacture. It is affectionately inscribed to "The Women of America," and will, no doubt, find its way to many a welcoming fireside.

THE HEMLOCK SWAMP, AND A SEASON AT THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS. By Elsie Leigh Whittlesey. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remson & Haffelfinger.

This novel has a plot, which is perhaps the best part of it. Its sequences are natural, and well worked up. But the story impresses us as having read it somewhere before. Not that there appears a single actual plagiarism in it; but it seems more the result of what its author has read, than what she has thought. The child-life of Archie and his sister is marred by a relentless step-mother, whose character is not altogether well wrought out. But Aunt Eunice is the perfection of a maiden aunt, and impresses upon the reader the idea that she is a vivid reality, and a faithful copy of a living and breathing woman. There is something peculiarly fine in the revelation of her self-control, and sturdy sense of independence. She does not talk—she acts—and the author has exhibited great skillfulness in representing her portrait. Simon Post, the villain of the story, is the stereotyped villain—cowardly, cruel, passionate, imbruing his hands in blood to win his ends, living a life of disappointment and remorse, and dying under a false name—ministered to at the last by the woman who slighted him. The other characters are photographs we have often seen, having few distinctive traits; one or two of them carefully colored, but as a general thing needing what the artists call tone. There is scarcely enough genius in the volume to make it deleterious reading, and the chance of an idle hour might even render it interesting; but it will die with the thousands of similar works annually spawned by the little fishes of literature, and its ephemeral life will rest solely upon the good qualities of "Aunt Eunice." We have no space to enu-

merate all the characters described. They come in at the end, like players on the stage. The virtuous are rewarded according to their merits. Simon goes unharmed, and never gives up his secret till death wrenches it from him. The fewer readers such volumes have, the better.

SIAM AS IT WAS AND IS. Compiled and arranged by Geo. B. Bacon. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

No works could be more admirably adapted for popular reading than *The Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*, edited by Bayard Taylor. The volume before us is a valuable addition to the series, notices of which have from time to time appeared in these columns. The information they contain is of the most varied character, set forth in a charming way. They are judicious in arrangement, graphic in description, picturesque in detail, and fertile in incident. The matter is all interesting—simple in style, yet readable and romantic.

The present work opens with a succinct history of early intercourse with Siam, hinting at its relation with other countries. The geography of the country is as well defined as could be expected, where boundaries are determined by the variable fortunes of incessant war. The chapters devoted to Old Siam and its history, and to Modern Siam, the present dynasty, are of peculiar interest. We extract a few paragraphs from a description of the present King, George Washington: "The King came toward the portico and met us at the door. Not even the venerable functionary whose name he bore could have welcomed a guest with more gentlemanly politeness than that with which this king of a barbarous people welcomed me. He spoke good English, and spoke it fluently, and knew how, with gentlemanly tact, to put his visitor straightway at his ease. The conversation was such as might take place between two gentlemen in a New York parlor. On every side were evidences of an intelligent and cultivated taste. The room in which we sat was decorated with engravings, maps, busts, statuettes. The book-cases were filled with well-selected volumes, handsomely

bound. . . . For guns and military affairs, the King had a great liking, and, indeed, for all sorts of science. He was an expert in the use of quadrant and sextant, and could take a lunar observation and work it out with accuracy. He had his army disciplined and drilled according to European tactics. Their orders were given in English, and were obeyed with great alacrity. . . . He had observed the course of our history, the growth of our nation, the principles of our Government; and, though we knew very little about him and his people, he was thoroughly informed concerning us. . . . Half European, half Oriental in his dress, he had combined the two styles with more of taste than one could have expected. . . . Such is the Siamese King, with more than kingly name. It may provoke a smile at first that such a use should be made of the name of Washington, but when it shall appear that the father understood and appreciated the character of the great man after whom he wished his son to be called, no American will be content with laughing at him. . . . It seems to me significant of great progress already achieved toward Christian civilization, and prophetic of yet greater things to come."

The work reminds us of Commissioner Bowring's late journal of "*Eastern Experiences*." It is written in the same chatty, familiar style, but embraces a far wider scope. Bowring confined his descriptions mainly to the province of Mysore and the coffee-planter's district of Coorg, two of the richest districts of Southern India, while the present volume takes in the whole of Siam, treating of the varieties of Siamese life, births, marriages, deaths, natural productions, climate, islands of the gulf, Christian missions, and the outlook for the future.

The works are all profusely illustrated, and the educational value of such a series can scarcely be over-estimated, to say nothing of the fireside pleasure they are calculated to bestow.

ROUGE ET NOIR: A Tale of Baden-Baden, from the French of Edmund About. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remson & Haffelfinger.

Edmund About has a reputation which has sprung up in mushroom fashion since the

translations of his works has attracted attention to them. His *forte* lies in depicting strong passions, and headlong means of attaining gratification of them. Baden-Baden in this volume is portrayed with singular fidelity, and its gambling-hells are thrown open, as if the interior door concealing their terrible degradations swung on its hinges. If there is any particular moral in *Rouge et Noir*, it is in the sudden temptation, the momentary infatuation yielded to, after a life of denial and total condemnation of gambling—a sort of frenzy of contagion unaccountable yet possible; just as the seeds of disease in a physical constitution heretofore unsuspected, may burst into sudden destructiveness, with the motive power of germination at hand. *Rouge et Noir* might have been written—nay, has been written—in one sentence: “Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

KENTUCKY'S LOVE; or, Roughing it around Paris. By Edward King. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. King is a traveling correspondent, and, like others of that ilk, has a world of experience to draw upon. *Kentucky's Love* is a pretty story—a thread upon which the author hangs many graphic and picturesque sketches of the siege of Paris. The characters are well drawn, and the plot interesting; but the scene of the story is so full of action, that every page smells of powder, and the atmosphere is smoky. Probably the same experiences, if gathered together as a series of events, would of themselves prove attractive; but, sliding as they do upon the thread of the story, the effect is agreeable, and the book extremely pleasing. Mr. King's future is certainly promising; and we look for further contributions from his pen with more than usual interest.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- LITERATURE AND DOGMA. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS. By Celia Thaxter. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY, OR TURF AND TOWERS. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. By W. D. Howells. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 THE MYSTERY OF METROPOLISVILLE. By Edward Eggleston. New York: Orange Judd & Co.
 A FAIR SAXON. By Justin McCarthy. New York: Sheldon & Co.
 THE OTHER GIRLS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 HALF HOURS WITH THE TELESCOPE. By Richard A. Proctor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 A MANUAL OF POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY. By Henry Lawson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 DIALOGUES AND DRAMAS. Edited by Lewis B. Monroe. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 PLAUTUS AND TERENCE. By Rev. W. L. Collins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 THE LAST POEMS OF ALICE AND PHEBE CARY. Edited by Mary Clemmer Ames. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES. By Wm. Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MAY. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

FROM OLYMPUS TO HADES. By Mrs. Forrester. Boston : A. K. Loring.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON. By S. Austin Allibone. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco :

SIAM, THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT. Compiled by Geo. B. Bacon. New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

OXLEY. By Lyndon. New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. 2—Macbeth. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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OUR INDIAN POLICY.

RELIGION is the inspiration of politics. It has always been so. From the beginning of history down to the present time, the public policy of great nations has been regulated by their ideas of right and wrong, and their ideas of right and wrong have been derived from their religion. And to-day, from Japan to Germany, and from Germany to California, religion is the active element of the most spirit-stirring political questions.

A great crisis is now arresting public attention, and demanding an investigation of our Indian policy in the light of Christianity. The policy of our nation toward the savage tribes roaming over its territories has been unsatisfactory in its results. It is the one subject to which the American in Europe does not desire to refer as illustrative of our national greatness; while among ourselves, and in our more confidential communications, we are constrained to confess something like failure to accomplish the great purposes of our national destiny.

During a century of vacillating experiments, by both political parties, we have not succeeded in conquering the Indians in honorable war, nor in civilizing them by the arts of peace. We have succeeded in ingrafting on their native ferocity the vices of civilization much better than in converting them to the gospel faith, which alone can curb man's animal lust. And the result is, the destruction of whole tribes by whisky, disease, and gunpowder, and the inspiration of others with a wild-beast-like ferocity and cunning which madly seeks to revenge itself upon the nearest of the people of its hated foes, without any regard to their personal complicity in the warfare they have provoked, or even to the probable success of the conflict. In this conflict we have seen hundreds of our noblest sons and fairest daughters cruelly sacrificed by these savages, and grass growing in the roofless cottages of the massacred Minnesota settlers. We have listened to the tale of horror of the widow, who, after witnessing the butchery

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of her brave husband and tender babes, escaped through the woods in the night, carrying one little boy forty miles to the nearest garrison.

Nor was this a solitary instance of ferocity. Our frontier history is so full of the horrors of Indian wars, that many suppose them inseparable from the advance of civilization, as the fever and ague are the unavoidable consequences of breaking the new soil. Others, who know better, are merely roused for the moment by the record of the slaughter of persons of whom they knew nothing, and who were perhaps not known beyond their own county. Hence, the necessity for an attack upon prominent characters, to attract public attention. In the mysterious providence of God, experience is the great educator of mankind. The poisonous seed must be allowed to grow, and develop the vine, and ripen its fruit, and poison the children, before men will be aroused to tear it up and cast it into the fire. Doubtless one design of God in permitting the atrocities which clothe our coast in mourning to-day, is to compel our attention to the errors of a policy which has resulted in the perfidious slaughter of one of the oldest, bravest, and noblest of our Christian generals, of a large number of other brave officers and soldiers, and one of the most heroic and self-denying of our divines—whom to know was to admire, respect, and love. It was my privilege, in 1864, to be admitted to the friendship of Doctor Thomas; to enjoy the benefit of his sagacious counsels as one of the band of patriotic Christian philanthropists forming the Pacific Christian Commission; to be instructed and cheered by his intelligent conversation, unveiling the resources of the then undeveloped Nevada, as we traveled through its wonderful gorges and divinely constructed passes, fore-ordained, millions of geologic ages ago, in the plan of the Great Architect, to

facilitate the construction of the iron roads, along which the prophetic eye of our lamented brother then clearly saw the rushing trains of commercial intercourse planting their railroad cities thickly along the wilderness—visions that he lived to see begun to be fulfilled. Alas! that eye is now dim which then kindled with enthusiasm at the prospects of California's Christian civilization and certain greatness, and anon twinkled with genial humor as he recited some anecdote of wagoner, or stage-driver, or early emigrant of '49; for he was a man, and nothing human was alien to him. And therefore it is that multitudes who never were persuaded by his powerful addresses from the platform, nor thrilled by his sacred oratory in the pulpit, and who never read his logical and timely editorials, dealing wisely with all the life-issues of the times, mourn over him to-day as the man, the friend, the Christian brother of every one who needed sympathy, counsel, help, and prayer, and mingle their tears with those of his weeping widow and orphaned children, and with the bereaved churches of the State, thus suddenly deprived of the counsels and prayers of their truly apostolical presiding elder. O, what costly sacrifices are these to atone for the errors of our Indian policy!

Yet we sorrow not over these honored martyrs as those who have no hope. We have the divine assurance that they shall rise on the resurrection morn, and live and reign over this redeemed earth, with Jesus the Prince of Peace, whose fitness for ruling this world was secured by a similar bitter experience of the wickedness of ungodly men. For we ought to remember that our brethren fell in the discharge of the highest function which mortal man can exercise—the office of the peace-maker, an office which the angels of heaven, when once permitted its exercise, glorified with doxologies; an office which One higher

than all angels consecrated with His blood. For the first-born Son of God also assumed the honorable office of a peace-maker, and, when He might have been escorted by legions of angels, entrusted Himself, unarmed, in the camp of His Father's enemies, and, while bestowing gifts of peace and words of love, He, too, was treacherously betrayed and cruelly slaughtered by the men He came to bless and save. Yet was not His mission in vain. His death, more eloquent than even His divine life, aroused all heaven and all earth to the vileness and brutality which committed such a crime; and the conversion and civilization of Christendom, including that of our own great continent, are the results which an inscrutable and omnipotent wisdom has educed from the murder of heaven's peace commissioner. Let us, then, be fully assured that He who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground in vain, will not permit the blood of these noble followers of their martyred Lord to fall upon the earth in vain. Arousing public attention to the iniquities of our Indian system, the enlightened American Christian judgment will speedily terminate the possibility of such atrocities, by extending over the savages of our land the powerful control of Christian civilization.

With such lamentable demonstrations of the results of our Indian policy, I trust I may, without presumption, express the judgment, that it is based on erroneous principles. The tree is known by its fruit. In saying this I wish to be distinctly understood as not arraigning, or vindicating, either of the great political parties, whose existence is indispensable to that balance of power which constitutes republican liberty. In this case they have both been followers of the traditions of our forefathers, and both deserve whatever of praise or blame attaches to a series of experiments for the improving of the working of a funda-

mentally erroneous principle—for the cultivation of grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles. And I desire particularly to be understood as bringing no charges against the President of the United States, and that band of true Christian philanthropists whom he has called to his assistance in his efforts to elevate and civilize these savage tribes. The attempt is noble. If, in carrying out such a difficult experiment, he should fall into the mistake of all his predecessors, and fail of the success he desires, yet even failure in such an attempt is more honorable than apathy; and it may well be that, in after ages, when the laurels of his military achievements shall have been covered with the dust of centuries in the alcoves of history, the heart of humanity will throb with appreciation of that nobility of soul which endeavored to use the high position gained by war, for the extension of the blessings of peace to every denizen of our broad country.

I hope to secure public attention, therefore, to an argument demonstrating the evils of our Indian policy, as erroneous in principle, without any encroachment upon the field of party politics. My argument leads me to a higher sphere than that of party politics; even to those principles of truth and righteousness revealed in the Word of God, the application of which would insure peace to our settlers, and as much prosperity to the Indians as it is possible for them to enjoy. For neither the best government, nor the purest religion, can restore wasted vitality either to the debauchee or the debauched people, nor indefinitely prolong a sickly existence, offensive to God and injurious to man. Nevertheless, the offensiveness and injury of perpetuating barbarism in a free Christian country may be abated by the application of the principles of true religion and national government to these savage tribes. For I have no new specific to propose in

dealing with this subject, but simply that we apply to the Indians the same principles of law, and order, and responsibility, and education, which we apply to the rest of our people with a success which excites the admiration of the civilized world, and draws the ambassadors of semi-barbarous peoples across the great Pacific Ocean that they may learn them and transplant them to their own less favored lands. In a word, that, ceasing to treat the Indian tribes as sovereign and independent treaty-making nationalities, we reduce them at once, and peremptorily, to the condition of simple equality before the law with all other citizens, allowing them all their rights, and compelling them to perform all their duties. The greater part of our difficulties with the Indians arise from an attempt to govern them differently from other citizens—to treat them as exceptions to the great principle of republican government—the equality of all men before the law.

It must strike the inquirer into our Indian policy as a most singular anomaly, that, whereas we treat all other men as equal before the law—Jews and Christians, White men and Negroes, Swedes, Germans, French, Spanish, Irish, and Chinese—compelling them all alike to pay taxes, and to submit to our common law, never asking their decision whether they will or not, never sending ambassadors to have talks with them to persuade them to behave themselves as good citizens, but simply addressing with a “Be it enacted by the good people of this commonwealth,” we should treat the Indians as non-tax-paying aristocrats, elevated above the level of all other peoples, and humble our Government to negotiate with them as sovereign treaty-making powers. Nay, we elevate them far above the aristocracies of Europe; for there even the king swears obedience to the law, and the aristocracy is the most heavily taxed order in the

kingdom, but our Indian aristocracy swears obedience to no laws but its own drunken will, and by express statutes of Congress is always exempted from taxation, while the rest of the community pays a tribute to them, directly and indirectly, amounting to many millions of dollars. Can any one give a good reason why we ought not to allow equal privileges to other nationalities—send peace commissioners from Washington to have a big talk with the Irish in New York, pay tribute of blankets and muslins to Brigham Young, locate the Germans at the public expense on a reservation in the Russian River Valley, and secure to the Chinese and Mormons by treaty the privilege of buying as many wives as they fancy, and splitting their skulls with tomahawks when they get drunk? Certainly, if all men are created free and equal, and endowed with inalienable rights to do as they like, our Irish, and Chinese, and Mormon fellow-citizens are grievously deprived of their natural rights.

The answer given to these inquiries is: that the Indian tribes are the original owners of all America, and possessed the sovereignty of this continent; that the first White colonists, following the example of William Penn, entered into treaties with them, recognizing their sovereignty, purchasing from the various tribes the territory now occupied by the United States, and securing to them the enjoyment of their ancient customs; and that every principle of national honor binds us to as faithful discharge of our treaty obligations to these weak nations, as we would feel incumbent on us in our transactions with the more powerful nations.

In answer to this, I deny the assumption upon which the reasoning is founded—namely, that the Indian tribes found roaming over this continent upon its discovery by Europeans, were the owners of America. I deny the fact of their

possession; I deny the right of their chiefs to sovereignty; and I deny the validity of the treaties by which they proposed to sell to us what they did not own themselves, and to secure to themselves a right to do wrongs which can not be conferred upon any creature in the universe. The chiefs of our Indian tribes are invested with no more national sovereignty than the captains of bands of Greek brigands.

I have great respect for the humane intentions of William Penn, and of the many great and good men who have adopted Quaker principles and practices. But the experience of the world has demonstrated that these principles are not adapted for the government of a world of sinful men. With the Bible open before me, I am compelled to pronounce them unscriptural, and contrary to the plain commands of the Bible, which direct the subjection of every soul to the higher powers. But by no possible exegesis can any man apply such title to the Indians.

Permit me to solicit your attention to a portion of Holy Writ, which formally describes the origin, nature, and the sanctions of national sovereignty and civil government, for the purpose of applying this description to the dealings of our Government with the Indians—Romans, chapter xiii, verses 1-5:

“Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou, then, not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same; for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of

God, a revenger, to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore, ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.”

In this portion of Scripture we have a formal description of the origin, design, and authority of government, and of the mode in which that authority should be enforced. The Holy Ghost does not specify any particular kind of civil power in this place, but treats of existing powers—all kinds of governments which nations have established under the providence of God; the power of the republican form of government established by divine direction, in which every officer, from the town constable to the President of the United States of Israel, the Lord Himself, was elected by the universal suffrage of the people; the power of the kingly government, in which the king also was elected by the vote of the nation; or the imperial power of Rome, tacitly accepted by a demoralized world as their best defense against anarchy. Of each and all of these powers the Holy Spirit asserts, that they are of God, authoritative and sovereign; and commands all men to acknowledge and submit to that under which God's providence has placed him. There is no toleration here of any *imperium in imperio*—of any priest or pope independent of, or superior to, the national power—of any colony of Mormons, or any tribe of Indians, authorized to set at naught the just jurisdiction of the rulers. The command is express: let every soul be subject to the higher powers. The nation's representatives are sovereign and supreme over every individual. While these representatives derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, the governed derive these powers of national sovereignty from God, the Creator, who has endowed them with their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and to that national sovereignty indispensable for

the protection of these God-given rights.

Our Declaration of Independence echoes the assertions of Holy Scripture, that the rights of man and the authority of governments are of divine origin. It is simply a translation of the Hebrew records into modern political language. The Bible asserts that God created man—the human race, not the individual merely—in His own image, and endowed him with four Divine attributes—personality, fertility, sovereignty, and blessedness. Human society is a moral person, a divinely constituted organization, existing for the accomplishment of the Divine purposes—the multiplication of mankind, the colonization of the earth, and the glory of God in the happiness of its members. It is not a mob of savages or of half-tamed gorillas, clubbing and biting each other into respect for the baboon of longest teeth and hardest skull. The notion that this was the natural condition of mankind, and that governments were formed by what is called the social compact—by which these savages relinquished a portion of their natural rights for the better protection of the remainder—is the most false, absurd, and impious theory that ever deluded rational men. It is false to allege that any national government was ever thus founded. No instance of such a compact of savages exists in the records or traditions of any nation. Man, from the earliest period of his existence, existed in society. It is absurd to allege that savages relinquish any natural right on entering into civilized society. Will any one allege the natural right of any man to be a savage?—to get drunk, to tomahawk his wife, torture his prisoners, make war on everybody he meets, and train up his sons in contempt of honest industry, and his daughters to be beasts of burden to some big Indian and squaws in his harem? What rights does an Indian relinquish

when he is elevated to the condition of a citizen of the United States? It is blasphemously profane to allege that man, created in the image of God, was a savage. Will any blasphemer be bold enough to assert that Almighty God, His Creator, was a savage? Yet it is on this false, foolish, and profane theory of the primeval rights of savages that the basis of our Indian policy is laid.

Sovereignty does not inhere in savages. The savage is the fallen, degraded, disfranchised, human brute. God delegates no sovereignty to savages, who are wholly incapable of exercising this prerogative. God does not delegate His sovereignty to the nation, the largest existing portion of the human family, for the purpose of perpetuating the savage condition of man, but for the directly opposite purpose, of the multiplication and civilization of mankind, and for the elevation of savages to the place of citizenship. The Bible and the Declaration of Independence are in perfect accord upon this subject. The former says: "So God created man in His own image, and said unto him, 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the beasts of the earth, and over the fowls of the air, and over the fish of the sea.'" The latter asserts: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are those to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that to maintain these rights, governments were instituted among men." The national sovereignty, then, is the minister of God for *good* to every member of the nation. It is the protector of the peace, purity, and increase of the human family.

And as a matter of fact, these objects have in some good degree been accomplished by all the great nations of antiquity, and are in good measure accomplished by "the powers that be"—the ex-

isting nationalities of the world. When any of the nationalities ceased to protect property, and life, and the purity of the family, and thus failed of the object of its existence, the great Governor of the nations, by the inevitable operation of the laws of human nature, removed it, and substituted an effective government instead. Failing to protect life, property, and family—the elements of power—it ceased as one of “the powers that be,” and speedily became disintegrated, and fell a prey to some less debauched people, or to its own vices.

Such was the condition of the Indian tribes on the discovery of this continent. They were rapidly perishing by their own vices, their perpetual wars, and their preference of the savage hunter's life to the toilsome but prosperous obedience to the Divine command to till the earth. Their right to become savages must be emphatically denied. No man has a right to such a life of alternate indolence and savage exertion as reduces his children to starvation, the weakly among them to premature death, makes his wife a beast of burden, and keeps himself in the attitude of a beast of prey, delighting in rapine and murder.

Moreover, the right of the Indian chiefs to sovereignty over their people must be firmly refused by every republican. That form of aristocracy which invests the “big Indian” with supremacy over the little Indian, over the squaws, and over everybody unable to fight him, is the most debasing and brutal of all the forms of tyranny. These big Indians had no more right to contract treaties on behalf of their respective tribes than John Morrisey has to contract treaties for Congress. It is a gross violation of all republican principles for the United States to recognize the big-Indian form of government. Congress is bound by the Constitution to secure to all the people a republican government, and therefore peremptorily to abolish this

big-Indian business, and secure to the Indian people regular republican representative government.

The utter failure of all the attempts made to deal with the Indian tribes as if they were nationalities is now so apparent, that one can not but wonder that anybody should desire to persevere in making treaties with chiefs who have no authority to contract them, nor power to enforce their observance, and which in consequence we can never observe. It is a pitiful burlesque upon national solemnities to enter into negotiations with these poor remnants of dying tribes for the cession to them of large territories in perpetual possession, while it is evident to all observers that another century of their present degradation will leave them possessed only of their graves. But the burlesque becomes a tragedy, when, by inflaming the insane pride of the savages into hate, it inspires them to rush into wars which desolate our frontiers, and which can only end in the utter extermination of the Indians. Mercy to the Indians, no less than honesty and justice, demand that we plainly inform them that henceforth Indian sovereignty ceases, and that all Indians are citizens, equally, before the law.

There are, however, some statesmen who, while denying the Indians' right to sovereignty, acknowledge their ownership of the land or territory. The notion, that a mere aggregation of human beings, impelled only by brutal and savage instincts, can claim a national recognition for their barbarous wars, their cruel treatment of prisoners, their polygamy and cruel abuse of their women, for their gluttony and drunkenness, and for that course of rapine by which alone the savage can maintain his condition, is too absurd to be logically defended by any American. Many Americans do, however, acknowledge the Indian title to the land.

No American will admit the right of the feudal aristocracies of Europe to lands which they can not replenish, and subdue, and improve, nor their authority to debar from such lands the improving colonists; else California had been today a wilderness, belonging to the crown of Spain, and the crowded cities of New England, New York, and Philadelphia, little colonial villages, owing homage and bearing allegiance to Great Britain. But shall we acknowledge in the savage Indian hunters a sovereignty and landlordism which we deny to the refined and cultured aristocracies of Europe? These Indian tribes were merely invaders and destroyers of a people more civilized than themselves—of a people capable of working the ancient copper-mines of Lake Superior, and constructing the gigantic fortifications of southern Ohio and the pueblos of Arizona; works of a civilization far above that of the present races of hunters and butchers of humanity, who would devastate a continent to preserve it for their hunting-ground. When William the Conqueror evicted the people of a few English counties to make the New Forest for his hunting-ground, the world, though far from civilized at that time, stood aghast at the crime, and history recorded his son's death in that hunting-ground as a righteous retribution for his tyranny. But shall we recognize a right in the puny Indian hunters to hold this broad continent for their New Forest which we refuse to own on a much smaller scale in the conqueror of England? Let us come to first principles, and ask, How does a nation acquire a title to its territory? The nation holds the sovereignty of the land in trust from God, to be improved and cultivated by the people for their support and increase; and no aristocracy, whether of European blue-blood, or of American money, or of Indian barbarism, has any right to debar from settlement upon it men willing

to cultivate the soil and replenish the nation's population. "Be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it," are the terms of the lease. The Indians had no more right to any land on this continent which they did not cultivate or pasture than the Arabs of the desert have to its sands, or the sailors on the ocean have to its waters. They have a right of pre-emption to as much land as is necessary for them to cultivate for the support of their families, and no more. The colonies and General Government could acquire from the Indians just as good a title to the territory of the United States as Spain acquired from the Pope, or as the royal governors did from Queen Elizabeth. The Indian title to territory is a grand swindle, and the treaties based upon such title are as valid as contracts for Arizona diamond stock.

But it is alleged, that though we do not admit the Indians' rights of sovereignty, nor yet their ownership of the continent, we should allow them to live according to their own customs upon their own reservations.

That depends upon the character of their own customs. We do not allow any other class of men to live according to their own customs, if those customs are injurious either to themselves or to their neighbors. We do not allow the Irish of New York to live according to their own customs; nor do we permit the saloon-keepers of Chicago to do as they like within their own beer-gardens; we do not protect the Mormons against the laws of the United States, nor allow the avengers of the Danite band to live according to their sacred customs in their own reservations. In fact, we refuse to recognize the right of any other class of people to live on reservations. The whole policy of our government is directed to the breaking up of reservations, and clanship, and the tribal feudalism of the old world. But the Indian feudalism is ten times worse.

The communism of the Indians demands notice in this review. The right of the individual to the proceeds of his labor is one of his God-given rights, of which no government should deprive him, unless in those great national emergencies when every individual interest must be sacrificed to preserve the life of the nation. And the experience of six thousand years has shown, that the indolence of mankind can only be overcome and the individual, and the family aroused to that steady industry which is the condition of civilization, by the steady pressure of necessity. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." This is the Divine law, the heaven-ordained Indian policy; and we have not bettered the matter by our attempted amendments. Indeed, with all other races we have ceased to attempt any improvement on God's plan of human government. We recognize the duty of every Irishman, and Dutchman, and Chinaman, and American, to work; if he will not work, we either send him to the workhouse or let him starve. The Indian is the only man for whom we provide the means of living in idleness. It would be hard to show what right he has to this immunity from labor. But it would not be hard to show that between pensions to the Indians, and salaries to the agents, and pay of the soldiers and officers, and transportation of supplies, and the value of the reservations of public lands, it costs the nation more to keep these Indians in idleness than it would to bring all the arable lands of California into cultivation.

But the expense is not the worst feature of this policy. It actually prevents and discourages everything like individual effort, and by paying an equal amount of tribute to each man without regard to conduct, it places the lazy, drunken Indian on a level with his industrious squaw, and with the energetic hunter and

fisher, who is moreover compelled by the custom of the tribe to share the proceeds of his industry with the idle loafer. Thus, the communism of the Indian tribes is worse than the communism of Paris. It is indeed the French communism in its inevitable result. Yet men who would shudder at the proposal to introduce the European communism into America, are actually voting, yearly, millions of dollars for the support of this feature of the Red Republic among the Indians. But if communism be good for them, why not allow other nationalities to reap its benefits? Why not lay off the valley of the Hudson as an Irish reservation, and vote some millions for whisky and blankets to keep those gentlemen from going out on the war-path with free shillalaha? Why not make a reservation of the great valley of the Mississippi for the Germans, and vote a few millions for lager-beer and tobacco to keep them in good humor? Why not have a big talk with the Chinese, and locate them in the Santa Clara Valley, voting them a few millions for the purpose of providing them with stale fish and opium at the national expense?

It may be answered, that these people get on very well when thrown upon their own resources and compelled to devote their own individual energies by necessity, but that the Indians will perish unless patronized and pensioned.

But the proper reply to this is, the Indian is a man also. The laws of political economy are as truly the laws of God as the laws of chemistry or the Ten Commandments. Nothing but failure can result from any attempt to supersede or improve upon the laws of God. The utter and shameful failure of our attempt to subsidize and support by our national authority the Indian tribal system of combined communism, indolence, polygamy, and slavery, ought long ago to have convinced us of its folly.

The civilized world frowns reproach upon England's attempt to sustain in Turkey a government which shields some of these abominations; but the worst vices of the Turks are civilized compared with those of the Indian tribal governments which are permitted to exist within the cordon of our armies. It is a strange spectacle—a sovereign nation tolerating rival sovereignties on its soil—a republic supporting military aristocracies—an industrious people pensioning communism and laziness; and a Christian, chivalrous people tolerating polygamy, female slavery, and the vilest abuse of women!

The results are what we see before us. The miserable Indians themselves are rapidly sinking under their uncontrolled vices, and are fast perishing by drunkenness, disease, and mutual wars. But they are not yet so far reduced as to be unable to perceive that, in some way, the more civilized race is their enemy. Captain Jack's father and his warriors fell by White treachery in a peace talk. There have not been wanting White savages capable of robbing the Indians of their poor rags, and furs, and blankets, and even of their souls, by bartering to them the fire liquor. Maddened into a wild-beast-like fury, they are almost yearly breaking out on the war-path, and slaughtering all whom they meet, devastating the frontier settlements, and as in the melancholy case before us, with the cunning of the serpent, smiting the bravest and the best of our people. It is time that this terrible process of blundering and slaughtering should cease. It is disgraceful to American republicanism that it should have continued so long. The American people are now aroused to an intelligent consideration of our Indian policy, and will command the abandonment of those erroneous principles which have too long guided our relations with that people, and a return to that first principle

of republican government, the equality of all men before the law.

In applying the principles of republican government, then, to the Indians, let our Government, in the first instance, break up the tribal and communistic system of government. Congress has the right to secure to all the people of the States and Territories a republican form of government, which the Indian tribal system is not. It is the very worst form of aristocracy. At any cost and expense it must be broken up, and the Indian people, and women, and children released from the despotism of the chiefs. Let the supremacy of law take the place of Indian customs, and let every Indian know that if he tomahawks his squaw he will be hanged as surely as a White man. Let the authority of the Government be extended over every Indian in the United States; and let every man in arms against the United States be dealt with as a traitor and a murderer. Let this miserable farce of recognizing the Indians' right to rebellion and murder cease, and let us tolerate no private war, permit no unlawful combinations of Indians to wage war against the United States, or to give aid and comfort to their enemies. Let every Indian be completely disarmed and compelled to keep the peace, and let the whole power of the Government be directed to breaking up the entire tribal and savage system, and to raising the Indians to the level of citizens.

The very first agency to be used with evil-doers who refuse submission to the laws is force. It is the only argument which selfish natures can be made to understand. God's own way of dealing with sinners to bring them to repentance is by sending affliction. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." And God's lieutenant, the President, is to proceed with evil-doers in the same way. After sufficient proclamation of the law, and offers of pardon upon submission,

he is to proceed to enforce obedience with the instrument which God puts into his hand. And this instrument is not, in the first place, a blanket, nor a Bible, nor a pipe of peace, nor a pension for good behavior. It is the sword, the instrument of death. God gives him this tremendous weapon, not for an ornament of state, but for actual use, and commands him not to bear the sword in vain, but to become God's revenger, to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil, so effectually that he shall be a terror to evil-doers. Revenge against murderers and oppressors is a part of the noble, unselfish character of God, implanted in man created in His own image, and indispensable to the safety of society. Its exercise against evil-doers is delegated to God's representative. It is an instinct of human nature as irrepressible as hunger, and one which, if deprived of its divinely instituted weapon—the sword of the ruler—will arm itself with the knife of the assassin, or the clubs and firebrands of the mob, to execute wrath upon the murderer. The penalty of death must be executed upon all men—Indians as well as Whites—who will not cease from rapine and murder.

It may be said that there are some tribes so savage that they will perish rather than submit to be governed by the laws of the United States. If that be the case, then we must submit to the inevitable judgment of God, that every nation and people which will not submit to just laws must perish.

It is sad that any individual, much more any tribe of men, should perish. But if the conditions of their existence be a life of danger to their peaceable neighbors and of misery to themselves and their children, then it is better they should perish than continue to exist, and hinder other better men from existing. For the destruction of such evil-doers the Supreme Governor puts the sword—the weapon of death—into the

hand of the ruler, commanding him not to bear it in vain, nor by mistaken lenity encourage those guilty of wrong.

But should the ruler continue to neglect his duty, God Himself will take order that sin shall surely be punished, and especially those crimes which assail life, and property, and the family. There is no law of heaven more absolute than that which decrees the extermination of tribes which persist in savage habits and vices. All history, from Canaan to the islands of Polynesia, is one great proclamation of the purpose of the Great Ruler of the world to destroy every nation which tolerates impurity and murder, and to exterminate such nations from the face of the earth. By the various agencies of the unjust wars which they provoke, and which bring them into slavery to less depraved nations, and by the far more terrible slavery of their own vices, such races become poisoned in their vitality, and—as we see in the case of many once powerful tribes on our own continent, whose immense pueblos, temples, and extensive mines and earth-works yet astonish the antiquarian—vanish from the land of the living. The process has made such rapid progress among the Indians of the United States, that we can say, with absolute certainty, that God has decreed that they must submit either to be civilized or exterminated.

This terrible alternative appeals to the Christian philanthropist with a voice solemn as eternity, to come forward with all those appliances of Christian civilization which alone have proved sufficient to save dying nations. The appeal has not been wholly in vain. The President of the United States has done honor to his high office by recognizing his Divine commission for the welfare of mankind, and avowing his intention to keep steadily to the humanitarian policy. His appeal to the churches to aid in this good work by their own appropriate agencies

has been in some measure responded to. Nor should the missionary labors of the Jesuits among the Chippewas, nor those of the American Board among the Cherokees, nor the Presbyterian missions to the Choctaws, be overlooked. Yet it must be acknowledged that, as yet, no efforts corresponding to the greatness of the work, or to the ability of the churches, have been made to save these tribes from destruction, and to elevate them to the condition of civilized Christian American citizens.

Until the Indians have reached that level, it will be necessary to surround them with the protection of the law, and to shield them, as far as Government can, from the consequences of their own lusts and vices. The liquor-dealer must be more peremptorily dismissed from their vicinity than from that of White drunkards. And it may be necessary to prohibit the sale of the Indian's home-stead for two or three generations. The cost of common schools for the Indian children would be a mere bagatelle compared with the cost of allowing them to grow up savages, to be slain at the rate of ten thousand dollars each; for that is what it costs our army to kill an Indian. Whatever necessity exists for the common-school education of German, Irish, French, Negro, or American children, exists in a far greater degree for the common-school education of Indian children. And if compulsory education is necessary in Prussia and Massachusetts, how much more is it necessary to the safety of the nation that every Indian child be compelled to attend school, and to learn to read and write, and work at some useful trade? In one word, all the appliances of modern civilization should be brought to bear upon the Indians, to raise them to the high level of American citizens.

Chief among these agencies is the influence of religion, the power of the gospel of Christ. Indeed, all the agencies

already named—of legislation, government, and education—are so many applications of Christianity to civil life; for modern civilization owes all its glory to the Christianity which distinguishes it from that of ancient Rome. Civilization, however, is merely the dress of Christianity; religion is its soul. Before the savage can appreciate the power and use of civilization, he must first be raised above the brutal condition, and recognize himself as a child of God. Then he will try to live worthy of his high vocation. Livingstone tells us that the first result of the conversion of a naked Kaffir was the manufacture of a shirt and a pair of pants. And we learn that last year the Zulus imported plows to five times the cost of the missions among them, besides a large expenditure for wagons and cloths. Religion is the grand inspiration of humanity, and missions to the heathen have been the great bestowers of this inspiration. The Kaffirs, who, a few years ago, were shooting down British soldiers, and risking their lives to get the brass buttons off their uniforms, are now building and operating the South African telegraph line, learning German, French, Latin, and English, chemistry, carpentry, smith-work, and printing, and expending eight hundred pounds (\$4,000) on the Alexander High School.

The savages of America are as capable of civilization as the savages of Africa. I am aware that this will be a work of great difficulty, and that it will not be accomplished in a year or two. But it is practicable. We have seen it accomplished where the conditions have been fulfilled. It can not be done merely by acts of Congress, nor by the bullets of our soldiers; though I have presented both these agencies as indispensable for the government of evil-doers. But it can be done by the combination of law and gospel. The Kansas Indians of Miami County, Kansas, are now as well

dressed and drive as good horses and wagons to market and church, as any young gentlemen and ladies of that region; and the chief's principal squaw has built a \$5,000 frame-house, and furnished it with a better supply of bed and table linen than any White lady in Paola. These Indians were permitted to hold their lands in severalty, like other people, and the industrious have grown wealthy, and the drunken have sunk, just as drunken White men do in similar circumstances. The Chippewa Indians at Bayfield, on Lake Superior, own Mackinaw boats, cure and barrel fish, work in saw-mills, rent cottages, sleep in beds covered with patch-work quilts; hold prayer-meetings, catechisings, and play the organ and sing hymns, when their Catholic missionary pastor is absent holding public worship at his other stations. And the British Indians, under a sense of personal responsibility to government, and obedience to law, are also beginning the career of improvement, and have ceased to devastate the settlements with Indian wars. The civilization of the Cherokees, under the influence of the Presbyterian missionaries, is too well known to need recital. Their broad plow-lands, their extensive barns, their fine-bred cattle, their reaping-machines, and thrashing-machines, their saw-mills, their steam grist-mills, their schools, their printing-presses, their newspapers, their legislature, and their steady increase in population and wealth, attest the capacities of the native Americans for the arts of peace.

If it be granted that some tribes are, either by nature, or from circumstances, more fierce and untamable than these, still even these are not irreclaimable. That indomitable courage which impels them to face overwhelming forces of their foes, may, if properly directed, become an element of the highest Christian heroism. Under the influence of

the gospel, preached to them by Irish missionaries, the ferocious Northmen, the Berserkers, who stripped themselves naked, and rushed sword in hand into the villages of England and France, slaying priests and people, men, women, and children, in sacrifice to Thor and Woden, became the civilized Swedes and Danes, who gave to Europe Tycho Brahe, the father of astronomy; Linnæus, the first systematizer of natural history; Gustavus Adolphus, the preserver of the Reformation; Thorwaldsen, the prince of modern sculpture, and Alexandra, Princess of Wales, who adorns the British Empire with all the graces of a lady and all the virtues of a Christian.

It is one of the recently proclaimed laws of Nature, that the simple is less excellent than the compound, that the higher beings are constructed of the greatest number of elements and organs, and that thus the man is superior to the oyster in proportion to the greater number of elements entering into his structure. The like analogy holds good in the history of nations. The great empires proclaimed their superiority by uniting in themselves the excellencies of the various nations they conquered. Babylon had a hundred gates for her hundred nations, and Persia ruled over one hundred and twenty provinces. All the nations of the world trod the streets of imperial Rome, and illustrated its glory. The British Empire owes its greatness to a wise acceptance of the tributes of Malays, Kaffirs, Negroes, Burmese, the hundred races of India, and of all the tribes inhabiting territories upon which the sun never sets.

That wonderful dowry of the various races of mankind, and their various capabilities in science, in arts, and in arms, which these nations were willing to go to the ends of the earth to conquer, at untold cost of treasure and blood, it has pleased Almighty God to bring to the shores of America and to bestow upon

us as a free gift; the passion of the French, the calm logic of the Teuton, the Scotchman's perseverance, the fiery eloquence and sturdy sinews of the Irishman, the Englishman's great head and purse, the Negro cheerfully toiling under the torrid sun, the patient industry of the Chinese, the Spaniard's gravity, and the indomitable spirit of the Indian warrior—the excellencies of all the families of the earth combined in our American nationality.

My heart throbs with exultation as I contemplate the possibilities of the future glories of America, a continent in which God has sown the seeds of such various greatness from all the races of the earth, united under a republican government, bestowing upon each the fullest liberty to exercise his God-given powers. Our nation is not yet a century old, yet already such blessed results of prosperity and happiness have displayed themselves, that the youth of Europe can no longer be restrained under feudal bondage, but are fleeing by hundreds of thou-

sands to share the blessings of the great republic. We bid them come and welcome. We have room for them all, work for them all, wages for them all, homes for them all, and honors for them all, together with the sovereignty of a free country. Only let them not overturn the Christian basis of the republican government under which they receive protection, in the mad attempt to substitute for American liberty European license, with its inevitable consequence—the despotism and starvation from which they were glad to escape—and long before our unsettled plains and prairies have been thickly populated, the other nations of our continent will earnestly ask for annexation to our republic, and the glorious flag of our Union shall wave over the length and breadth of this New World, from Nova Scotia to California, and from Alaska to Cape Horn, greeted by the cheers of a thousand millions of the citizens of the United States of North and South America.

MCLEAN GRIER'S FORTUNE.

ON the 30th of April, 1865, McLean Grier's soul came back from the hadowy limbo wherein it had been drifting. Its first faint consciousness recognized a pleasant earthy smell of hyacinths, and mortal sunshine streaming down the long white ward.

He stirred feebly. A figure on the next cot lifted up itself and its voice:

"O, nurse, nurse! Crayton is awake."

Grier had a sense that it was himself the figure meant. He tried to speak—the ghost of a voice, that sank into a sob of weakness.

He convalesced well enough after that. There was a dogged, persistent vitality in him that would pull him

through worse things than that shell-wound. Doctor, and nurses, and his immediate neighbors took a kindly transient interest in the broad-shouldered, silent man, with his unhandsome face and dreamy eyes, who had been so near dying, and who took living so quietly.

Grier had seen almost four years of active service. No matter on which side. He had lounged in camp, marched, done picket duty, fought, been slightly shot two or three times, and spent some dull weeks in getting over it, all with an uncomplaining pluck and coolness that in no wise distinguished him, because so many thousands of other men developed the same qualities under war

pressure. Through it all he never rose out of the ranks. A certain haughty, shy listlessness put any manifestation of ambition in that direction quite out of the question. For Grier had one of those strong, positive temperaments destitute of hope that need hot sunshine to ripen them into power and sweetness. And he had had shadow mostly. Life had given him some hard hits.

When he was a dozen years old his father brought home a second wife. She never liked McLean, and the next four years were not wholly a little heaven below. When he was sixteen he went away to college. He knew what allowance had been made for his four years' course, and he spent that and his vacations as he pleased. He did not see his home nor his father in all that time. During the first two years his letters were answered at long intervals; after that, all communication ceased. When he graduated he was as much alone as Adam was.

More alone, perhaps. He had not even an Eve. Everybody liked him well enough, but he had made no near friends. He had not met the thousand-and-first man—or woman—who could penetrate the constitutional unexpectancy that sheathed him. Not that he was moody, or morbid, or sullen. As I have said, he had no hope and no imagination. His tenses were all past and present. He had no future; he saw life without any perspective. He promised to drift out of being utterly without achievement. He had not a bit of self-consciousness whereon to base the chance of a cure. When a man can analyze and label his own mental conditions, it is always safe to assume that the instinct of self-preservation will sooner or later make a struggle against circumstances. But McLean Grier had never spent five minutes of his life in introspection.

Commencement being over and bread

an inevitable necessity, for two years he earned it by his brains in a fashion destitute of any other purpose. Then all at once he found stirring in his heart—in some such blind, inexplicable way as the spring sap stirs, perhaps—a longing to see the old home that had apparently closed its doors upon him. Waiting in Baltimore for the outward-bound train, he overheard a few sentences that changed his purpose wholly.

"Just come from home?" one man was asking another.

"Yes. Judge Grier, of O—— County, is dead."

"Sudden; wasn't it? Left everything to that youngest boy, I suppose?"

"Yes, and to his mother. Going to stay up long?"

McLean let the train go out without him. If he had cherished any vain hopes that any tardy paternal tenderness still waited his coming—that, after all, the years of estrangement and silence might have been his own fault, and, as such, might still be atoned for—the hopes went out in the darkness of this terrible finality.

Then the war broke out, and, without a throb of excitement, he enlisted, sinking his identity under an assumed name, taking the next four years as he had taken the last two.

Crayton they called him in the hospital, and he responded. There was no conscious dreariness in the half-smile with which he read it on the card at the head of his bed, and slowly remembered how the mistake had come about. A letter, written to a man he had never seen, by a wife away in the southern distance, picked up on the field while his regiment stood waiting their time to advance, was the only paper about him. Some sort of a name was necessary among the millions of sentient atoms in the world. The one he had lost was no more his own than this one. He gave himself a little shake, as if getting rid of

the last remnant of his individuality, and let the mistake go uncorrected.

One day, crawling feebly about the streets in the spring warmth, he met an officer of a regiment in his old brigade. He and Grier had fraternized on a common ground of education and breeding. The man's brown, worn face lighted up with recognition.

"So we're in the same boat. What did you bring out of the crash?"

"So much of a body, and another man's name."

"Then you are better off than I. I can't get rid of mine. If I could, I should be over the water looking after some business that is going to the dogs, left alone."

Four weeks later, McLean Grier, still bearing the name of Crayton, was steaming past Sandy Hook on his way to Liverpool, informally vested with all power to manipulate the somewhat delicate matters intrusted to him. Major Dare was still in the city where they had met, detained by urgent governmental demands.

Three months after, Grier had the satisfaction of meeting his friend, as he came ashore from the New York steamer, and of rendering that night an account of his successful stewardship. Dinner being over, and the Major delicately maneuvering toward the subject of pecuniary compensation, McLean said a somewhat abrupt farewell, and walked out of the hotel. It never occurred to him that there was anything out of the ordinary way in picking up his already packed portmanteau and beginning at once his continental journeyings, without a word of his intention. After that, through many to-morrows, the friend whom he had served waited for some token of him. It never came.

He had no more of fixed purpose than of money, and that was little enough. Two years afterward, he came to the surface in Rome.

Through the intermediate time he had lived in a wandering fashion that had taken him pretty thoroughly over Europe. He had had a good deal of such a sense of freedom as a disembodied ghost might have, as far as all earthly claims could touch him. His many-sided talents earned him always the full measure of his requirements in the way of creature comforts. So, in the winter of 1867-68, he was there in Rome, privileged visitor in half the studios, and recognized comrade by half the brotherhood of the pencil and palette.

During the two months of the chilly Italian winter, he saw and heard more Americanism than in the whole two years before. And with it grew an odd, unprecedented feeling that might have been homesickness, if he had had any home to be sick for. He struggled against the creeping weakness, until it finally occurred to him that there was no more reason for resisting than for yielding. So, one night, after a mild moonlight orgie in the Coliseum, he lingered a little over his good-night to the last of the party, and announced his intention of going back to the States. Next day, accordingly, he vanished from his old haunts, and landed in New York from the first steamer thereafter.

New York is on the direct road to everywhere. There seemed but one road for McLean Grier, still under the cloud of a probably dead man's name. He followed it with as little delay as though the fattened calf and the gold ring lay at the end of it.

He knew better than that, of course. He was likely to meet but scant courtesy from the present holders of the old place. His purpose in going at all was indefinite enough, even to himself. He certainly had no intention of declaring himself in his true character.

He came to the end of his journey in the dusk of an early spring evening. A cloud of tender, misty green filled all the

happy valley, and, as of old, the mud was ankle deep. The war had not deeply scarred this fortunate nook among the mountains, and Yankee enterprise had not yet troubled its calm.

Going down into the little village beyond, he called the old names, and spoke face to face with men who were among his earliest recollections, as secure from recognition as though he had, indeed, been that ghost whose freedom he had emulated. It was not strange. He had gone out a smooth-faced boy. He came back bearded, and manly, and brown with sea-wind and foreign travel, and with the rhythm of divers strange tongues taking the local tricks out of his own.

There were enough who were willing to tell the story of the Grier estate. The affair was a cherished bit of neighborhood history. Malcolm Grier had given everything, without reserve, to the mother of his younger child. The boy had been drowned, and the mother had died soon after. She had left no will, and the property had gone to her nearest relative.

"But what became of the older boy? You said there was one?"

"O, he? Well, he was a no-account sort of fellow, I reckon. Anyway, he never came home after he went away to college. There was a report around that he was dead—killed in a street-fight. That was before the Judge died. After Miss Chilton came down here she took to advertising for him, and found out that he had 'listed under another name—a pretty sure sign that his own was inconvenient. Got killed at Petersburg."

"Miss Chilton?"

"That's the girl that the property fell to."

"O!" McLean said, rising listlessly, as if the subject had exhausted itself.

He did more hard thinking that night than he had ever done before. There was the whole world before him where

to choose, except this particular corner, which in all moral equity belonged to him. He might, perhaps, get that by a legal struggle. But, then, this girl who had taken possession was as really alone in the world as he—had been a governess, or some other unpleasant thing of that sort. She was doing ten times the good with the estate that he should do—a "no-account sort of fellow," after all. She had outlived the prejudice that had met her first coming—a triumph in that old-fashioned crystallization there among the hills. So much he had learned from the gossiping hotel-loungers. What good in disturbing her with what must be, after all, a doubtful struggle?

It was his first attack of acute introspection. It was followed by an equally strong curiosity to see the woman who had made him a beggar, and who had so determinedly sought to find him.

The landlord stared in great astonishment next morning when his guest questioned him about the chances of finding decent employment in the village. But then the story was not very novel, even there. He had lost everything during the war, and must do something; should be glad to turn his hand to almost anything. Plenty of scions of the proudest State blood had felt that necessity. There were Carville and Talbot clerking it in Baltimore; Brooke and Effingham were driving street-cars in Richmond; and Etheridge was fireman on the nine o'clock express down the valley road. But, for all these encouraging precedents, mine host hesitated a little about naming the only thing of which he knew.

Three days afterward, McLean Grier found himself accepted as coachman and general superintendent of Miss Kate Chilton's stables, and only waiting that young lady's return to have his engagement by her agent ratified and confirmed. And that without a word of authority for his statements, except such au-

thority as his own straightforward manner and look gave him.

Miss Kate Chilton returned that night. Grier met her next morning. He was summoned to the dining-room for that express purpose. As he saw her then he saw her always afterward, gracious and splendid in unconscious queenly self-poise.

She stood beside the chair from which she had just risen. Under the white, fine skin ran the New England blood, clear and bright; the level-looking, steady eyes were blue and keen; the bright, crisp hair, gathered carelessly back, left all the pure outlines of face and throat revealed. The very sweep of her heavy dress had in it more individual expression than belonged to other women's drapery. And her speech was like the rest of her—clear-cut, fine, womanly. McLean Grier went out of her presence with a new sensation to get acquainted with.

Mr. Murray, a little nervous as to what he had done, had seen Miss Chilton immediately after her return, and had told her all he knew of Crayton, utterly amazed to find how little there was, and how utterly that little rested on the man's own word. And Miss Chilton, having seen a good deal of the war results, trusted her instincts in a youthful and feminine fashion, and chose to accept her own internal convictions concerning her new servant.

Mrs. Prior did propriety for Miss Chilton's household, supplying the ballast of years and experience that outside opinion demanded. She remonstrated with the young lady after Grier had gone out.

"You are rash, Katie. You know really nothing of the man."

"I don't know his capabilities for this work, certainly; but I think he's a gentleman."

Mrs. Prior raised her eyebrows. Plymouth Rock is, in its way, quite as intolerant as any other section of the

country. There is a striking similarity in the fossil remains of Massachusetts and South Carolina. It was not in Mrs. Prior's creed that a person who took wages for service could by any possibility lay claim to that mysteriously significant title.

"I should hardly use that term in speaking of him, my dear."

Miss Chilton's fair face flushed a little. The days of her bondage in a school-room made the one sore point between her and this dignified relative. The younger lady assumed a democratic standard of belief which was not all sentiment.

"I expect to be called a lady, aunt, in spite of my having earned my living."

"That is quite a different thing, Kate, unfortunate as I shall always feel the step to have been;" and so on and on, over the oft-traversed ground. Before the little lecture was concluded, Miss Chilton was quite good-natured again, and with the last sentence stepped out of the long window and across the lawn, toward McLean's new dominion. She liked horses, and had somewhat extravagantly gratified her likings.

For a month, McLean did his work as faithfully as if he had been born to the station. He had sent for his baggage—not much of it, and that little mostly odd fragments gathered up in his out-of-the-way wanderings—and established himself in his new quarters with an easy accommodation to circumstances that had before now been worth a fortune to him.

The young lady he saw every day. Underlying everything else in her temperament, was a vein of unobtrusive, willful determination, that needed only such provocation as Mrs. Prior had given to make her cling to her expressed beliefs as tenaciously as any martyr of old who got himself burned for his pains. She treated McLean as if he had been, what she had called him, a gentleman. Please infer no contemptible romance

from that statement. He took her money, and did the work he had agreed to do, unconsciously gauging his demands for consideration by the station he filled. She required service of the station, and, apart from such service, no guest who laid claim upon her hospitality was treated with more quiet delicacy of deference.

And Grier? He was twenty-eight years old, and had the average share of common sense, besides the acquired kind. He had entered into his present position from an undefined longing to know familiarly once more the old places, and as vague a desire to see what manner of woman the new heiress might be. Before the month was over, his studies in that direction had assumed a phase which had its own peculiar features.

I tell you the truth when I say that he had never been in love in his life. I do not mean that he had never played at it as men do, but you will see that his opportunities had been limited. Women do not fancy that kind of man. He was too irresponsive and cool. Some lovely-faced, gracious-mannered memories haunted his recollections of that Roman winter, but those exotic slips of womanhood touched only that shell of æsthetic sensibility that has nothing to do with any man's heart-life. He was so unacquainted with the sensation that he did not understand the preliminary symptoms.

It is the old, old story, told so many times that there is no new way of telling it. The rustle of her dress, the sound of her voice, the sight of her belongings, stirred him after an altogether unprecedented fashion. This slight New England girl, with her level-looking, fearless eyes, her proud lips, had put him into a state of mind which he thought was raised to the heights of worshipful reverence—when he thought of it at all.

One day there was an arrival of guests—Major Dare and his family, just re-

turned from Europe. They had known the young lady in the days when she earned the dollars that paid for her own apparel, and had found her as admirable then as now.

The Major came in the day after his arrival, with surprise very legible on his face. McLean was away on a short leave of absence.

"What kind of a coachman have you?"

"A very good one. Isn't he?" Miss Chilton said, looking up quickly.

"A very remarkable one, I should say. One of the grooms sent me up into his rooms for a whip I wanted. Does the custom of the neighborhood require that your driver should read Dante and Schiller in the original, and hang his walls with line engravings?"

Miss Chilton told the story of Crayton's coming.

"Miss Kate, there are more cameos, and bronzes, and ivory carvings, and such costly trash, in those two rooms over the carriage-house than you have in this whole building. What is the man's name?"

"Crayton."

The Major started, but he did not explain. When McLean returned that night, Miss Chilton beheld her guest giving a most enthusiastic greeting to her liveried servant, who, on his part, received it with the quiet assurance of equality.

McLean dined with the family that night, Miss Chilton's guest. Poor Mrs. Prior treated him with a sort of half-apologetic courtesy, but the apology was made to her own scruples. Pretty, faded Mrs. Dare and her dashing daughters lionized him, and the Major manifested a degree of sentiment not displayed upon ordinary occasions. For once, Grier opened his mouth and spoke, and Miss Chilton's every breath was an internal thanksgiving that she had no amends to make.

There was just a minute's embarrassment at the end of it. It came at the close of the evening.

"You will consider yourself my guest hereafter?"—an unwonted hesitation tripping her speech.

"Thanks," Crayton said, quite coolly. "I have my bread to earn to-morrow as much as I had yesterday. I should be sorry to lose my situation."

The clear red rose into her face.

"And I shall be very sorry to have you keep it"—putting out her hand.

He bent over it with an ease much more thorough than her own.

"Good-night;" and she stayed, walking the moonlit hall, while he went out to his own domain, to also walk the floor in the moonlight, and think over the best thing to do, under the circumstances.

Miss Chilton had undertaken a duty which might have gone under the head of quixotism. An old friend, killed in battle, had left his widow with three boys to pilot up to man's estate. She had faltered and failed by the way. And, Kate Chilton, knowing that the orphans would have none too much of this world's gear, had stood beside the dying woman and promised to care for them.

And there they were now in the house—three riotous, irrepressible young savages—in love with their new life and their young protectress, and manifesting their devotion after their kind.

In the hall where Grier had left her, the Major found her.

"You are spoiling those boys"—after a little talk on various matters.

"I know it," plaintively.

"And you will not send them away to school? Why don't you get a tutor? There's Crayton, I will assure his brains and breeding."

Late as it was, Major Dare and McLean Grier had a long conference that night. The Major promised to keep the secret of Crayton's other name, since

the latter insisted, and McLean agreed to enter upon his new duties at once.

It was with a long breath of relief, however, that he said farewell to his friend. Unconsciously the Major held the clue to the whole situation. Miss Chilton's search for the rightful heir of all these acres had left him dead under his assumed name on the battle-field of Petersburg, on which the newspapers asserted that he had fallen. The Major took him up there, and, among the hundreds of men who had known him during his army life, was perhaps the only one who could have told the truth about him. But Dare's absence from the country had prevented his seeing anything of the young lady's persistent course of advertising, and, in his pre-occupation, he had not given very close heed to the story of her good fortune. So, by one of those chances of which life is so full, Grier had stood face to face with discovery and escaped it.

It so happened that, for several weeks after Major Dare's departure, Miss Chilton's house was full of visitors. Her duties as hostess absorbed her time almost wholly. She found always a few minutes in every day for a visit to the school-room where Grier was exercising his new vocation. Scant food wherewith to satisfy a lover. But McLean, not recognizing himself in that character, entertaining the divine passion in a smothered condition as it were, managed to find existence endurable, if not comfortable.

Of course, various disquieting incidents came into those weeks—or rather, incidents that might have been disquieting, had he put himself into an attitude for such a result. Socially, he was almost as far removed as ever from her immediate sphere. Men came and went, gifted with all the graces supposed to be irresistible to young ladies. Grier found his perceptions wonderfully quickened. He who had taken small note

of his human surroundings heretofore, knew every one of these cavaliers who did homage before the royal Yankee goddess. He knew whose visits lasted longest, with whom she rode, walked, lingered in the sweet May moonlight. And all the while, because he always had escaped the universal malady, it never occurred to him what lay at the bottom of all this.

It dawned on him by degrees. In June, Miss Chilton went north with some friends. Mrs. Prior remained, and Grier was to stay with the boys until July, when he was to take them to a quiet sea-shore resort for the rest of the hot weather. The young lady's determination to go had been suddenly taken. She came into the school-room one evening, and with equal suddenness announced it.

Grier looked up at her. She stood beside a west window; the level sunshine fell about her like a glory. He had hardly spoken, and when she stopped, silence fell. Miss Chilton found it oppressive after a minute. Grier was so busy with a new train of reflections that he was not conscious of the stillness. Miss Chilton began again—she had told him of her plans for her young charges, and he had given his assent to his share of it very briefly.

"This does not interfere with your own arrangements? I do not mean to be arbitrary, Mr. Crayton?"

He had no plans, he told her; no one had more claims on his time than herself. He did not know with what an air of hopelessness he said it.

Miss Chilton turned quite away from him. She stood so for a little, her fingers tapping the casement. Then she came toward him suddenly and swiftly:

"No one knows better than I," she said, "that this is not your place. I can't think that you are happy or even contented in it. You will believe that I am your friend?" with a little pleading

softness of speech that not three persons in the world had ever heard.

He bowed, not being ready of speech.

"I wish you'd let me help you, if I can. There are not many ways open, but if you would let me—if you would command—I don't mean to insult you," hurrying on, as if that were easier than stopping. "I know something of the fortune war has brought on a good many. You know how this estate came to me?"

"I have heard it spoken of."

"I can't feel that I have a right to use it wholly for myself. If you would consult with Major Dare, and allow me—" and stopped, seeing the flush that rose darkly over his face.

"I have presumed. You are angry. I am very sorry."

"You are very kind. I am not angry; you do not understand."

"No," humbly, "I see I was wrong."

And then, after a little pause:

"I shall go away in the morning. It must be good-by now, Mr. Crayton."

"Good-by."

He opened the door for her without looking at her, bowed as she passed him, and then shut her out, and sat down to face a sense of loss and disappointment that had come upon him in the last five minutes.

After she was gone, the days went wearily enough. In that time, Mrs. Prior treated him with a courtesy so scrupulous, that not the slightest approach to friendliness ever softened it. The only mention that she made of Miss Chilton was, to announce some trifling change of plan as to the summer's journeying. The boys chattered of her in a fashion more irritating than comforting. Once they told him:

"Aunt Kate is not coming back here any more this summer. Mrs. Prior is going to take her things to her, and the house will be shut up when we go away."

So he should not see her again. He began asking himself what difference it

made if he did not, and by a persevering course of such inquiries came so near an answer that he shut his eyes to avoid it.

Just a week after that, coming home from a long solitary walk, there, before the door, stood a pony phaeton. Across the cushion and foot-mat trailed a bright soft wrap; he knew well enough whose shoulders it had draped. His heart gave a great plunge. In the next instant his question was answered to himself beyond any further avoidance.

He went into the house, and up to his room. There was a confusion of gay voices below. By and by he was summoned to the tea-table. Miss Chilton stood beside the window. She turned as he approached her, gave him her hand, said the conventional words of greeting, and turned away again. She seemed pre-occupied, cold and listless. Grier, recalling their parting, felt as if he was in a bad dream.

The boys chattered incessantly. She answered them gently and patiently, seeming still in some far-off state of existence. Grier was not conscious of looking at her, but he knew perfectly well how beautiful a picture she made. She wore white, with some glancing golden ornaments; in the glow of the sunset, the pure clear tints of her face had a new brilliancy.

She was to stay three days. So much he gathered from the talk at the table, in which he took no part.

It took him two days to organize the chaos into which he had fallen. In the interval, Miss Chilton treated him with a cool indifference of politeness that assumed an impassable gulf between them.

He walked up to the fulfillment of his resolution, on that third day, in much the same spirit as he had taken certain hazardous advances in his campaign life.

It was characteristic of the man that

he had identified himself with his apparent circumstances, and did not for an instant base any future possibilities on his real relation to Miss Chilton. Having recognized his position and the hopelessness of it, the one remaining thing to do was to get out of it.

He asked a few minutes interview, and she granted it at once. He told her that he must terminate his engagement with her; events had made it necessary for him to go away.

She did not raise her eyes. Of course she must speak by and by. Grier stood and waited, studying every line of her face, meanwhile, with the intentness of a man who knows that his opportunities will be few.

"I am very sorry," she said, constrainedly, at last; "but I have no right to ask you to stay. Shall you go away quite at once?"

"Not until my place is filled, if you wish me to stay."

"Are you going out of the country, may I ask?"

"I don't know—I have no definite plan."

"Only that the place is irksome to you. You have never forgiven the blunder I made before I went away. I am always blundering, I think," half petulantly.

"It is not that—you have no right to do yourself such injustice. There is no reason—" and stopped.

"No reason, Mr. Crayton? I *wish* you would stay. What am I to do with those dreadful boys?"

"Those dreadful boys, Miss Chilton, shall stay under my care until I have a successor, provided the successor comes by the time of your return here."

Another stillness. The tragic minute had gone by. He should go away with safe commonplaces. She was musing with knit brows and clouded face. She spoke suddenly:

"I have no right to ask, but will you

tell me why you go? Is anything in your position uncomfortable?"

"Nothing that you can help. Staying is dangerous, that is all?"

"Dangerous? I don't understand;" her face not quite so innocent of comprehension as her voice.

"Because I love you. That is sufficiently explicit? Perhaps you will see that having committed that folly, the only thing remaining is to go away."

She was looking at him steadily, her face very pale.

"Yes," as if her lips trembled; "I am sorry."

He bowed and turned away. She took a single step toward him.

"We will part friends? You are not angry?"—the tears not far off.

"I am not your enemy, certainly," a bitter smile about his lips; "but—I am not your friend."

And so that was over. Grier was to go to the shore as had been proposed, there to stay till his successor appeared. And then that chapter of his experience was to close for him.

A week after Miss Chilton had gone, just as he and his charges were on the eve of departure, McLean Grier fell ill. He had been struggling with disease for days, and when he succumbed, the surrender was entire.

Mrs. Prior, finding that the man was really ill, devoted herself to caring for him with an energy that was purely owing to the illness, and not at all to the subject. When typhoid developed itself, and there was a prospect that he would need nursing for weeks, though she sighed a little over her defeated plans, she never thought of abandoning him, even to the servants.

Of course, Miss Chilton learned what had happened. One burning day that had scorched its slow way to afternoon, she came. And having come, she staid, against Mrs. Prior's remonstrances and entreaties.

And Grier, tossing and moaning in delirium, guarded still his secret, though his talk gave glimpses of a past that made his watchers wonder and speculate.

Matters verged toward hopelessness. Miss Chilton sent for Major Dare; he alone held some clue to the sick man's past. But Major Dare was in some remote western wilderness, and his return was uncertain. About that time, Dr. Griswold, having spent half an hour with his fingers on the patient's pulse and his eyes on the livid face, started off with the air of a man who has a new and somewhat astonishing idea. He went straight to the lawyer who had had the business of the Grier estate in hand for twenty-five years. Dr. Griswold had dispensed pills and potions for the neighborhood as long, and the two men had been friends since they were boys.

"Who is this Crayton up at the Grier place?"

"Tutor to those boys. Hired...."

"I know all that; but there's something more. What became of that oldest boy?"

"Killed at Petersburg, was he not? You think...."

"I haven't got so far as that. But this man, whoever he is, has the McLean jaw—I've seen McLeans without it, but I never saw that peculiar outline without that blood."

"The papers reported him killed. Miss Chilton left no means untried to trace him."

"But there's a mystery somewhere in this man's life. The McLeans always had a fashion of taking the wrong side of a chance. Any other woman than Mary McLean would have got well where she died. Who knows what that boy has been about?"

So the two men went up to the house where the sick man lay. In that nearing shadow of the grave, conventional scruples slipped out of sight. Miss

Chilton assented to the proposal that Crayton's papers should be searched.

Five minutes gave satisfaction. However much it might please Grier to masquerade, he had kept the proofs of his identity with scrupulous care. Miss Chilton, awaiting them on the threshold of the room, saw in their faces that something had happened.

Half an hour later she knew it all.

"He *must* get well now," she said, gravely.

And McLean Grier did get well, and having emerged from that inevitable stage wherein the getting enough to eat is the chief concern, he began to notice a difference in the domestic atmosphere.

After that he was speedily introduced to himself. It is astonishing with what facility human nature accepts surprises. He took the revelation quite calmly, being used to facing disagreeables. And then he asked for Miss Chilton.

That was not quite so easily taken. She had disappeared.

Later, having come to his every-day senses about the matter, he had in the old lawyer, and learned after what fashion she had gone. Everything had been arranged with as scrupulous care as if she had been going out of the world. There was a letter for him, and that he laid aside till he should be able to read it by himself. She had done everything quite coolly and calmly, and then one night she had gone. The lawyer knew nothing whatever of her destination or present whereabouts.

Grier said a hard thing or two, but was speedily brought to his senses.

"We had no authority to interfere with the young lady's movements. You were too ill to give us any hint as to your intended proceedings."

He opened Miss Chilton's letter to himself, after a little. It was written briefly and quietly. She had given up to the rightful heir the estate on which

she had no moral claim. A deed had been formally executed, putting him into legal possession. Mrs. Prior had taken the three boys under her own care, and so—farewell.

He brought his will to bear on getting well, after that. He dismayed everybody with the rapidity of his convalescence. Before the time appointed for his liberation from dressing-gown and slippers, he was whirling toward New York.

Mrs. Prior, having a recovered man to deal with, found her old dislike return upon her with full force—with added acrimony. For was it not his fault that her niece had stepped out of the sunshine into some unknown depths of shade? Mrs. Prior absolutely refused to give him the slightest hint as to Miss Chilton's affairs, and gave him to understand, in no very equivocal terms, that he had better devote himself to some other object than a search for the missing girl.

But he did not give it up till three months had gone by. Then he went back to his empty house, and set himself about living.

It was not so easy to accept this turn of the wheel. The habit of years weighted him. A gentleman in the grain, he could not fail of a certain degree of popularity in the neighborhood. In those old, sleepy, long-established communities, the clan feeling is no mere tradition. The "king had come to his own," and after the first excitement over Grier's romantic story had worn off, a personal liking sprung up.

And he? The empty rooms were haunted by a ghost that swept across the glimmering lights and shades of his days and nights. He heard her voice, he felt her presence, and found all other companionship somewhat flat and dull. He was an excellent case in point of a man given up to one idea.

Being able to afford experiments, he

indulged in a whim or two. Her rooms were kept as she left them. The keys were in his possession. Besides himself and the housemaid who swept away the week's dust, no one ever entered them. He lived his life as if another and a dearer one lay parallel—divided by the barest shadow of distance, and yet wholly beyond his reach. The weeks were a strange mixture of dreams and reality. Through them he never once quite woke up to a sense of his new responsibilities.

And so the autumn waned. Grier sunk into his isolation as a man of his temperament might be expected to. He had no thought of consoling himself; he accepted his loss as final. It was not likely that she would ever come back, more unlikely that he should ever cross her path. And yet the beautiful vision never vanished from his thoughts. No other woman would ever take the place of this one, no other dream bring with it such a sense of loss in vanishing.

Winter came. Half aimlessly, Grier had drifted into the metropolitan maelstrom. He was seized with a wild surprise at the numbers of acquaintances he seemed to make. One night, he found himself in evening dress presenting a card at the door of a house where some kind of private entertainment was being given for the benefit of a fashionable charity.

It was after the usual style. Cards out for five hundred, decent accommodations for perhaps two hundred. So the halls and staircase and the outlying rooms were packed with people, who buzzed and crowded, and maybe secured, and maybe not, a glimpse of proceedings.

Grier was not one of the outsiders. His seat he relinquished, but he stayed in the room because it was less trouble than the attempt to get out. Affairs on the little stage did not particularly interest him. There were young ladies who

sung, and other young ladies who recited, and various tableaux, and a small piece of drama, the usual programme, long enough to supply two evenings with entertainment.

And then, all at once, it seemed as if the rustling, heated room, and the restless crowd contained in it, were swept away in space and silence, and nothing was left but a straight, tall figure in the blaze of the foot-lights.

She was reading. He became conscious of the words after awhile. It was not so far away from the war days that the audience had forgotten the old sensation. He felt the sympathy that hushed the chattering group about him. "For some things are worthless, and others so good. That nations who buy them pay only in blood."

She raised her eyes from the page. If she had known that he was there in the standing circle of dark figures that fringed the room, her glance could hardly have sought him more directly. And then, on the next line,

"And here I pay my share,"

the voice fluttered—broke—sunk almost into silence—went on again with a new tone in it; and when Miss Chilton swept her courtesy and retired, the fastidious audience gave her full award of applause.

Conversation began again, while Grier stood perfectly still, waiting for his wits to come back.

"A Miss Chilton. Some one whom Mrs. Grant is trying to make a success. The whole thing is about half an advertisement. She is going on the stage, or something."

Miss Chilton, hurrying out of the house to escape contact with the man for whom she had abdicated, came upon the enemy looming large in the dimness of the anteroom, through which Mrs. Grant had sent her.

You can understand, of course, that Miss Chilton did not go on the stage, and that Mrs. McLean Grier is by no means likely to do so.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

I offer no apology for the publication of these extracts from old letters. If one were due, the publication were improper; but, by way of explanation, it is proper to state that the originals were made up from a diary of pioneer life. They make no pretension to literary excellence. They were private letters, and to that privacy has succeeded long since the silence of the grave. In that silence I would willingly let them lie; but it is urged on me by those whose judgment I respect, and whose motives I can not question, that it is my duty to contribute them to the common fund, as an addition to the material for the future history of the most remarkable migration (when we consider the numbers engaged, the distances traversed, and the results attained) that has ever taken place anywhere in the history of our race.

It seems, when, after a lapse of almost a quarter of a century, I re-peruse these letters, that in some respects they are inaccurate, so changed are the scenes described; but I would sooner distrust my memory than the letters. Says Carlyle, "What is written lives, what is remembered dies;" and these old manuscripts, almost illegible with stains from long journeys by sea and land, and, I doubt not, with tears, convey a truer picture of pioneer experience during that remarkable year than I would dare to remember.

Of the men who composed the boat-party referred to in this number, Mark Hopkins of Sacramento, with the writer, alone survive. I can repeat, in complying with the request of friends, the words of Æneas to Dido:

*"Infandum, Regina, jubeis renovare dolorem
... quoque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."*

NO. I.—UP THE SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO CITY, October 13th, 1849.

THE affairs of the company having been settled, it separated into small parties, and the camp at Happy Valley was broken up, after a stay of five weeks. I determined to attach myself to a company of five friends, who had no particular plan in view further than to winter in the mines. We purchased the company's boat—a Frances galvanized-iron one, twenty-four feet long and five feet beam. Besides our tent and camp utensils, were rockers

and other mining tools, and flasks of quicksilver, while all available space left was filled with provisions. We cut a hatchway into the forward air-chamber, into which we stowed our ammunition, medicines, and other choice articles.

We set sail about eight o'clock on Sunday. Passing through the crowd of shipping anchored off the shore, we stood out for the island of Los Angeles, just discernible through the haze; then we took the flood-tide, and swept on into San Pablo Bay. The beautiful straits which connect this with Suisun Bay we nearly missed, and were being borne with a strong wind upon the flats to the left. The air was so smoky that the shores were indistinct, and but for the fact that a vessel was seen by us hugging the right shore, we might have been swamped on the flats. As it was, when we hauled up on the wind, the rollers were so heavy that our deeply loaded boat shipped an uncomfortable amount of water. It was about three P.M. when we entered Suisun Bay. This we were told was dangerous to small boats. We overtook a whale-boat, with one man in it, just before entering the bay, and I got in with him to assist in the management of his sail. His boat was poorly rigged, and altogether we had a bad time of it. The sea was very rough, but we ran before the wind, and managed to keep up pretty well with the other boat until about night-fall, when we reached the mouth of the river, the iron boat a little ahead. Her crew made signs to us to go on shore, and we hauled up to go to the same place with her. It was a muddy lee-shore, and we could not get far enough into the tules to protect ourselves, so we were forced to haul off.

We then stood for a small willow island opposite. The iron boat reached it, but we could not manage our sail, and were driven off and compelled to continue our course. It was now so dark that those in the other boat could not see where we were, and thought it safest to remain there until morning. We drifted on up the river four or five miles before we could find a place where the boat would lie well. At length we ran into the bushes and made fast. Here we ate what remained of our provisions—not enough for a coyote's supper—and, taking a pair of blankets, we laid down in the bottom of the boat. I felt the loss of my blankets, which were in the other boat, for the wind was piercing cold, but my companion, as he tucked up the blankets around us, made his laconic prayer, "May the Old Gentleman take good care of us," and before I had thought of such a thing, he was snoring lustily. I slept, too, as well as I could, rocking on the waves, with the dew-drops from the bushes pattering on my face.

We rose early the next morning, and clambered up the largest bush to see whether in the night we had not taken the wrong way, as there were said to be many mouths to the river. We could see nothing but tule marshes. We endeavored to return, but the wind was against us. Then came a suspicion that the iron boat might have passed us, so we kept on, and fastened to a brig anchored in the stream. This vessel had been lying there for three weeks, waiting for a favorable wind to get down. We found the captain sick with fever, deserted by all but two of his men, and entirely destitute of provisions and quinine. His boat had gone down to San Francisco for relief, but had not returned. We had nothing for them—not so much as a biscuit for ourselves. Learning that we were in the main river, we hoisted sail under the lee of the brig,

and stood off. The iron boat came up soon afterward. I stepped out of the stranger's boat, and we saw him no more.

As we passed on, we got beyond the high winds, and had a delightful journey through the day. We passed many vessels aground that had started several days before us. The delta of this river is very extensive, and intersected with sloughs or branches that make the way difficult for those unacquainted with it. We lost our way, and continued on until two in the afternoon; but, seeing no vessels or other signs that the stream was frequented, we stopped to lunch and deliberate. I never saw a more beautiful river; its banks here were lined with oaks, sycamores, willows, and other trees of genera with which my boyhood was familiar. Hawks, jays, and blackbirds, cranes and ducks—birds of our own land—were frequent; and I could hardly realize at times, as we floated along, that I was so far from my native river. I climbed a sycamore to take a view of the country beyond the river's banks. The timbered belt along the river is narrow, and beyond this the vast plain was covered, as far as the eye could reach, with tule. There were tracks of wolves and Indians, but nothing recent. Satisfied that we were on the wrong stream, we pulled back for ten miles and took another one. We soon came to what we thought was called, *par excellence*, "The Slough." For many miles we saw nothing but tule, or bulrushes, about six feet high. At night-fall we came to another fork, and, doubtful which course to take, we hauled up to the shore where we saw a clump of trees. A dead tree made an open spot, where we effected a landing. With hatchet and lantern, we cleared a place under the vines and bushes, built a huge fire of drift-wood, and made some coffee. By dint of pulling and lifting, we opened a place where we could spread our blankets, and spent an agreeable

night—for fatigue makes sleep pleasant anywhere.

We started early the next morning, and were surprised to find that we had spent the night on the only piece of dry ground anywhere near. We were indebted in the darkness purely to accident. About nine o'clock, we found ourselves again in the main river, below where we had left it the day before. We continued on that day up the Sacramento—monotonous but always beautiful; its banks everywhere bordered with stately trees and festooned with wild grape-vines so dense as to hide from view the back country. The water was so clear that we could see the fish; where it was deep it was of a rich green. At sundown we landed, built a fire, and prepared our supper. Soon after, a breeze springing up, we hoisted our sail, continued on all night, and arrived in good order the next morning at this canvas city. Dust, men, mules, oxen; bales, boxes, barrels innumerable, piled everywhere in the open air. The trees were all standing—magnificent great oaks—and a crowd of ships were fastened to the trees along the bank. We pitched our tent on the west bank, to escape from the dust and confusion on the other side. Several overland parties were camped near us. Here, for the first time, I saw a bird known as the magpie. Crows were numerous, and, unlike the crow at home, not afraid of being shot. While strolling about the camp, I was tempted to shoot one perched on the top of a large oak. I put a pistol-ball through its body, and, in falling, it fell into the face of a man who was lying asleep under the tree. He was hid from my view by intervening bushes. He made such an unearthly outcry, that I thought I had done some dreadful thing, and ran up to the spot. His face and shirt-bosom were bloody, and he was perfectly bewildered. He thought himself shot, until the dead

crow relieved his doubts. The affair was very funny, but he did not laugh a bit.

We broke camp at Sacramento City on Sunday, September 15th. We stopped for the first night about two miles below Vernon, on a high bank, where we had a view of the extensive prairie, with its droves of wild cattle and horses; but we could not approach within cannon-shot of them. There were great numbers of quail, but none were killed. Vernon was the name given to a village on the right bank of the Sacramento, at the mouth of the Rio Plumas. Opposite was Frémont. A few tents composed these villages. Here we spent the most of the day in making inquiries as to our route. Accounts were somewhat discouraging, from the difficulties of the navigation of the river; snags, rafts, rapids, and hostile Indians made the result doubtful. The last boat that tried to make the trip had a conflict with Indians, and returned, but we resolved to attempt it. Above the mouth of the Plumas, we stopped for dinner, and waited for another boat—the *Alida*—with a party of seven Ohio men, led by Captain J. W. Haines, whom we met at the mouth of the Feather River, and who had decided to accompany us. We advanced ten miles farther, and went into camp for the night.

The river was very winding, and rapids were frequent, with long reaches of still, deep water walled in by unbroken and unvarying green. We were constantly driving up black cormorants and other varieties of ducks. Grapes were very abundant and of fine flavor; they were about the size of our fox-grape, but not so sour. We would run our boat under the overhanging trees, and one of us would go up and drop the fruit into the boat. We could gather a bushel in a few minutes. Our boats kept close together for protection, as we were now far from settlements of White men.

Tracks of grizzlies and elk were frequent; few were the traces of men. Occasionally the dead embers of an old camp-fire were met with on the banks, and they were the only evidences that any one had preceded us. We traveled in such a way as to escape the extreme heat of the midday sun. On Tuesday, we encamped for nooning in a dry ravine. The undergrowth about the place was very dense, and the accumulation of drift-wood made it impenetrable. Acting upon a wanton impulse, I applied a match, and in a few minutes the whole thicket was roaring and crackling in flames. The profound solitude of the place made it more startling, and we hurried away as fast as we could. I had no idea of the destruction that little fire would cause. In the afternoon we saw a grizzly bear scrambling up the steep bank. We landed at the spot, and when the *Alida* came up we all went into the thicket and surrounded the place where he entered. Haines and myself went in to beat him out, but he had made good his retreat. We found an oak from which he had stripped the acorns, and we were puzzled to tell how he did it. The ground was strewn with fresh leaves and little branches. Encamped that night on a high bank among vetch-vines. Signs of grizzlies were too plenty for our quiet repose.

On Thursday we passed a stream coming in on the right, which we thought, from our directions, to be Butte Creek, but we afterward learned we were mistaken. A wild-cat seated on the gravelly bar was fired at with a load of buckshot. Willie was certain he had killed the cat, and we were all sure that the cat sat there in the sun at the moment he fired; but, upon examination of the spot, there was no trace of the beast, except some long scratches in the gravel. Just before night, Mark shot a large bird in the top of a tree, which we thought was a wild turkey. It was directly over

our heads, and fell into the water alongside the boat. It measured nine feet from tip to tip of wings, and its head and neck were bare of feathers, and of yellow color. It was of the vulture family, though we pronounced it a "golden eagle," for want of a better name. We made an early encampment, in order to give the other boat time to get in before dark.

The following day the current was less rapid, and considerable progress was made. The *Alida* led, and went into camp early to have a hunt. Haines shot a fat doe about a mile from camp, and we had a good supply of the best of meat, of which we were in great need. Before sunrise the next morning, a thin film of mist extended over the undulating plain, but during the day we saw Indian signs, and kept a bright lookout.

The following day, about ten o'clock, four Indians stood suddenly on the bank; all naked, except one, who had a cap on his head. We spoke to them in Spanish, of which Whiting knew a little, but they made no reply, nor could we tell whether they were friendly or not. Soon after the number increased to something near a hundred men and boys, running along the bank to keep up with our boat. Soon the other bank was swarming, and among them we distinguished one dressed in the Spanish costume; also another, an old man, with a blue shirt, who, from the deference paid him by the others, we concluded was the head chief. His face had a benignant expression, that prepossessed me in his favor. He asked in Spanish, "What do you want here?" We made no reply to his question, but rested on our oars, and asked him, in the most innocent manner, "How far is it to the head waters of the river?" He replied, "Who knows!" Things looked threatening, but I could not help laughing when that old distich popped into my mind:

"O, Mister Indian, don't shoot me,
For I've got a wife and small family."

After eyeing each other for awhile, we threw some biscuit into the water, which a young Indian swam for. We pulled on, and they did not follow us farther. About noon we stopped for dinner. We put our arms in readiness, and when we started again every man had his gun at his side. Soon after, we saw two armed Indians walking toward us on a bar close to which we were compelled to pass, and talking in a very serious and authoritative manner; but we could not tell what was meant. One speaker was dressed in blue shirt and pants, with a red sash; the other was naked. We stopped. One Indian after another appeared from the willows, until there were a dozen of them, all armed. Their weapons were bows and arrows and spears. We were confident that we could beat them in a battle; but fighting was not the business we came on, and besides we knew that they could ambuscade us at almost any bend of the river, and kill us all sooner or later, so we were not long in coming to the conclusion that our policy was peace. As their object seemed to be to demand a parley, we pulled boldly up to the bar, jumped ashore, and shook hands. We gave them fish-hooks, calico shirts, and other trifles. They gave us grapes, which they call *vaumee*, and which were not so abundant as lower down the river. They put all the gifts into a pile, and each in turn took his choice, the chief taking a silk scarf. They put on their gay attire and trinkets of beads, strutted around awhile, and then, stripping themselves naked, swam across the river and returned toward the village we had passed. We were a little fearful of treachery, and for the first time we posted sentries. The night passed quietly, however, nor did we see any more of our friends.

On Friday we camped two miles below the Indian fishery, where the over-

land route by Lasson's Cut-off touches the river. Here were many Indians who had frequent intercourse with the Whites, and from them we bought salmon. As yet we had not been able to catch any fish. The next morning we stopped at the fish weir. This is a strong dam, made of poles planted upright and bound together with withes. It is the same that is described in "Wilkes' Exploring Expedition." Here, to our great regret, the *Alida* left us, to return. The men were suffering much from fever.

The Indians opened a place in their dam for our boat to crowd through, but in doing so we unshipped our rudder and drifted down broadside upon the dam in the strongest part of the current. By getting a line ashore we succeeded in hauling off. We paid the Indians in fish-hooks for the damage we did them, and they were well satisfied. When we stopped for dinner, the Indians swam the river and gathered around us. When we had finished, we tendered the remainder to them, which they devoured with avidity.

We encamped late on a high bank, where was an extensive view of the prairie. Several of the party being indisposed, we spent two nights at this encampment. Our tent was pitched directly on the spot where deer had been accustomed to come down to drink. They stood in a semicircle around us all the forenoon, well out of range. We could not get a shot at them for want of cover to approach them, and I suppose for want of skill. They were very shy. The second night we discovered the prairie on fire, and we could see the forms of Indians between us and the flames. We had seen Indians gathering acorns when we landed here, but they ran off as fast as they could. At first the flames spread toward us fast, but finding that they were dying out we all fell asleep. The tracks of bears that we saw so frequently were truly enor-

mous. One that we saw here measured eight inches in breadth. The oaks were also very large; one was nearly twenty-five feet in circumference.

We broke camp early, and worked diligently at the oars, but made slow progress; rapids occurred frequently. We found it necessary to get out into the water and tow, every half-mile. The water was clear but cold. To-day our boat was carried upon a snag, broadside to the current, and all our efforts at extricating her were for a long time unsuccessful. At length we were brought to a complete stop. A raft of logs completely barred our way, and our axes were brought into play. The work was tedious, but finally we cut a channel for our boat.

Indians were more numerous, but uniformly friendly when they were courageous enough to approach us. Our efforts to get the boat along were almost incredible. We worked with desperation, but with good spirits. We took some young Indians to tow us along. It was great fun for them for awhile, and they ran along shouting; but when they came to a sharp rapid their enthusiasm died out, and they stopped. When we went into camp the Indians gathered around us in the best of humor. The revolver was new to them. We fired at a tree, and, as one barrel after another was fired, they continued to back off, until at length one of them started to run, and the rest, to prove their own courage, all laughed at him. We entertained them well, and when they left us they gave a general shout. Soon after we visited one of their villages. The acorns, which are a great article of food with the natives, were now ripe, and they were curing them for winter store. They dry them with the shells off, and pack them in layers in willow cribs. Seeds are used by them, also, and the regular beat of their flails was heard by us early and late. We bought some salmon, and went on.

On September 30th we arrived at Chico Creek, and went off about six miles from the river to a *rancho*, kept by a man named Potter, in order to procure some milk, of which we had not tasted for nine months, and of which some of our sick were in great need. We met with no courtesy, and were refused any milk for less than \$6 for a gallon. As we had not so much money about us, we returned without the milk. Here we got news from below. The *Oregon* had arrived, had brought no mail, but the very disagreeable news that the cholera was raging among my dear friends at home. We returned to camp, moved on about six miles, and encamped again. The two Hopkinses were taken sick with fever, and we were all very much worn down. Here the most gloomy feelings took possession of me, but after a couple of days my manhood got the better of them.

Our encampment was beautiful. The distant mountains began to show themselves, and wild ducks, geese, and antelope were very numerous, while we were supplied with a profusion of grapes. The scenery on the river changed entirely. Instead of alluvial soil, the banks were composed of hard clay mixed with pebbles, looking like conglomerate rock; the river-bed became rocky, and willows and cotton-woods skirted the river about half the distance. That day we made some progress, but lost our afternoon's work. We were nearly through a rapid when the current got a sheer on the boat, and, in spite of all we could do, we were thrown broadside on the bar. When we got our craft into the channel again, it was so late that we drifted down to our noon camp-ground before we could find a fit place to spend the night. We passed a grizzly on the bank. He was close to the edge of the water in rank grass, and as we were drifting down upon him silently, we prepared to give him a volley. He did not see us, and we

felt sure of him; when, just before we got within shot, Whiting took it into his head that he saw an "animal"—it was almost dark—and fired at a crane standing in the water near. The bear raised his nose into the air and loped off into the willows. We were very much provoked, but made a dinner of the crane.

We arrived, after three weeks of boating, at Lassen's Rancho, at the mouth of Deer Creek. No boat had ever before ascended the river so far, and I doubt if six fools can be found who will do it again. Here we exchanged our boat with some overland men for two wagons and a small herd of oxen, intending to go on by land. Hundreds were coming in daily from over the mountains, sick, destitute, and almost starved. They met here with harpies to prey upon them, and they were often compelled to sell their teams for food enough to last them down to Sacramento City. Quinine was in great demand, and they charged \$1 a grain! I gave away a great part of my supply to the poor fellows, and felt a consciousness of having done some good. At this camp the first rain of the season fell; it continued three days, and was cold. The atmosphere, that had been so smoky as almost to obscure the sun, now cleared off, and a complete change came over the landscape; but with the fall of rain our spirits fell, and one after another had intermittent fever. With the improvement in the weather our spirits revived, and we set out to continue our journey up the valley by land. We crossed the creek and proceeded about three miles, when it was found that the sick could not endure the riding, and the teams were not strong enough for the load. We returned two miles below our old camp-ground, where the animals could find grass. After two days' rest, we procured an additional number of worn-out oxen, and continued our journey. Our progress was slow over the

dry roads, and we camped from place to place as we found water and food for the cattle. Whiting was taken sick, and placed with the baggage. At every place where the road came near water were camps of overland men, all sick, and sometimes so badly as to be dependent upon passers-by for water. Few were well, and the farther we advanced the worse matters became.

We forded the river, and followed the west bank until the road led over a hilly country, where the river banks became very high, and the waters brawled far below among the bowlders. Near Cottonwood Creek we were met by Capt. Haines, who led the *Alida* party, and who left us at the fish-weir; he had returned to the city of Sacramento, exchanged his boat for mules, and entered the mountains three weeks before us. He had left his party scattered along the way, sick, and was returning alone, jaundiced and emaciated. We could rely implicitly on his statements, and though we were within one day's journey of the place of our destination, yet, from his representation of the poverty of the country in every thing desirable, even for food necessary to support cattle for a single day, of the impracticability of maintaining ourselves through the winter, and other reasons, we took a vote on the question of proceeding, and unanimously resolved to return. We immediately turned our teams about and directed our steps back to Sacramento City.

I have not time to dwell on the events of the journey down. Our provisions were reduced to a little corn-meal, and that was sour—all the alkalies available in my medicine chest were exhausted to correct the evil. Cayenne pepper was the only condiment. At one of our camps, we found the bones of an ox that had been stripped of its flesh and perfectly dried. Breaking the long bones with an axe, we extracted the marrow and

made a soup, which we thickened with the meal, and made a good dinner. A few days after, Mark was so fortunate as to break the back of a young doe with a buck-shot. While looking for grapes at a place where the road passed near a slough, I had a narrow escape from a grizzly-bear. I was unarmed, and if I had not been it would probably have been the worse for me. Our road down was that taken by the overland men; they all cursed Lassen's cut-off, and said that it had cut off the lives of a great many of them. Little hillocks were common, with sticks planted in them on which were written in pencil the names of the deceased—all to be swept away by the first rain. They were very melancholy spots to us, these uncoffined graves.

We went one hundred and fifty miles farther up the river than Wilkes' party reported the river navigable for boats. We endured much from fatigue, hunger, thirst, and sickness, yet we never reached the gold-mines. We undertook too much. We relied upon our resolution

to overcome difficulties of which we had no experience. As soon as I arrived in town I went to a barber's shop, and paid a dollar to be shaved, for the sake of reading the papers—a few numbers of old *Tribunes* and *Heralds*. I went on board the bark *Phœnix* to see Mr. Niles, and ate potatoes, squash, and bread and butter. The first, I had not eaten since the 4th of July; the second since I left home; and the other since—when? He gave me a berth, and for the first time in four months I pulled off my clothes to sleep. The next day it rained, and I could not get back to our camp, which was across the American Fork. I returned after two days, attended by a diarrhœa and chills and fever, of course. I then made arrangements to leave my nomad life, and returned to town. I had proposals from two physicians in practice here to join them in the establishment of a hospital. One of these propositions I accepted; but I had an attachment served upon me—in other words, I was taken down sick with fever.

MINGLED FEELINGS.

We know not, on an April day,
 How soon the sun may yield to showers;
 The hawthorn bloom of closing May,
 Still hides the fading of its flowers.

We know not, in a smiling eye,
 How soon the starting tear may tremble;
 The heart where joy may seem to lie
 Hath oft most sorrows to dissemble.

We list to music that brings back
 Dear musings of forgotten pleasure;
 Yet meet with sorrow on the track,
 Where memory floateth with the measure.

The pleasure of the human breast
 Can never quite from pain be singled;

And that remembrance is the best
Wherein the least of grief is mingled.

Down the broad vista life has passed
When wearied memory seeks indulgence,
She ever finds *some* shadow cast
To cloud the sun's complete refulgence.

But, like a picture long laid by,
From which the garish hues have faded,
Few spots are all obscurity,
And most are only softly shaded.

ONE OF OUR FARMING COUNTIES.

WHILE much has lately been written, in newspapers and magazines, relative to the resources of those parts of the State in which land is cheap and easily obtained, but little, comparatively speaking, has been said about those counties which are more thickly settled, and in which land is much dearer. In the face of an urgent need of immigrants, and of the facilities we can offer them for founding comfortable homes, it is important that information with regard to these counties, also, be placed before the public. Everyone does not want to be a pioneer. On the contrary, many of those persons intending to emigrate would seek a residence in a foreign country only on condition that they could find in the land of their adoption churches, schools, and refined society—in short, all the elements of civilization to which they were accustomed at home. It is, therefore, intended to be shown, in this and a few following articles, that the laborer and mechanic in search of employment, the husbandman in search of a farm, and the capitalist in search of a profitable investment for his money, can find what they want in the most populous counties in the State.

As the subject of the present article, I shall take Santa Clara County; a description of which will enable me, to some extent, to illustrate the farming interest in California. I am not aware that this county is much superior to any of several others that could be mentioned. The adjoining counties of Monterey and Santa Cruz possess, in Hollister, Salinas Valley, Pajaro Valley, and various other places, a soil equal in fertility to anything that can be found in Santa Clara County. Merced and Stanislaus, two other adjoining counties, surpass it in the quantity of grain raised; and Alameda, another of its adjoining counties, surpasses it in the value of its real estate, improvements, and personal property. This statement is necessary, in order to prevent those who are unacquainted with the resources of the State from thinking that Santa Clara is an exceptional county, and has been selected on account of its superiority to all others. Doubtless several of the other counties are inferior in some respects to it; but they have counterbalancing advantages, which, on the whole, render them as suitable to the settler.

This county being easily accessible from San Francisco, anyone who de-

sires can, with little difficulty, find an opportunity of testing the truth of statements made with regard to it. Let the traveler who wishes to see Santa Clara County get on the train of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in San Francisco, at 8.40 A. M. For the first twenty or thirty miles of his journey, the country looks dreary enough. But as he approaches the centre of San Mateo County, the scene changes. Instead of the naked hills and unreclaimed swamps that he saw at the outset of his journey, his eyes are gladdened by the sight of rich farmlands, studded with beautiful houses, many of which are of palatial size and architecture. Hence, onward through Santa Clara Valley as far as the southern boundary of the county, the country is beautifully wooded. The landscape on every side is adorned with magnificent oaks festooned with wreaths of moss, stately gum-trees lifting their tapering stems spire-like to heaven, sycamores with their giant trunks gleaming in the sun like silver, and a variety of other trees and shrubs, which not only add to the pleasures of the senses, but in a commercial point of view increase the value of the land. Tastefully laid-out grounds, well-kept gravel-walks, and pleasure-grounds ornamented with statues and fountains, are features of common occurrence throughout the valley. The pleasing aspect of the surroundings, taken in connection with the genial climate, has such an effect on strangers, that few of them visit the valley without regretting that their home is not permanently cast in a land so singularly blessed.

Partially sheltered from the sea-breeze by the Santa Cruz mountains, Santa Clara has a climate which is a happy medium between what we find in the hot valleys in the interior of the State, and that of the northern coast counties. It is much frequented by invalids from numerous parts of the United States,

not solely on account of its pleasant climate, but to obtain the benefit of its numerous mineral springs. The following table shows the temperature of San José, the county-seat :

	6 A.M.	12 30 P.M.	6 P.M.
January.....	36.68	54.42	48.00
February.....	38.93	58.32	48.61
March.....	39.99	62.58	51.29
April.....	50.37	69.23	54.00
May.....	48.26	69.90	54.97
June.....	52.49	77.03	60.40
July.....	55.32	81.71	64.84
August.....	53.16	83.74	64.87
September.....	55.63	79.17	65.10
October.....	46.48	74.68	63.06
November.....	34.40	59.77	52.30
December.....	36.61	53.68	45.26

Though in this table there is no instance in which the thermometer has fallen to the freezing point, yet in some years they have a slight frost in San José. However, there are portions of the foot-hills known as the "Warm Belt," where there is never any frost.

The area of Santa Clara County is about 700,000 acres, of which less than half is valley land. The remainder consists partly of hills valuable for grazing purposes (and, to a considerable extent, capable of yielding grain and fruits), and partly of steep and rugged mountains, rising in some instances to a height of nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, which produce valuable timber. Grazing land varies in price from \$5 to \$20 per acre; farm land, from \$20 to \$120; and land capable of producing strawberries, blackberries, garden vegetables, etc., if near a railroad station, brings as much as \$200 to \$400 per acre. Land of this description is often rented at the rate of \$20 to \$30 an acre, yearly.

It is not easy to enumerate all the crops to which the soil and climate of this county are adapted. It would be easier to name the crops that will not grow there. There are but few of the agricultural productions of the United States that can not be raised in Santa

Clara with profit. Wheat, barley, corn, oats, rye, peas, beans, flax, potatoes, hops, tobacco, beets, apples, peaches, pears, cherries, almonds, walnuts, figs, plums, oranges, olives, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, mulberries, etc., are among its productions. The soil in the valley is a rich loam of wonderful fertility. As many as seventy-five bushels of wheat to the acre have been raised there. The Surveyor-General's Statistics for 1870—the only report to which I can now refer—gives the average yield of wheat per acre for the whole county as twenty bushels. From this, as well as from actual observation during the last three years, I should say that many parts of the valley will produce twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat yearly.

It is commonly said by farmers that it does not pay to give \$100 or \$120 per acre for land on which the purchaser intends to raise wheat. They will even say this after having bought a few hundred acres. This statement, however, must be taken with a qualification. They only mean that after paying such a price, they can not spend three-fourths of their time absent from their farms, leave their work in the hands of uninterested *employés*, and then make a fortune in a few years. It has been previously shown in the OVERLAND that wheat, potatoes, peas, flax, hops, etc., are highly remunerative crops, even when the farmer rents his land and does not work himself, but gets everything connected with the cultivation of his crop done by hired help. A glance at the expenses and receipts arising from the cultivation of a farm will enable the reader to determine which is better, to place his money at interest, or to buy land and become a farmer. Of course it must be assumed that he is an industrious man, able and willing to work, and possessing a fair knowledge of agricultural pursuits. Let him buy, for instance, sixty acres of land at \$100 an acre. Farm land bought at

this price usually has improvements in the shape of dwelling-house, barn, and stable. Hence the purchaser need go to no further expense in the way of building. I have supposed a farm of sixty acres, because that is about as much, if the soil is rich and heavy, as one man with a good span of horses can cultivate. His whole outlay will be, land, \$6,000; horses, plow, wagon, etc., \$1,000—in all, \$7,000. It is not necessary to take into the account his furniture and cooking utensils, as, if he has a family, he will require these things, no matter whether he lives on a farm or on the interest of his money.

The New England farmer must not suppose that Californians have the same difficulties with which he has to contend. Here, no hard frosts interfere with the sowing of the crop; no autumnal rains destroy it in harvest. The first rains, enough to moisten the ground and start the weeds, usually fall in November. Afterward, the weather is fit for plowing until about Christmas, when the harvest rain generally falls. Our friend with the sixty acres of land, plowing, as is common in California with one span of horses, two acres daily, has his land fit for the reception of seed by this time. However, any time before the first of March will be early enough. Let him raise wheat alone, and he has little more to do before harvest. In harvest, too, his work is quickly dispatched. He need not trouble himself about hauling his grain to the granary. This, another source of expense in various parts of the United States, is rarely practiced here. Millions of sacks of grain lie exposed for months every year in the fields in which it was raised.* It is watched neither night nor day, yet it is never stolen. Under these circumstances, the work of sowing and harvesting is much less than a stranger would imagine. With the exception of the thrashing, this farmer can do the entire work, including the

cutting of his grain and the hauling of it to the nearest railway station.

The price of wheat in San Francisco, for six years (1863-8), varies from \$1.25 per hundred pounds in 1863, to \$2.75 in 1868. The average of all is \$1.93 per hundred pounds. The average for the last six years is considerably higher. The cost of thrashing, sacks, commission, and forwarding the grain from Santa Clara County to San Francisco, would reduce this to \$1.50 per hundred pounds. Eighteen hundred pounds of wheat to the acre is only a low estimate for such land as can be bought for \$100 an acre. From each acre, then, he has a clear gain of \$27. Allow ten acres of this land to feed his horses and supply seed for the next year, and from the remainder there is a net profit of \$1,350, or nearly twenty per cent. on the money invested. This, however, would be a thriftless way of farming. A good farmer would not raise wheat year after year on all his land. He would plant a portion with fruit-trees, one acre of which, in the course of time, would be as valuable as six acres of wheat. The pasturage on his land, after the wheat is removed, is worth no small sum. The cows, poultry, or hogs, kept on this would materially increase his profits. He has, in addition, several months during which neither he nor his horses can find work on the farm. This time should be turned to some account. Nor must it be forgotten that on a farm he can supply his family with food much cheaper than he could elsewhere. Producing his own flour, fruits, vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, bacon, beef, and mutton, his outlay for provisions must be only trifling.

We have another method of arriving at conclusions with regard to the profits of farming. Santa Clara is emphatically a farming county, and derives but little of its wealth from any other source. Look at the character of its buildings,

both public and private, the assessed value of its property, and some of its items of expenditure. The estimated population is 27,000. The assessed value of its real estate is over \$18,000,000; personal property, over \$5,500,000; and improvements, \$6,000,000; making in all over \$30,000,000. If we divide the land equally among all the population, each individual will have twenty-six acres. Divide the assessed value of real estate by the number of acres, and we find that the land on an average is worth \$26 per acre. Divide the whole valuation of the county by the number of the inhabitants, and we find that each of them, on an average, is worth over \$1,100. Last year, this county paid over \$84,000 for purposes of public education alone, while the sum paid for tuition at private schools is estimated by competent authorities to be much larger. It is no uncommon thing for these poor farmers, struggling for a living as they say, to send each of their children to a private boarding-school for several years. There, tuition costs from \$300 to \$500 per annum. This, taken in connection with the fact that most of them have good public schools convenient to their residences, is, in itself, a fair indication of the success that attends agricultural pursuits.

For his \$6,000 the settler can obtain 200 acres of land in the foot-hills of Santa Clara. For some years this land would be nearly as productive as the valley land, but it becomes more quickly exhausted. The cost of sowing, harvesting, and sending his crops to market would be greater in the foot-hills than in the valley. Being less thickly inhabited, the foot-hills, in their facilities for social intercourse, education, etc., are inferior to the valley; but they would undoubtedly yield a larger percentage on the purchase-money. In fact, the foot-hills want nothing but good roads to render them, acre for

acre, as valuable for farming purposes as the richest alluvial soil of the valleys.

There is in many parts of the State another kind of soil, which, though not common in Santa Clara County, deserves a passing remark. This soil is light, loose, level, and abounds in the San Joaquin Valley. The yield per acre runs from 600 to 1,000 pounds of wheat. The cost of cultivation is so light that this pays. Here one man can farm, not 60 but 300 acres. The plowman has often ten or twelve horses hauling one plow which turns six or eight furrows at once. A seed-sower is attached to the plow, and, being self-regulating, according to the speed of the horses, scatters the seed at the same time. The whole work of plowing and seed-sowing is often done by contract at \$1 per acre.

Santa Clara, though one of the most thickly populated counties in the State, has not quite twenty-five persons to the square mile; while Rhode Island has 166, Massachusetts 187, Belgium over 400, and various other countries in Europe over 200.

Strangers traveling in California are often inclined to comment unfavorably on the appearance of the dwellings and out-houses. But if these strangers were aware of all the circumstances in the case, their censure would be turned into admiration. The out-houses are poor, because, among other reasons, there is no need for them to be so solid and impervious to the weather as in colder places. A stable in Santa Clara is comfortable enough if the roof keeps the rain out. Place horses in such a stable in Maine or Wisconsin, and during some cold night they would freeze to death. Men coming from the northern part of the United States can with difficulty realize the fact that stock require so much less shelter here than in their own inhospitable clime.

The dwelling-houses, too, are often miserable-looking cabins, though by no

means so devoid of comfort as their outside appearance would indicate. It must be remembered, however, that the houses in Santa Clara and other parts of the State are not always an index to either the taste or wealth of the occupants. One will often see a house, the materials of which did not cost a hundred dollars, inhabited by a man worth from \$20,000 to \$100,000. Twelve or fifteen years ago, his house, poor as it is, took the greater part of his capital; and from that beginning has arisen his present wealth. When he began to farm, he flattered himself with the belief that in three or four years, if the seasons proved favorable, he would be able to build a cottage more suitable to his wants. But his wealth increased more rapidly than he expected, his desires expanded in proportion, and he soon concluded that the cottage of his earlier dreams would not be adequate to his present demands. He deferred building a few years longer. Then came his children, probably better educated and more refined than himself. Their taste must be consulted, and this involved a further delay. His daughter's piano, something he never dreamed of at the outset of his career, required a larger and better room than any he had previously contemplated to build. At last the new house is erected and offers as great a contrast to the old one as the butterfly does to the chrysalis. Furniture, pictures, etc., are of a style commensurate with the building; and when everything is completed, he leaves a house that cost about \$500 and enters one that cost \$10,000.

San José, the county-seat of Santa Clara County, has a population of about 13,000. The view from the dome of the court-house is diversified and extensive, and contains every element of a pleasing landscape. For miles around the city are to be seen vineyards, gardens, and orchards, fertile, fragrant, and wealth-producing. Embowered in the gardens

and orchards are neat cottages and elegant villas, indicative of taste, affluence, and luxury. Farther off, on every side, are peaceful hamlets, with their churches and schools, peeping forth from their sylvan retreats. In looking north, the Bay of San Francisco is visible; in every other direction, picturesque mountains form the background of a picture well worthy of admiration.

A large quantity of the ground near the city is devoted to strawberries, blackberries, plums, and various other fruits, some of which are dried, and the remainder sent to market fresh. In 1871, there were in the county 1,107,840 apple-trees, 83,650 peach-trees, 75,000 pear-trees, 25,000 plum-trees, 20,000 cherry-trees, 3,260,000 strawberry-vines, and 1,100,000 grape-vines. The cultivation of all these is highly remunerative, though some of them, such as peaches and cherries, do better in hotter counties. Plums require a well-drained alluvial soil. Irrigation is generally necessary. The trees are set out eighteen feet apart, or about 130 to the acre. They begin to bear at the age of five years, and are in full bearing when eight years old, when a tree will yield about 250 pounds of fruit. It is sold in San Francisco for $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, which would make the crop on an acre worth over \$1,200. From this must be deducted the cost of cultivating the land and pruning the trees (which would amount to about \$30 an acre), the cost of freight to San Francisco, price of boxes, commission to agent for selling, and wages of Chinamen for gathering the fruit. The Chinamen receive \$1 per day each for their labor.

Should a man with only a small capital wish to engage in fruit-growing, he would do better cultivating strawberries or blackberries than larger fruit. With berries he would have to wait only a year or two before receiving a return for his money. He could engage in this

business with less capital than would be required for general farming; but then the supply of berries might exceed the demand, while he has nothing to fear on that point with regard to wheat. Blackberries are in full bearing two years after planting. An acre will produce 10,000 pounds. They are sold in San Francisco for five cents per pound. Blackberries do not keep well, and the producer must either can them, or live close to a railroad station, from which he can forward them without delay to market.

Strawberries, about San José, are raised on a rich clay soil, but in many other places a sandy soil is considered better. This business can be profitably undertaken only where the land can be irrigated without much expense. The plants are set out in October and November. They will produce half a crop the following year, and a full crop each year afterward. They bear from April to December, but it is profitable to gather the crop only during a part of that time. All the work connected with strawberry culture is done by Chinamen. They work on shares, and usually enter into an engagement with the owner of the land to cultivate it for five or six years in succession. The cost of boxes, freight, and commission is deducted from the proceeds of the sale, and the Chinese receive half the remainder for their labor. The owners of the land receive about \$200 per acre, clear of all expenses. During a part of the strawberry season, 10,000 chests of ninety-six pounds each are forwarded daily from San José to San Francisco, Stockton, and other places.

Fruit-drying has been carried on to some extent, both in this and in other counties, during the last year, and promises at no distant day to become a most important industry. In some places the fruit is dried by means of artificial heat; in others, by the heat of the sun. In the neighborhood of Santa Clara may be

seen an apparatus fitted up for drying fruit by artificial heat. On the premises is a steam-engine of fifteen horse-power, used for sawing lumber for boxes, for grinding apples to make vinegar, and for other purposes connected with fruit-packing. Close to the engine is a wooden cylinder about five feet long and three and a half feet in diameter. In the cylinder, placed in close proximity to one another, are six hundred brass tubes, into which the air is forced by a fan worked by the steam-engine. The waste steam from the engine is conveyed by a pipe into the top of the cylinder, and, after becoming condensed, runs out at the bottom, heating, in the meantime, the air in the brass tubes. The heated air rushes out at the other end of the cylinder, and enters the bottom of what looks like a large chest of drawers, thirty-two feet long, ten feet high, and seven feet wide. This is the kiln. This kiln is divided into eight compartments, into which are fitted galvanized-iron screens for holding the fruit. There are in each compartment forty-two screens, on each of which twenty pounds of fruit can be dried. In the face of the kiln there are several horizontal doors placed one over the other, so that in handling the screens only a small portion of the kiln is exposed to the cold air. The kiln is capable of drying over three tons of fruit at once. Some of the fruit, preparatory to drying, is cut by hand, but more by machinery. Apples dry in seven hours; pears, tomatoes, and plums, in eight or nine hours. Grapes require about twenty-four hours. The process could be completed more rapidly, but the result would not be so satisfactory as when sufficient time is allowed. It takes about seven pounds of apples, seven pounds of pears, twenty pounds of tomatoes, six pounds of plums, and five pounds of blackberries to make one pound of each kind of dried fruit. During last year were prepared and sold at this estab-

lishment 12,000 pounds of dried pears, 8,000 pounds of dried apples, 3,000 pounds of dried plums, and a large quantity of grapes, blackberries, and other fruits. Sent East by rail were forty-four car-loads, each containing 17,500 pounds of fruit. Some of this was purchased from other fruit-growers.

According to a fruit-grower who dries his fruit in the sun, from four to seven pounds of plums will make one pound dry. The process of drying lasts from four to ten days, and the estimated cost amounts to three cents for each pound of dried fruit. It is sold in San Francisco for twenty-five cents a pound. The grapes dried by this process in different parts of the State were exhibited last year at the agricultural fairs, and were, in general estimation, superior to the imported raisins. The quantity of lumber required on which to dry the fruit is considered the greatest impediment to the success of this process. In some places the grapes are dried on the vine. This process is carried on in the interior valleys, where they have little dew or fog, and where the thermometer ranges from 80 to 115 degrees. Though no one of the persons engaged in fruit-drying has had much experience to guide him, yet the results are highly encouraging.

Santa Clara, and especially that portion of it around San José, owes much of its beauty and wealth to the facility with which the land can be irrigated. Surface water is scarce, the county having but few streams that are not dry for a long period every year. To make up for this deficiency, water from artesian wells is abundant. These wells, sometimes throwing a large stream of water several feet above the surface of the ground, are very numerous. The water is reached at a depth varying from 60 to 500 feet. Deep wells are quite expensive. For the first 100 feet the well is

sunk for 40 cents per foot: over 100 feet costs 65 cents; over 150 feet, 90 cents; over 200 feet, \$1.15; over 250 feet, \$1.40; over 300 feet, \$1.90; over 350 feet, \$2.10; over 400 feet, \$3.10; and over 450 feet costs \$4.10 per foot. Piping costs 90 cents per foot; so that a well 400 feet deep will cost about \$800.

In many parts of the State to-day the settler can find land open to pre-emption which requires nothing but irrigation to make it as fertile as Santa Clara County. In Tulare County, for instance, much of the soil has many characteristics in common with the soil near San José. The irrigation, too, can be supplied, but it requires the co-operation of a large number of persons. In Santa Clara each farmer could have his well sunk without asking the assistance or consulting the wishes of his neighbors. In the San Joaquin and Tulare valleys, the farmer, for purposes of irrigation, has to depend on streams and rivers, which can not be made available without a system of canals so expensive as to forbid a single individual, owning only a small farm, to undertake any works of this nature by himself. But by the co-operation of several men of this class the land can be irrigated at as small a cost per acre as in Santa Clara.

There are in Santa Clara numerous opportunities for new industries in connection with the canning and drying of fruit. The raw material for this business now often goes to waste, though

the market for preserved fruits is such that it can not easily be overstocked. The capital required is not large, the work is so light that much of it may be done by women and children, and the profits are not only large, but, what is of more consequence to a poor man, they are immediate.

The farm-laborer can not always command, as was the case last harvest, from \$2 to \$4 per day and board; but the statement can not be too often reiterated, that, even in so thickly settled a county as Santa Clara, one year's wages will enable him to become a farmer. Even there only a portion of the fertile land is cultivated, and the owners of large farms are always willing to allow industrious men to cultivate some of their land on shares, and often, in addition, they furnish them with seed, horses, and farm implements. Were it not for this, California would be a poor place for farmers possessing less than \$1,200 or \$1,500. With such a sum, one could himself pre-empt Government land, buy horses, tools, and seed, and then, of course, the whole crop would be his own. High as wages are in this State, it will take a farm-laborer, no matter how temperate and industrious, from five to seven years to save that sum from his wages alone. But with a team of horses and a plow, such as can be purchased for one year's savings, he can obtain land on such terms that it is highly probable he would save \$500 or \$600 yearly.

GENTLEMAN HANSE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

GENTLEMAN HANSE and Early sat in the cabin of the former discussing "ways and means." Hanse, who had voluntarily exiled himself from home and friends for some unexplained reason—a subject he never touched upon—was becoming discouraged; although, if industry in searching for "leads" and "indications" could have rewarded him, he would have been rich.

"We will sup on my boots to-night," he said, "and then I shall be off to work in earnest."

"I will give you full value for them," said Early. "If you like, I will go into the village for grub, and afterward we will talk over matters, since they have become desperate."

Hanse assented, and looked grimly on as the dog and Early wound their way down the hill.

"Even Carlo will desert me, I suppose," he said, bitterly; "but why expect more faith in him than I have found in human kind."

He took from an inside pocket of his vest a small inclosed case, and opening it, a fair and beautiful face looked out from its hiding-place.

"False—false!" he said, looking intently at it. "If I could only have gone home rich, to have scorned her, to have flaunted my wealth in her presence. . . . but a poor, seedy fellow! No: I will *not* go back yet; fortune must befriend me. Yet how hard to lose my trust, and hope, and faith in woman."

He was half-tempted to throw the likeness from him, yet refrained. Utterly wearied, yet thinking of Early's return, he stooped to splinter some light

pine-wood, to kindle a brisk fire for the supper they were to share together. The hatchet slipped aside, and heavily struck a small bowlder of quartz, which jutted up at the end of the room, where a space had been left between the floor and the wall. The blow broke off a portion of the rock, which Hanse listlessly picked up. A gleam of something bright caught his eye; he looked at the corresponding piece in the ground. Accident had revealed what curious search had failed to, for the fragments were seamed with rich, virgin gold. The exquisite filigree fretted the sides of the huge lump remaining in the earth, and fine threads and specks of gold flecked the whole mass. He took up the hatchet, and this time struck with a purpose and a will. Sparks of fire followed the contact of the iron and flint, and again a portion of the rock was detached. A crevice in this was literally filled with fern-like sprays of the rich metal, and along the seams the same slender thread of yellow could be traced, indicating the richness of the veined treasure. Transported with joy, Hanse could scarcely credit his senses, and again and again carefully examined the beautiful specimens which fate had thrown into his hands. His mind was confused with conflicting sensations. He scarcely knew how to act, or what measures to take for self-protection and secrecy; for the uppermost thought was to conceal from every one, except Early, all knowledge of the treasure; and, lest adverse chance should thwart him, he hastily staked out the number of feet allowed by the mining laws of the district,

and then "claimed," in his own name and that of Early, all that was possible.

He longed to tell the kind old man of his good fortune. To while away the hours before Early's return, he set briskly about making those bachelor arrangements for a meal, which are in no wise tempting for their elegance, but which have a homely sort of comfort in them, from the singing of the kettle to the setting-out of the common white delf ware from which it is partaken. He was busily engaged, when Carlo bounded in with a basket of provisions held in his teeth, set it down, and capered off to the wood-pile, to bring in a supply of wood. Early followed. He was somewhat dispirited; in the village he had heard whispers of Hanse which alarmed him for the safety of his friend. Nothing definite; but there was evidently trouble brewing. The fact of the robbery had, through the inability of good Mrs. Severns to hold her tongue, leaked out, and some agency seemed to have been at work pointing toward Gentleman Hanse as the perpetrator. Early had heard sufficient to convince him that a watch would be kept upon his friend, and it might be, also, that suspicion would be attached to himself.

"I do not know that I should have left the village," he said, not hinting at the dark suspicion which rested upon Hanse, "without revealing my knowledge of the character of Hooper, and of his boasted 'strike.'"

Hanse, all excitement from his own good fortune, listened with much impatience, and the moment Early ceased speaking, seeing that he was intent upon returning to the village, surprised him by saying, "Look here!" and, flinging off the covering he had thrown over the quartz, revealed to his astonished eyes the heretofore hidden treasure.

"And now," he continued, "I must record our claim as soon as possible. Instead of waiting for morning, I will

walk to-night to the cross-roads, and so catch the four o'clock A.M. stage to M——. You are all-sufficient in Hooper's case. The strange gentleman will be made happy by the restitution of his property; and if Hooper is—and no one else can be—the guilty party, you know the summary punishment this population will deal out to him."

The case was briefly argued over a hurried meal, resulting in their securely hiding the bowlder of quartz, by piling wood over it, and Hanse and the old man leaving the cabin, trusting Carlo with its care in their absence. Hanse took his way toward the cross-roads; and Early sought, as rapidly as possible, a justice of the peace, as the proper authority to receive the news he had to communicate. To that functionary and a lawyer who was invited to be present he told his story.

"It is known, also," he said, in conclusion, "that Hooper left the saloon not very long after the stranger, and circumstantial evidence points to him as the perpetrator of the robbery."

"Was not the individual known as Gentleman Hanse also at the saloon during the same evening?" questioned the justice. A frown from the lawyer silenced him. He had no idea of putting Early on the track of their suspicions, and, by thus forewarning, prepare him to assist in the escape of Hanse—for that he would do so, there was no doubt in the minds of both. But the hint was enough for Early to see the drift of their thoughts, and he was more than anxious for them to recover the lost wallet, and follow up the clue he felt sure he possessed of its having been taken from the traveler by Hooper, the night of the accident.

"How long have you known of this hiding-place, and what it contained?" questioned the lawyer.

"About forty-eight hours, and I delayed information of it only to obtain the

proof you seek, by tracking Hooper in his visits thither. Only once during that time has the place been without the watch of myself or a trusty friend, and that was at the hour when I knew Hooper was accustomed to be in the village."

Hanse had hurried rapidly over the trail until he reached the main road, and followed it to the cross-roads. Here was a small tavern, where any one might find accommodation for a night, to await the stage for M——. Punctually the lumbering vehicle drove up; horses were changed, drivers refreshed, passengers packed a little closer, mail and treasure taken on, and "All ready!" was followed by the crack of the whip, as the driver gathered up the reins for a dash down the hill. Hanse was the only additional passenger. With no disposition to sociability, he shivered in his corner, and resolved on a new overcoat as his first investment.

The rains were over for the winter, but the atmosphere was still charged with humidity, and a damp chill prevailed, which was extremely uncomfortable. No one seemed disposed for conversation, and even had Hanse known any of the passengers, his usual reticence would have prevented him from speaking. As the morning broke, however, a word now and then indicated a general waking-up.

"Makin' pooty good time; ain't we?" said Jones on the back seat to Brown on the front.

"Middlin'," was the response.

"Much doin' down your way?" ventured Jones again, after an interval of silence.

"So-so," snapped Brown.

"That robbery case 'll make a stir on the Divide," said the other, determined not to be silenced.

Brown was thoroughly awake by this time.

"Yes; there's several suspected, but everything points to that infernal bully,

Hooper. Hangin' is too good for him."

"Tell you what, neighbor, 'taint him—he's too big a coward. I b'lieve—an' a good many others have the same suspicion—it was that reserved fellow they call Gentleman Hanse."

"Pshaw! that man stoop to thievin'? Why, he's a—he's a—gentleman; that's what he is. I don't know him—never saw him; but you don't blindfold Old Early, an' he sets great store by him."

Shocked at the suspicion attached to himself, Hanse listened attentively, and gathered from the conversation that there was danger of his being arrested as a common thief! He bit his lips until the blood started, but by no sign betrayed himself.

The two men went into the most minute details of all they had heard, when the passengers stopped to breakfast at the "Divide House."

"They've found out the sick gent's from New York, come to look after a missin' brother. The funds he had, were to have been the first payment for the purchase of the 'Big Blue Gravel Claim,' on the other side o' the Divide. He was one o' the company who bought it, an' he was foolish enough to carry the money himself, instead o' trustin' to the express. He was struck down from his horse an' robbed, an' it's my opinion," reiterated Brown, "Hanse done it."

"Have you no recollection of anything connected with your robbery?" said the Doctor to his patient the day after Hanse left.

"Very little. A flash of remembrance returned to me when I first recovered from my illness, in which Severn's hospitality and my lost wallet were the only points."

He paused a moment, then continued: "Now let me question you. You say there is here a gentleman, almost a hermit, named Hanse. I am strangely in-

terested in him, and would like to know more of him. I strongly suspect him to be my brother."

The Doctor started. The suspicion concerning Hanse had become so general, that he had concurred in the opinion. With some confusion then, but briskly and imperatively, he said:

"Dismiss such an idea from your mind. The person in question is an adventurer, and is not likely to prove the brother whom you are seeking. The similarity of names is a mere coincidence. When I heard that 'A. H.' stood for Alfred Hanse, I did not give it a moment's thought. The individual you speak of disappeared suddenly last night, and it is supposed took the money with him, since no trace either of it or him has been found, notwithstanding a man named Early took the sheriff out to the spot where he declared he had seen it buried, pretending it was still there. Meanwhile his chum had absconded with it. Early is in custody, and the authorities are in search of Hanse.

Mr. Alfred—as Mrs. Severns now called her guest—abruptly said, "I must ascertain something definite regarding the money, as the company will become uneasy in my absence, and my return to New York will only be delayed until I find my brother, who is known to have left San Francisco for the interior."

Gradually the Doctor unfolded to his convalescent charge all the events connected with his long-continued fever.

"Three months! It can not be," said he, in reply. "My money gone, and no search made for me!"

"Several letters have come from M—; one from the Express Company, asking for information of the gentleman robbed on the Divide, as it was suspected he was connected with the 'Big Blue Gravel Company.' But what could we do—without letters, or papers, or anything else, for your identification

—except to wait your convalescence?"

"With all that money in my possession, it is singular that not more inquiry has been made. My absence was to be without limit, as I determined not to return until I found my brother. He is in California. Not very long before I left I received from him a letter dated from M—, and I still believe he is in this vicinity. What is there to the discredit of the Hanse you speak of?"

When the Doctor sifted facts, he could not find a single transaction in the career of Hanse, actually sustaining the unfavorable opinion of him generally entertained, and he was frank enough to say so. Hanse had never frequented the saloons, which was a point against him with the majority of miners who gambled away their gains in those disreputable places. He would never join in a friendly game with those who, like the Doctor, risked their coin on cards or dice, deluding themselves into the belief it was merely to give zest to the game, and thus growing more and more familiar with the terrible infatuation which ends in a blasted life, moral ruin, and eventually in penury. The insinuations against Hanse melted down, under the close ordeal of scrutiny, into one fact—he was too much of a gentleman.

"He'd ought to met and mingled more with folks," was Severns' comment; "but he's held so aloof, nobody has a good word for him, now that he needs friends."

For a day or two after, from those calling to congratulate him upon his recovery, Alfred Hanse extracted, in various ways, every information regarding the absent Hanse, and came to the conclusion that he was his brother, and that hearing of his recovery, he had abruptly left the place to avoid meeting him in the degradation of poverty.

Not thus reasoned the narrow-minded inhabitants of the Divide. "Told you

so—knew he wasn't so secret for nothin'," was the general remark; while a few ventured the darker suspicion that he had "made away" with Hooper, who was missed by his cronies. The customary time of his absence at San Francisco having elapsed, the inquiry, "What has become of Hanse?" was accompanied by another which hinted at a tragedy, "What has become of Hooper?"

Two days after the conversation with the Doctor, as Alfred Hanse was taking his breakfast, he glanced into a corner of the room, where since the accident his overcoat and umbrella had been placed. A sudden illumination took possession of him—the whole chain of events came before him, and with a quick motion of his hand, he said to Mrs. Severns:

"That is my umbrella—broken, too—and where is my dog? I remember all now!"

Poor Mrs. Severns had been so berated by her husband for "letting the cat out of the bag" regarding the recovery of their guest, that she bolted from the room precipitately, without saying a word, and charged with another secret, exploded in one sentence:

"He's found himself at last!"

Hooper hoarded his ill-gotten treasure; he was too great a coward to run open risks of discovery. Even after he had announced his strike on the Divide, he was penurious, seldom gambled, and kept to himself, frequenting Severns' hotel to learn all he possibly could of the man he had wronged. At the first intimation of Alfred Hanse's recovery, he had, as has been shown, decamped, and was now in Portland, Oregon; a coarse bully still, but, as H. Fairfax, better dressed and better mannered—supporting the character of an honest miner from California.

The glitter of his gold covered a mul-

titude of sins; his coarse manners were construed as free-and-easy; his rough speech was overlooked as harmless slang; his personal habits were eccentricities. He became ambitious; made a capital striker for politicians, and as the municipal election was approaching, he fell into the traces, and became a worker, with aspirations for office and spoils. Poor, he had been a drone; but having money, he worked; and as even working for a bad purpose is considered more honorable than idleness, he came to have a certain degree of importance in his party, as a tool merely—having a certain value from its being known he was willing to become an edged tool for a moneyed consideration.

Hanse had hastened to record his claim in M——, and then—what? He had cared nothing for the villagers or for their concerns, and he had believed himself to be equally unnoticed; while, from having lived heretofore in a large city, he was not conscious of the individual surveillance of small communities, gradually growing into ill-natured severity, the higher their objects were elevated above them. He resolved upon a hasty trip to the city, to dispose of the specimens he carried with him, and with the proceeds replenish his very scanty wardrobe. Then he would return immediately and demand an investigation at the hands of his accusers. A hardy and excellent pedestrian, he started at once. Filled with perplexing as well as distressing thoughts, he strode moodily on—making better time in his excitement than he was aware of, and reached the depot in time for the nine o'clock evening coach. The astute detective who had been detailed to watch it, expecting to "nab" a fellow with the air of an escaped convict, allowed quiet Gentleman Hanse to seat himself, without so much as a glance at him, and reported: "No such person as describ-

ed," after going his round of inspection.

Gentleman Hanse readily disposed of his splendid specimens, and hastily transacting his remaining business, was ready for the late boat to S—, thence the stage to M— again. Search for him here had been abandoned, and his new outfit added so much to his appearance as a gentleman, in connection with the quiet dignity of his demeanor, that he passed without suspicion on his arrival, and was on his way to the Divide again, as the shades of evening deepened.

Good Carlo, left to guard the cabin, was faithful to his trust, and snarled and showed his teeth, as four men came with a search-warrant, hoping to find some evidence to clasp the chain of circumstances whose links seemed to be closing around the absent Hanse. He was soon overpowered, though struggling furiously. Every place was searched, the wood-pile torn down, and the rich bowlder exposed, but the men overlooked the wealth hidden in the quartz, in their eager search for the coin and notes. Unloosing the dog, they hustled the wood into a careless pile, and left, with muttered maledictions.

"That would be a mighty convenient limb to dangle him from, Johnny," said one of the men who had been playing with Hooper the night Hanse was christened "Gentleman," looking up at a scraggy pine-bough jutting out from its trunk.

"'Taint polished enough," laughed another, "got to do it up in genteel style—none o' yer pitch-pine gummy trees for him. Lord! he's a gentleman! Now, there's an oak out by Old-man Grimes' that'll do better; kind o' shady and pleasant for a fellow to play them gymnastics on."

"You bet!" said the one called Johnny, "Sissy Grimes 'll raise the dander off your scalps, if you come about her

dad's ground, for sich doin's. Tell yer what, that gal's got grit."

"Kind o' spoony on her, aint you, Johnny?"

"Nary—she aint my style. But I'd like to see the boy that wouldn't right about, if Sissy flashed them great eyes o' hern on him."

"Hooper's been hangin' round her a good deal. Think she liked him?"

"It's a strange thing how women do hanker arter their opposites; but I tell you there aint no she-tiger fiercer in her nat'ral passions than Sissy Grimes is. If she's mad, it's thunder and lightning'; and if she's desperate, it's sheet-lightnin' with the 'lectricity that kills thrown in. An' you better b'lieve, if she's in love with Hooper, she'll leave no stone unturned to track the one that murdered him—if he *is* murdered—to death's door. But she wouldn't have him hung here without no show of a trial. That gal's just—she is."

With this commendation of Sissy Grimes as a basis, the men enumerated the qualities, personal and otherwise, of all the 'gals' in the village; and so returning, gathered into the saloon, and over their cards betted on the probability of finding Gentleman Hanse within a given number of hours; and also as to whether Hooper was living or dead.

"He wasn't much of a feller, neither," said Johnny; "always glowerin' an' quarrelin'."

"'Taint no use huntin' up his faults now," said his partner in "draw-poker," testily; while the bar-keeper, seeing a quarrel imminent, adroitly changed the subject by saying:

"Old-man Early's as mum as a church mouse—says Gentleman Hanse 'll soon be here to answer for hisself; but he's gettin' mighty uneasy in jail, nevertheless. A precious couple they are; if one hangs, guess t'other 'll have to keep him company."

Sissy Grimes suddenly burst into the

saloon. "Seen my dad in this infernal whisky-mill to-day?" she said.

The men rose—each volunteering an emphatic "No!"

"A pack of idle, good-for-nothin' old-women gossips you are," she said, scornfully. "If I'd been huntin', I'd a trapped my game before this. An' there aint one o' you that's been sich friends o' Bill Hooper but 'll set here and let him rot, before you'd move an inch to find him—nice detectives, aint you? I'm goin' to put dad an' Humbug Joe up to goin' out to-night, an' if they don't fetch either him or Gentleman Hanse, I'll stir up the women on this Divide to search, an' shame you all."

"Now, Sissy—look here—don't git mad," said Johnny; "don't you 'spose folks has to stop and breathe a bit? An' everything's bein' done that can be. There's that fellow up to Severns', an' the Doctor, an' all the big-bugs, offerin' rewards an' everything else. We'll fetch em' both yet, but it takes time."

"Time—pshaw! I want to see that Gentleman Hanse takin' eternity. But look here, don't you go to bring him to our oak; put him in jail, an' let him swing regular. Trial by jury, you know. Then you won't have no bad dreams an' hauntin's o' sperits. Swear it on this book, every one o' you!"

She held up an old Bible; where she got it, no one knew. By sheer force of will, she compelled the roughest of the rough crowd either to sign their names, or put their marks to a paper containing this brief line:

"I swear not to help hang Gentleman Hanse without a REGULAR jury trial."

Whether this was in legal form or not, mattered little, since it was binding on them, and satisfied her.

"Taint no use—that gal sticks to it Hooper aint dead, an' that Gentleman Hanse knows all about him. You see if they hang him, all her hope o' findin' out anything is gone, so she took

this method o' keepin' him alive," said Humbug Joe to Sissy's dad. "She's deep, she is; an', you bet, she'll promise to let him escape, an' contrive it, too, if he only assures her o' Hooper's safety. Good Lord! I shouldn't want any woman to be sot after me in sich a way."

Old-man Grimes was as a piece of soft putty in the hands of his daughter, and having implicit faith in her judgment, he followed her guidance as though he was the child, and she the parent.

"You an' Joe go quiet an' hunt for 'em both on your own hook," she said. "Start off to-night. I aint afeard to stay here. Tell you, Bill Hooper's round here somewhere—the sneakin' thief. Let 'em think I like him, if t'will help t'other one—I don't keer. I've kept him out o' their murderin' hands, anyhow."

"Me love Bill Hooper!" she said, after the men were gone. "Me! why, I hate him worse'n pisen; but t'other—more likely Hooper's murdered him. I'll keep his dog alive, anyway."

The instinct of sympathy for dumb animals would have actuated Sissy to feed Carlo, who would not be lured away from the cabin, even if no other sentiment existed. But romance comes in some form to the young once in a lifetime, and even she felt its influence. The loneliness of her life was reflected in that of the occupant of the cabin. He had occasionally accepted a pitcher of milk from the girl, and never passed her without a word of recognition. That was the extent of the acquaintance. Absorbed in the bitter past, "he gave no thought to man or woman."

The Doctor was now in full possession of all the events connected with the robbery. He had an interview with Early, now confined in the county jail in M—, and from his representations was fully impressed with the idea that Hooper was the guilty party. The record of the claim of Gentleman Hanse

had been seen by him and others; but the "stakes" excited only a smile, as for miles around, the country was full of them—standing only for defeated hopes, and empty prospects. Hanse had been traced so far on his return route, as to have been known to leave M—— for the Divide; here the clue failed. The suspense was painful and harrowing; relieved somewhat, however, by search for Hooper, who was supposed to have gone East. Active emissaries were at work, and the energies of the "Big Blue Gravel Company" were also directed to the discovery of the thief, and if possible to the reclamation of the funds.

Bill Hooper had once wantonly insulted Sissy Grimes; and with a nature such as hers, forgiveness of injuries is not a common virtue. He had been afraid of the girl ever since, and had remained in her vicinity, hoping to make permanent peace, and eventually marry her; for, as with all cowardly spirits, he had a brute sort of fondness for one morally stronger than himself. She had allowed him, by way of penance, to assist her old father occasionally in cutting wood, and other chores too heavy for the old man to manage. But she looked upon him with unabated aversion, and from hearing him speak sneeringly of Gentleman Hanse, had in womanly perversity taken the latter under her protection, in such a way, however, that he was quite unconscious of it, its expression being limited to a familiarity with Carlo, which the dog repaid with dumb gratitude.

To-night she was alone. With no particle of fear in her nature, she sat in the broad light of an unclouded moon, too full of anxious thought to feel any sense of drowsiness. Her father and Joe had been gone but a little while, and thinking of their errand her mind dwelt upon its probable results. She

pictured Gentleman Hanse ignominiously treated in the hands of a coarse mob, and shuddered, as she cast her eyes up to the great oak-tree, standing not far from where she sat.

"They've sworn on the Bible they won't do *that*; but if it comes to it—jury or not jury—it 'll kill me, too," she said.

A passionate flood of tears was interrupted by the appearance of Pumpkin Peel, on his way home, some two miles beyond. He was an intimate of Old-man Grimes, and often came to the shanty. A special purpose brought him to-night.

"Hullo! Sissy—all alone? Where's the old man?"

"Gone out to see if his traps are sot right," she answered. "Mebby you'll meet him on ahead."

"Well, then, here's a surprise for you," he continued, handing her a letter in a yellow envelope; "who's it from?"

"Some o' them spooneys, I s'pose. It 'll keep till mornin'." And she hastily slipped it into her pocket.

"Good-night, then; I'll be movin'."

Conjecturing that the letter was from Hooper, no sooner was Pumpkin Peel out of sight, than she hastily tore the envelope. She was not mistaken. Telling her of his brilliant prospects, Hooper made an offer of his hand, and ended by saying he was in San Francisco at the present writing, and if she would come down, they could be married at once, and go on to New York. "I hate to come up there," he wrote; "the fellows 'll think I'd ought to spend my money among them, an' I'm bound to save it all for you."

"You'll save it for them it belongs to, if I have anything to do with it, mister, you bet," said Sissy, an instant revulsion of her unwonted sentimental mood taking place.

"Why, Carlo! old fellow, what brought you here this time o' night?" as the

dog bounded up, and with strange urging seemed to be asking her to go back with him.

"Down, Carlo! let go my dress—how you do act."

But Carlo would not be quieted; running forward, he would wait her coming, and not seeing her, hurry back and tear at her dress with such strange impelling eagerness, that her quick intuition taught her there was more reason than instinct in his actions. Shutting the door, she prepared to follow him; his extravagant demonstrations of joy convincing her that she was correct in supposing him actuated by a motive. Over the trail—on, on—where? She stopped two or three times to rest, but Carlo placed himself in her way and barked so furiously, she began to think he would attack her. A sudden thought thrilled through her—"He's found Hanse, an' he's dead! murdered in these lonely woods." The idea impelled her to her utmost speed; panting as the dog panted, they hurried on—perfect unison now between the animal and the girl. Carlo knew she had caught his meaning, and the creature went before through the dense chaparral, till they reached an open piece of by-road, leading to a "gravel-claim" worked in the earlier days of mining, but now deserted. An open shaft arrested farther progress, and even had it not, she knew their errand ended here, and was prepared for the still, white face, looking up at her, ghastly and suffering.

"O! good heaven! what shall I do? It's *him*."

To run back for help was her first impulse; but no—he must be saved from this death, and *that*. He was not guilty; but they—the horrible men clamoring for his life—she held them only by the slightest thread. They had sworn "trial by jury," but would that save him from the rope? The leap of an idea is instantaneous. A rope now—a rope to

save him. The old mill was in sight; to rush with frantic haste thither, tear the leather bands from its wheels, and knot them together, was the work of some moments; then—to find them too short—and he dying!

Carlo, scratching and barking, was unearthing a quantity of old tackle, held together by ropes.

"You've the soul of a man, good fellow," said Sissy; "you must do a man's work to-night."

She took the dog to the brink of the shaft, bound round him securely a leather band; tried rope after rope, tying the whole together; then attached it to the band round his body. Seeming to divine her purpose, he submitted quietly to her arrangements.

"Now, good Carlo, save him—fetch him up—so there!"

"Fastening one end of the rope to a tree for support, she gently lowered the dog into the pit. Strong as a young heifer, and nerved by hope and excitement, she never swerved; but a dreadful fear came over her that she could not raise the two, as she felt the dog tugging at, and trying to lift his master. He licked the white face and hands, and finally succeeded in getting a firm grasp on his waistband. Sissy, looking down from the brink watching for this, now pulled strongly, desperately. It was life or death for Hanse; and, "You bet, he shan't die," was the uttered resolve of the girl.

"Up, up—hold on, Carlo, poor fellow! good dog! you're a trump!" Encouraging Carlo, and pulling with the energy of desperation, with a glad cry of success she brought the two to the top, and landed them safely.

Was he dead? No; a faint moan escaped him. She was equal to the emergency. "I'll just wash his face, an' then me an' Carlo 'll tote him right home. Gosh! don't I wish dad an' Joe 'd come this way!"

Urgent measures were needed, for Hanse was in an almost insensible condition. He opened his eyes once, but they were expressionless; he only moaned. "It's well he 'aint no bigger," said Sissy, unloosing Carlo, and taking Hanse up in her arms.

It was a sore tug through the thick underbrush, and she was obliged to strike into the open road, making her way longer; but she was strong and fearless. The effulgent moonlight threw soft shadows of trembling leaves upon the ground, and some sense of what blessings life held, made holy by love, touched her heart. A few tears trickled down her sun-browned face.

"I haint had no chance," she said, aloud, "to be made nothin' of; but ef ever I do git one—"

She was interrupted by the sudden appearance of two men, climbing a fence to get into the road.

"I swan! there's dad an' Joe. Now, fetch him on, quick as light," said she, transferring Hanse to Joe, and, without another word, dashed off, reached the cabin, and made ready for him; while Joe and the old man, only stopping to force a little whisky between the lips of poor Hanse, rapidly brought him on.

Sissy's oat-meal gruel was in readiness. "He's starved—that's what he's been these three days at least. Now, dad, you just feed that blessed old Carlo, and leave *him* to me. I'll fetch him round."

Hanse, regaining his senses, ate ravenously, and was able to tell them that, returning from M—, hoping to shorten the way by crossing the fields, he had fallen into the shaft. He had made every effort to extricate himself, called for help in vain, and at last given himself up to die.

"Which you aint a goin' to do, not ef I know it," said Sissy. "Humbug Joe, there's more work for you to-night," continued she, whispering. "Take this

letter, go right to town, an' put the sheriff an' his men on the track o' Bill Hooper. He's made all this trouble."

What an excitement on the Divide—what reports in M—. "They've found H. Fairfax, *alias* Bill Hooper. He'd not only attempted the murder of Alfred Hanse and robbed him, but he had pushed Gentleman Hanse down a shaft, and almost killed him. They'd found a belt, and a broken umbrella handle, near the place where Old Early had seen the money buried; and, more than all—and more wonderful than all—they two gents were brothers, and Carlo was the means of their finding each other. Alfred Hanse saw him in M—, following Humbug Joe, and Carlo rushed up and almost knocked him down in the joy of finding his master. Then Joe told him about Gentleman Hanse being got out of the shaft and up now at Old-man Grimes' place, and he'd gone right out there, and both them grown men had cried like boys. Hooper hadn't made a strike at all, but Gentleman Hanse had, and the richest quartz ever found on the Divide." These and a thousand other fragmentary items of truth, mingled with a good deal of falsehood, kept the neighborhood in a ferment; the excitement at last all centering on the expected arrival of Bill Hooper, in charge of the deputy sheriff, by the next day's stage.

Public sentiment—such public sentiment as is the result of intensified feeling, untempered expression, and multitudinous report—had undergone a revulsion. The fact of Gentleman Hanse being an own brother to one of the wealthy members of the "Big Blue Gravel Company," had gone far toward annihilating the grave charges against him, and when Sissy Grimes announced, "He wouldn't ha' fallen into the shaft ef it hadn't been for his haste to return to disprove the charges agin him," the enthusiasm created in his favor was min-

gled with ominous threats against Hooper, who, it was reported, had confessed the robbery. Early was also exonerated. Hooper was now hourly expected, and a small band of determined men were assembled in the back room of the saloon in which we first met Gentleman Hanse, intent upon short shrift and a hangman's rope for the thief.

The gathering crowd, augmenting in numbers, waited patiently. There was something awful in the stillness of the calm clear day, as at length the heavy stage was seen winding down the circuitous road leading toward the Divide. The trembling wretch inside, handcuffed and white with terror, knew he had little mercy to expect at the hands of the crowd, who, in former days, had been his companions in many a boisterous revel, and piteously begged the deputy having him in charge to leave the stage and take him round by the back cañon, on foot, over the Divide to M——.

It seemed wise to do so; for see! a movement in the throng; they were coming to take him by force, and what could one man do against them? A dip in the road hid the stage for a moment; out and away, round by the cabin of Oldman Grimes, and so on to M——. But the mob were after them. Sissy, sitting at the door, saw them coming; Hanse, inside, heard them. One moment, and the girl acted.

"Save him!" shrieked the deputy, as with a desperate leap he pushed Hooper inside the cabin. Sissy, snatching a loaded rifle, kept the crowd at bay beyond the threshold—a steady, determined defiance in her grand eyes.

"Stop! The first man who crosses that stone I'll shoot! Trial by jury! You swore it for Hanse; now give *him* a chance."

Hanse, a trifle paler than his wont, spoke from the window: "Gentlemen!" There was something in the word bringing back to them the unworthy suspicions, the cruel accusations they had made against him, and some sense of shame and perhaps penitence prepared them for the few brief, earnest words he uttered; words which, alas! too seldom fell upon their ears. He appealed to their sense of justice, to their manhood, to their memories of home, and mother-love; and when he closed, he said, tenderly and softly, "The last record of the blessed Saviour's forgiveness on earth, was *pardon to a thief!*"

Hooper, pardoned and penitent, acknowledged taking the belt and money from the elder Hanse on the night of his fall, and, thanks to his penurious disposition, was able to make restitution of most of it. He is now herding sheep in Lower California, a wiser and a better man. The "Hanse Claim," superintended by Early, still yields its rich ore, increasing yearly in value. The owner remains in California, and was last year joined by his brother Alfred, whose permanent residence is at Oakland. The romance of Sissy Grimes was but a brief poem in the hard prose of her life—an episode only. She inadvertently caught a glimpse of the fair, beautiful face, so false and cold, as it dropped from the vest of its owner; the dream thenceforth gave place to the stern reality of a marriage with Humbug Joe. Four little Humbugs now surround her; the Hanse brothers giving them a chance "to be made something of," by a liberal allowance for their education. The one to whom noble old Carlo belongs is a bachelor, who still retains the fine characteristics of a true gentleman.

KNOW THYSELF.

I did not know what kind of bird I was ;
 And when, erewhile, into the glaring world
 I was put forth to find for me a mate,
 I had not learned how many birds there are,
 What various kinds, how different each from each,
 Nor if I, differing much, were like to aught.
 I did not know that I was placed without
 To win some careless warbler of the skies—
 Some bird, that, wanting what it did not know,
 Would come into my little cage with me,
 When the sly world, that watches little birds,
 Would run and shut the wicket up, and say,
 “ Ah, here is caught another pair at last ! ”

Indeed, I did not know what bird I was—
 I ne'er had seen a mirror, in whose light
 I could perceive the vision of myself ;
 I was not wise enough, and had not learned
 To turn my eye within and learn myself.

What brought them to me—me, a dull, dull bird,
 That never sang, but only could look wise ?
 Why, one by one, and more, and day by day,
 Did they come to my cage and slyly look,
 And twitter, sing a note, then fly away ?
 I was so dull I could not sing a note ;
 I could not read their playful, knowing looks,
 Nor know what trembling music longed to gush,
 And tell the love their twittering could but hint ;
 I did not answer, for I was so dull.

One day another came and rested near,
 And twittered, warbled out, and hopped within.
 Somehow the world found out that I was pleased,
 And came with bands, and closed the wicket up.

The bird, my mate, was very bright and fair,
 Sweet-toned, and chirping ceaseless all the day,
 With plumage beautiful. And then I thought
 That very fair and beauteous I must be ;
 I must be like my mate, or he had ne'er
 Come to consort and take his lot with me.
 And daily sang he sweetest songs to me,
 And every day I watched his beauty rare,
 And all the time I thought myself like him.

But some one looked askance at us one day,
 And spoke aloud of foul and fair together,
 And one said, may be wise was good enough,
 But beautiful and good won all the world.
 And men looked lovingly upon my mate,
 And scarcely turned their eyes to look on me.

I was so dull I did not understand,
 And so I said, with widely wondering eyes,
 "Am I not fair and passing sweet as thou?"

Didst ever see a bird with twinkling eye,
 Bend sideways down its head, and laugh aloud,
 Till the whole space was filled with laughing trills,
 And all the air was tremulous with sound?
 So did my mate, full of a bird's sweet glee;
 So did my mate, and was so winning arch,
 And I so dull, I knew not why he laughed.
 And then he ceased, and then he softly chirped,
 "My love, did you not know you were an owl?"
 "What is an owl?" I said. He bent his head
 And said, as if he feared to touch my heart,
 "A bird that is not pretty, but looks wise,
 And all the world believes that it is wise."

My sweet-toned mate still daily sings to me,
 And daily makes me glad, he is so fair;
 I can not sing, but I am glad, indeed,
 That, if I can not sing, I can be wise:
 And every day I turn this o'er and o'er,
 And do not know if it be true or not—
 That it may be that wise is good enough,
 But beautiful and good wins all the world.

RATES OF RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

NO industrial question presented to the people of the United States within the past ten years has approached in importance the problem of railroad transportation and the varying rates exacted for it. It threatens at present to break up old political parties and become the seminal idea in the formation of new ones. It has recently been the cause of a provoking contest in Illinois, which all lovers of an untrammelled judiciary have looked upon with sincere regret. A great body of the citizens of that State deliberately went into a contest with the avowed object of electing a judge, not to expound the laws as he found them, but to expound them in accordance with the interests and wishes of the class which elected him. The men who thus compassed the election of a judge were neither politicians nor railroad managers. Had they been, no surprise would be expressed, since such action has been charged upon the latter

classes a thousand times. But they belonged to the class on which society, no less numerically than morally, rests—we mean the farmers.

We may be assured it was no small matter which thus stirred up a class, proverbially slow, to act for themselves unitedly in politics; nor was it any small provocation which led them to conclude that, even in such a serious matter as that relating to the ermine, the end justified the means, and led them to commit a judge in advance to their cause, and, when they had him thus committed, to be no way scrupulous about the means used to secure his election.

What, then, impelled these farmers of Illinois thus to resort to the unscrupulous practices of the politician? What was the motive which induced such unusual unity and determined action? The answer is, poor net prices for the products of their land, and the almost universal belief that unjustly high freight tariffs on railroads were the main cause of the poor prices they received.

It now seems certain, however, that the farmers were striking out blindly. While the railroads may, and do in many cases, oppress them, they are only one of three burdens (and the smallest of the three) which are now afflicting the farmers of the western Atlantic States. The other two burdens are, first, the distance of the farms from the Atlantic Coast, to which all the surplus grain must go for shipment to the hungry millions of Great Britain; and second, the tariff. Relative to distance, these facts are to be noted: The average distance to the Atlantic sea-board from the prairie States of the west is 1,200 miles, and the cost of 1,200 miles of rail transportation must ever consume the most of the farmers' profits, let the railroad freight charges be put at ever so reasonable rates, consistent with any profit at all. The price of the grain is fixed in Europe; the cost of carrying it there must be paid by the

consumer; and, while the great surplus continues to pay for 1,200 miles of rail and 3,200 miles of ocean transportation, with storage, commission, and insurance charges added, the farmer of the western prairie States has a future before him in which continued poverty and a poor reward for his labor are as certain as the sun's daily rising, unless railroads are to carry his grain for nothing, or next to nothing. A home market (which can only come with increase of manufactures and population) will be the great source of relief to the grain-growers of the western prairie States. Manufactories bring population and a home market, which is to-day *the* great want of the Great West, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific Ocean.

The second reason why the farmers of these States are so poor is, that an oppressive tariff—framed for the benefit of the manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania—compels the farmer to pay nearly twice as much for every article he uses, from a paper of tacks to a steam-thrasher, as it would otherwise be requisite for him to do. He is, in short, oppressed on all sides. He can not strike at fate, which has placed the present market for his surplus grain on the other side of the Atlantic; he *is* striking at high tariffs through his newspapers, though not half so furiously as he has struck at railroads, for the reason that the oppressions of the tariff are not so readily perceived, because not so plainly felt, and because they are more divided than the charges on the railroads. The farmer sees the latter, and upon them he has concentrated all the fury which has been evoked by his grievances. Yet his concentration and his fury have both been in vain. *He can not regulate railroad charges.* No state or nation in the old or new world has ever succeeded in doing that, save and except the little kingdom of Belgium. It has only partially succeeded, too; and

even this partial success would not have been achieved, but that the government owns many of the railroads of the country, and is forward in building and managing others where the cry of oppressive rates and the need of a competing road arises. This, let it be remembered, is the assertion of no less a person than Charles Francis Adams, one of the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts, and probably the most intelligent and experienced writer on this subject in America. His assertions in this connection are only the result of inquiries made, in his official capacity, in three-fourths of the States of the Union and the majority of the chief nations of Europe.

Nor will this appear surprising, when it is remembered that the regulation of charges for railroad transportation involves intricacies compared with which the gordian knot is susceptible of immediate and easy unravelment. The points to be considered are distances, grades, cost of the road, of labor, amount of business to be performed, the nature of the country—that is, whether rich or poor; the distance over which the goods are to be transported; the season of the year; the harvest for each year, whether poor or bountiful; the kind of goods to be transported; and, in connection with that subject, the aid that may be given to struggling manufacturing, landed, and mining interests, by the carriage of freights at rates that barely cover the expense of transporting them. In order to build up the material interests of the country through which they run, and to increase its population, railroads are compelled to make rates for one class of goods and business that they can not make for all, and thus to display a liberality for which they are, in one sense, entitled to no credit, since their object is to increase old and create new business for themselves.

Charges on through freight on a rail-

road are often proportionately not more than one-third the rates charged on way traffic. Goods going one way, too, are frequently not charged more than half the price exacted on goods going in the other direction. The reason for this difference is, that through freight has frequently to be taken at the very lowest paying margin, or not taken at all; and, if the latter is refused, the rates on way freight, instead of being lowered, would actually have to be raised. Through freight is the most profitable; it requires the least amount of handling; it is like a wholesale order, and it uses every mile of the company's road. The reason why goods going one way are charged so much more than those going the other is, that, on many roads, the great bulk of the traffic is one way; and, rather than bring the cars back empty, freight is taken for the return trip at almost any price. This appears to be a hardship to one class of shippers; but, in reality, it is the very opposite, since, if there was no return freight at all, the outgoing goods would have to pay, not only the expense of their own carriage, but also that of returning the train empty. The return freight defrays at least this latter expense, and is to that extent a benefit to shippers the other way.

These are but surface enumerations and illustrations of the intricate questions which have to be disposed of in the matter of fixing fares and freights. Railroad transportation is one of the most important and difficult mercantile studies of the age. Men who have devoted a lifetime of practical devotion to it are to-day as unprepared to render decisions on the complications which arise in it as they were years ago. This is why experience has shown that governments can not successfully deal with the subject by any kind of rigid special legislation which human wisdom has yet devised. Commissioners might be appointed, it is true, with power to fix the

rates of transportation; but, instead of two or three such officers being sufficient for a State, one would be requisite for every important station on each railroad.

The State of Illinois has more miles of railroad in operation than any other State in the Union. The area of the State is only 55,410 square miles, yet it has now 4,823 miles of railroad running within its borders. The greatest outcry against railroad charges and discriminations have come from Illinois, and the people of that State have led off in the war against railroad companies. A law was recently passed regulating railroad charges in Illinois. It only went into effect on the 1st of July, and yet, short as is the period which has since elapsed, it is already known that the new law will not work. Many of its provisions, which were supposed to be the most

equable, will, it is found, act as positive prohibitions to many kinds of traffic, and will positively injure the people of the State far more than the most excessive charges of the roads. The law permits charges on the Illinois roads, too, which we of California would imagine were unreasonably high, since, as a rule, they exceed—in many cases, very largely—the rates charged on the Central Pacific Railroad, which we have been generally led to believe were not only high but extortionate. To illustrate the charges permitted under the new law regulating railroad fares in Illinois, we append a table of the rates on first, second, and third class freights on the Illinois Central road, with a like scale of charges on the Central Pacific line, the distance from San Francisco in the one case and from Chicago in the other being equal.

CENTRAL PACIFIC R. R. OF CALIFORNIA.						ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.			
No. Miles.	Between San Francisco and	First Class,	Sec'd Class,	Third Class,	No. Miles.	First Class,	Sec'd Class,	Third Class,	
		per 100 lbs.	per 100 lbs.	per 100 lbs.		per 100 lbs.	per 100 lbs.	per 100 lbs.	per 100 lbs.
7	Oakland.....	6	5	5	Same distances from Chicago.	17.00	14.00	12.00	
16	San Leandro.....	12	7	7		23.00	21.00	18.00	
30	Niles.....	12	8	8		35.00	28.00	25.00	
48	San José.....	15	13	11		43.00	36.00	29.00	
48	Livermore.....	15	13	11		43.00	36.00	29.00	
82	Lathrop.....	16	14	12		48.30	38.60	31.60	
92	Stockton.....	16	14	12		48.90	39.20	32.20	
104	Lodi.....	17	15	13		51.50	41.50	34.10	
113	Galt.....	18	16	14		53.50	43.50	35.30	
140	Sacramento.....	18	16	14		57.20	47.40	37.50	
155	Junction.....	26	24	22		59.50	49.50	39.50	
180	Wheatland.....	30	28	26		61.00	51.00	41.00	
192	Marysville.....	30	28	26		62.00	52.00	42.00	
236	Chico.....	45	38	36		66.00	56.00	46.00	
275	Red Bluff.....	70	54	50		70.00	60.00	50.00	
162	Rocklin.....	30	28	26		60.00	50.00	40.00	
165	Pino.....	31	29	27		60.00	50.00	40.00	
168	Penryn.....	33	30	28		60.50	50.50	40.50	
171	Newcastle.....	35	32	29		61.00	51.00	41.00	
176	Auburn.....	39	36	31		61.00	51.00	41.00	
183	Clipper Gap.....	44	41	34	62.00	52.00	42.00		
189	New England Mills.....	48	45	37	62.50	52.50	42.50		
194	Colfax.....	53	50	40	63.00	53.00	43.00		

While the foregoing table incidentally proves that railroad freight charges, at least, are reasonable in California, it also abundantly proves that the new Illinois law is a failure, since it ignores all

the established rules which have heretofore governed transportation, by not permitting a company to exercise any discretion in the matter of charges. It seems strange, too, that the new law

should permit a charge of 59½ cents for the transportation of 100 pounds of first-class freight 158 miles from Chicago, while it costs but 26 cents to send it that distance from San Francisco.

What, then, is to be done if the matter can not be regulated by law? The answer is, either the people or the Government must build railroads themselves. The well-founded belief is that the Government, at least in the United States, can not, either safely, or profitably for the interests of the people, interfere in the matter; consequently, the question comes home to the people themselves for solution. If each farmer living within ten miles of a given line between the Missouri River and New York were to contribute the sum of \$50 as a subscription toward the building of a great trunk line, the sum of \$24,500,000 could be raised, which, with the much larger subscriptions from the cities *en route*, would abundantly suffice to build a double-track line between the points named. The distance is 1,400 miles; the number of square miles (including ten miles back from each side of the line) would be 28,000. Illinois has a population of forty-six persons to the square mile; Iowa has a population of twenty-two to the same area. In the above estimate thirty-five persons to the square mile is taken as the average; though, as the railroad would naturally run through the richest and most populous districts and towns, the population would be really much greater than that. Such a road would act as a regulator of fares and freights on all the main lines between the Missouri River and New York; and thus, without Government aid or interference, the whole matter might be satisfactorily settled.

If this question of railroad transportation can not be regulated in some such way as this, it can not be regulated at all; for rates of fare and freight, like rates of interest (which law-makers once thought they could adjust equitably, and with which they were formerly always tinkering), is beyond the reach of legislation. Competition and self-interest on the part of the railroad companies can alone deal with this question. If it had been asserted fifty years ago that legislation would prove unavailing to check usurious rates of interest, very few would have believed it; but the civilized world fully recognizes the fact today. And so it soon will be of railroads. Desirable as it is that they should be brought under legislative control, and wide-spread as is the belief in the United States that they can be, all past experience shows, that, unless the Government owns them, it can not, beneficially for the people, control them by laying down rigid rules relative to the charges which they shall be permitted to exact for transportation.

No efforts have been made to regulate rates of fare and freight on the inland navigable waters of the United States, nor on goods carried by stages, freight-wagons, or express companies. They should be subjected to legislative regulations equally with railroads. Why are they not so regulated, then? Simply because experience proves the fallacy of such attempts at rigid control.

In the foregoing remarks upon this most important public question, the object has been neither to pander to prejudice, nor to accept oft-repeated assertions for facts, but to treat the subject in the light of experience.

ULTRAWA.—No. X.

WHAMPLE'S FISHING TRIP.

MR. WILLIAM WHAMPLE reaches Morford in the evening of the very day which witnesses the departure of the Conrads. As he puts it, he has come to "try his fair luck for a day or two." He chances to come just "a day after the fair." Of this minor circumstance, however, he is not aware; otherwise, his lips would not stretch themselves to such an India-rubber smile—a very caoutchouc of a smile—which now displays the leathery gums upon the teeth, that draw themselves into a death-like grimace. Instead thereof would be exhibited that peculiar facial figure, known as a "laugh upon the other side of the mouth."

In sooth, Whample's fair prize has passed him by unfairly, and even unconsciously, upon the train going East, while his train, bound West, has been standing motionless upon the switch, at just 3.10 by the conductor's watch—that being the very instant when W. W., Esq., is meditating furtive plans of conquest, with his eyes fastened on his boots, and his hand in his hair.

Thus, not unfrequently, do we all—plunging headlong upon our enterprises—take the double-track, upon which our expectations have just room to go by us; so that the more speed we make in their direction, the faster they take themselves away in ours—approaching us, to pass us by. Not always is he who steams ahead complacently, coming the nearer to his prize. As often is it nearing him who waits with patience at the terminus, where it must arrive, in time. Here is Whample, reproaching in his soul, if soul he have, the laggard wheels, which really are all too swiftly carrying him to disappointment.

Descending from the train, enameled valise in hand—a valise resembling himself, not only in virtue of its glossy varnish on the surface, but alike in its furtive style of packing, which bulges here and there with trivial but mysterious parcels, between which much hollowness of space prevails—Mr. Whample ensconces his neat frame in the stage, and is driven rapidly over the score of intervening miles, to Morford. Upon the road he is gleaming and oleaginous, to that degree that his presence seems to oil the very wheels. He is conversational, as well; nor do his fellow-passengers escape, altogether, his kindly recognitions and pleasant reminiscences of having met either themselves, or some of their kindred, or at least persons of similar names, on previous occasions—"and very much your build, too, come to look at you closely; only not quite so erect, and youthful looking." It becomes a highly gratifying circumstance, to the lame hostler at the "Half Way House"—as he steps forward to moisten the mouths of the team with a slimy and tantalizing sponge, with which, also, he douses the water into their nostrils by such a strangling thrust as to teach them thenceforward to control their propensity for drink—when he discovers, in the stage, a dressy gentleman ("Looks like one o' them big-bugs, keeps banks and things down to York"), who hails him familiarly as "Sam;" but overhearing a loungee say "Tom," corrects himself, and says, "Tom, now! here, old Tom! I say, Tom, what's become of that brown mare that used to drive on the lead, you know?"—and when he, Tom, looking puzzled, rejoins, "I disremember any brown, sir—p'raps you

mean the sorrel, with the white fore-foot, sir," remarks: "Well, he was what some folks call a sorrel, a kind of brownish red. Let's see, it was the off-foot that was white? No, no"—watching Tom's face—"what was I thinking of? It was the nigh foot, of course." To this, Tom readily assents—delighted with the accuracy of the remembrance—and adds the interesting fact, "We sole her, sir, four year agin last June." "Let's see," ventures his questioner, "she got wind-galled, didn't she, Tom?" "That's jest wot she did," says Tom, with increasing respect; "she got badly wind-gall-ded!"—a coincidence the more remarkable, from the fact that no horse, of any color, worked in the traces of that stage-line, that did not get "wind-gall-ded," and badly so, at that.

The stage bounces, once more, on its springs—which might be better called its swings, so wildly do they hustle it from side to side—and rattles up to meet the shock of a sudden halt at the Morford tavern, known as "The Eagle Hotel." Having, however, no prey proper for the Eagle, it takes a second thought, lurching, with a roll like a sea-sick boat—or like some tipsy customer, who prefers to moderate his drinking habits, by distributing them impartially between two rival bars, thereby, so to speak, neutralizing the extremes at either, and check-mating himself, by surging sidewise between the two—makes its next pitching obeisance toward the rival hostelry.

The two taverns of a village are usually set down directly opposite one another, as in dire conflict, or else that they may hob-nob together, with a wink and a blink upon their common customers. But here, as elsewhere, the dingiest building has the most pretentious name, being known as "The Empire House, and International Resort." At this, of course, Squire Whample, who delights in all sonorous things, is set down, and books himself with dignified

affability; while the stage dashes round to its stable to the rear, the driver cracking his long lash, with a majestic transport, as who should say, "It would be a grave breach of discipline, to let a brute do anything of his own accord. I drive you to your very fodder, and I should like to see you eat your oats to the crack of the whip—a crack to every oat."

Upon the piazza of the "Empire and International," William Whample meets at length an ample recognition, and reminiscences less circumlocutory than his taste would have selected. For there stands Cham—the imperturbable, big, blunt, "Birdie" Cham.

The group upon the tavern porch are, at first, indisposed to look up at Whample's approach. They consider it unbecoming to show any interest in the arrival of the daily mail, and honor enough to bestow on any stranger, to squirt tobacco-juice the faster when he comes. Whample has no immediate opportunity to awaken their recollections. But Cham awakens Whample's to a point of some unpleasantness. He takes the initiative, in a style at once startling and depressing:

"Hullo! Whample! wot are you a-doin' out here? I say! Whample! have you seen that Johnson lately? Wot about Johnson—eh?" No answer. "Hay? Ha-a-ay? Whample! Is anything the matter? Wot air you up to now, Whample? Say!"

Cham bellows out his words so loudly that even the stolid Morfordites lift up their heads, and one chunky, rotund individual actually removes the quid from his mouth, and remarks, sardonically, "Thatther bigcheeky one hesthupper holtiswow!"—a sentence which, with much painstaking, we have succeeded in translating, as follows: "That there big, cheeky one, has the upper holt, I swow!"

Squire Whample glares for an instant upon Mr. Cham's rude familiarity, as

meditating to resent it. Thinking better of that, however, he goes to the other extreme, of conciliation, taking pains to appeal to no reminiscences whatever.

"Cham, old fellow," says Whample, mellifluously, "you are the very man I want. Can I see you a few moments?"

"Well, Whample," answers his tormentor, "for the matter o' that, that there depends upon yer own eye-sight—eh? I'm big enough, and I'm ugly enough."

"But Cham, look here!" says Mr. Whample, affecting to smile at his bluff humor.

"O," replies Cham, "it's me you want to look at you, is it? Well, I see that coat you've got on, an' its a nice one—wot did you give for it? Did you git it off o' one o' yer clients, Whample?"

Chaffing of this kind, however, soon comes to an end. For these two men have their designs upon each other. Cham watches Whample to see what he is after, but it would be as easy for Cham to talk with his mouth shut, as to talk specious falsehood. A sudden impulse has taken him, to hear what Whample has to say for himself, and suffer him to talk himself out. Whample, on the other hand, to whom tact means trickery, and every man has his price, is beginning to wonder whether he can not make this rollicking and headlong Hercules a serviceable tool. He is very much disposed to take the big man into his confidence, and let him know the Bardolph claim upon Calla's inheritance, which he (Whample) now holds; the fatal facility with which he can procure a writ of ejectment, and the signal service he proposes by marrying the heiress. But, somehow, he gets no eligible opportunity. All at once he inquires: "Mr. Cham, can you apprise me where Mr. Conrad has his quarters?" On approaching this theme, Whample dresses his speech as one approaching a choice residence dusts or trims his garments. There is a dandyism of phraseology,

as there is a clownish, clodpole speech. "Where does he keep his quarters, Mr. Cham?"

"Expect," says Cham, "he's got 'em in his purse. Do you want to pick his pocket?"

"Mr. Cham," rejoins Whample, "I don't mean his money. Where does he take up his personal quarters?"

"Last I seed," roars Cham, "they was onto his body—sot snug enough. Wot do you want with them? He hain't ben quartered yet, unless there's ben another railroad smash-up. Wot do you want him drawn and quartered for, Whample—say?"

"Mr. Cham," rejoins Whample, in disgust, "you know very well what I mean. Will you have the kindness to tell me whereabouts the Conrad family are now located, and to be found?"

"Onto the old DeLissey Place," snorts Cham, with a voice, that, if it does not make the "welkin ring"—as voices are sometimes said to treat that mysterious realm—does at least cause every passer-by to halt amazed, and Whample to fall back aghast and give it up. "Wot do you let 'em keep that place for, Whample? You're a hull sight too hospital—you air. Why don't you clear 'em out—a-staying onto yer lawful property, an' the young lady all the time hevin' another lovyer there, a-cuttin' on you out? Why don't you take the law on her, Whample? Wot have you done with Jarker?—where's Teun Larkin—say? Did them fellers find them papers underground? I'd take the law, I would—I say, I would, I tell you!" yells Mr. Cham.

Whample turns livid at this public promulgation of his conspiracy; the statement is horribly consecutive. Nevertheless, he feels that perhaps Mr. Cham, hitting by chance upon such facts, may only half-way mean, half-way suspect them, while others may know nothing. He tries, therefore, to turn

the matter off with a sickly smile, and takes his departure, muttering something about its being "of no consequence—he had meant to do the family a service;" but he is "here to go a-fishing, and his time is short."

"Jes' so," roars Cham, his face wreathed in mildest smiles. "Jes' so; and look out that you don't pitch head-foremost into no crik. Them suckers is mighty fond o' worms, an' them eels might say you'd orter stay at home with them—eh, Whample?"

But William Whample has retired, in apparent disdain and real dismay. There is clearly nothing left him now but to expedite his plot, and make such terms with Calla, or her father, as they can be brought to entertain, before these dark suspicions reach their ears. Pacing down the road that leads from Morford village to Morford woods, he discovers old black Ben, trudging on ahead of him; and now makes very sure that Cham has been trifling with him, on purpose to conceal the whereabouts of the Conrads, for he knows they brought their old colored man to Morford. He thinks he recognizes Franz when he sees Ben, and concludes that the Conrads must be still in town. His mistake is not surprising; for, as one may easily see, there is really such a marked resemblance between Franz and Ben, that they might be father and son, or older and younger brother. The likeness is very striking, barring Ben's hitching gait and musical accomplishments. Whample hails such an opportunity.

"Well, uncle," he exclaims to the Negro, "you and I have met before. We are old friends, you know."

Now it is particularly hard, that, after creating so many fictitious reminiscences so ingeniously, Mr. Whample's actual and honest recollection should be here at fault. But such is life. When a person utters incessantly what he does not mean, he is sure to blunder when he

means what he says. Whample entertains no doubt that he is addressing Franz, the household servant of the Conrads.

"Say, uncle," he resumes, to the bewildered Ben, "where's your master's house, and where is your young mistress now?" With these words, he slips into Ben's willing fingers a fifty-cent stamp, which has the effect to render it impossible for Ben to differ from him. Ben pulls his wool very hard, and is at a loss to decide whether the gentleman refers to the recent visitors at Ultrawa, or to Senior Ambrose and Miss Viva. Ben does not know that Calla and her father have taken their departure, nor even that Bendleton and Miss Perley have left Ultrawa. So he answers in a non-committal way:

"Boss, dey done gone to dem woods, ebery day, dey does; an' de missy, she done go mosely 'lone, clar by her ownsef, to dat ar summer-house down in yander."

Now, while Mr. Whample confounds Ben with Franz, his questions and allusions, uttered under this mistake, awaken curious recollections in the breast of the old Negro. Ben is, in fact, a legitimate nephew of Old Franz—tangled, as Negro consanguinities were apt to be under the old system. Ben was born at Bay Coast, and lived there under the government of "ole Aunty Tame," until his nineteenth year, when, finding the old Aunty's discipline neither "petticoat" nor "broomstick," but literal "shovel-and-tongs"—which he considered "too strick for to poun' on a picaninny's wool"—and concluding that he had "got all de larnin' wot old mass' had druv into him," now that he could mind his "izzards" in "tuzzy-muzzy," and spell "burodack baladan," he disappeared, engaging himself as body-servant to a retiring soldier. This soldier set out for the "Far West," as Pennsylvania was then considered—

"Pennsylvania down in Jarsey," he said—meaning to fight with the privations and wild beasts of the wilderness, in which fight he soon after succumbed, and was immured in that narrow cell which sooner or later confines us all, leaving Ben to become a hanger-on and general jobber in the neighborhood, ready for whatever might turn up, and quite forgetful of his boyish days; until now, as he grows old, they gradually overtake him, as, in fact, they do overtake us all—slowly displacing fresher memories, when life grows wearier or sadder, and midday fancies begin to fail; even as you may have observed, in an orchard or garden, long cultivated, that, when neglect ensues, forthwith there spring up again the stems and twining vines that had appeared to be long uprooted and extinct. The Black mind and the White mind, if there be such kinds distinct, are alike in this. When, therefore, Mr. Whample proceeds to question the supposed Franz about Bay Coast affairs, Ben's brain is peopled with images of his own childhood there.

"You remember all about Mrs. Stewart, uncle, don't you?" Whample asks.

"Missy Stewart—I 'member her; she fotched me dose cookies vendever ole Aunt Tame she bunged me up wid dat ar tongs—mose ebery time she did. Ise tell you, Boss, she used done cum and spell dose wordses jes afore ole mass' done cum aroun' to hab me spell, so as I shouldn't miss, an' ketch it. 'Pears like I 'members 'em now more 'stinkly, along o' dat ar soft voice o' hern. Her voice was like dat ar turkle-duck's cooder Boss jis heerd in dem woods. But der Boss please neber tell ole mass'." Ben says this in a dreamy way, as one whose early awe of his master confused his thoughts of him, as still alive and liable to pounce upon him with demands for orthodox orthography of "tuzzy-muzzy" and "burodack baladan." So does superstitious awe affect us all. "Der

Boss please neber tell der ole mass," he adds, recovering from this swoon of thought. "I kin spell dem wordses my own-sef dis bery day." He squares himself for the attempt, but another recollection crowds out the spelling, and seems to mantle his black face with pleasure more than ordinary:

"Boss, Missy Stewart—she dat was Missy Swift—she fotched me up, too, an' she taught me de hull mess o' dem tings wot dey tells into de churches on de Sundays. Quality folks goes down dere an' brings 'em. Howsomever, Missy Stewart, she tole 'em all to me. She gub 'em to me, Boss. I 'members one dis bressed minnit." Then, his eyes brightening, Ben proceeds with his statement of doctrine, or sum of early lessons, put in his own words: "You, Ben, you done got a brack heart in yer, an' the debbil he sense it, an' cum agin yer to drag yer down wid it. But der Lor' o' all done bin an' gone, an' jis yer leave him take dat ar out, den de debbil he go 'Ki-yi—ki-yi—ki-yi!' an' run clean out o' sight.

"Dere am de boundin' graçe for me,
Der Massa 'Mity sot me free;
Den cum 'long, engels, leave me cum in—
Dat gospel goodness clar der sin.
Open dem gates.

"Where—O, where is dem flusticated Flistans
Dat chuck an' squenched de chillen o' Israel?
Dey all am drown into de Red Sea.
Cum, ebery man, an' view de groun',
Mus' lie es low es ourn....

"Boss, I done gone an' got 'em mixed. But dat ar dey use teach down in de church. Missy Stewart bought 'em dere an' bring 'em. She gub 'em to me hersef," says Ben, with pride and pathos lingering in his broken remembrances. "Dey guv in de collection, and den dey took dem der bendickshuns."

Whample finds it useless to fish in this murky pond of memory, or hunt in this jungle of thought. He simply throws out one more feeler. "Franz," he says to Ben, "how old are you, and

how old were you when Mrs. Stewart died?" He is about to ask whether his informant ever heard his master say anything about the land, when Ben astonishes him with the intelligence:

"Boss, I aint noways ole. Dat ole Franz, he'd bin my uncle. Ise young Ben." Such mixed calculations seem to block the way to any further researches.

By this time, they have entered the recesses of Morford woods, and Ben points out the little summer-house, or arbor, in which he has frequently seen Viva resting after her rambles; situated as it is at the point most remote from Ultrawa, in the direction of Morford, to which she is accustomed to extend them. At sight of this little cosy cote, so aloof and alone, Whample's eyelids snap. A wicked and wanton look bespreads his features. A strange leer lurks in the corners of his eyes. He inquires, in a careless tone: "What makes the young lady come there? Does she come with Ben's employer? Is it her father? What! she comes always alone? Not till late in the afternoon?" And when Ben declares that he has "seen dat arbressed chile a-standin' dar to sing, in de airly sunset," Whample, supposing that he speaks of Calla, becomes a prey to vagrant thoughts, which, like other vagrants, are easily made criminals. He is too shrewd, of course, to dismiss his sable guide just here, or allow him to watch his motions at this point. He begins, therefore, to show himself very eager for some luck at literal fishing. "Come," he says, "I have stayed here long enough. Where is the best trout stream in the neighborhood?" Ben points him to a gully, farther on, which he says they can follow for a mile, and it will lead to a good hole for a haul.

The shrewd schemer walks leisurely, trying, now and again, to keep the landmarks in his memory, and catch glimpses as long as he can of the receding sum-

mer-house. Reaching the point where the stream widens, and deepens to a kind of pool, Whample thanks his guide with another "stomp" in the palm, and sets to work with his pole and line. He throws in adroitly enough, but there is a tumult of thought within him that causes him to jerk at his line so incessantly and viciously that the innocent fish pass by his hook, probably with surprise, if not with rippling giggles, while their darting forms make the waters laugh.

A whole resolute hour Whample pretends to fish—playing maliciously with his pole, while the fish play blithely with the dangling line. He is thus led farther down the stream than he had intended to go, halting, now and again, to sit upon a rock, then sauntering on, resolved to pass the time away until it shall be so late in the afternoon that he can feign, as an excuse for approaching the coveted spot, that he has missed his way. At length, rising to his feet, he faces the summer-house, as he supposes. But he is confused at finding that it does not look like the same building; and besides, he seems to have got turned about, so that it is now on the other side of him, opposite to that on which he has been watching it; the fact being, however, that—what with his musings, and what with his fishing motions—he has gone farther and got more turned about than he perceives. Such openings as occur in dense woods have much sameness in them, and often bewilder the pedestrian with their outlines and angles. It is another and a ruder cabin which, mistaken for the coveted arbor, makes Whample's heart throb more briskly than its wont within its cavern. His eye burns on that spot like a lurid meteor sending its smoke that way. No sinister purpose is distinctly shaped as yet, but he will make a gracious offer of his heart and hopes, and, if that should fail, why he can govern himself accord-

ingly. Certainly the place is favorable, in either case. "The game is mine," says Whample to himself.

Creeping up with a cunning, cat-like step, he peers in at the window, the panes of which are so small and dust-bedulled, that he can with difficulty distinguish the single form moving restlessly to and fro in the small apartment. Evidently it is a woman's form. He waits, gazes, listens, and satisfies himself that she is alone—or, if there be anybody else within, it must be some one that does not move, possibly a sleeper. With a hot heart, he raps on the door. No admittance, and no notice taken. Again, more nervously. No answer. Once more, somewhat noisily. No return. In the profound silence, he falters, endeavoring to nerve himself to enter without an invitation. He bethinks himself that it may be well to examine the premises, and moves softly through the bushes in the rear, and so round about to the side, until he has approached a little narrow track which enters an adjoining covert. Suddenly he finds himself not only permitted and invited to enter the house, but positively drawn and dragged within, with a hospitality most intense, and in a manner not often recognized in polite circles—that is to say, by a female hand grappling his coat-collar somewhat too ardently, and holding him as in a vice, while the other hand, with a loud thwack, boxes him on the ear. This playful coquetry and passionate reception takes his breath away, and serves to stun his native suavity. Evidently he is mistaken for some mischievous boy by the giantess whom he has come a-courting. He has fallen into the hands of Sal Veck in her direst moods, before which his dire mood faints to a whimpering. Literally she takes him in hand. Sal's wrath is white, for she has this afternoon caught track of a footprint coming within a mile of the beds of the white berries—nearer than

any footstep but her own ever came before, and, although it has been an inadvertent tread, the passer remaining ignorant of their existence, and the present offender has no such fell intent, nor has ever heard of the blessed berries, Sal is, as one may say, unmanned by rage, and will listen to no plea; nor is there any Viva, like a guardian angel, with a song to soothe her. Seizing the dismayed Whample—has he not made his way hither in express hope of an embrace?—Mrs. Veck drags him summarily within doors, holds him at arm's-length with grimmest clutch, then, whisking him about with sleight-of-hand, plants him plumply down, and right-side up, upon a wooden bench, not without emphasis, and growls in bass tones, deeper than usual:

"Now, set you there—you rantaginous rapscallion, you. How does them wite blue-b'ries taste? You wont want no sugar onto 'em! You aint a-goin' back to tell about no wite blue-b'ries. Tell them high-flyers that sends you here, that it aint no way to git wite blue-b'ries."

A moment's pause ensues, in which Mrs. Veck is evidently endeavoring to stifle her rage, with inferior result, for she breaks out presently:

"I'm a scatterin' mind to shet you up in my poltry-yard for one night. I'll show it to you, ennyhow."

With that she clutches him once more by the collar, and, like a constable marching before him a reluctant culprit—the only show of his resistance being in his head alternately leaning back and bowing forward—she lunges him on in the direction of a certain pen, or coop, on the other side of the house. Sal's "poltry-yard" consists of a small menagerie of wild creatures who have been captured near the premises or in her forest walks, and constitute now what may be characterized as "an unhappy family." At one end of the cage a raccoon is teth-

ered with a strong chain, and at the opposite corner a small bear-cub, of doubtful age and possible teeth, is fastened, but his chain is long. In the centre, a clumsy, latticed box contains one or two snakes with glittering eyes, and the box slats are suspiciously wide apart and slight. Another box, with a small aperture, stands on the ground like a dog-kennel, while the chill, tapering nose, which protrudes from it now and then, is nondescript—possibly belonging to a fox. The only other occupant of this retreat is a huge, blind eagle, who perches on a pole above the rest. There is just room for any human creature, studiously inclined, to stand up or lie down among these fellow-beings, if once confined among them.

"You slumptious doodle!" ejaculates Mrs. Veck to the horror-stricken Whample, while the creatures all set up their hungry cry in various cadence. "You slumptious doodle! Nobody don't git no wite blue-b'ries here! Neither don't you!"

"Madam, respected madam," gasps the frightened lawyer; "I—I . . ."

"Don't 'madam' me. Don't 'sult me with no 'madams'!" roars Sal, giving him a shake, and waxing red with sense of virtue. "Nobody never sed that of me before, and nobody never shell!"

"My good woman. . . ." he commences again.

"Your good woman!"—she fairly thunders at him—"now you jist quit that ere blackguard talk, will you?"

This, in a vindictive, threatening style, not to be trifled with.

"What shall I say—how shall I speak?" stammers the intruder. "I did not mean to interfere with any of your private vegetables, or trespass on your garden flowers; I had no designs upon your pet animals. Those white blubbers," protests Mr. Whample, at a dead

loss to know what the precious things can be which are so jealously guarded, "I am not familiar with," he adds, "in any way, shape, or manner, as I do hereby affirm, and state of my own knowledge, and if there be contained matters not of my own knowledge, then in respect to those matters, upon information and belief."

Mr. Whample resorts to the legal style, hoping to be the more impressive. And he really succeeds in a measure; for the formality carries Sal back to the days of her trouble, and she fancies that he is in the act of taking a solemn oath, for which she has much reverence.

"Wot brought you creepin' round the yard, then?" she inquires more mildly, but with lingering suspicion in her tone.

"I came here, he replies, "to look for some friends, who are supposed to be found at this spot; Mr. Conrad and his lovely daughter, I refer to."

"Them?" cries Sal in an altered voice, and looking very dismal; "they've gone. They've got their property all put back, they sed, an' she's gone to York, with that there han'some boy that looks jist like a gal. They say she's gone to git merried in York. There 'aint no wite blue-b'ries there. You jist! You git!" she suddenly ejaculates, relinquishing her hold of Whample's coat-collar, with a renouncing and repudiating toss.

Dizzy and despondent, the defeated schemer totters through the forest, losing himself at times, but continuing to make his way down the stream, and to the town, at length; there, keeping his room until the following morning, when he takes the first train for the city of his residence.

His hunting tour has made game of him; and, as for the rest, while he may claim to have been floundering, and possibly to have caught a crab, William Whample feels that he has tripped upon his fishing-trip.

THE SAVINGS BANKS OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG public institutions of comparatively modern date, a leading place must be assigned to savings banks. The many benefits they confer upon communities where they exist are so apparent that they scarcely seem to call for special enumeration. Apart from the personal advantages accruing to individual depositors, consideration should be paid to the general welfare which they help to promote so largely. Pecuniary independence imparts dignity, self-respect, self-reliance, and a higher moral tone to the individual. It enables him to be a useful and valuable member of society, instead of being a burden upon its charities. It supplies him with a qualification which makes him a better citizen in time of peace, and a more trustworthy soldier in time of war, for he is specially interested in assisting to preserve law and order, and defending rights for which he has strong personal concern. Each depositor in savings banks is a direct contributor to the general welfare. He is a feeder to that great river of wealth which builds cities, constructs railroads and great public works, and constitutes the mainspring of commercial activity. However small his proportion may be, it is sufficient to indicate the fact that he earns more than the sum of his ordinary expenses, and in so far proves conclusively that his labor is recompensed, and his appetites under good moral control.

The condition of savings banks may very properly be considered as furnishing a fair index to the condition of the people among whom they exist, and it is from this stand-point that we purpose to make a detailed statement of the savings banks of California, from the date of

their organization, as compared with similar institutions in Great Britain, and in other portions of the United States.

These institutions are of recent origin, having been first proposed by the Right Hon. George Rose, who obtained an Act of Parliament in 1817, entitled "An Act to encourage the establishment of Banks for Savings in England." Contemporaneously, Parliament passed an act to encourage the establishment of similar institutions in Ireland. British savings banks differ in several respects from those in America. They are under government control, all the money deposited being lent, upon interest, to the government, and depositors are restricted in the amount of their lodgments, so as to exclude all except the humbler classes.

The idea seems to have forced itself upon popular favor as a means of lessening the enormous and increasing burdens on the higher and middle classes of England, and of impressing upon the minds of the lower orders a legitimate spirit of independence. In 1861, post-office savings banks were organized in Great Britain, and they have, by the greater facilities they afford, and the undoubted security they offer, largely reduced the number of ordinary savings banks, and still more largely the funds lodged in them. The total amount received from and paid to depositors in post-office savings banks throughout the United Kingdom at the commencement of 1870 was as follows: Received, including interest, £6,084,610; paid out, £4,227,056; computed capital, £13,524,209. The total amount, officially returned, received from and paid to depositors in ordinary savings banks, at the date

specified, was: Received, £7,667,735; paid out, £7,857,091; computed capital, £37,500,522, which, added to the computed capital of the post-office depositories, gives a grand total of £51,024,731, prudentially invested by the humble classes of the United Kingdom.

We shall now turn to a consideration of our savings banks, as conducted in New York and the New England States. In seven States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York—the combined capital deposited in savings banks exceeded \$600,000,000 on the 1st of March, 1873, which is largely in excess of the combined bank capital of the United States outside the savings institutions. Large annual additions are made to this vast monetary ocean by the hundreds of thousands of little rivulets which flow constantly and steadily into its capacious bosom. According to the last census, the combined population of the States above named was 7,870,683, which gives the large sum of \$76.10 as the proportionate depositary representation for each individual of the combined population. Reducing pounds sterling to dollars and cents at \$4.86 to the pound, the aggregate of funds deposited in all the savings institutions of the United Kingdom is \$247,980,192, and, the population being 28,000,000, the amount of representation to each individual is but \$8.85. When we reflect that savings banks were more recently organized in this country than in England, we have no reason to blush at the comparison here instituted. It furnishes abundant material for reflection, and clearly proves that labor is apportioned a much more liberal reward in this country, even in the northern rugged and most inhospitable districts like Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

The total number of depositors in the New York and New England savings banks on the 1st of January, 1872, was

1,766,321, which gives an average to each of \$323. In some of these States the investments are restricted to specified classes of securities, while in others much wider limits are allowed by law. Railroad enterprises have been largely fostered by them through the purchase of railroad bonds, and by loans and mortgages in localities where railroads were in process of construction. In the State of New York the aggregate investments are made in bonds and mortgages, United States stocks, New York State stocks, stocks of other States, and bonds of cities, counties, and towns of that State.

In January, 1872, the savings banks of New York had \$96,000,000 loaned on bond and mortgage, and \$156,000,000 invested in stocks. In Massachusetts, the amount loaned on bond and mortgage was \$74,000,000; to counties and cities, \$14,000,000, and \$24,000,000 invested in stocks. Connecticut had \$38,000,000 loaned on real estate.

Outside of California, the greatest amount due to individual depositors is in Rhode Island, being \$402.55, currency. Connecticut follows next in order, with \$289.10; then Maine, \$265.40; New Hampshire, \$262.33; Massachusetts, \$259.65; and Vermont, \$142.55. New York has already been cited. On the 1st of January, 1873, the average to each depositor in the San Francisco savings banks was \$922 gold, and, reducing gold to currency at the rate of fifteen per cent. premium for the former, it was equal to \$1,060 currency.

We herewith present our readers with a correct, official tabulated statement of the savings banks of the State of California on the 1st of July, 1873. In the United States there is no bar or obstacle to hinder any person, however rich, from depositing in savings banks, and a considerable proportion of the funds held by the New York and New England institutions belongs to comparatively wealthy people, but in Califor-

CONDITION OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANKS, JULY 1ST, 1873.

		Date of Organization.	Open Deposit Ac'ts, July 1, '73.	Deposits.	Loans.	Gross Earnings.	Reserve Fund.	Gross Expenses.	Semi-Annual Dividend.	Cash on Hand.	Average to each Depositor.
SAN FRANCISCO.											
Savings and Loan Society.....	July 23, 1857..	7,636	\$ 9,324,273	\$ 9,421,597	\$ 515,652	\$ 321,265	\$ 33,188	\$ 441,681	\$ 103,951	\$ 1,221 09	
Ilbernia Savings and Loan Society.....	April 7, 1859..	15,934	12,486,470	12,006,952	598,690	673,388	42,977	497,367	791,109	783 20	
French Savings and Loan Society.....	Feb'y 1, 1860..	5,858	5,127,772	5,293,448	268,796	140,662	10,539	241,376	397,659	875 31	
San Francisco Savings Union.....	June 18, 1862..	5,090	5,121,511	5,139,848	268,530	213,792	25,709	242,767	67,101	1,006 19	
Odd Fellows' Savings Bank.....	Oct. 13, 1866..	5,175	5,399,053	5,278,676	249,558	74,011	20,969	210,841	136,683	917 72	
Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings Bank.....	July 1, 1867..	476	392,994	365,278	18,172	50,000	6,363	15,243	83,891	825 61	
German Savings and Loan Society.....	Feb'y 10, 1868..	4,461	3,618,179	3,768,456	184,487	130,500	20,598	161,337	114,134	811 06	
Masonic Savings and Loan Bank.....	Nov. 4, 1869..	1,857	995,162	841,460	47,633	22,587	8,804	37,249	68,910	483 12	
Humboldt Savings and Loan Society.....	Nov. 24, 1869..	1,110	645,993	636,516	35,138	50,762	5,621	25,429	15,569	581 97	
Security Savings Bank.....	March 2, 1871..	1,098	895,816	975,378	47,228	150,000	7,130	38,410	18,796	733 89	
Totals—July 1, 1873.....		49,395	\$ 43,731,223	\$ 43,721,624	\$ 2,233,890	\$ 1,826,967	\$ 187,478	\$ 1,911,694	\$ 1,880,133	\$ 886 95	
INTERIOR.											
Sacramento Savings Bank.....	March 19, 1867..	7,250	3,118,379	2,978,492	172,400	58,591	17,007	148,248	200,062	439 12	
San José Savings Bank.....	Feb'y 1, 1868..	1,250	528,257	492,637	33,595	110,000	7,230	25,215	96,784	419 43	
Stockton Savings and Loan Society.....	Aug. 12, 1867..	1,280	755,823	861,695	74,801	308,700	6,709	43,857	184,434	586 38	
Matysville Savings Bank.....	April 17, 1869..	1,683	571,208	583,783	39,104	71,679	4,120	30,911	19,951	523 73	
Union Savings Bank, Oakland.....	June 1, 1875..	1,175	565,728	882,168	56,211	465,138	6,342	441,275	96,757	481 40	
Oakland Bank of Savings.....	Nov. 1, 1867..	1,206	589,764	911,372	53,966	358,861	6,575	47,731	54,544	489 04	
Capital Savings Bank, Sacramento.....	Feb'y 8, 1869..	4,502	2,173,535	2,874,526	177,585	581,995	16,178	140,261	191,555	594 61	
Odd Fellows' Bank of Savings, Sacramento.....	May 11, 1870..	1,195	676,464	687,953	38,281	183,203	15,116	32,293	38,612	351 38	
Vallejo Savings' Bank (Report of January 1st, 1873).....	May 1, 1871..	400	131,280	269,364	40,967	9,190	5,025	17,527	11,918	328 20	
Napa Valley Savings Bank, Napa.....	Sept. 15, 1871..	205	99,536	95,673	1,062	490	3,348	3,374	485 54	
Totals—July 1, 1873.....		20,354	\$ 9,745,922	\$ 10,617,513	\$ 686,940	\$ 1,044,339	\$ 76,882	\$ 533,176	\$ 977,991	\$ 478 87	
Grand Totals—July 1, 1873.....		69,659	\$ 53,477,145	\$ 54,339,137	\$ 2,920,830	\$ 3,771,306	\$ 264,360	\$ 2,444,870	\$ 2,868,124	\$ 767 69	

nia nearly all is the property of the laboring classes.

Too much caution can not be exercised by the managers of savings banks in the investment of funds which are strictly trust deposits, and the history of our California institutions goes to show that they have been conducted with consummate ability and strict regard for the interests of their depositors. Until within a few years the California banks were compelled by law to confine their operations to loans on real estate securities; but they are now allowed a wider margin, and may furnish accommodation on California State and county bonds, United States Mint certificates of ascertained value, gold and silver bullion, United States bonds, and real estate.

The first savings bank went into operation in the city of San Francisco the 23d of July, 1857, under the title of "Savings and Loan Society," and was re-incorporated on the 12th of December, 1865, in accordance with the provisions of an act to provide for the formation of corporations for the accumulation and investment of funds and savings. Owing to unfounded and maliciously perverted rumor, a run was instituted upon it four years after its first organization, which resulted in establishing its thorough soundness. Within one year, \$1,500,000 had been paid out according to the registered applications, after which the deposits were in excess of the payments out.

A run of similar character was subsequently directed against the Hibernia Bank—the second in date of organization—which likewise responded with such promptitude that confidence was soon restored.

The principle on which these banks are conducted—the monthly repayable basis—is probably the best that could have been adopted for the benefit of borrowers as well as for their own interests. The following table will demonstrate this

proposition. It is calculated for a loan of \$1,000 for twelve months at ten per cent.:

<i>Mo's.</i>	<i>Installments.</i>	<i>Interest.</i>	<i>Principal.</i>	<i>Balances.</i>
				\$1000 00
1	\$87 91	\$8 33	\$79 58	920 42
2	87 91	7 67	80 24	840 18
3	87 91	7 00	80 91	759 27
4	87 91	6 32	81 59	677 68
5	87 91	5 64	82 27	595 41
6	87 91	4 96	82 95	512 46
7	87 91	4 26	83 65	428 81
8	87 91	3 57	84 34	344 47
9	87 91	2 87	85 04	259 43
10	87 91	2 16	85 75	173 68
11	87 91	1 45	86 46	87 22
12	87 91	0 69	87 22	
	\$1,054 92	\$54 92	\$1,000 00	

The first column denotes the months, the second the amount of monthly installment to be paid, the third column shows how much of the monthly installment is interest, and the fourth indicates how much of it goes toward paying the principal, while the fifth points out the rapid extinguishment of the debt. At the close of the first month, the borrower of \$1,000 is required to pay an installment of \$87.91, of which \$8.33 is interest on the \$1,000 for the first month. The balance, \$79.58, is principal, and is applied to reduce the amount borrowed, leaving \$920.42 of indebtedness after the first month. This rule applies to all succeeding months, the interest being calculated on the balance of principal due after each payment. The same principle applies to loans made for any amount, and for two, three, four, five, and six years. By this method of procedure the borrower is rapidly and easily relieved from obligation.

Reference to our tables will serve to convince the reader that nowhere on the globe is labor so munificently recompensed as in California. The census of 1870 accords to this State a population of only 560,247, of which 70,000 are Chinese, and something like 8,000 are Indians, neither of whom make use of our savings banks. We have, then, only about 482,000 who are at all likely to be

depositors. The aggregate amount on deposit in all our savings institutions is \$53,477,145, which is equal to a depositary representation of \$111, in round numbers, to each individual of the population, and is nearly \$35 in excess of New York and the New England States.

The first interior bank went into operation at Sacramento on the 19th of March, 1867, and has consequently been in existence but a little over six years. The local benefits arising from the facilities it furnished were so well recognized, that its example was rapidly followed in other towns, and to-day we have ten regularly chartered savings banks outside of San Francisco, with an aggregate capital of \$9,745,922, and loans outstanding amounting to \$10,500,000. The average to each interior depositor is \$478.87 gold, which, with the premium at fifteen per cent., is equal to \$550.70 currency, and is, therefore, \$148.15 in excess of Rhode Island depositors, who have the next largest average outside of California. Including the metropolitan banks, the average is \$767.69 gold to each depositor, which is equal to \$882.84 currency.

Our San Francisco institutions are especially flourishing. The population of this city is estimated by Mr. Langley to be 188,000, of whom 12,000 are Chinese, leaving 176,000 liable to make deposits, which now aggregate \$43,731,223. This gives a depositary representation of \$248.50 to every individual in the community, and is far in excess of any other portion of the globe. The number of actual depositors being 49,305, the average to each is \$886.95 gold, equal to \$1,020 currency.

There are various rules governing the deposits of the California savings banks, some societies requiring notice from depositors to withdraw money, the necessary length of time being regulated by the sum called for, while others pay on demand. The San Francisco institu-

tions disbursed semi-annual dividends for the first six months of the current year ranging from six per cent. on transient commercial, to ten per cent. per annum on term deposits. Some have three classes, others only two, and several declare a uniform rate of interest on all deposits. The classification admits of a larger dividend on term deposits; while, where no classification is made, the benefit is uniform.

We can ask for no more convincing proofs of the thrift, industry, and economy of our people, nor can we furnish any more incontestible evidence of the solid compensation earned by our working classes. Political economists have fully conceded that wherever the masses are proprietors of money, or its representatives, to a large extent, they are eminently intelligent, patriotic, and law-abiding. Having so deep an interest in the welfare and peace of the community in which they dwell, they may be relied upon at all times to maintain its integrity and promote its advancement. The prosperity of the working classes can not be a matter of indifference to any intelligent and well-disposed mind; nor can it be doubted that their condition has been much improved by the organization of savings banks, while the multitudinous gleanings of their industry and frugality are concentrated and made available for the prosecution of great public and private enterprises. We shall close our remarks by quoting the report of an Edinburgh bank in reference to the savings and loan principle: "It secures independence without inducing pride; it removes those painful misgivings which render the approach of poverty so appalling, and often paralyze the exertions that might ward off the blow. It leads to temperance and the restraint of all disorderly passions, which a wasteful expenditure of money nourishes. It produces that sobriety of mind and steadiness of conduct which

afford the best foundation for domestic virtues in humble life." A contemporary shrewdly remarks, that if the South had been well supplied with savings banks the rebellion might not have occurred.

THE SEA-SHELL.

"And love will stay—a summer's day!"
 A long wave rippled up the strand;
 She flashed a white hand through the spray,
 And plucked a sea-shell from the sand.
 And, softly: "Let thy heart have peace.
 Mine shall not fail in aught to thee,
 Until this little shell doth cease
 To sing its love—the sea."

Ah, well! sweet summer's past and gone,
 And love, perhaps, dreads winter weather,
 And so the happy dears are flown
 On careless wings together!
 And yet I smile: this pearly-lined,
 Rose-veined shell she gave to me,
 With foolish, faithful lips to find
 Still singing of the sea!

IN A TRANSPORT.

A LITTLE French *aspirant de marine*, with an incipient mustache, said to me, confidentially, "Where you see the French flag you see France!" We were pacing to and fro on the deck of a transport that swung at anchor off San Francisco, and, as I looked shoreward for almost the last time—we were to sail at daybreak for a southern cruise—I hugged my Ollendorf in despair, as I dreamed of "French in six easy lessons," without a master or a tolerable accent, or anything, save a suggestion of Babel and a confusion of tongues at sea.

Thanaron, the aspirant in question, embraced me when I boarded the transport with my baggage, treated me like a long-lost brother all that afternoon, and again embraced me when I went ashore toward evening to take leave of my household. There was something so impulsive and boyish in his manner that I immediately returned his salute, and with considerable fervor, feeling that kind heaven had thrown me into the arms of the exceptional foreigner who would, to a certain extent, console me for the loss of my whole family. The mystery that hangs over the departure of any craft that goes by wind is calculated to appal the landsman, and when the date of sailing is fixed the best thing he can do is to go aboard in season and compose his soul in peace. To be sure, he may swing at anchor for a day or two, in full sight of the domestic circle that he has shattered, but he is spared the

repetition of those last agonies, and cuts short the unraveling hours just prior to a separation, which are probably the most unsatisfactory in life.

Under cover of darkness a fellow can do almost anything, and I concluded to go on board. There was a late dinner and a parting toast at home, and those ominous silences in the midst of conversation that was as spasmodic and disconnected, and unnatural as possible. There was something on our minds, and we relapsed in turn and forgot ourselves in the fathomless abysses of speculation. Some one saw me off that night—some one who will never again follow me to the sea, and welcome me on my return to earth after my wandering. We sauntered down the dark streets along the city front, and tried to disguise our motives, but it was hard work. Presently we heard the slow swing of the tide under us, and the musty odor of the docks regaled us; one or two shadows seemed to be groping about in the neighborhood, making more noise than a shadow has any right to make.

Then came the myriad-masted shipping, and the twinkling lights in the harbor, and a sense of ceaseless motion in waters that never can be still. We did not tarry there long. The boat was bumping her bow against a pair of slippery stairs that led down to the water, and I entered the tottering thing that half sunk under me, dropped into my seat in the stern, and tried to call out something or other as we shot away from the place, with a cloud over my eyes that was darker than night itself, and a cloud over my heart that was as heavy as lead. After that there was nothing to do but climb up one watery swell and slide down on the other side of it, to count the shadow-ships that shaped themselves out of chaos as we drew near them, and dissolved again when we had passed; while the oars seemed to grunt in the row-locks, and the two jolly tars in uniform—they

might have been mutes, for all I know—swung to and fro, to and fro, dragging me over the water to my "ocean bride"—I think that is what they call a ship, when the mood is on them!

She did look pretty as we swam up under her. She looked like a great *silhouette* against the steel-gray sky; but within was the sound of revelry, and I hastened on board to find our little cabin blue with smoke, which, however, was scarcely dense enough to muffle the martial strains of the *Marseillaise*, as shouted by the whole mess.

Thanaron—my Thanaron—was in the centre of the table, with his curly head out of the transom—not that he was by any means a giant, but we were all a little cramped between-decks—and he led the chorus with a sabre in one hand and the head of the Doctor in the other. Without the support of the faculty, he would probably not have ended his song of triumph as successfully as he ultimately did, when Nature herself had fainted from exhaustion. It was the last night in port, a few friends from shore had come to dine, and black coffee and cognac at a late hour had finished the business.

If there is one thing in this world that astonishes me more than another it is the rapidity with which some people talk in French. Thanaron's French, when he once got started, sounded to me like the well-executed trill of a *prima-donna*, and quite as intelligible. The joke of it was, that Frenchmen seemed to find no difficulty in understanding him at his highest speed. On the whole, perhaps, this fact astonishes me more than the other.

Dinner was as far over as it could get without beginning again and calling itself breakfast; so the party broke up in a whirlwind of patriotic songs, and, one by one, we dropped our guests over the side of the vessel until there was none left, and then we waved them a thousand

adieu, and kept up the last words as long as we could catch the faintest syllable of a reply. There were streaks of dull red in the east by this time, and the outlines of the city were again becoming visible. This I dreaded a little; and, when our boat had returned and everything was put in ship-shape, I deliberately dropped a tear in the presence of my messmates, who were overcome with emotion at the spectacle; and, having all embraced, we went below, where I threw myself, with some caution, into my hammock, and slept until broad daylight.

I did not venture on deck again until after our first breakfast—an informal one, that sat uneasily on the table, and seemed inclined to make its escape from one side or the other. Of course, we were well under way by this time. I was assured of the fact by the reckless rolling of the vessel and the strange and unfamiliar feeling in my stomach, as though it were some other fellow's stomach, and not my own. My legs were a trifle uncertain; my head was queer. Everybody was rushing everywhere and doing things that had to be undone or done over again in the course of the next ten minutes. I concluded to pace the deck, which is probably the correct thing for a man to do when he goes down to the sea in ships, and does business—you could hardly call it pleasure—on great waters.

I went up the steep companion-way, and found a deck-load of ropes, and the entire crew—dressed in blue flannel, with broad collars—skipping about in the most fantastic manner. It was like a ballet scene in "*L'Africaine*," and highly diverting—for a few minutes! From my stronghold on the top stair of the companion-way, I cast my eye shoreward. The long coast ran down the horizon under a broadside of breakers that threatened to engulf the continent; the air was gray with scattering mist;

the sea was much disturbed, and of that ugly, yellowish green tint that signifies soundings. Overhead, a few sea-birds whirled in disorder, shrieking as though their hearts would break. It looked ominous, yet I felt it my duty, as an American under the shadow of the tricolor, to keep a stiff upper lip—and I flatter myself that I did so. Figuratively speaking, I balanced myself in the mouth of the companion-way, with a bottle of claret in one pocket and a French roll in the other, while I brushed the fog from my eyes with the sleeve of my monkey-jacket, and exclaimed with the bard, "My native land, good-night."

It was morning at the time, but I did not seem to care much. In fact, time is not of the slightest consequence on ship-board. So I withdrew to my hammock, and, having climbed into it in safety, ended the day after a miserable fashion that I have deplored a thousand times since; during the prouder moments of my life.

A week passed by—I suppose it was a week, and could reckon only seven days, and seven nights of about twice the length of the days—during that interval; yet I should, in the innocence of my heart, have called it a month, without a moment's hesitation. We arose late in the morning—those of us who had a watch below; ate a delightfully long and narrow breakfast, consisting of an interminable procession of dishes in single file; paced the deck and canvassed the weather; went below to read, but talked instead; dined as we had breakfasted, only in a far more elaborate and protracted manner, while a gentle undercurrent of side-dishes lent interest to the occasion. There was a perpetual stream of conversation playing over the table, from the moment that heralded the soup until the last drop of black coffee was sopped up with a bit of dry bread. By the time we had come to cheese, everybody felt called upon to say his say,

in the face of everybody else. I alone kept my peace, and held it because the heaviest English I knew fell feebly to the floor before the thunders of those five prime Frenchmen, who were flushed with enthusiasm and good wine. I dreamed of home over my cigarette, and tried to look as though I was still interested in life, when, heaven knows, my face was more like a half-obliterated cameo of despair than anything human. Thanaron, my foreign affinity, now and then threw me a semi-English nut to crack, but by the time I had recovered myself—it is rather embarrassing to be assaulted even in the most friendly manner with a batch of broken English—by the time I had framed an intelligible response, Thanaron was in the heat of a fresh argument, and keeping up a running fire of small shot that nearly floored the mess.

But there is an end even to a French dinner, and we ultimately adjourned to the deck, where, about sunset, everybody took his station while the *Angelus* was said. Then twilight, with a subdued kind of skylarking on the fore-castle, and genteel merriment amidships, while *Monsieur le Capitaine* paced the high quarter-deck with the shadow of a smile crouching between the fierce jungles of his intensely black side-whiskers. Ah, sir, it was something to be at sea in a French transport with the tricolor flaunting at the peak; to have four guns with their mouths gagged, and oilcloth capes lashed snugly over them; to see everybody in uniform, and each having the profoundest respect for those who ranked a notch above him, and having, also, an ill-disguised contempt for the unlucky fellow beneath him. This spirit was observable from one end of the ship to the other, and, sirs, we had a little world of our own revolving on a wabbling axis between the stanch ribs of the old transport *Chevert*.

We were bound for Tahiti, God will-

ing and the winds favorable; and the common hope of ultimately finding port in that paradise is all that held us together through thick and thin. We might wrangle at dinner, and come to breakfast next morning with bitterness in our hearts; we might sink into the bottomless pit of despond; we might revile *Monsieur le Capitaine* and *Monsieur le Cuisinier*, including in our anathemas the elements and some other things; they (the Frenchmen) might laugh to scorn the great American people—and they did it, two or three times—and I, in my turn, might feel a secret contempt for Paris, without having the power to express the same in tolerable French, so I felt it and held my tongue. Even Thanaron gave me a French shrug now and then that sent the cold shivers through me; but there was sure to come a sunset like a sea of fire, at which golden hour we were marshaled amidships, and stood with uncovered heads and the soft light playing over us, while the littlest French boy in the crew said the evening prayer with exceeding sweetness—being the youngest, he was the most worthy of saying it—and then we all crossed ourselves, and our hearts melted within us.

There was something in the delicious atmosphere, growing warmer every day, and something in the delicious sea, that was beginning to rock her floating gardens of blooming weed under our bows, and something in the aspect of *Monsieur le Capitaine*, with his cap off and a shadow of prayer softening his hard, proud face, that unmanned us; so we rushed to our own little cabin and hugged one another, lest we should forget how when we were restored to our sisters and our sweethearts, and everything was forgiven and forgotten in one intense moment of French remorse.

Who took me in his arms and carried me the length of the cabin in three paces, at the imminent peril of my life? Than-

aron! Who admired Thanaron's gush of nature, and nearly squeezed the life out of him in the vain hope of making their joy known to him? Everybody else in the mess! Who looked on in bewilderment, and was half glad and half sorry, though more glad than sorry by half, and wondered all the while what was coming next? Bless you, it was I! And we kept doing that sort of thing until I got very used to it, and by the time we sighted the green summits of Tahiti, my range of experience was so great that nothing could touch me further. It may be that we were not governed by the laws of ordinary sea-farers. The *Chevert* was shaped a little like a bath-tub, with a bow like a duck's breast, and a high, old-fashioned quarter-deck, resembling a Chinese junk with a reef in her stern; forty bold sailor boys, who looked as though they had been built on precisely the same model and dealt out to the government by the dozen, managed to keep the decks very clean and tidy, and the brass-work in a state of dazzling brightness. The ship was wonderfully well-ordered. I could tell you by the sounds on deck, while I swung in the comfortable seclusion of my hammock, just the hour of the day or night, but that was after I had once learned the order of events. There was the Sunday morning inspection, the Wednesday sham naval battle, the prayers night and morning, and the order to shorten sail each evening. Between times the decks were scrubbed and the whole ship renovated; sometimes the rigging was darkened with drying clothes, and sometimes we felt like ancient mariners, the sea was so oily and the air so hot and still. There was nothing stirring save the sea-birds, who paddled about like tame ducks, and the faint, thin thread of smoke that ascended noiselessly from the dainty rolls of tobacco in the fingers of the entire ship's crew. In fact, when we moved at all in these calm waters, we seem-

ed to be propelled by forty-cigarette power, for there was not a breath of air stirring.

It was at such times that we fought our bloodless battles. The hours were ominous; breakfast did not seem half a breakfast, because we hurried through it with the dreadful knowledge that a conflict was pending, and possibly—though not probably—we might never gather at that board again, for a naval engagement is something terrible, and life is uncertain in the fairest weather. Breakfast is scarcely over when the alarm is given, and with the utmost speed every Frenchman flies to his post. Already the horizon is darkened with the Prussian navy, yet our confidence in the stanch old *Chevert*, in each particular soul on board, and in our undaunted leader—*Monsieur le Capitaine*, who is even now scouring the sea with an enormous marine glass that of itself is enough to strike terror to the Prussian heart—our implicit confidence in ourselves is such that we smilingly await the approach of the doomed fleet. At last they come within range of our guns, and the conflict begins. I am unfortunately compelled to stay beneath the hatches. A sham-battle is no sight for an inexperienced landsman to witness, and moreover, I would doubtless get in the way of the frantic crew, who seem resolved to shed the last drop of French blood in behalf of *la belle France*.

Marine engagements are a great bore. The noise is something terrific; ammunition is continually passed up through the transom over our dinner-table, and a thousand feet are rushing over the deck with a noise as of theatrical thunder. The engagement lasts for an hour or two. Once or twice we are enveloped in sheets of flame. We are speedily deluged with water, and the conflict is renewed with the greatest enthusiasm. Again, and again, and again, we pour broadside into the enemy's fleet, and al-

ways with terrific effect. We invariably do ourselves the greatest credit, for, by the time that our supplies are about exhausted, not a vestige of the once glorious navy of Prussia remains to tell the tale. The sea is, of course, blood-stained for miles around. The few persistent Prussians who attempt to board us are speedily dispatched, and allowed to drop back into the remorseless waves. A shout of triumph rings up from our triumphant crew, and the play is over.

Once more the hatches are removed; once more I breathe the sweet air of heaven, for not a grain of powder has been burned through all this fearful conflict; once more my messmates rush into our little cabin and regale themselves with copious draughts of absinthe, and I am pressed to the proud bosom of Thanaron, who is restored to me without a scar to disfigure his handsome little body. I grew used to these weekly wars. Before we came in sight of our green haven, there was not a Prussian left in the Pacific. It is impossible that any nation, though they be schooled to hardships, could hope to survive such a succession of disastrous conflicts. I like sham-battles; they are deuced exciting, and they do not hurt.

How different, how very different those sleepy days, when we were drifting on toward the Marquesas Islands! The silvery phaetons darted overhead like day-stars shooting from their spheres. The sea-weeds grew denser, and a thousand floating things—broken branches with a few small leaves attached, the husk of a cocoa-nut, or straws such as any dove from any ark would be glad to seize upon—these gave us ample food for speculation. "Piloted by the slow, unwilling winds," we came close to the star-lit Nouka Hiva, and shortened sail right under its fragrant shadow. It was a glorious night. There was the subtle odor of earth in the warm, faint air, and before us that impenetrable shadow that

we knew to be an island, yet whose outlines were traceable only by the obliterated stars.

At sunrise we were on deck, and, looking westward, saw the mists melt away like a veil swept from before the face of a dusky Venus just rising from the waves. It seemed to give out a kind of magnetic heat that made our blood tingle. We gravitated toward it with an almost irresistible impulse. Something had to be done before we yielded to the fascinations of this savage enchantress. Our course lay to the windward of the southeastern point of the island; but, finding that we could not weather it, we went off before the light wind and drifted down the northern coast, swinging an hour or more under the lee of some parched rocks, eyeing the "Needles"—the slender and symmetrical peaks, so called—and then we managed to work our way out into the open sea again, and were saved.

Valleys lay here and there, running back from the shore with green and inviting vistas; slim water-falls made one desperate leap from the clouds and buried themselves in the forests hundreds of feet below, where they were lost forever. Rain-clouds hung over the mountains, throwing deep shadows across the slopes that but for this relief would have been too bright for the sentimental beauty that usually identifies a tropical island.

I happened to know something about the place, and marked every inch of the scorching soil as we floated past groves of rose-wood, sandal-wood, and a hundred sorts of new and strange trees, looking dark and velvety in the distance; past strips of beach that shone like brass, while beyond them the cocoa-palms that towered above the low, brown huts of the natives, seemed to reel and nod in the intense meridian heat. A moist cloud, far up the mountain, hung above a serene and sacred haunt, and under

its shelter was hidden a deep valley, whose secret has been carried to the ends of the earth, for Herman Melville plucked out the heart of its mystery, and beautiful and barbarous Typee lies naked and forsaken.

I was rather glad we could not get any nearer to it, for fear of dispelling the ideal that has so long charmed me. Catching the wind again, late in the afternoon, we lost the last outline of Nouka Hiva in the soft twilight, and said our prayers that evening as much at sea as ever. Back we dropped into the solemn round of uneventful days. Even the sham-battles no longer thrilled us. In fact, the whole affair was a little too theatrical to bear frequent repetition. There was but one of our mess who could muster an episode whenever we became too stagnant for our health's good, and this was our first officer—a tall, slim fellow, with a warlike beard, and very soft, dark eyes, whose pupils seemed to be floating aimlessly about under the shelter of long lashes. His face was in a perpetual dispute with itself, and I never knew which was the right or the wrong side of him. B—— was the happy possessor of a tight little African, known as Nero, although I always looked upon him as so much Jamaica ginger. Nero was as handsome a specimen of tangible darkness as you will sight in a summer's cruise. B—— loved with the ardor of his vacillating eyes, yet governed with the rigor of his beard. Nero was consequently prepared for any change in the weather, no matter how sudden or uncalled-for. In the equatorial seas, while we sailed to the measure of the Ancient Mariner, B—— summoned Nero to the sacrifice, and, having tortured him to the extent of his wits, there was a reconciliation more ludicrous than any other scene in the farce. It was at such moments that B——'s eyes literally swam, when even his beard wilted, while he told of the thousand pathetic eras in Nero's life,

when he might have had his liberty, but found the service of his master more beguiling; of the adventures by flood and field, where B—— was distinguishing himself, yet at his side, through thick and thin, struggled the faithful Nero. Thus B—— warmed himself at the fire his own enthusiasm had kindled on the altar of self-love, and every moment added to his fervor. It was the yellow fever, and the cholera, and the small-pox, that were powerless to separate that faithful slave from the agonizing bedside of his master. It was shipwreck, and famine, and the smallest visible salary, that seemed only to strengthen the ties that bound them the one to the other. Death—cruel death—alone could separate them; and B—— took Nero by the throat and kissed him passionately upon his sooty cheek, and the floating eyes came to a stand-still with an expression of virtuous defiance that was calculated to put all conventionalities to the blush. We were awed by the magnanimity of such conduct, until we got thoroughly used to it, and then we were simply entertained. We kept looking forward to the conclusion of the scene, which usually followed in the course of half an hour. B—— having fondled Nero to his heart's content, and Nero having become somewhat bored, there was sure to arise some mild disturbance, aggravated by both parties, and B——, believing he had endured as much as any Frenchman and first officer is expected to endure without resentment, suddenly rises, and, seizing Nero by the short, wiry moss of his scalp, kicks him deliberately from the cabin, and returns to us bursting with indignation. This domestic equinox we soon grew fond of, and having become familiar with all its signals of approach, we watched with agreeable interest the inevitable climax. It was well for Nero that Nature had provided against any change of color in his skin, for he must have borne the

sensation of his chastisement for some hours, though he was unable to give visible expression of it. By and by, came B——'s own private birthday. Nothing had been said of it at table, and, in fact, nothing elsewhere, that I remember; but Nero, who had survived several of those anniversaries, bore it in mind, and our dinner was something gorgeous—to look at! Unhappily, certain necessary ingredients had been unavoidably omitted in the concocting of the dessert, ornamental pastry not being set down in our regular bill of fare; but B—— ate of pies that were built of chips, and of puddings that were stuffed with sawdust, until I feared we should be called upon to mourn the loss of a first officer before morning.

Moreover, B—— insisted that everything was unsurpassed; and, heaven be thanked, I believe the pastry could easily lay claim to that distinction. At any rate, never before or since have I laid teeth to such a Dead Sea dessert. At this point, B—— naturally called Nero to him and thanked him, with moist and truthful eyes, and the ingenuous little Jamaican dropped a couple of colorless tears that would easily have passed for anybody's, anywhere. For this mutual exhibition of sentiment every one of us was duly grateful, and we never afterward scorned B—— for his eccentricities, since we knew him to be capable of genuine feeling. Moreover, he nearly died of his birthday dessert, yet did not once complain of the unsuspecting cause of all his woe, who was at his side night and day, anticipating all his wishes, and deploring the unaccountable misfortunes of his master.

So the winds blew us into the warm south latitudes. I was getting restless. Perhaps we had talked ourselves out of legitimate topics of conversation, and were forcing the social element. It was tedious beyond expression, passing day after day within sound of the same voic-

es, and being utterly unable to flee into never so small a solitude, for there was not an inch of it on board. Swinging at night in my hammock between-decks, wakefully dreaming of the future and of the past, again and again I have stolen up on deck, where the watch lay in the moonlight, droning their interminable yarns and smoking their perpetual cigarettes—for French sailors have privileges, and improve them with considerable grace.

It was at such times that the wind sung in the rigging, with a sound as of a thousand swaying branches full of quivering leaves—just as the soft gale in the garden groves suggests pleasant nights at sea, the vibration of the taut stays, and the rush of waters along the smooth sides of the vessel. A ship's rigging is a kind of sea-harp, played upon by the four winds of heaven.

The sails were half in moonlight and half in shadow. Every object was well defined, and on the high quarter-deck paced Thanaron, his boyish figure looking strangely picturesque, for he showed in every motion how deeply he felt the responsibility of his office. There was usually a faint light in the apartments of *Monsieur le Capitaine*, and I thought of him in his gold lace and dignity, poring over a French novel, or cursing the light winds. I used to sit upon the neck of a gun—one of our four dummies, that were never known to speak louder than a whisper—lay my head against the moist bulwarks, and listen to the half-savage chants of the Tahitian sailors who helped to swell our crew. As we drew down toward the enchanted islands they seemed fairly bewitched, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they could keep their mouths shut until evening, when they were sure to begin intoning an epic that usually lasted through the watch. Sometimes a fish leaped into the moonlight, and came down with a splash; or a whale heaved a great sigh

close to us, and as I looked over the bulwarks, I would catch a glimpse of the old fellow just going down, like a submerged island. Occasionally a flying-fish—a kind of tangible moonbeam—fell upon deck, and was secured by one of the sailors; or a bird, sailing about with an eye to roosting on one of our yards, gave a plaintive, ominous cry, that was echoed in falsetto by two or three voices, and rung in with the Tahitian cantata of island delights. Even this sort of thing lost its charm after a little. Thanaron could not speak to me, because Thanaron was officer of the deck at that moment, and Thanaron himself had said to me, "Order, Monsieur, order is the first law of France!" I had always supposed that heaven had a finger in the making of that law—but it is all the same to a Frenchman.

Most sea-days have a tedious family resemblance, and their chief characteristic is the almost total absence of any distinguishing feature. Fair weather and foul; sunlight, moonlight, and starlight; moments of confidence; oaths of eternal fidelity; plans for the future long enough to crowd a century uncomfortably; relapses, rows, recoveries; then, after many days, the water subsided, and we saw land at last.

Land, God bless it! Long, low coral reefs, with a strip of garden glorifying them; rocks towering out of the sea, palm-crowned, foam-fringed; wreaths of verdure cast upon the bosom of the ocean, forever fragrant in their imperishable beauty; and, beyond and above them all, gorgeous and glorious Tahiti.

On the morning of the thirty-third day out, there came a revelation to the whole ship's company. A faint blue peak was seen struggling with the billows; presently it seemed to get the better of them, growing broader and taller, but taking hours to do so. The wind was stiff, and the sea covered with foam; we rolled frightfully all day. Our

French dinner lost its identity. Soup was out of the question; we had hard work to keep meat and vegetables from total wreck, while we hung on to the legs of the table with all our strength. How the old *Chevert* "bucked," that day, as though conscious that for months to come she would swing in still waters by the edge of green pastures, where any such conduct would be highly inappropriate.

Every hour the island grew more and more beautiful, as though it were some lovely fruit or flower, swiftly and magically coming to maturity. A central peak, with a tiara of rock-points, crowns it with majesty, and a neighboring island of great beauty seems its faithful attendant. I do not wonder that the crew of the *Bounty* mutinied when they were ordered to make sail and turn their backs on Tahiti. Nor am I surprised that they put the captain and one or two other objectionable features into a small boat, and advised them to continue their voyage if they were anxious to do so; but as for them, give them Tahiti, or give them worse than death—and, if convenient, give them Tahiti straight, and keep all the rest for the next party that came along.

As soon as we were within hailing distance, the pilot came out and took us under his wing. We kissed the hand of a citizen of the new world, and, for the first time since losing sight of the dear California coast, dismissed it from our minds. There was very little wind right under the great green mountains, so the frigate *Astrea* sent a dozen boats to tow us through the opening in the reef to our most welcome anchorage. No Doge of Venice ever cruised more majestically than we, and our sea-papage was the sensation of the day.

"Click-click" went the anchor-chains through the hawse-holes, down into a deep, sheltered bowl of the sea, whose waters have never yet been ruffled by

the storms that beat upon the coral wall around it. Along the crescent shores trees dropped their yellow leaves into the water, and tried their best to bury the slim canoes drawn up among their roots. Beyond this barricade of verdure the eye caught glimpses of every sort of tropical habitation imaginable, together with the high roofs and ponderous white walls of the French government buildings. The foliage broke over the little town like a green sea, and every possibility of a good view of it was lost in the inundation. Above it towered the sublime crest of the mountain, with a strip of cloud about its mid-

dle in true savage fashion. Perpetual harvest lay in its lap, and it basked in the smile of God.

Twilight, fragrant and cool; a fruity flavor in the air, a flower-like tint in sea and sky, the ship's boat waiting to convey us shoreward. . . . O! Thanaron, my Thanaron, with your arms about my neck, and B——'s arms about you, and Nero clinging to his master's knees—in fact, with everybody felicitating every other body, because it was such an evening as descends only upon the chosen places of the earth; and, because, having completed our voyage in safety, we were all literally in a transport.

ETC.

Alma Mater.

Commencement is over. The candidates for University honors have received their degrees from the hand of its honored President within the consecrated walls of Berkeley; and memories, sweet and fragrant, are garnered for the exultant future of the loved *Alma Mater*—fair goddess of the Pacific sea.

California has just reason for grateful pride in the guarantees offered in the valuable returns already apparent from the rich provision made for the education of her sons and daughters. The State wants productive citizenship as her choicest heritage; and in the education, culture, character, and moral worth of those who share her liberal behests, she is to find the fruition of her hope. Commencement day was the glad revelator of the grand and mighty possibilities of an expanded future.

The order of exercises—embraced within the scope of six days—was varied and interesting. Not the least notable were the programmes offered by the several literary and secret societies connected with the University, formed for the promotion of social and intellectual fellowship. The public entertain-

ments given by these *imperia in imperio* were creditable alike to the good taste and genius of their projectors and the active participants. Masterly mechanics in literary, scientific, and moral culture, presented to delighted audiences their *chefs-d'œuvre* of ethic and æsthetic skill and beauty. Native bards sung with an inspiration and sweetness which showed that

“Sullen philosophy may learn to go
In daintiest drapery, and adorn it, too.”

The theses of the graduating class—practical in import and vigorous in tone—were handled with an easy familiarity and scope that evinced something more than a mere theoretical acquaintance with the themes selected. The light of general culture illuminated the technicalities of the specific subjects treated. The speaker seemed to be, in some sense, the embodiment of his theme, and the bias and genius of the man were therein disclosed. The conviction was irresistible that the controlling aim of the educators at the University is to equip the men and women, whom they send forth into active life, for earning their own living, thus adding to the productive wealth of intelligent and well-directed industry. The pride of our young

State has caught the pre-eminent need of the time, and its noble intent is to impart the only real knowledge that has life and growth in it—namely, that which may be transmuted into practical power, and made to bless alike its possessor and the world. A philosopher of ancient Greece, on being asked what boys ought to learn, aptly replied, "What they will have occasion to use when they become men." And the true mission of college, seminary, or university, is the developing of vigorous, capable, and cultivated human beings, and launching them on their life career, well armed with facts and principles as a propelling power on the track of an instructed industry.

It is the glory of our University, too, that her doors are thrown wide open to all applicants of both sexes, who are qualified to profit by the advantages offered. The munificence of founders has been poured out for the benefit alike of male and female education. California has yet to act her *Iliad*—it is still unsung; and it remains for the future to reveal, whether, in the stately epic, there shall be chronicled the name of a Sappho, an Aspasia, or a Corinna, who five times carried off the poetic prize from Pindar. Honesty of purpose and justice of intent were generously apparent in according to female genius the dedicatory poem. May the University of California add vigor to the development and perfection of a scheme that contemplates the fullest and broadest female culture! A scheme that shall herald the dawn of a more general intellectual excellence and eminence for woman—an era which the divine inspiration within encourages her to long for and await with glad and grateful expectation.

The Presentation exercises of the first class of four-year graduates were of marked interest. The portrait of Bishop Berkeley, formally presented to the University, added zest to the occasion. The remarks of the honored President were timely, terse, and eloquent—full of marrow and backbone. There is always marvelous definiteness and robust strength in what he has to offer. Every sentence is "trained down to fighting weight." There is no garish display of alien rhetoric, or studied eloquence of fine phrase and grandiose appeal, but a compact, efficient union of

vital self-strength with vigorous simplicity, which, in these days of infinite speech and finite thought, is as delicious as it is rare.

To the University of California, then, all hail! Her Freshman and Sophomore classes may not yet have attained to the fierce light-infantry battle of the foot-ball game, with its "breaches of peace, and pieces of breeches" (to quote the language of a college bard). There may be, as yet, no nocturnal orgies over the "Burial of Euclid," with weird, grotesque procession, funereal torch-light, and wild, hilarious song. We may not gather in proud assemblage to watch the feathered oars, as they dip, and plash, and flash in the laughing sunlight, while club-boat crews in resplendent uniform exchange kindly greetings and push out into the broad waters of an open bay. But there is laid at Berkeley "the chief corner-stone" of wondrous things to come. There, amid the dreamy, sun-kissed hills, where all the landscape curves and swells in sensuous loveliness, shall Nature inanimate be laid under tribute to expanding mind, making it affluent in conception and reverent to the beautiful; suggesting to the soul that life, however full of vicissitude, may yet be regnant with poetic power and beauty.

And so, with proud, exultant tread, do we keep step to the tune of the "good time coming;" and, with the eloquent, impassioned orator of Commencement Day, we may join in the glad refrain, "All hail the Hereafter!"

Home Talent, or Amateur Opera.

Gifts of nature and accomplishments of art, when used for the elevation and happiness of society, are of untold worth, not only to their possessors, but to the commonwealth. The powers of prolific genius, when consecrated to the brightening and blessing of toilsome life, are nobly employed. Nature endows her chosen with specific gifts, which are intended to enrich the world; and to place one's self under Nature's guardianship, in loving docility to her promptings, is to make a success of life. Nature makes no pledges that she is not prepared to redeem. The rude rejection of her endowments, and the imperinent affectation of other talents not possess-

ed, make shipwreck of human hope and effort.

Genius has a right to claim sovereignty over individual career, and compel obedience to the invisible helmsman. Talent may wisely clamor for cultivation. The simple possession of a gift prophesies its intent and use. For fertile natures to remain unproductive is to squander the royal legacy of heaven. From the neglect or perversion of splendid endowments the world suffers untold loss. Native genius and mental aptitude are Nature's beacons lifted aloft to indicate the channel where life's frigate may run with greatest safety.

To the unqualified success attending the late production of the *Doctor of Alcantara*, by an operatic cast of amateur performers, the foregoing remarks owe their inspiration. It is not our intention to particularize; but the amount of talent displayed was something to be wondered at, when it is remembered that the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the performance devote themselves with like commendable fidelity to the faithful discharge of all domestic and social duties. The admirable fulfillment of nearest obligations gives additional lustre and charm to the more public entertainment and *divertissement*. The invited guests who were fortunate enough to witness the late brilliant performance, before one of the most select and critical audiences ever convened in San Francisco, should not fail to appreciate the conscientious study that has resulted in all those beautiful intonations and inflections. A silvery stream of easy-flowing naturalness rippled through the entire performance. The different rôles were all well sustained, but the leading spirit of the play—its genius and inspiration—must have had superintendency of training from Nature herself. There is such a wondrous force and vitality implanted by this great teacher; she decrees with such marvelous accuracy the exact cast of countenance, tone of voice, variety of gesture, or pose of head or limb, best suited to the sentiment expressed. She prescribes action, so well-defined, as to make it a sort of universal language which all may readily interpret.

A fervent God-speed, then, to all conventions for mutual improvement. San Francis-

co has her Art Association, which the faithful patrons of æsthetic culture have brought forward, through much of discouragement and difficulty, to an assured success. She has her clubs for the promotion of literary culture. She has her legal and ministerial associations, for deliberation and discussion. She has her dental, medical, and commercial organizations, for mutual help and enlightenment. All these add to the prosperity of any community. Fraternal fellowship is the sunlight of development and growth. Appreciative co-operation supplies oil to the wheels of progress. The sharing of special gifts and talents multiplies their value to the world. It was Beethoven who said that he never saw a landscape without being able to translate it into bars of music. Happy they who pass through life making it vocal with melodious song, and resonant with the harmonious utterances of truth. Happy they who have a living fountain within, which bubbles perennially, and from its own majestic fullness and plenitude of strength bursts forth in sparkling jets of beauty—exhilarating, fresh, and free. Thrice happy they, who, with generous welcome, permit all thirsting souls to drink from the perennial fountain of their own fullness, and thus light up and illumine the neutral tints of this work-day life with the rainbow arch of benevolence, happiness, and hope.

The Shah's Visit to England.

LONDON, June 22d, 1873.

Naesr-eddin, the Shah-in-Shah, the Lord of Lords, the ruler of Persia, and the master of the life and property of some five million human beings, has at last crossed the sea—for the first time in his life, I suppose—and his standard—the lion passant with a scimitar in his right paw, backed by the rising sun—now floats over Buckingham Palace, where he is royally lodged as the guest of the nation. Even the magnificent reception accorded to the late Emperor of the French—when he, with his graceful consort, and in the acme of his power, was the guest of the nation and the Queen—and that of the Sultan afterward, pale before the lavish splendor displayed on the part of the Queen and her people in their determination to do hon-

or to the Persian monarch—or, at any rate, to impress him to the full with the power and wealth of England, and haply to take the wind out of the sails of Russia, who had the advantage of having him at first-hand, and giving him the first ideas of western might and civilization. Modern Persia is, for the most part, a sterile, unwatered country, sparsely populated by a semi-civilized race, and with little or no commerce, but it is the barrier between Russian encroachments and the British Indian Empire, and the integrity of the Shah's dominions is a matter of the first importance to England, which is now, and has been since the Crimean War, more an Asiatic than a European power. It is doubtful whether she would fight for Belgium, but she must do so for India. The abrogation of the Black Sea Treaty, the recent Russian advances in Central Asia and occupation of Khiva, are ominous signs, and she must needs try to outbid her colossal rival in the favor of a prince, who, in a most literal sense, is the people and state of Persia, and on whose good-will it may largely depend whether Russia shall encounter a formidable obstacle, or find an open road to Calcutta. Consequently nothing has been left undone to convince the Shah that his true interests are identical with those of the country of whose splendid hospitalities he is now the recipient. He is credited with strong intelligence and keen observation, though his grave, solemn face, immovable as that of an Indian, shows few signs of interest and less of surprise at the novel sights and sounds which greet him everywhere. It is said that he devotes a couple of hours every day to the writing up of his diary, that he is not unacquainted with the famous poets of Persia, and has even published a book (for private circulation) descriptive of a pilgrimage to Bagdad and the holy places there, the only journey he has made outside his own dominions before the present one. Ere he commenced his European travels, he signed a treaty or convention with Baron Reuter, the well-known telegraph man, which confers on that enterprising German noble a monopoly so sweeping and vast that all others are dwarfed in comparison. The Shah, determined to develop the resources of his country and raise his people to a high state of civilization, has

granted the Baron the sole and exclusive right of constructing a thorough system of railways and telegraphs in Persia. He is further empowered to build ports and harbors, and is to enjoy the right of exporting and importing everything needful for his undertaking free of duty. The concession extends over seventy years, after which everything becomes the property of the state. He is, moreover, the farmer of the whole Persian revenue for a number of years, guaranteeing to pay into the treasury annually the sum of £25,000 more than the average yearly income of the last five years. Truly a gigantic enterprise, but the telegraph Baron has a clear head, a genius for business and finance of high order, is a man of great wealth, and has, no doubt, men of similar qualifications to back him. The Shah knows probably what he is about, but had he thrown the thing open to the competition of the world, he might, one would think, have carried out his plans of improvements on more advantageous terms.

Baron Reuter is accompanying the Shah, and is one of seventy or eighty persons comprising his suite. He and an Austrian general, who is to remodel the Persian army, are the only two Europeans. The rest are the Shah's uncles, brothers, and relatives, a number of *meerzas*, nobles of his household, and servants of high and low degree. His baggage is of several tons weight, and fills several railway vans, each one of which is guarded by two armed Persian servants. He left his dominions with part of his harem, but the ladies claiming some of the privileges of their European sisters, were forthwith sent back from Moscow to Teheran. He has several horses with him, best known among which is the famous cream-colored charger, with its tail dyed red, which he first bestrode at St. Petersburg, and which we will have the chance of admiring at the forthcoming review in Windsor Park. The horse is a beautiful creature, of the finest Persian breed, and of renowned lineage. The trappings were gorgeous, but the horse-gear heavy and clumsy—demi-pique saddle and great shovel stirrups in the Oriental manner.

The Shah, who is rather short of stature, looked every inch a king when mounted on his magnificent steed, which he managed

with the ease and grace of a perfect cavalier. His fortune is estimated at five millions sterling, one-half of it being in diamonds and precious stones, a quarter of which, it is popularly believed, he wears on his person on gala occasions. At the opera last Saturday he looked like a blazing meteor, and the effulgence of his diamonds made literally my eyes blink. On his black hat or cap of Astrachan wool blazed a large aigrette, entirely formed of diamonds. In the centre of the disk of his epaulets is a ruby of the size of a dollar, and the pendants are strings of precious stones. The frogs on his dark-blue coat are likewise formed of masses of gems, and on a species of baldric or scarf across his breast scintillate some thirty or forty diamonds of the purest water, each the size of a hazel-nut, and the scabbard of his curved scimitar is thickly encrusted with jewels, the effect of all which in the brilliant light was of almost unbearable splendor. As he came to the front of the box, smiling faintly and touching his cap several times in acknowledgment of the deafening cheers which greeted him, I had a fair look at the grave, almost solemn face of the man, whose will had never been thwarted in his life, whose slightest whim and fancy is the anxious study of thousands, and who is high above all law and obligation.

Until he undertook the present tour, he slept and ate at his own royal pleasure, came and went as he listed, but by this time he must begin to realize that kings—in Europe, at least—have some duties which can not very well be utterly ignored. Apparently he does not understand that “punctuality is the politeness of kings.” The want of that minor virtue was first noticed at St. Petersburg, and next in Berlin, where he on more than one occasion kept the old Emperor and his son waiting in a manner to which they were but little used. In Belgium he improved in that respect, and he actually condescended to humor the tide at Ostend and get up at three in the morning to embark for England. He has come up to time tolerably in this country, considering the extensive programme of sight-seeing which has been laid down for him. However, at the opera he detained the Prince and Princess of Wales, not to mention the audience—the *élite* of

London (boxes at £50, and stalls in proportion)—for more than an hour. It was a state performance, by command of the Queen. The cortege consisted of ten state carriages, with coach and footmen *en grande tenue*—cocked hats, gold-embroidered coats, pumps, and stockings—and with a captain's escort of Life Guards. At last the orchestra struck up the “Persian March”—a strain of wild, barbarian clangor, more stirring than melodious—and the whole audience rose to receive the “Lord of Lords.” The performance was part of *Dinorah*—the “shadow song” sung by Patti, with her usual grace and perfection—and two acts of *Faust*, with Faure as “Mephisto.” But, of course, the main performance was the Shah himself, at whom was leveled the true British stare—persistent and unabashed—and the opera was merely a side-show, until the lion of the evening withdrew, which he did at an early hour. I doubt much whether his Iranic Majesty is quite up to the appreciation of our cherished institution—the opera. I should not wonder now if either of the two spectacular and leg-dramas, the *Black Crook*, and *Babil and Bijou*, would not have suited him a great deal better. Besides the four lords in waiting, whom the Queen has attached to his person, Sir Henry Rawlinson, the well-known traveler and linguist, has been appointed his special attendant by the Foreign Office. Sir Henry joined him at Ostend; he is a personal acquaintance of the Shah, having been British Minister in Teheran, I believe. He speaks modern Persian readily, and is considered one of the best of living Persian scholars. He is the real showman and cicerone, and it is through him that the Shah must get intelligible explanations of the marvels he beholds, as his knowledge of French is even less than that of the Sultan, and, in fact, only suffices for the interchange of a compliment or so. His “guide, philosopher, and friend,” is on hand on every occasion, to point out and explain, and the interests of England may be trusted safely to Sir Henry's hands.

I did not myself witness the Shah's arrival at Dover, but it must have been an imposing spectacle, and one well calculated to impress him, if anything could. The *Victoria and Albert* (the Queen's yacht) drawing too much

water for Ostend Pier, the *Vigilant* proceeded thither, accompanied by the *Devastation* and another iron-clad. The Shah having been embarked at the nick of time to save the tide, the flotilla steamed out to sea, and was met in mid-channel by twelve great iron-clads, under the command of Rear-Admiral Hornby. Ranging themselves majestically six on each side of the *Vigilant*, they hoisted the Persian flag on the fore, and thundered forth a salute that made the welkin ring, and roused the Shah from his oriental apathy. With this superb escort, so befitting the mistress of the seas, the Shah very soon sighted the white cliffs of Albion. As he first trod English ground on Dover Pier, the ships and forts repeated the deafening salute. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur received him in the name of the Queen, and, after luncheon at the Lord Warden's Hotel, a special train—the locomotive almost buried in roses—carried him rapidly Londonward. At Thornecliffe Camp the train slackened speed, to enable the Shah to get a preliminary review of the English troops, who were drawn up for his inspection, horse and foot, a short distance from the track. The weather was calm in the morning, and the sight from Dover's historic cliff, which was black with spectators, must have been a memorable one, and one which can only be seen in England. It was slightly hazy, which made the iron-clads loom out still bigger. Fringing the imposing naval procession were clouds of pleasure yachts and excursion steamers, crowded with sight-seers. The day grew more and more sultry as the royal guest drew near to London. He may be said to have traveled on the wings of the storm. Toward five P.M., when he was due, the coppery sky and sullen heat presaged the coming thunder-storm. I had taken my stand among a dense mass on the stairs at the foot of the York Column, and had been in position ever since four. The Horse Guards struck six, and still no Shah. I felt disposed to put a *p* before his name and go home, when presently a long string of state carriages traversed the park, evidently for Charing Cross Station to fetch the royal visitors. There were twelve state and eight semi-state carriages. A "thin-red" line of troops, supplemented with police, mounted

and on foot, lined the road of progress from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace. Surely he must come presently; but still another hour tried the well-known patience and long-suffering of a London crowd of sight-seers. Heavy drops of rain now fell at intervals, and soon the view of the road became partially obscured by innumerable umbrellas. Muttering thunder blended with the salute, which announced the arrival at Charing Cross. The rain grew heavier and heavier, and as the advanced escort of the Blues came in sight from my position, the very heavens opened. Dimly seen through the pouring rain and the confusion of the swaying mass of human beings, I caught sight of the Shah in the last carriage—or rather his hat, with the diamond aigrette—seated on the right of the Prince of Wales.

They were still some distance from Buckingham Palace, and as there was no chance to close the carriages, except by stopping the whole cortege, the royal guests and hosts got as nice a ducking as the soldiers and the thousands of us commoners, who had congregated to do him honor, or, may be, to gratify our own curiosity. The escort was unusually large, comprising a heavy detachment from both the Royals and the Blues, and made, in my eyes, the most imposing part of the show. What pomp and circumstance of war attach to these magnificent troops, these sons of Anak glittering in steel and prancing on their great coal-black chargers. It was, perhaps, as well that the Shah, among other British institutions, should be made acquainted with the weather of the country—there is no climate here. However, it is but fair to state that this is the only time the clerk of the weather has seriously interfered with the royal programme. Up to date, the weather has been very steady for England, and may, perhaps, hold out for awhile longer.

The day after his entry to Buckingham Palace, he received the *Corps Diplomatique*, and in the evening dined at Marlborough House with the Prince of Wales—only gentlemen invited—after which he honored the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland with his presence for half an hour at a grand ball given by them in their town mansion—Stafford House, the most luxuriously comfortable

ble palace in the world. It is said that dining in company is not agreeable to him, nor is it, I should think, to his host, as his habits at table are rather startling to western notions of etiquette. Report says that he ignores forks, eats with his fingers, and throws bones and scraps under the table. *On dit*—but it is doubtless a *canard*—that he insists upon seeing the animal killed of which he is to dine, and that one of the drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace has been converted into a temporary slaughter-house. It seems, however, that he is but a sparing eater. I saw it mentioned in the papers that his dinner for the day consisted of a fowl stuffed with raisins and rice. But he makes up in smoking and drinking coffee, to indulge in which he retires on every possible opportunity. A regular staff of servants attend to these two departments. The number of vessels and pots for the preparation of the latter is enormous, and none but his own cooks can brew it to his taste.

At Dover he made his first but by no means his last acquaintance with the delightful British institution—the presentation of a Corporation Address. Being translated to him by Sir Henry Rawlinson, he replied in an exceedingly brief speech. The terseness of the Persian must be something wonderful, as it took Sir Henry quite a long time to render it into English, in which the usual stock phrases occurred with suspicious similarity. At the reception in Guildhall, the inevitable address was, of course, inflicted again, and the freedom of the city presented to the Shah in a magnificent casket, which, among other privileges (according to Mr. Punch), will enable him to pass through the block at Ludgate Hill. The obsequious city voted £50,000 for the entertainment of their guest, yet only £500 was the result of the collection on Hospital Sunday; but, as Mr. Punch remarks in his cartoon of last week, there are plenty of people who will not give a doit to a lame beggar, but will lay out ten to see a live Persian. The decorations of the interior and magnificence of the supper were something fabulous. A thousand men had been employed for a fortnight to turn the historic but dingy old hall into a palace of enchantment. I believe Gog and Magog were gilded from top to toe. He was late, as usual,

but at last he entered with the Princess of Wales on his arm. The address being achieved, he gallantly escorted the Princess to the dais, and thereupon seated himself on the throne erected for him.

He has by this time picked up a good deal of European manners and customs. He can gallant a lady now equal to any gentleman, but he has not yet learned to dance. He sat solitary on his throne, inwardly puzzled, no doubt, at the marvelous spectacle before him—real princes and *meerzas* and their great ladies dancing like slaves and bayaderes before him. In the royal quadrille, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh danced with the two Misses Waterlow—the Lord Mayor's daughters—the Czarowitch with the Princess of Wales, and the Lord Mayor with Princess Dagmar—the Czarewina. Owing to some official blundering, several persons of high rank, who had mislaid their tickets, were refused admittance to the Shah's table, among them Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Queen's cousin. It was barely alluded to in the papers, but the *fiasco* is said to have excited no little commotion in high quarters. The day after, the Shah reviewed the Royal Horse Artillery at Woolwich, perhaps the finest and best trained corps in the world, and afterward inspected the arsenal, and assisted at the forging of one of the "Woolwich infants." When he saw the enormous ingot of red-hot iron extracted from the furnace, placed in position with the greatest facility, and then manipulated by the fifteen-ton steam-hammer, he fairly forgot himself, and his dark face brightened with unmistakable surprise and animation. To-morrow is the great naval review at Spithead, at which I intend to assist. I shall endeavor to give you a description of it in my next.

JUNE 24th.

Certainly one of the most impressive spectacles I ever witnessed was the review by the Shah yesterday of the British iron-clad fleet off Portsmouth. The affair was a complete success, and all the main details of the programme were carried out in their integrity. The morning was lovely, a gentle breeze tempering the heat as we rushed by express train through the pleasant English landscape, now in its verdant prime, on our way

to the distant sea-coast. As we reached Portsmouth, the wind had almost died away, and the sun burned as it rarely does in England. I had my misgivings about an inopportune thunder-storm or two, but the fickle English weather seemed propitious to the Shah, and the day set as bright as it begun. Indeed, about noon a smart breeze sprung up, displaying the bunting to advantage, and dispersing the smoke which almost blotted out the iron-clads as they gave their first salute. For the reasonable sum of five shillings, I secured a ticket of admission to the poop of the *Lord of the Isles*, one of the multitude of steamers which, crowded with gay sight-seers, were waiting for the signal of the Shah's arrival to commence their progress "round the fleet and back." The Solent—the strait that divides the Isle of Wight from the main-land—seemed literally choked with a countless fleet of steamers, yachts, wherries, steam-launches, men-of-war cutters, steaming, sailing, puffing, and pulling away in inextricable confusion. In the hazy distance loomed out the giant hulks of the *Northumberland*, *Sultan*, *Agincourt*, and others of their class, and less conspicuously the low, hideous, but much more formidable monitors and turret-ships of recent construction, among which I recognized the queerest of all, the terrible *Devastation*. It had been in contemplation, I believe, that the review should have taken place under steam, but remembering the furious gale of wind which made a *fiasco* of that got up in honor of the Sultan, the idea was abandoned, and the fleet did not steam past the royal yacht, but remained stationary at their moorings in three parallel lines. There were in all forty-four men-of-war of all classes. The main avenue through which the Shah was to pass is formed of the iron-clads and turret-ships, and outside of the latter were a long string of gunboats, more suggestive of floating gun-carriages than ships. In the harbor we could plainly make out the lofty wooden three-deckers of a past era, such as the magnificent, but useless, *Duke of Wellington*, Napier's flag-ship in the Baltic, and the veterans of Nelson's day, the *St. Vincent*, and his renowned flag-ship, the *Victory*. The Shah left Buckingham Palace at 8 A. M., and the royal train made Portsmouth a little after 10

o'clock, which was announced by a salvo of the marine artillery from the land batteries. Carriages conveyed the royal party to the Dockyard jetty, where the Queen's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, lay ready to receive them. The platform having been spread with green cloth, it was hurriedly, at the last moment, covered with a stripe of red bunting, which enabled the Shah to step upon it without scruple—green being held sacred in the eyes of a Persian. Here he was received by the naval and military commanders of the port, and fell in the ambuscade of the Portsmouth Mayor and his Councilmen, who fired off the inevitable address, to which he said "all right," in Persian, and immediately hurried on board the magnificent vessel placed at his disposal. He was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, transformed into a sailor for the day by his uniform as a master of the Trinity House, the Princess and her sister Dagmar, the Czarowitch, the Duke of Edinburgh, etc. As soon as the party had embarked, the standards of England and Persia were hoisted on the main. The moorings were cast off, and the beautiful craft steamed out, followed by the *Simoom*, with the House of Lords on board; the *Tamar*, with a large delegation of the Commons; the *Enchantress*, with the Lords of the Admiralty, and the *Vigilant*, with members of the Shah's suite and the Press. As the royal standards were displayed, the old sailing line-of-battle ships in the harbor, gay with bunting from truck to water, manned yards and thundered forth the first salute. Our steamer now cast loose, and with fine audacity followed in the wake of the royal procession. We were threatened and warned to keep our place outside of the fleet, but our noble Captain, having got the inside track, kept on, never minding. At one time we ranged almost alongside the royal yacht, and got a capital view of the lion of the day and his royal entertainers, standing on the bridge. The *Victoria and Albert* is one of the most beautiful ships afloat; she is fitted with luxurious comfort, manned by a picked crew, and commanded by Count Gleichen, the Queen's half brother, who has about the snuggest berth in her Majesty's navy, I should think. The Queen and Prince Albert made formerly frequent excursions in her; but since the Prince's

death she is seldom employed, except to ferry her Majesty across to the Isle of Wight, when she visits Osborne.

Being now well clear of the harbor, the triple lines of the iron-clads, moored at regular intervals, opened out plainly before us, extending, I should judge, for a distance of at least three miles. Nearest were the outer line of gunboats—twenty-one in all, under Lord Gilford—low, lead-colored monsters, with squat masts and no yards, and rejoicing in such appropriate names as the *Kite*, the *Bloodhound*, the *Plucky*, the *Bruiser*, the *Arachne*, the *Bulldog*, etc. Next the eleven iron-clads of Admiral Hornby's squadron, including the *Agincourt*, *Northumberland*, *Devastation*, and *Hercules* (sister ship to the *Koenig Wilhelm*, of the Prussian Navy). Farther were the twelve ships of the second division, numbering among them the well-known *Hotspur*, the *Glutton* (which bore successfully the fire of the *Devastation* last year), and the *Sultan*. As the royal flotilla passed the Spit buoy, and converged toward the main avenue, the whole fleet manned yards and fired a royal salute. The deafening thunder rolled from ship to ship, as we slowly steamed down the line. It was still calm, and the smoke lay heavy and sullen on the waters, blotting out the shores and hiding everything but the tops of the masts of the iron-clads. After a little, the grim monsters loomed out again in all their ugliness and power. The terrible concussion would seem to have shaken the atmosphere, for, before we reached half-way down the line, a brisk breeze sprung up, swept away the smoke, and made the waves dance. Passing the particularly ugly *Royal Sovereign*, the lead-colored *Glutton*, and the misshapen monster, the *Devastation*, with its single hollow iron mast and battery of four thirty-five ton guns (the Woolwich infants), the royal procession, of which we made the unornamental tail, then passed the huge five-masters—the *Agincourt*, *Northumberland*, *Sultan*—splendid ships, which still have something of the picturesqueness of the old man-of-war about them. They have, at any rate, masts, though low, and the usual complement of yards, on which stood, motionless as statues, their gallant crews, in white ducks and straw hats, while on their poops were drawn up the red-jacketed ma-

rines, their arms brought to the "present" as the *Victoria and Albert* came abreast. Besides manning yards, the *Audacious* and *Agincourt* had a man standing upon each truck, holding on nothing, as far as I could make out. It must have cost Sir Henry Rawlinson no little trouble, and his best Persian, to make his Majesty understand that these great ships would go helplessly down, one after the other, and the rest of the fleet in the bargain, before the all-destroying *Devastation*, which looks so insignificant in comparison. At 12 o'clock, the *Victoria and Albert* rounded the western extremity of the line, and the fleet gave a second general salute. Again smoke and flame belched forth from side and turret, and sea and sky shook with the awful crash, and the violent concussions must have made the men still on the yards clutch the life-lines with extra grip.

About one o'clock, the royal yacht lay-to near the *Agincourt*. Presently the standards were struck, and we knew that the Shah was no longer on board. A white barge, towed by a steam-launch, shot from her side, and shortly afterward the golden lion in the red field waving from the maintop of the *Agin-court*, told us that he was on board the flagship. I heard the well-known call, "Stand by your guns, you hearts of oak!" and saw the rigging white with sailors, as they left the yards for their quarters. He remained on board for half an hour, and afterward visited the *Sultan*, but for some reason did not go on board the *Devastation*. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is a post-captain, was his cicerone, and doubtless explained to him the difference between the foretopsail and the lee scuppers.

At two P. M., the barge returned, and the standards waved again in amiable fellowship on the royal yacht, which then at once headed for the shore. Through the entire fleet the yards again became alive with men, and the iron-clads fired their parting salute of twenty-one guns each, the *Devastation* using a saluting-gun, as the report of one of her "infants" would doubtless have smashed all the glass in her Majesty's yacht. The whole scene was one of indescribable grandeur and beauty. The festive appearance of the grim iron ships, the anchorage thick with shipping gay in all the colors of the rainbow, the ring-

ing, continued cheers, the thunder of the cannonade, and the endless fleet of fairy yachts darting to and fro across the blue waters of the Solent, their piles of snowy canvas swelling in the breeze, made up a combination of sights and sounds which will not easily be forgotten by those who were present at the great naval review off Spithead on the sunny 23d of June.

While the Shah and his party were entertained by Sir Rodney Mundy, the Port-Admiral, I took the opportunity to pay a visit to the old *Victory*—Nelson's renowned flagship at the battle of Trafalgar. The historic old ship lies moored in the inner harbor, near the *St. Vincent*, another old veteran of the stirring days of yore, and the ships, almost equally out of date, of the Crimean War, the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Asia*, the *Donegal*, etc. They are all rigged with frigate spars, which still further increases the effect of their towering bulks. Presently we passed beneath the stern of the *Victory*, which rose above us, with her quarter-galleries and projecting balconies, like some beetling cliff in the Yosemite. Ascending the gangway ladder, we entered the side at the upper gun-deck, which was so low that I could hardly walk about with my hat on. She is a regular three-decker, having three complete gun-decks, besides orlop and spar deck. Her many port-holes are now mostly empty, only a few guns on the middle gun-deck being retained for saluting purposes on a grand occasion like the present. Her ordinary crew consists of fifteen men, but to-day we found on board a couple of officers in full uniform, and a large detachment of "blue-jackets"—now lying about the deck, napping—which had been detailed to man the yards and fire the salute, the concussion of which, I have no doubt, shook her old timbers from stem to stern. Her decks, white as only holystones could make them, have been several times renewed, but the hull is the same that bore Nelson and the fortunes of England on the memorable October day in Trafalgar's bay. She is now 108 years old, and may, doubtless, last for many years yet ere she sinks at her mooring. As I wandered about her decks, my thoughts reverted to the old *Ohio*, in which I came to California in 1849. That fine ship-of-war—then the very ideal of

a sailing line-of-battle ship—is longer, but not wider in the beam; certainly not in the middle gun-deck, which in the *Victory* bulges out suddenly, giving her, when viewed from astern, the tea-pot shape characteristic of the men-of-war of the last century. We had in the *Ohio* a battery on the spar-deck, but only two gun-decks. Our armament was, however, far heavier than that of the *Victory*, whose heaviest guns were only thirty-two pounders. The *Ohio* was lower on the water, but I suspect we had a far greater draught than the English liner, which would not tower so much above the water-line if weighted by her proper complement of guns, stores, and crew. Close to the main-hatch, a little to starboard, a round brass plate marks the spot where Nelson received his death-wound from one of the marines in the top of the *Redoubtable*, one of the three French ships which had closed with the *Victory*. In the Admiral's cabin hangs a painting of the last moments of Nelson, and a diagram of the battle. In the Kensington Museum is a portrait of him, as he sits in his cabin on the eve of the great fight. What a sad and brooding face. Nelson was a small, delicately built man, with little of the sailor and the Englishman about him. He rather looked like a Frenchman, and is, in fact, more the type of the fiery dash of the Celt than of the slow, bull-dog pertinacity of the race which claims him as peculiarly its own. On the orlop-deck, the cockpit was pointed out to me, and I entered the little den of a state-room on the port side, where the hero expired in the arms of Captain Hardy, not too early to be assured that the day was won, and that, indeed, on that day every Englishman had done his duty.

After luncheon, the Shah was taken to the dock-yard, where he became so much interested in a new iron-clad which is to bear his name, that he forgot, as usual, all about time and appointments. His train did not leave Portsmouth until 7 P. M., and it was as late as half-past ten that he at last made his appearance in Albert Hall, where an immense gathering of the rank and beauty of London had been waiting with exemplary patience for the bright, particular star, for two mortal hours.

Music.

In the sisterhood of Arts, Music recognizes no superiors, unless Poetry, or Discourse, may be said to hold empire supreme; and even to these Music has ever been a royal comrade and a loving companion. The true and the beautiful are closely interblended; each is dependent upon the co-operative aid and ministry of the other. Æsthetic culture invites and constrains intellectual culture. There are those who claim that æsthetic science is the portal of all knowledge, as we receive truth only through form by the æsthetic sensibility. Music comes closer to the heart than any other art, its especial prerogative being the expression of feeling. The progress and perfection of all knowledge is, without doubt, largely dependent upon a proper cultivation of the æsthetic sense. This has come to be so generally understood among educators as to cause regular musical instruction to be incorporated with the school studies of nearly every town and city in the Union as an invaluable aid to other studies; as an assistant in maintaining discipline; as a means of mental development; as a foundation for advanced culture in later life; as a sanitary measure; as a beneficent medium of cultivation to the moral nature; and as a loving handmaid to the exalted and the true.

The columns of the OVERLAND have always been open to the consideration and discussion of all subjects of scientific interest, philosophical inquiry, metaphysical research, literary disquisition, ethical discourse, poetic fancy, and art movement. Musical art has not been overlooked, or forgotten, but has heretofore had no especial place assigned it. Henceforth it is our purpose to make this a feature of our review table.

From the contemplation of art in any form, the true artist catches inspiration. Every facility should be offered to the promoters of æsthetic science, in any form, to disseminate their works and productions. All technical aids should be spread broadcast, that a more general, thorough, and accurate

knowledge may be attained. True art never suffers from a dissection of its material. It invites inspection. It delights in exhibiting its rare products. They sin against musical science who flood drawing-room and parlor with worthless trash, in ballad or instrumental composition, as nefarious in tendency and enervating in tone as the mass of verbal rubbish that infests our libraries and book-tables. Conscientious artists have a right to cry out against such a monstrous evil. It is subversive of all correct taste. There must be a discrimination between the true and the false, between the elevating and refining and the meretricious and debasing.

Till within a comparatively recent period, anything approaching a classical knowledge of music, either practical or theoretical, was scarcely to be looked for outside of the musical profession. Not a few had a kind of stiff and formal bowing acquaintance with the piano; could cut a succession of eccentric gambols up and down the key-board in noisy parlors, amid the buzz and stir of the gossipy throng; and, now and then, some more "fiery and intrepid cavalier," changing the piano into a circus-horse, would ride the poor belabored thing "before the eyes of an amazed public, at so many notes a minute, amid universal applause." Songs, too, of the "slap-bang" school, uttered in every imaginable shriek and tone, assailed ears patiently decorous, though pitilessly abused.

But thanks to increased facilities for hearing good music, and the publication of cheap editions of standard musical works, the public is being gradually educated up to a higher appreciation and a purer taste than before-time. Opportunities are offered for excursions into outside fields of musical knowledge, and for thorough explorations into rare harvest fields of matured musical thought.

No richer service can be rendered society than to provide the very best of class-books for schools, and the very choicest of music for general use, at the lowest possible rates.

We have musical establishments in our own city that are turning out the best of music at reasonable prices. It may not be generally known that the house of M. Gray has been quietly engaged in the publication of music for the past eight years, until now it issues between seven and eight hundred works. We are pleased to learn that this enterprising firm have perfected arrangements with eminent musical authors that will enable them to bring out standard operatic gems, which, musically speaking, will be a credit to our State. Already, there is a large demand in the East for these California publications, and there is no reason why trade in this line should not flow eastward. The music published by this house is subject to the rigid supervision of one of the most competent and conscientious musical critics in

the country, whose technical accuracy, fine analytical sense, and rare genius, are sure guarantees against the deplorable grammatical errors that so frequently mar the choicest productions, and the most important exercises and *études*. The diffusion of such music heralds the day-dawn of a higher and more general musical intelligence—an era fervently to be desired by all true patrons and promoters of art, and all lovers of the beautiful and the æsthetic.

We have received a large installment of music, both vocal and instrumental, including a number of musical compilations, from M. Gray, A. L. Bancroft & Co., Charles S. Eaton, and Sherman & Hyde, a review of which we are compelled to defer until our next issue, it having come to hand too late for the present number.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

At the late Alumni meeting of the University, the occasion was graced and honored by the presence of one of the three surviving members of the Williams College graduates of the class of 1812—General Charles F. Sedgwick—a noble relic of a receding age, who, “by reason of strength,” has almost reached his fourscore years. It was a pleasant privilege to hear him discourse of William Cullen Bryant, a brother Alumnus, who, distinguished at that remote day for his attainments in language and polite literature, still proudly stands on the twilight edge of a past generation, at the very portal of a new and on-coming age—the noble interpreter between two important eras of American history and the world's civilization; heroically placing the relaxed and much-enduring hand of a receding past into the vigorous and rosy palm of an advancing present; it, in turn, to be led forth into the resistless, invincible future.

Some there are who never grow old; age sits upon them like a crown resplendent with garnered jewels—like the orange-tree, under a southern sky, with ripened fruitage and expanding bud and blossom hanging simultaneously upon the generous branches, in beautiful and suggestive harmony of contrast.

What has been said of one of our modern lyric poets may apply with equal fidelity to the distinguished author of the work before us. In all his reading and study throughout his education and youth, in his maxims and in his acts, a ruling and persistent purpose has ever been manifest—the determination to develop and unfold within him the ideal man.

Born in 1794, Bryant is now close upon his seventy-ninth birthday. Blessed with an ancestral inheritance of intellectual and moral gifts, which have been used to the best advantage, coming ages have, as a beneficent heritage, the legacy of his fruitful life. Active, productive life with him began early. System harnessed a resolute nature to its al-

lotted task, and faithfulness assured success. Parental counsel and discipline unquestionably had much to do with the life-career of this remarkable man. There is a touching allusion to paternal fidelity in the poet's beautiful hymn to death, where he says :

“For he is in his grave, who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses.”

The poetic genius of Bryant manifested itself before he was ten years of age, some of his earliest lines having found publication prior to that time ; and not many years later a political satire, titled the “Embargo,” and another poem of considerable merit—the “Spanish Revolution”—made their appearance. His immortal “Thanatopsis” was written before his twentieth year. His poetry reveals his extreme delicacy of imagination, his dignity and power of thought, his sympathy with Nature, and his refreshment in it. There is something of the pure lyric melancholy of Shelley, combined with the rapturous faith of Wordsworth. There is a delicate, genial simplicity enveloping all his writings, both prose and poetic, as with a mantle. There is regal strength and sedate majesty, combined with an open-air freshness and freedom.

The editorial career of Bryant has been singularly successful, and has added largely to his literary reputation. His contributions to the *United States Review*, the *Talisman*, and the *Evening Post*, were models of compact and vigorous diction ; and his desultory letters to his journal, subsequently published in book form, are models of newspaper correspondence, and, like all his prose writings, have been truthfully described as marked throughout by “pure, manly, straightforward, vigorous English,” which is marred by “no superfluous word, or empty, showy phrase.”

Another distinctive class of Bryant's writings is embraced in the work before us, which is made up of five commemorative orations, devoted to eminent names in American history—Thomas Cole, J. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Gullian Crommelin Verplanck—and fourteen less elaborate addresses on miscellaneous subjects.

It has been said that the biographers of el-

loquent men should themselves be eloquent. Bryant's love of art, fostered and cherished by intimate association with the most eminent artists in the country, pre-eminently fitted him for the eloquent tribute to his personal friend, Thomas Cole, among the foremost of American landscape painters. For exquisiteness of finish, delicate blending of pathos and power, consummate, tranquilized strength, fervent enthusiasm toned down by a reverent and sanctified affection, and eloquence born of loving appreciation, the English language contains nothing to excel the funeral oration of this artist friend and comrade in spirit, delivered in 1848. What Bryant then said in regard to the loss which the world suffers in the death of such a man, may with singular fitness be reproduced when “the summons” shall come for him “to join the innumerable caravan” that shall re-unite him to his spirit companion. It may, with beautiful appropriateness, then be said, as he said of Cole : “When to great worth is united great genius ; when the mind of their possessor is so blended with the public mind as to form much of its strength and grace, his removal by death, in the strength and activity of his faculties, affects us with a sense of violence and loss. We feel that the great fabric of which we form a part is convulsed and shattered by it. It is like wrenching out by the roots the ivy which has overgrown and beautifies and upholds some ancient structure of the old world, and has sent its fibres deep within its masonry ; the wall is left a shapeless mass of loosened stones.”

The “green old age” and still powerful intellectual activities of Mr. Bryant are matters of marvel, attributable, no doubt, in no small degree to his rigid simplicity, great uniformity, genial temper of mind, and quiet, humane, and kindly interchange of social and literary life. The world is debtor to his worth, and fame's wreath adorns his noble brow even while he treads the daily walks of this earthly life.

The Messrs. Putnam have done literature an exalted service in this compilation. It bears to American literature a relation similar to that which *Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects* and *Freeman's Historical Essays* do to English literature. They may differ somewhat in scope and intent, but are

substantially of the same value to national literature.

Coleridge said of Wordsworth, that he had deep sympathy with man as man, but it was the sympathy of a contemplator, rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-mate. Not so with Bryant; his sympathies are broad, and deep, and all-embracing. In home life, in social life, and in public life, there is a perennial outflow—rich, warm, and abundant—fertilizing and rendering productive the soil of the heart. Why should not such a soul glide softly down into the years? Why should not life's western windows be rainbowed with beauty? Why should not music and melody stir the twilight air of such a life, composing to slumber, until the gentle spirit sues for rest, and the patient, heroic toiler

—“draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams?”

THE UNITY OF NATURAL PHENOMENA.
From the French of M. Emile Saigey.
Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Had Solomon, “the preacher,” lived today, it is scarcely probable that he would have uttered that memorable expression, “There is no new thing under the sun;” although, when under pressure of inspiration or excitement, it is impossible to predict what any man will do or say.

The time was, and that a day not far remote, when the material universe was supposed to be made up of an indefinite number of primary elements; but the tendency of modern physical science is to do away with this notion, and to substitute instead a smaller and smaller number of primitive forms of matter. It is now considered as demonstrated that heat, electricity, light, magnetism, chemical attraction, muscular energy, and mechanical work, all are but exhibitions of one and the same power acting through matter. That the molecules of matter, variously stirred by this all-pervading force, are thrown into waves, which strike against our senses, and the motion thus communicated to our nerves impresses us as heat, sound, or light, according to the rapidity and breadth of the undulations—that all these are but exhibitions of force. In other words, that force is a constant energy, never increasing or diminishing

in absolute value. And as this school of scientists plead for the unity of force, so do they also plead for the unity of matter. Their theory is briefly this: that by changes in the mode of aggregation of the atoms, which changes depend chiefly upon the degree and kind of motion with which they are endowed, matter appears to us under certain definite forms, as water, air, iron, etc.

But the author of the work under consideration advances still another step, and assumes that there is but one material substance, and that this substance is the ether; that this ether—a primitive and most subtle element, a kind of mineral protoplasm—is the tissue out of which the entire universe is wrought. He contends that there can not be two kinds of matter; that as there is but one law for motion, there can be but a single essence for matter, and the molecules of ordinary matter must appear as aggregates of ethereal atoms. The author's hypothesis, in short, is: “The atom and motion! Behold the universe!”

In setting forth this grand hypothesis of the unity of physical forces, the author seeks to indicate the grounds on which the hypothesis rests; but in his presentation of proofs it would seem that quite as much belongs to imagination as to experience. Science is a fierce contender for *facts*; it makes ugly mouths at uncertainties.

The several chapters are devoted to the discussion of sound and light, of the dynamic theory and mechanical equivalent of heat; theory of gases; electricity, the author deeming the electric current a transport of ethereal matter; the attractive forces—gravity, cohesion, and chemical affinity; living beings, and the manner in which the laws of thermo-dynamics are verified in the case of animated beings.

The origin of force, the nature of life, human personality, questions which gravely assert themselves in this connection, M. Saigey leaves untouched. Are not these questions germane to his argument, and legitimate subjects of scientific inquiry?

This doctrine of the ether has the odor of antiquity about it. It had its birth in the earliest days of scientific research. As far back as the sixteenth century we see definite statements and half-fledged theories in regard

to it; and, still later, Newton acknowledged the probability of such a medium, which he designated as the "sensorium of God." Swedenborg, Leibnitz, Hartman, Spiller, and even Tyndall, have all recognized, more or less emphatically, the existence of such an elementary medium. But M. Saigey differs essentially from all previous theories, in that he makes ether the constitutive element of the atoms of which the universe is composed.

The author's effort to prove how the great law under which he has brought the operations of Nature is verified also in organized beings, is exceedingly futile. Darwin, Huxley, Buechner, or Chapman, may be studied with far higher satisfaction, however distasteful and repellent their hypotheses may be to those who regard the "dust of the ground" theory as the only sensible one. Doctor Bastian's theory in regard to the genesis of living beings—namely, that living beings may be originated *de novo* from lifeless and (speaking physiologically) inorganic sources—receives essential confirmation from M. Saigey's deductions.

Scientific students will be interested in the examination of the work, and those who are familiar with Figuier and other popular French scientists, will not marvel at the interpolation of a little sentiment in the place of fact, and romance in the place of reality.

LOVE IS ENOUGH; or, The Freeing of Pharamond. A Morality. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Morris' genius is only equaled by his industry. The magnificent music of his *Jason* has not fairly ceased ere we find ourselves listening to the even more perfect melodies of *The Earthly Paradise*; and while we yet dream over the delicious narrative poems of *Atalanta's Race*, *The Doom of King Acrisius*, *Cupid and Psyche*, and *The Love of Alcestis*, etc., under whose subtle fascination we become half Greek, subjects and lovers of the old dead gods, we are suddenly aware of the singing of yet a newer song, and awake to hear how that "a king, whom nothing but love might satisfy, left all to seek love, and having found it, found this also, that he had enough, though he lacked all else;" and if, as the poet says, the tale does not

"In measured cadence play
About the golden lyre of gods long gone,"
but

"Rather caught up at hazard is the pipe
That mixed with scented roses over-ripe,
And murmurs of the autumn afternoon,
May charm you somewhat with its wavering tune
'Twixt joy and sadness,"

it there breathes not only the "breath of love," but the breath of a genius of which the day and generation may be proud.

The story of "Pharamond" is played before an emperor and empress newly wedded. After a prelude consisting of the admiring comments of the humble folk gathered to behold the wedding pageantry, and some very tender and poetical speech between the royal bride and groom, the "player-king" and "player-maiden" advance upon the stage. Of him the empress says:

"Most faithful eyes indeed look from the head
The sun has burnt, and wind and rain has beat.
Well may he find her slim brown fingers sweet.
And he—methinks he trembles, lest he find
That song of his not wholly to her mind.
Note how his gray eyes look askance to see
Her bosom heaving with the melody
His heart loves well: rough with the wind and rain
His cheek is, hollow with some ancient pain;
The sun has burned and blanched his crispy hair,
And over him hath swept a world of care,
And left him careless, rugged, and her own."

Pharamond, a young king, who had so reigned as to be accounted by his people

"More a glory of God made man for their helping,
Than a man that should die,"

suddenly suffers a change which defies the understanding of friends and the skill of physicians; a dreamer lost in dreams, as if

"A body late dead
"In the lips and the cheeks should gain some little
color,
And arise and wend forth with no change in the eyes,
And wander about as if seeking its soul."

From this condition he is aroused by his foster-father, Oliver, sufficiently long to realize his people's despair and his own dishonor in the neglect of their interests, and to give explanation of the sad change which had come upon him:

"Five years are past over since in the fresh dawning
On the field of the fight I lay wearied and sleepless,
Till slumber came o'er me in the first of the sunrise;
Then as there lay my body, rapt away was my spirit,

And a cold and thick mist for a time was about me,
And when that cleared away, lo, the mountain-walled
country

'Neath the first of the sunrise in e'en such a spring-
tide

As the spring-tide our horse-hoofs that yester-eve
trampled:

By the withy-wrought gate of a garden I found me,
'Neath the goodly green boughs of the apple full-
blossomed;

And full filled of great pleasure I was as I entered
The fair place of flowers, and wherefore I knew not.
Then lo, 'mid the birds' song a woman's voice sing-
ing,"

* * * * *

"O love, set a word in my mouth for our meeting.
Cast thy sweet arms about me to stay my heart's
beating!"

* * * * *

"Hold silence, love, speak not of the sweet day de-
parted;

Cling close to me, love, lest I waken sad-hearted!"

The vision of his unknown love is repeated again and again, until she becomes the one absorbing thought of his life, and in search of whom he finally sacrifices crown and kingdom. We confess to finding Pharamond's three years of wandering a little tiresome, despite the beauty of its description. The story lacks the sustaining interest which holds us to the perusal of the tales of *The Earthly Paradise*—familiar though they be, with nothing of newness about them, save the quaint garb in which they are presented to us—and are rather relieved when we find him in a strange land, with the sleep of utter exhaustion upon him, and his dream-love, "Azalais," to whose kiss he is to awaken, musing beside him:

"As one hearkening a story, I wonder what cometh,
And in what wise my voice to our homestead shall
bid him. * * *

Soft there shalt thou sleep, love, and sweet shall thy
dreams be,

And sweet thy awaking amidst of the wonder
Where thou art, who is nigh thee—and then, when
thou seest

How the rose-boughs hang in o'er the little loft-win-
dow,

And the blue bowl with roses is close to thine hand,
And over thy bed is the quilt sown with lilies,
And the loft is hung round with the green southland
hangings,

And all smelleth sweet as the low door is opened,
And thou turnest to see me there standing."

Surely, this were to see sweet to the weary, faith-
ful lover, and very sweet is it in the telling.

For the conclusion of Pharamond's story, his return to his kingdom to find a new king upon the throne and in the ease-loving hearts of his people, his final sacrifice of all to his love, we must refer the reader to the book itself; than which a more delicious bit of reading for a summer day can not be found.

We have hardly done full justice to *Love is Enough*, in our selection of passages; for in verse characterized by such even and sustained excellence as that of Mr. Morris, to decide upon the finer would require a more careful reading than we have been able to give it—and there is much in this little volume that we should enjoy presenting to our readers had we not already exceeded our limits in quotation.

Of less ambitious range and achievement, this last work of Mr. Morris can not expect to be accorded the high position of *Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise*; and as a first venture in the field of literature, we do not think it would have gained for him more than a tithe of the fame which was the award of its predecessors. Following those golden volumes of song, it will hardly fail to sustain, if it does not enhance, the reputation of its author as one of the truest poets of the age.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

WHAT TO WEAR. By Elizabeth S. Phelps. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

HAP-HAZARD. By Kate Field. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

WHAT THE SWALLOW SANG. By F. Spielhagen. New York: Holt & Williams.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

DIMITRI ROUDINE. By I. S. Turgéniéff. New York: Holt & Williams.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

A DAY WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Blanchard Jerrold. Boston: Shepard & Gill.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

No. II. — AFTER THAT THE DELUGE.

SACRAMENTO, November 19th, 1849.

OUR house is a wooden one, and keeps off the rain. It is made of miscellaneous pieces of boards from dry-goods boxes, and is about six feet wide by twelve feet long. A curtain drawn across the middle divides it into a sleeping-room and office. When I passed through this place, in September, there were not more than half-a-dozen wooden houses in the city, with a population, chiefly floating, of about five thousand. There are now several hundred buildings, and the place is thronged with miners, who are driven from the mines by want of provisions, which are difficult to transport on account of the state of the roads. The early rains came heavier than expected, and caught the miners unprepared; consequently, thousands more will be compelled to leave the mines and crowd the towns located on navigable streams. Building material can not be obtained fast enough to erect

shelter from the storms. Many persons are preparing to winter in their tents, by covering them over with pitch. The consequence will be, that there must be a great amount of suffering and sickness this winter.

The number of cattle brought over by the overland men was very large, and the supply of feed for them is so nearly exhausted that they die in immense numbers after they have successfully crossed the deserts and the Sierra. Many lie dead by the roads; and around ponds and sloughs, where they have gone for water, they lie in groups, having been too feeble to extricate their feet from the mire. Now the roads are so muddy that wagons are abandoned where they are mired, by men who have come down from the mines for supplies for their companies, and are unable to return.

There is generally good order, and men bear up with cheerfulness. All

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who are settled in business are making money; but, alas! for the many unfortunates. You have heard of the *Battle of Life*—it is a reality here: the fallen are trampled into the mud, and are left to the tender mercies of the earth and sky. No longer ago than last night, I saw a man lying on the wet ground, unknown, unconscious, uncared for, and dying. To-day some one, with more humanity than the rest, will have a hole dug for him; some one else will furnish an old blanket; he will be rolled up and buried, and his friends at home, who may be as anxious about him as mine are about me, will never know his fate. Money, money, is the all-absorbing object. There are men here who would hang their heads at home at the mention of their heartless avarice. What can be expected from strangers, when men's own friends will abandon them because they sicken and become an incumbrance? There is no government, no law. Whatever depravity there is in a man's heart now shows itself without fear and without restraint.

We have agreed with Priest, Lee & Co. for the construction of a hospital building on the corner of K and Third Streets, to be substantially built of Oregon pine, fifty-five by thirty-five feet, one-and-a-half story high. There will be a main hall through the building, with an apothecary's office and dining-room on one side, and eight private wards on the other. The building will be of rough boards inside, as turned over to us, and we will line the private wards with muslin—the way houses are finished off here interiorly. The rent will be \$1,500 a month. We have engaged an apothecary at \$300, and a cook at \$250, a month.

We had an election on the 13th, and carried the Free State Constitution by an immense majority.

November 24th, 1849.—Bayard Taylor, the poet, called on me two or three

days since, and spent the afternoon; took tea with me, and we talked all the evening. I am delighted with him. He called again last evening to take his leave, and gave me some papers.

We board, until our building is finished, at Fowler's Hotel, and pay \$24 a week for our meals. I have procured the prices of some sorts of provisions, in order to show what we eat as well as what they cost. Beef, or grizzly bear, and onions, fifty cents a pound; elk, thirty; venison, twenty-five; potatoes, thirty; poor butter, one dollar and a half. Salt provisions and ship-stores are too plenty to pay storage; they are not in demand, on account of the prevailing bowel complaints, and are often used to fill sloughs where the roads cross them.

No letters have yet come to hand, and I may have to go down to San Francisco for them, as every messenger disappoints me. The fare down is \$40.

December 23d, 1849.—We are at last in our new hospital building. It is, without doubt, the finest building in Sacramento. We have just opened, and are not yet complete in our arrangements. It is said to have cost the proprietors \$15,000, and was no better than a barn at home that could be built for \$2,000. It is finished inside with bleached muslin, except the main ward, which is a garret, with half windows on the side and two full windows at each gable.

The people at home can have no conception of the amount of suffering in the vicinity of this city. Hundreds are encamped in tents through the rains and storms, scantily supplied with food and covering. Many were driven from the mines for want of food, and are begging for employment, asking only subsistence. Yesterday there were twenty-five deaths. The sickness does not arise from the severity of the climate, which is no colder than November at home, but from a complication of causes. The intermit-

tents of the autumn are aggravated by overwork, scanty and bad food, disappointment, and home-sickness. Men, in the ravings of delirium, call upon friends who are far off, and, dying, mutter the names of their loved ones; men, wasting away with chronic disease, lose their manhood, and weep often, like children, to see their mothers once more. It is a great satisfaction to us to give them shelter and other things, for the want of which they are dying. Our enterprise commands the respect of the people, and we are determined to deserve it, so that if we are bankrupted it will be in a good cause. I fancy M—— wishing to help us with her needle! Much need there was and is of needles, but we are becoming quite adept. I have sewed my fingers sore. There are a number of respectable women in the city, but we renegades from our own have no claim upon them, and are banded together like monks. There is nothing here to remind me of Christmas—the thermometer stands at “temperate,” and rain is falling.

January 11th, 1850.—We are witnesses of another act in the great drama of Californian adventures. Perhaps, before this reaches you, you will be informed of the calamitous flood that is now spreading destruction and death through the valley. We are all, about forty of us, in the upper story of our hospital: Dr. Morse and myself writing; Dr. Higgins, of Kentucky, reading Lammartine’s “Raphael;” the cook preparing something for breakfast; two or three other friends, quartered with us, talking in an under-tone; some asleep, and a few patients muttering in delirium. A lone woman, sick and destitute, is curtained off in a corner of the room. She lost her husband on the plains, and has been supporting herself, with the assistance of a few friends, until the flood drove her out. She was brought here, with six men, the night before last.

Some are dying on the floor; others, dead, are sewed up in blankets and sunk in the water in a room on the first floor. Dr. Morse pours some brandy in his ink, to give spirit to his letter; I pour from another bottle standing on the table, containing laudanum, to quiet the apprehensions that mine may awaken; then we all laugh, and go on as before.

January 12th, 1850.—The water is still rising. Tents, houses, boxes, barrels, horses, mules, and cattle are sweeping by with the swollen torrent that is now spread out in a vast sea farther than the eye can reach. There are few two-story houses, and as the water rose, which it did at the rate of six inches an hour, men were compelled to get outside. To-day there is no first floor in the city uncovered, and but for the vessels in the river, now all crowded with people, there is no telling what numbers must have perished.

What a night was that of the 9th of January! A warm rain from the south melted the snow on the Sierra, and the river during the day rose rapidly, and about night began to overflow its banks. We took warning, and cleared our first floor as fast as we could. Fortunately, our second floor is spacious, and by midnight everything was off the lower floor that could be injured by water. As the flood continued to rise, we have continued to bring up things, so that as yet we have sustained no great loss, except in the white linings and curtains of our private wards, in which we have taken so much pride. Men continue to come, begging to be taken in, or bringing some valuables for safe-keeping. Now that the doorways are inaccessible, they come in boats to the second story windows. We take only the sick, and none such are refused. To-day we went out in a boat to find some blankets, but in vain. We returned with some drift-wood for fuel. All sorts of means are in use to get about: bakers’

troughs, rafts, and India-rubber beds. There is no sound of gongs or dinner-bells in the city. The yelling for help by some man on a roof, or clinging to some wreck—the howling of a dog abandoned by his master—the boisterous revelry of men in boats, who find all they want to drink floating free about them—make the scene one never to be forgotten. After dark we see only one or two lights in the second city of California. I think the worst is now over, though the water is still gaining on us. The wind may rise, and cause a heavy sea; this I conceive to be our greatest danger. We are in an ocean of water, and our building may be too frail to resist a strong wind with waves. The steamer *Senator* carried down all the people that could crowd on board, and we are in hopes of aid from below in time. I have some misgivings about our fate, but sure I am that we will not desert the sick, and if we are swept away, we will all go together.

It is late, and for two nights and days I have not slept. I shall now lie down, and if the worst comes, I have taken precautions to have you get this letter.

Sunday, January 13th, 1850.—The water has not risen or fallen since yesterday, nor have we had any high wind. Yesterday we found it necessary to bury the dead. I spoke a whale-boat that was passing, made an agreement for the use of it in the afternoon for \$40, and deposited three bodies in it. They had been sewed up in blankets and sunk in the first story; we fished them up with a hook and line, and laid them in the bottom of the boat—two White men and a Negro. Mr. Mulford—a Yale College man, who is staying with us and watching the sick, and in other ways paying his board—Mr. Cannon, the druggist, and myself, with the two sailors owning the boat, started for land, which we could see with a glass from our window in a south-easterly direction from the

town. Of course coffins were out of the question, and we dug a large, square grave at the foot of an oak. The two White men we placed side by side, and the Black man across at their feet. In digging the grave, we found a large root of the tree intersecting the pit in both directions, as if two sticks had been placed across each other at right angles, and had grown together in that position. By chopping it off at the ends, the root formed a perfect cross, which we planted at the head of the grave, and then covered the mound with the soft, green sod. The day was beautiful; the meadow-larks and blackbirds were flying about us in great numbers, and along the shores wild-geese were feeding on the young grass. Sutter's Fort was about a mile distant.

To-day, two more poor emaciated remains have been deposited below. The weather is cooler, and the water is falling a little. The vessels on the river are all crowded with people, and some cases of typhus or ship-fever have occurred. The high ground near the fort is covered with tents, dogs, and cattle. In this vicinity there has been but little loss of human life by drowning, that I have heard of, though it seemed unavoidable. Had there been many women and children, results would have been otherwise. Cattle, however, have perished in immense numbers.

On my return, to-day, from a visit to the bark *Phoenix* to see a typhoid-fever patient, I found one of those admitted yesterday furiously insane. He broke a window and tried to jump out into the water, and, hailing a passing boat, offered fifty dollars to be taken to the bark *Mousam*, from which vessel he had been sent. Dr. Morse was making arrangements for putting him in a straight-jacket, and I went to him to find some solution for so sudden a paroxysm. He had seen the dying around him, and the dead carried out in their burial blankets

—for everything has to be done in one room—had become melancholy, and finally maniacal. I talked sympathizingly with him, and tried to win his confidence. As I leaned over him he looked steadfastly in my face for a long time, and then said, "Doctor, you have an honest face, but O my God!"—and he covered his face with his hands for some time; then, in a tone of awful mystery, he said there were strange things going on in the house. He spoke of his wife and children in Hudson, in a frenzy of affection, and said he should die, and never see them more. When I turned from his bed, he took my hand in both of his, and begged me to be his friend, as I had a wife that I loved. I assured him that I would do anything in the world for him, if he would keep quiet and not disturb the other sick people. "O! Doctor, you can do all I want done for me. You see, I could jump from that window and drown myself, but then my family would lose the benefit of a life insurance for \$1,000. Now," said he, in a whisper that could not be heard at the next bed, "you can arrange it for me so that there will be no trouble. You can give me something in a cup of tea that will let me go, and my family will be all right." I assured him, in the same confidential tone, that the thing could be easily done if he was fully convinced that it was best; but the danger to me would be from his repentance when it would be too late, and in the agonies of death he would betray me; that I was not in a hurry to die, and least of all by the halter. He said he would keep the secret, and called on God to witness. After allowing him to persuade me for some time, I consented to grant his request on certain conditions. He should, when the tea was prepared, drink it without speaking, lie down immediately, and make no sound, though he should suffer the tortures of the damned. The conditions were accepted. I then pre-

pared a cup of black tea, and in it dissolved a full dose of the sulphate of morphia, and with an air of unconcern I handed him the tea. He took it in his hand as he rose to a sitting posture in his bed, and, looking with close scrutiny into my face, he said: "You are fooling me!" "Give me the cup," I said, with an air of offended honor that gave him to understand that he had violated his oath. He instantly drank the contents of the cup, and fell back upon his pillow with his eyes closed. When I returned to him a half hour after, he was in a deep sleep. It is now two o'clock in the morning, my watch is up, my maniac is sleeping heavily, and I must sleep too.

January 14th, 1850.—My portfolio arrived this afternoon by the last trip of the India-rubber bed, by means of which we have established a system of internal navigation between the various apartments on the first floor. We came near losing our apothecary to-day. He was experimenting with a new mode of navigation in the main hall of the building. He had procured a butter-barrel, which had a square hole cut in the side big enough to admit his body by a little squeezing, and started off from the stairs, holding on to the siding for support. He had not gone many feet when he capsized, and hung head down, unable to extricate himself. Peter, who is a good swimmer, went to his rescue, and Cannon came out looking as if he was ashamed that he was not drowned.

The water is falling a little. I have been reading to my maniac some passages of your last letter. He is quite rational and calm to-day, but it does not answer to lead his thoughts toward his home.

January 23d, 1850.—The water has left the floor, though it is three or four feet in depth around the house. We found four barrels of pork, one of beef, and a case of wine on our premises, that were not there when the flood came.

We don't hesitate to appropriate them as a contribution to the support of the many destitute people thrown upon us.

January 24th, 1850.—All things go on swimmingly, but not in the same sense that they did early in the month. To-day, six more poor emaciated victims of chronic diarrhea were brought to us. They were found accidentally in a canvas house, when the inundation had reached their beds, and for two weeks have been lying on the wet ground without fire; two days, they tell us, they were without food. We have purchased a bale of blankets, and are able to throw away many old ones, as we can not get them washed. We have demanded assistance from the City Council, for as yet we have not had a dollar from any quarter since the flood. Thus far we have had to pay our expenses by a few pay-patients and outside practice. Of those who are destitute, and who get well, we take their notes; if they die, we take a check on Heaven.

February 14th, 1850.—We had a visit this week from a lady—a Mrs. Chandler—who came to see one of our patients sick with scurvy. It was the first time that I have spoken to a woman since I saw General Wilson's family in November. A few days ago, I took a walk out to the fort. It was delightful to tread upon the soft, green turf. I saw only two flowers—one a species of *ranunculus*, the other an *arabis*. I brought them home, and for a while they flourished on my table. The weather for two weeks has been warm and clear like May at home, and the lofty peaks of the Sierra show clear, white, and grand. The country is very healthy, and the cases we have with us now are chiefly scurvy and chronic disease of the bowels; a complication that is very fatal.

February 15th, 1850.—This afternoon I took my gun, and crossed the Sacramento on the ferry, to commune with nature in her sylvan solitudes. How

unlike the place where we encamped last September! Soft green fields, flowers, and singing birds. It was late in the day, and I sat on the fallen trunk of one of those mighty woodland monarchs, and watched the sun as it went down behind the blue range of mountains between us and the sea. The oaks are yet bare, except with clumps of evergreen mistletoe, but the meadow was rich with grass and budding flowers, interspersed with ponds of water covered with thousands of wild ducks, feeding. It is the pairing season of these birds, and two by two they sail about and gabble their love-notes. You would not have shot them, would you? I could not, they were so wild! The jay blew his rough reed; he is not so pretty a bird as ours—he is too blue. The little woodpecker, that bores a hole in the bark of trees and fits an acorn in so tight that you have to cut the wood to get it out, cries like the dry axle of a wheel-barrow. The little "cher-whit" chirped and flitted about when the sun went down, as if vexed; but I missed the violets, Claytonias, hepaticas, and other familiar faces of the spring-time. The sun was gone, the grass grew of a yellow green as the light was reflected from the golden sky, and finally black; I heard only the "peeping" of frogs and the sounds from the city, and returned.

March 25th, 1850.—I have now a patient who has interested me very much. His name is Potter, from New Haven, Conn.; he is about thirty years of age. He has the prevailing disease, and has become very much emaciated. He had been urged long ago to return home, but he was too hopeful, until now his courage fails him. He showed me his wife's portrait, read extracts from her letters, and gave way to the most extravagant grief as the conviction fastened itself upon him that he should see her no more. It seems that his family are in independent circumstances at home, but

the enthusiasm of the hour caught him, and he joined a company bound to California. I have attended him daily for a month, and though I have sometimes been hopeful, his case is very discouraging. If milk were more abundant, more of these cases might be cured.

I have almost forgotten what I used to eat at home. We have plenty of good food now, but not much variety; bread and beef are the staples. Hunters do not bring in much game at this time of the year; they are all off to the mines. Potatoes are so poor that we do not use them. Eggs and milk are to be had—the former at six dollars a dozen, and the latter at one dollar a quart; we use them only for patients. Butter is down to one dollar a pound; dried peaches have fallen, so that I got a few pounds to-day at fifty-five cents.

April 4th, 1850.—The river has risen nearly to an overflow, and rain is falling. Yesterday, I strolled out to the vicinity of the fort. Capt. Sutter no longer lives there, but has taken up his residence at Hock Farm, on the Feather River. It is impossible to imagine a more delightful scene than the country presents at this time; it is a boundless meadow, covered with a soft, dense carpet of flowers. The slight elevations are perfectly crowded with flowers of every hue, some of them very pretty, and all new to me. I recognize a few by their generic forms as old friends—larkspurs, lupins, and butter-cups, but the species are all new. There are no bushes except along the water-courses, and you might travel all day over these meadows without interruption, startling the wild cattle, deer, and geese. Meadow-larks will start up and warble their sweet notes as they fly and alight again near by. Magpies and ravens, birds unknown to us at home, are mixed up with crows, “wake-ups,” and other birds familiar to my boyhood haunts, and make the old oaks vocal.

May 5th, 1850.—My friend, Hiram Bingham, goes home by the next steamer. He was a member of our company. He has been leading the nomadic life of a miner, and has picked up about \$2,000, which he will carry home. That seems small compensation for all the dangers and hardships passed through, and the time spent; yet it is better than the average of the company have done. But what a letting-down from the expectations that were indulged in on the way out! The laziest man would have turned up his nose at a compromise on a hundred thousand dollars.

We have just organized a medical society, called the *Medico-Chirurgical Association*, the first of the kind that has been formed in the “Republic.” Dr. Bay, of Albany, was chosen President; Doctors Morse and White, Vice-Presidents; Dr. J. R. Riggs, of Patterson, N. J., Recording Secretary; and Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, Corresponding Secretary. When fully organized, it will consist of about fifty members. So, you see, we are pretty well supplied with medical men. Many of them are men of high standing at home, and advanced in years. Three of our officers have been presidents of county societies at home. Dr. Morse is to deliver an address before the society on the 22d. So, hurrah for our noble profession, and the new Republic of the Pacific!

Before now California may have been rejected as a State in the Union; if so, our eastern friends will not be under the necessity of calling upon us to “stop that knocking.” There are many here who have never entertained the idea of making this country their permanent home, who will do so should that step be taken. However, it is not generally believed that, when the crisis comes, Congress will reject the State.

There are some reasons why I would like to live in California, independently of its charming climate. There is more

intelligence and generous good-feeling than in any country I ever saw. Men are valued for what they are. There are great rogues here, it is true, but there is a smaller proportion of mean and dishonorable men, and one feels that he has a standing here that it takes a man until he is old and rich to enjoy at home.

May 12th, 1850.—How strange it seems to me, sometimes, to be here in this last known country on the globe, where the extremest verge of the West dies out, and the East—where empire first began, and where it still holds its untroubled sway—confronts us. How little were we aware, when we first set our feet on these distant shores, what trials and dangers awaited us. We all went forward, confidently and rashly. It is true that we saw our fellows falling around us, “like leaves in wintry weather,” but we saw no difficulties but those that were passed.

Mr. Potter, of whom I wrote as convalescent, died at the hospital last week. We buried him in the sand-hill below the town, where I counted nearly eight hundred graves over which the grass had not grown.

This evening, I called, in company with Dr. M—, on Dr. Birdsall, an old army surgeon, who has a daughter—a very refined and accomplished girl. They live in a fine little cottage, elegantly furnished. It is surprising how rapidly home comforts are increasing; but how few women there are—not enough to leaven the heavy mass of which society is composed. Quite a number of vile libels on the sex have found their way out here, and they were never so much honored before—not even before their fall. . . . It will not always be so: noble women will banish this moral darkness, and make this country what our own is, one of the most beautiful and happy in the world.

I have been attending a trial to-day,

in which slavery was the issue. It is the first time the issue has been made in the Territory. A Southerner brought a slave with him to this country; but the slave, discovering that he had rights here, left his master to provide for himself. The master claimed him, on the ground that he was here on business, and not a resident, and as such, under the Constitution, had the right to pass through the State with his slave. On the other hand, it was argued that he brought the slave here for the purpose of working him as such, and had so worked him. The court decided that the Negro was free; he was then arrested on the charge of resisting an officer at the time of his arrest. He was tried before a justice, and acquitted, on the ground that the officer had no authority to arrest him, and resistance was justifiable under the circumstances.

May 15th, 1850.—Some one came this morning into my room in the City Hotel, where three of us were sleeping, and despoiled my pockets of their contents, including a bag containing about \$75 in gold dust. I am sorry to learn by such a sacrifice that thieves have arrived in the country. I have no doubt that there will be a plenty of them here by and by.

Among the acquaintances I have formed here is Captain Ringgold, of the Navy; he is a brother of Major Ringgold, who was killed at the battle of Palo Alto, and whose half-brother, a physician, I met at Callao. I have also been pleased with the acquaintance of Dr. Chamberlin, a surgeon in the Mexican War, and lately connected with the Mexican Boundary Survey, where he was associated with my old college friend, Charley Parry, botanist of the expedition. Charley is now on the Gila River. Ringgold was in command of the exploring party from Wilkes' Expedition, that went up the Sacramento River as far as the fish-weir. It would have been

well for me if I had stopped there too.

June 2d, 1850.—The city is dull, but the weather is charming, and sickness is almost unknown. A few chronic cases of last winter's disease still linger on to their inevitable fate. Yesterday, I rode out to Norris' Ranch—the same that on Fremont's map is called Sinclair's. It is a very large estate, about six miles up the American Fork, and on the other side of it. It is stocked with about twenty thousand head of cattle and horses, and a great number of Indians. These are no better than slaves. Norris is their big chief, and seems to have absolute authority over them. Just after I left, one Indian stabbed another in the thigh; as the blood could not be stopped, he was sent into the town. The offender was hunted and lassoed,

brought to the house, and was about to be shot, but the sentence was suspended until the result of the wound was known. Here I saw the first results of agriculture, and I am perfectly astonished. I was shown fields of corn, wheat, barley, peas, etc., all looking well—the barley was so heavy that it could not stand up. Mr. H——, one of the company that came out in the *Phoenix*, and the laziest man of the crowd—so shiftless, that when the company broke up no one would take him in—went out to Norris' Ranch, and took the garden patch to cultivate vegetables, giving for rent only the vegetables the family want to use; and that fellow, at the present prices of vegetables, will make more money this summer than any five men in his company.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.*

I FEEL highly honored, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Associated Alumni, in being called upon to respond to the sentiment proposed. And yet it is difficult, it is impossible, in any remarks I may make in the few moments allowed to me, to do justice to the character and public services of the great judge and statesman. Mr. Chase was so connected with the public events of the last quarter of a century, that no just appreciation of the influence he exerted, or of the services he rendered, can be had without reciting to a great extent the civil and political history of the country during that period. All this has been done in numerous addresses and publications since his death, and you do not expect me on this oc-

casione to go over the same ground. I shall not therefore trace the history of that long struggle with the slave power, in which he so largely participated, from its commencement in 1831 to its final triumph in the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, and the adoption of the great Constitutional Amendment, prohibiting forever slavery and involuntary servitude everywhere within the jurisdiction of the United States, except so far as reference to that struggle may serve to illustrate the character of its greatest hero. Nor shall I refer, except for the same purpose, to that grand system of finance which he created and organized, and which carried us through the greatest war of modern history without a shock to the public credit, to the marvel and admiration of the world. I shall rather confine myself, in the very few remarks I shall make—and in this I suppose I shall car-

* Remarks of Mr. Justice Field at the Dinner of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific, at Oakland, July, 15, 1873, in response to the sentiment—"The memory of the late Chief Justice Chase."

ry out your wishes—to what I know personally of Mr. Chase, and shall give you the judgment I formed of him during a period of over eight years, in which I had the honor to be his associate.

Mr. Chase was appointed Chief Justice in December, 1864. Previous to that time I had frequently met him in society in Washington, but I had no relations with him beyond those which every member of the Supreme Court forms with the heads of the different executive departments. After that period I was necessarily brought in daily association with him during the sessions of the Court, which usually lasted from four to six months each year. And it is with pride that I am able to state that during this entire period our relations were of the most cordial kind. There was a dignity of manner and a majesty of presence about him that repelled familiarity and inspired respect and reverence, and yet there was at the same time a gentleness and an indescribable grace of manner, that won almost everyone who approached him. It is the experience of nearly everyone that familiarity with a person takes something from the respect and reverence which we should otherwise entertain for him. Great personages generally lose something of their greatness in our estimation by contact with them. No such result followed from contact with Mr. Chase. No man ever left his presence with a feeling less reverent than when he entered it. The intimacy of years only augmented admiration for his abilities and respect for his character.

A very brief association with the Chief Justice showed me that the secret of his great successes lay in his intellectual integrity. His eminent abilities would have secured high official position and power at any time, but they alone would never have made him the champion of great principles in advance of their general recognition. By intellect-

ual integrity, I mean that quality of mind which leads one not merely to seek the right and the truth on all occasions and on all questions, but to resolutely follow the right and the truth, when once discovered, without regard to personal considerations. It is that quality of mind which insures at all times fidelity to one's convictions. It was that quality of mind which led Mr. Chase, when a mere youth, at the beginning of his career to take sides with the party, then insignificant in numbers, which opposed the further extension of slavery, and sought to limit its existence to the States where it then prevailed. He did not wait to give this party his co-operation until it had grown sufficiently powerful to become an important element in the politics of the country. He did not consider as of any consequence the unpopularity and odium which would attach to him from his espousal of the cause of the despised and hated set of fanatics, as they were then sneeringly called. He did not give the slightest weight, as against his convictions, to the fact that wealth, influence, and position for him were all on the other side. He never hesitated as to his course for a single moment. He believed that every human being had a right, until it was forfeited by crime, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He had read in the Great Charter of the republic, the instrument which announced to the world the separation of the colonies from the mother country and the birth of a new nation, that with these rights all men were endowed—not by constitutions of government, not by legal enactments, not by decrees of courts, not by regulations of society—but by their Creator; and that to *secure* these rights—not to grant them, not to create them—governments are instituted among men; and to the maintenance of the truths, which in that great instrument are declared to be self-evident, but which were

practically denied by the nation, he at that early age devoted his life.

You and I, Mr. President, remember well the time when to be known as favoring the abolition of slavery was to be sneered at, despised, and persecuted. Such treatment had no terrors for this courageous young Chase. He had read the story of the persecuted Nazarenes, how they had taken up the emblem of the ignominious death of their Master; how they had painted it on their banners, and made it the sign under which they conquered. So he, in imitation of them, was willing to take up the name of reproach, and under it to fight to the end. And so he did, and it was permitted to him to live and see the victory, and join with Mr. Lincoln in that crowning act of the great President's life, the Emancipation Proclamation. He wrote those words in that instrument in which the President invoked upon the act of emancipation the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

The same intellectual integrity accompanied Mr. Chase through his whole life, and was frequently exhibited under the most trying circumstances while he was upon the bench. I will mention only one instance, which came under my personal observation; it is the one which led to the first "legal tender" decision.

It is undoubtedly true that the fame of Mr. Chase will rest principally, though not entirely, upon his career as Secretary of the Treasury. It was a grand thing to have created a system of finance which enabled the country to bear the enormous burdens imposed by the war; greater, I venture to say, than were ever borne by any nation during a period of equal duration. Mr. Chase very naturally felt great pride in his system of measures, and in the creation of a national currency which followed. Among the provisions in the several Acts of

Congress authorizing the issue of United States notes was one which made them a legal tender for all debts public and private, with certain specified exceptions. This provision, Mr. Chase thought at the time was necessary, and he recommended its adoption by Congress, although he came to that conclusion with much reluctance and hesitation. The provision was strenuously opposed at the time by many of the ablest lawyers of both houses of Congress as unnecessary and impolitic, as well as in conflict with the Constitution. It was urged with much force that a dollar in fact and a promise to pay a dollar, could not be made by legislative power equivalent things; and that the actual value of the notes would depend, by a universal law of currency, upon their convertibility into gold in the market, and not upon mere Congressional declaration. The validity of the provision at last found its way for adjudication to the Supreme Court of the United States, where Mr. Chase presided as Chief Justice. In no more embarrassing position was a public man, possessing great pride of opinion, ever placed. A large portion of the people believed in the constitutionality of the provision; nearly all the Supreme Courts of the loyal States had judicially decided in its favor; three of the seven Judges then on the Supreme Bench were of the same opinion, and regard for consistency strongly urged the acquiescence of the Chief Justice. The question was argued and re-argued, and presented in every possible shape to the court. The Chief Justice pondered long upon the subject, and looked at it in every possible light. He held in his hands the casting vote; but fidelity to his convictions triumphed over his regard for consistency. He preferred to be the honest judge rather than the consistent statesman. He decided against the constitutionality of the provision. He read the opinion of the Court, and he thus

alluded to his own change of views. He said:

"It is not surprising that amid the tumult of the late civil war, and under the influence of apprehensions for the safety of the Republic almost universal, different views, never before entertained by American statesmen or jurists, were adopted by many. The time was not favorable to considerate reflection upon the constitutional limits of legislative or executive authority. If power was assumed from patriotic motives, the assumption found ready justification in patriotic hearts. Many who doubted yielded their doubts; many who did not doubt were silent. Some who were strongly averse to making Government notes a legal tender felt themselves constrained to acquiesce in the views of the advocates of the measure. Not a few who then insisted upon its necessity, or acquiesced in that view, have, since the return of peace, and under the influence of the calmer time, reconsidered their conclusions, and now concur in those which we have just announced."

Subsequently, when, upon a change in the members of the Court, a different decision was reached, Mr. Chase referred directly to his own action in recommending the legal tender provision, and said that examination and reflection under more propitious circumstances had satisfied him that his original opinion was erroneous, and that he did not hesitate to declare it. (*12 Wallace*, 576.) I might enumerate other cases, not as striking, but also illustrative of his perfect intellectual integrity. But I must pass to other traits.

Equally conspicuous with this integrity was the generosity of his nature. While the war lasted, he was for carrying it on energetically, in order that it might be speedily closed; but when the strife of arms had ceased, he was for actual and real peace—not one in name only. He believed that in the treatment of the South, the charity which covers a multitude of sins, which the great apostle declared to be the chiefest of virtues, was also the highest political wisdom and policy. Proscription, persecution, and military commissions he hated and loathed in his inmost soul. From the time the last shot was fired, he pleaded for universal amnesty, and to the proclamations of the President granting am-

nesty he gave the most liberal construction. He held with the majority of the Court that the benign prerogative of mercy, vested in the President by the Constitution, could not be fettered by Congressional limitations; that the pardon gave to its recipient a new life; that it blotted out his guilt and made him in the eye of the law as innocent as though he had never offended, and restored to him all rights of property not previously invested in others by judicial judgment. By his moderate and conciliatory principles and by his open and generous nature, he had won troops of friends at the South, and on the day of his death there were no more sorrowful hearts in the republic than those which beat in Richmond, the capital of the late confederacy.

When Mr. Chase went on the bench there were many persons, and among them were some of his warmest friends, who doubted whether his previous devotion to public affairs had not unfitted him for a judicial position. He had for years practically abandoned the profession of the law. He had given the better part of his life to the public, and was not at the time regarded as one of the leading jurists of the country, or even of his own State. He was not master of the learning of the Common Law, and he never made any pretensions to such learning. He possessed, however, what was far more important for his new position—a knowledge of constitutional and public law; of the workings of our complex system of government; of the true relations between the General Government and the States, and of all public questions, which have interested and divided the minds of the country since the adoption of the Constitution. He was familiar with all the legislation caused by or growing out of the civil war. And more than all, he possessed a power to readily comprehend legal questions, and a facility of mastering

them, which could seldom fail to lead to right judgments. Whatever doubts on this head were entertained when he was appointed Chief Justice, they were speedily dissipated. He took from the outset his appropriate position as the head of the bench, and at every term, until prostrated by sickness, he gave some of the most important opinions of the Court. Those opinions relate principally to questions growing out of the war, the legislation respecting the currency, the condition of the States during the rebellion, the measures taken to restore them to their proper relations to the General Government, and the effect of the proclamations of pardon and amnesty by the President. They are models of their kind. They are written in a style at once lucid, terse, and forcible, and they exhibit great grasp of principles and great power to draw logical deductions from them.

The Chief Justices of the United States have all been remarkable men, and were distinguished in public life before they went on the bench. John Jay, the first Chief Justice, had been Governor of New York, its Chief Justice, President of the Continental Congress, Minister to Spain, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the Confederation. While he was Chief Justice of the United States he was appointed by Washington Minister to England, the appointment not being at the time considered incompatible with his judicial position. John Rutledge, the second Chief Justice, had been President of the Colony of South Carolina, Governor of the State, and its representative in the Continental Congress. Oliver Ellsworth, the third Chief Justice, had been a Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut and a Senator in Congress from that State. While he was Chief Justice he was appointed special Minister to France, and continued to hold both offices at the same time. John Mar-

shall, the fourth Chief Justice, had been a member of the Executive Council of Virginia, a member of the Legislature of that State and of the Convention of the State called to ratify the Constitution of the United States, Minister to France, Member of Congress, and Secretary of State. He was Secretary of State when he was appointed Chief Justice, and he held both offices until the close of the administration of Mr. Adams. Roger B. Taney, the fifth Chief Justice, had been Attorney General of the United States and Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase, the sixth Chief Justice, had been twice Governor of Ohio, Senator of the United States from that State, and Secretary of the Treasury.

All the Chief Justices, as I have said, were remarkable men, and were distinguished in public life before they were elevated to the bench. But in intellectual power and vigor, and ability to grasp great principles, Mr. Chase had not his superior among them.

I should be glad, Mr. President, if I had time, to give you some account of the interest Mr. Chase felt in this State. Twice he had made arrangements to visit the State with me. Once the visit was postponed on account of the lateness of the season, and once by his ill-health. Had he lived, he intended the present summer to pass some weeks in Colorado, and he stated to me that he might possibly extend his visit to California. He wanted to see this State; he believed that it had a great future before it, and that it was destined to exert a mighty influence for good upon the people of Asia and of the islands of the Pacific. But he believed that the State, to fulfill the great mission manifestly assigned by Providence to her, must be just in her dealings with those people. He believed, what all right-thinking men do and must believe, in the common fatherhood of God and the universal

brotherhood of man; and that the State would never accomplish her high destiny until she governed her conduct in conformity with this doctrine.

The private life of Mr. Chase was one of spotless purity. In every social relation he was without blemish. He carried the Christian virtues with him into his daily life. During my whole association with him, for over eight years, I never heard him utter an unkind word of a single human being, although conversation was frequently of persons who at the time were assailing his conduct and maligning his motives. I doubt whether so much can be said truth-

fully of any other man of this generation.

That Mr. Chase was ambitious to administer the affairs of the nation there is no doubt, and had he been called to the Presidency there is every reason to believe that he would have rendered great services to the country, and added new claims to the admiration of the world. But there was enough of fulfillment of great purposes in his career to satisfy the ambition of any one. His name is indissolubly connected with the greatest events in our history, and for his services to his country and to mankind he will be remembered and honored so long as that history is read among men.

THE IRON MONK.

DRIP, drip, drip, the rain is plashing into the tiny lakes and rivers in the sodden garden-beds. Through the open window comes the faint, sweet smell of the damp earth—that moist, spring-like odor, which nothing else resembles. A soft twittering comes from under the eaves, where the happy little feathered lovers—who yesterday were flying about in the sunshine, building their wee house—have taken shelter. Under my window, a great black snail is leisurely promenading. In the kitchen, Jean is whistling (all out of tune) some popular air. Lisette has been scolding him. Good, stupid Jean stares at her, says nothing—and goes on whistling. These good people love one another; but Lisette is quick, eager, self-reliant—Jean is slow and plodding. “He has no thought,” she says sharply, in her quick, brisk utterance. Jean smiles doubtfully, and goes off to his work. I speak of his goodness, his kind heart, and Lisette’s black eyes fill with tears.

Yesterday, I found two slender sprays

of the fragrant lily of the valley—the woods will be full of them soon. They sway about in the soft air, their tiny waxen cups filled to the very brim with sweetness. My grandmother dreamed of them the day she died, waking suddenly, with an exclamation of delight. “What is it?” I asked. “Ah! *mon enfant*,” she answered, with a sigh, “I was gathering lilies at the old *château*.” The last disappointment in a life of sorrow! Do her hands gather their sweet blossoms in the gardens to which she has gone? I hope so, indeed.

I am not so young as I was, and this quiet life suits me. When the heart is content, it needs but little to give us pleasure. It is happiness to breathe the sweet air, and listen to the soft patter of the rain. How steadily the drops fall on the gravel, and with what petulant laughter they splash out upon the stones. What a day to be lazy in! Jean can not possibly ask me to-day to walk over his fields with him. If Lisette will but let me alone—she looks with an evil eye on those long quiet hours of dreaming.

Ah, me! my fate is coming; I know it in the firm decided sound of the advancing footsteps:

"Will Mademoiselle please enter the *salon*?"

Once there, I listen patiently to her exclamations of horror over the dust, and the filmy webs with which generations of spiders have festooned the old pictures. At last, I am brought to confess that Jean is idle to-day, and I consent to his dusting the dirty faces of my ancestors, if it so pleases him. It does not please him—he would much rather be left in peace—but it pleases Lisette, and I am released. Lisette is happy. A ladder is brought—brushes—cloths. I retreat in dismay, carrying with me the remembrance of a face which, it seemed to my fancy, looked reproachfully down upon me. A man in the prime of life, with bold, haughty features, an eagle eye, and a firm, proud mouth. He is in full armor, over which hangs a monk's robe, and in his mailed hand he holds a crucifix—grasping it like a sword. The "Iron Monk," he is called. The face haunts me; fiery, passionate, it accords ill with the humility of the monk's habit. "What a history that man has!" I say to myself. My eye falls upon the little leathern box; my grandmother's words recur to me: "In it you will find the life-secrets of many of your race." Why not that of the Iron Monk? I open it eagerly. Under many others, I find a paper in my grandmother's writing; the ink is faded, but I read the title, and joyfully draw forth my prize. The rain is still falling gently. I settle myself back in my chair and begin.

THE LEGEND OF THE IRON MONK.

There are many legends concerning the Iron Monk in which truth and error are so mingled that it is almost impossible to separate the real from the false; but this I have tried to do, thinking that

some one besides myself may wonder over the strange story of this unfortunate man, so deeply sinned against.

Once—I do not know the year—there were twin brothers born at the *château*. Their father—proud and fiery—was slain in some fierce quarrel within a month after their birth. His gentle wife soon followed her lord, leaving her children to the guardianship of a distant relative, then in Paris. Ten years passed. He brought his motherless daughter to the *château*; after that he seldom left it. Crafty, subtle, he soon saw that with the bold Victor his influence was little. The young lord knew his power, and was jealous of interference. His proud lips would curl with a contemptuous smile while listening to the commands of his cousin, not one of which he ever obeyed. From the first they hated and mistrusted each other. Meanwhile, over the gentle Louis the guardian's power increased day by day. With passionate sorrow, Victor saw his brother drawn farther and farther away from him. Weak, easily flattered, Louis soon yielded himself heart and soul to his wily kinsman. And Victor—too proud to complain, yet suffering intensely—lavished his warm love on the little Antoinette. Four years older than she, he was the protector as well as playmate; brother changed to lover, and life smiled once more on the young Victor.

The cross was raised, and the earth shook with the tread of armed men; bugles were ringing, pennons flying, and from every hill and valley came the shout, "For the cross! For the cross!" With the blood of his race leaping hotly in his veins, Victor prepared to join his countrymen. He was of age—none sought to stay him, and it was in the soft eyes of Antoinette alone that he saw grief at parting. Proudly, coldly, he bade adieu to the home of his fathers. With a firm step he crossed the court. His brother started forward as

if to throw himself into his arms, but a hand detained him; a few whispered words, and he stood motionless. Victor's hand was on his horse's bridle—his troop was waiting—when a light step sounded behind him—and Antoinette flung herself, sobbing, on his heart. A dark scowl settled on the face of Louis. Tenderly Victor soothed her, as with trembling hands she fastened a rich scarf about him, on which she had embroidered the word, "*Toujours*."

"Ah! Mignon," he said, sadly, "will you love me always?"

"Always, Victor."

Twelve years passed. One day in summer, in the twilight, a tired horse slowly climbed the hill overlooking the *château*. His rider—a knight with his visor down—looked eagerly from side to side. Lights were beginning to glimmer among the trees. A workman passed him singing.

"Tell me, good friend, who lives yonder," said the knight, pointing to the gray walls beneath him.

"Our good lord and his lady," answered the man, gazing curiously at the tired horse and his armed rider.

The knight started. "Who is your lord?" he asked, huskily.

"Count Louis," said the man, wonderingly.

"He had a brother?"

"O, the brother, God rest his soul, was killed in battle; though some say," he added, mysteriously, "the devil flew away with him."

The stranger laughed harshly. Throwing the man some gold, he set spurs to his horse, and galloped down the hill. That night the monks in the neighboring monastery were roused by a loud knocking at the gate. A strange voice demanded speech with their Abbot. Bolts were drawn, doors unbarred. A tired horse was stabled beside the Abbot's well-fed palfrey, and a strange

guest sat at the Abbot's table. Midnight had tolled long since, and still the Abbot and his guest sat talking, in low, earnest tones.

"And now, good Father, for your story," said the knight, lifting the flagon of wine to his lips.

"If it be your pleasure, my lord"—and the Abbot hesitated.

"It is my pleasure," was the authoritative answer, and shading his face with his mailed hand, he signed to the Abbot to begin.

With a nervous tremor in his voice, the churchman obeyed.

"Four years after you had left us, my lord, there was a private marriage at the *château*. How it came about, I know not, but so it was. You were gone, and the Lady Antoinette's memory was short. Tidings of you came but seldom. Occasionally some wandering minstrel sung of your daring deeds.

"He will be killed, one day," said your kinsman.

"A twelvemonth afterward a messenger arrived. He bore tidings of your death. Count Louis commanded masses to be said for your soul, and took possession of your lands.

"One evening, a lady, thickly veiled, sought speech with me. She placed a packet in my hands. 'By the love you bear Count Victor, send this to him.' Her voice trembled with emotion.

"Lady," I said, gravely, 'does your husband sanction this?'

"She shuddered violently.

"You will keep my secret? You loved Count Victor—you are his kinsman—for the love of God, pray him to return."

"I sent the packet by the hand of a wandering friar."

"It never reached me," said the knight, hoarsely.

"I guessed as much. Your cousin died—died as he had lived"—and the Abbot crossed himself. "His fearful

end appalled Count Louis, as he is called," and he looked deprecatingly at his companion.

"Call him so," said the knight, with a bitter smile.

"He is haunted by the fear of your return. He has grown old before his time. Three children have been born to him; two are dead. Life is a burden, and death is feared."

The knight sighed heavily.

"You are fatigued, my lord," said the Abbot, kindly; "remove that cumbrous armor."

"Good Father," interrupted the knight, "I made a vow to doff it not until I entered my father's halls. We shall not part company for many a long day, methinks."

The Abbot started. "But, my lord, bethink you . . ."

"I *have* bethought me," and he rose as if to end the conference. "I *have* bethought me. The man yonder"—and he shook his clinched hand toward the *château*, whose walls rose faint and dim in the gray of the early morning—"is not kith nor kin of mine, but I can not bring disgrace upon my father's name."

Nothing more was heard of Count Victor; but one day the Lady Antoinette found upon her table a blood-stained scarf, on which she traced the word, "*Toujours*."

When the leaves began to fall, a new brother was admitted to the Order of St. Benedict.

The villagers around the *château* whispered together, as the Iron Monk strode past their doors, his stern face shaded by his cowl. And as ever and anon they caught the glimmer of steel beneath his flowing robe, the more fearful crossed themselves devoutly. None questioned him. "I have made a vow," he said, simply, when any marveled at his strange attire. Fearful tales were told of crimes committed in Holy Land.

When they reached his ears he smiled scornfully.

One day, pacing slowly up the dusty village street, he saw a gay cavalcade issue from the gates of the *château*. Drawing his cowl farther over his face, he paused to let it pass. The eyes of Count Louis turned curiously upon him: he, too, had heard of the Iron Monk.

"I pray your blessing, good Father," said he, with a courteous smile.

"*Benedicite*," muttered the monk, hoarsely; and the Count's cheek blanched as those fierce eyes burned upon his face. Had he looked back, he would have seen a steel-gloved hand clinched threateningly.

One day came the tidings that the lord of the *château* was dying. His confessor was absent. "I will go," said the Iron Monk.

The Abbot stared, but said nothing. Drawing his cowl over his face, the monk followed the messenger. Entering the room of the dying man, he closed the door. What passed between them, none knew. As he again crossed the threshold, the Lady Antoinette placed herself before him. He threw back his cowl.

"Victor!"

He passed on; but she flung herself on her knees, and grasped his robe.

"Victor, pardon!"

"Woman, pray to God!" was the stern answer.

She signed to an attendant, who placed her baby in her arms.

"Victor, do not curse my child," she said, pleadingly.

His face softened. Taking the infant in his strong arms, he gazed long on the tiny features. The baby opened its blue eyes, and smiled. Signing the cross upon its forehead, he pressed his lips to the sacred symbol, then gave back the infant to its kneeling mother.

That night the death-bell tolled for Count Louis.

The Iron Monk was absent from the midnight prayers. In the morning he was found kneeling by the narrow case-ment, his face turned toward the *château*, where, dead alike to praise and blame, with clay-cold lips and fast-shut eyes, his brother was lying. Death, the great peace-maker, had united the brothers again. Together they had entered the world, together they had left it, and the fair-haired baby in his mother's arms was heir to the broad lands.

VACATION.

Burdened heart, we soon shall wander
To Sierra's dizzy peaks,
Where the granite braves the thunder,
And in tears the cataract speaks.

There the eagle from his eyrie
Sails above the loftiest pine,
And the golden sunset splendor
Tips his wings with fire divine.

Swaying trees, like emerald censers,
Toss their perfumes in the air ;
Breathing balm, their tender shadows
Frowning on the noon-tide glare.

Cool and deep the thorny thicket
Weaves a fortress for the deer,
Though his leafy bastion trembles
When he lifts his startled ear.

Creepers, flushing red with flowers,
To the cliff's unbending face

Climb caressing, as a maiden
Lifts her to her love's embrace.

Hill-sides girdled round with fragrant
Zones of color, flinging wide
Storms of flowers to the edges
Of the ice-capped mountain side,

Laugh to glades that in December
Lay entombed beneath the drifts—
And they smile in answer—glowing
With a wilderness of gifts ;

Grateful for the crystal water
Which the shining glacier throws
From its cold, yet loving bosom
Underneath a shroud of snows.

In the peace and rest of nature
Far above the haunts of men,
Fanned by breezes, kissed by sunlight,
We'll renew our lives again.

PRISON LIFE IN CHINA.

NOT many of the few travelers visiting Canton think or care much about going to the Namhoi, a place that is not very attractive perhaps, but undoubtedly very instructive. It generally is considered well enough to climb up to the highest point of the five-story pagoda overlooking the city, or to shake the head at the fantastic images in the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods, or to scratch the backs of the Sacred Pigs in Honam Temple, or to admire the

love-feasts on the river boats ; but anybody who desires to know the standpoint of the people of any country as far as enlightenment and civilization are concerned, can do no better than to feel the pulse of public life at its courts and prisons. The condition and management of such institutions is the surest test of all. A comparison with what other nations can show will convince us easily that China must put in a great amount of humanity before it can reach

an even standard with Christian countries. Truly, the Source of Light must send bright rays into the many dark valleys of Chinese life, before the heads of the people will dispel the clouds lying over them.

White faces in the centre of Canton are a rarity yet, as the excitement explained at once, when I was carried inside the first square. Four or five hundred Chinese, with pigtailed flying, ran up, each pressing in closer proximity than the other. My interpreter, Tat Hin, stepped over to one of the rear buildings, to ask permission from a clerk, and while I was promenading up and down, the crowd gave way before me, and closed right behind me in a dense mass, so that I was not impeded in any way, but could surely not say that I was free. It will never do under such circumstances to show the white feather, and having gone so far, nothing remained but to face the music.

The front yard, say perhaps sixty by one hundred and fifty feet, has on both sides a row of low, dilapidated sheds as offices, all of them decorated in fantastic, tasteless style, with huge lanterns, red and gilt paper, idols of the infernal Joss, trash and dirt, *ad infinitum*. A countless number of hangers-on of the court inhabit them, "squeezing" in the day-time the persons brought to court, smoking opium and sleeping there at night. Lawyers are not permitted in any court. No fees whatever are charged by the court, neither to plaintiff nor to defendant, neither in criminal suits nor in civil suits. No clerk of any denomination is paid by the Government; on the contrary, the clerkships are sold for several thousand dollars apiece, and they are inherited by the son from the father. There are such clerks (we will call them so, though they are independent of the court) at the Namhoi, whose ancestors several hundred years ago purchased the right to be busy around

the court, and since that they have held the appointment as a perpetual lease, as long as they have a son to step into their shoes. The office may be looked upon as a pension, handed down from a certain forefather, and nothing is paid since he invested the money for his offspring. These places are fat sinecures, but every cent is made by the despicable *squeezing* of the unfortunate beings who are arrested. These leeches understand sucking so admirably well, that all well-to-do citizens of the empire, passing a court, have always a feeling as if being in sight of purgatory. Both parties, plaintiff and defendant, are lean when leaving a court, no matter how fat they were when entering. One-half of all lawsuits in China are trumped-up cases, brought on for bleeding the rich. The corruption of judges, witnesses, constables, clerks, and the whole machinery, is so enormous, that it hardly ever happens that one Chinaman will sue another for money due to him, because he would never get one red copper from money collected for him by any court; on the contrary, he would have to add considerable out of his own pocket. After having drawn the attention of the magistrate once to the standing of his affairs, he would soon be exposed to such squeezes that the last of his cents would fly away. The mandarins would not let him go until he was thought worthless—not until torture would have robbed him entirely.

Examples are plenty. Several months ago, a Chinaman for the first known time got it into his head to get rid of a piece of property in Canton by a lottery scheme. The idea took. He disposed of all his tickets, and some pigtailed fellow was the lucky winner. The next day the squeezing commenced in strong earnest on the winner. His house was overrun from morning until night by mandarins of higher and lower grades. One pretended that he must have a share as

his relative; another claimed a reward for having permitted the lottery; another intimated that he would confiscate the ground for the emperor; another said he was collecting a percentage for a sacred temple. John Chinaman got bewildered; he stood a first-rate chance of being imprisoned and tortured soon for having bought the best of the tickets. The fickle goddess had courted him visibly, but she was not able to protect her favorite since she had declared him to be the chosen one.

The end was, that the lucky winner gave up all claims to the property that cupidity and envy would not let him enjoy, while the vender of the tickets thought best to flee to a place where nobody knew of him and of his money.

Tat Hin returned smiling. He had, when setting out for this journey, taken particular pains with his splendid suit of dark-blue silk, which, as he hinted with impressiveness, had cleared the pathway to the jurists of Namhoi. We passed through the gate of a stockade which separated the front yard from a second smaller square laid out with tiles, and entered the first of a great number of airy, square rooms, wherein the different kinds of business of the court are transacted. Openings for doors led from one apartment into the other, but not a single door was there to close up the rooms. One hall, for instance, is destined for the reception of the viceroy; another for foreign consuls, or other influential persons; another for keeping records; another for cooking for the mandarins when they become hungry; another for private conversations; another for torturing prisoners; another for smoking opium and tobacco; another for the numerous constables, who wear a round hat with a low, round crown, surmounted by a glass button from which purple-colored silk fringe hangs down on all sides, discernible at a great distance.

A plain table, a few old-fashioned

chairs covered with red cloth, and a number of large and small hideous images of that unavoidable Joss, was the uniform furniture of the rooms. My experienced guide, who always does his very best to please me, rushed quickly on until we reached the most interesting of all. I entered with firm step, hat in hand, though I and a poor fellow just now undergoing the preparation for being beheaded, were the only two persons uncovered.

This hall was from thirty to forty feet square, one-half of it under, the other half without, roof. Along the back wall a row of chairs was placed; on one in the centre, a little more elevated, the judge of the Namhoi was seated behind a very plain cloth-covered table. Several assistant officers were at his side, and several constables stood ready to obey orders. He was now trying a criminal case.

It was only a quarter of an hour since Viceroy Sui had ordered here four criminals to be executed immediately, and the last of them was just now, while the new trial proceeded, being got ready for his fate. His chains had been taken off, but strong cords bound his knees tight together; his arms were pinioned in several places; a stiff stick was affixed somehow to his back, to make it impossible for him to move in any direction, and a piece of paper telling his crime hung down from his neck.

They had placed him in a low basket, to which four ropes were attached ending in a knot, and two "bamboo coolies" ran their sticks through, under the knot, shouldering the body that could not be called "man" any more, to carry him out to his comrades who shared the same fate. All this that I witnessed is the common treatment of those condemned to die. I truly wish I could be accused of exaggerating what the Namhoi presented to me, but I know it all to be reality—shocking reality.

Good heavens, what a pitiful sight!

It is not enough in China, to suffer a cruel death for crime. No; the sufferings going before death are so much worse than decapitation, that the final delivery into the hands of even an unmerciful God could not make things more despairing. Days and days before the execution, such prisoners are reduced by most infamous tortures, and by hunger, to such a wretched state that the knife severing the head is waited for with anxiety. We were told that this doomed prisoner was a pirate, and he was perhaps guilty of crime; but was it not enough to remove him out of this world, without breaking mind and body down until nothing was to be carried to the execution-ground but a mass of bruised flesh and cracked bones?

Such is the practice with all condemned in Chinese courts, and the treaties with the Great Powers contain a special clause that on no condition shall White men, no matter what their circumstances may be, ever have a taste of torture in Chinese prisons.

The two coolies had lifted the doomed man from the floor; the legs were swinging outside of the basket, his head rested with but little life on the breast, the eyes were closed, the hair hung loose over the face, a faint groaning and heavy breathing was all that gave sign of vitality; no more than a mere skeleton of a man, strong and robust only a few weeks ago, could be carried to the grave. He was speedily hustled outside.

"Look there!" whispered Tat Hin, who has witnessed such a spectacle often, and who, though a believer in Christ, can not be called entirely free from the fatalism that every Chinaman invariably clings to. "He was not destined to die in prison, or else the torturing would have killed him. They understand their business here so well, that the strongest man can be reduced to what this man is, *in forty-eight hours!*"

The blood in our veins feels like congealing, when opening the dark pages in the books of history, wherein the horrors are described that the Spanish Inquisition brought over nations. We often, in America, congratulate ourselves on living in times when such wanton iniquities and cruelties do not fall under our eyes any more, and we come to think that the world has changed. But it needs only the short trip across the Pacific, when the courts and prisons in every city in China will bring right before us all that ever man's wickedness invented to degrade him lower than the wild beast of the wilderness. The torture rooms in the Canton Namhoi contain every instrument necessary for crucifying, roasting, boiling, lacerating, and quartering human beings; and those instruments are reddened almost daily with living blood—undoubtedly very often innocent blood.

Now, we return to the trial. The background of the *tableau* was occupied by the desk of the magistrate, and from it two lines of men, mostly mandarins of lower rank and constables, extended say twenty feet, forming three sides of a square. Placing myself boldly before the open wing, the whole interesting scene was clearly before me. The plaintiff was a constable, who talked loudly to the judge, demonstrating and pointing often to the accused. The constable acted as district attorney. Defendant was on his knees before the judge's desk, and another constable kneeled by his side, holding in his hand one end of a heavy iron chain about five feet long, while the other end was with a weighty lock tightly fastened around the prisoner's bare neck. Handcuffed besides, and also chained below the knees, he could move about only with short paces. Two common Chinamen were also kneeling there, witnesses. A defendant in Chinese courts is only asked if guilty or not; he is never permitted

to speak a word for himself. No other person is allowed to plead for him. The judge hears the testimony brought before him and decides at once. His decision is the law.

Fifteen minutes after our entering the court-room, the witnesses and the constable got upon their feet. The prisoner remained on his knees. Sentence was pronounced—imprisonment for an indefinite time. In England, the expression would run in such cases, "During her majesty's pleasure." In America, we don't know of such a pleasure or indefinite time.

The judge, during the proceedings, never opened his mouth except to mutter the three or four words of the judgment; and hardly were his lips closed when the constable, by a sudden, hard jerk of the chain, pulled his silent victim up from the floor, with no more feeling for the unfortunate man's neck than if he was handling a piece of cord-wood.

It was a disgusting sight, and my hand truly clinched the Malacca cane in such a way as to come very near interfering. The prisoner was an old man, with hair more white than gray. Torture and want of sufficient nourishment had done its work effectually, and had stricken him with so much awe, terror, fear, that nothing but the heavy panting of his breast and the sweat running down his forehead, gave signs of what he endured. Grasping with both hands for the chain that nearly tore the head from his shoulders, he tripped and stumbled as well as he could after the brute that pulled him back to his prison. But it happened that a small pillar stood in the way, when in the confusion the bewildered prisoner went on one side of it, while the constable walked on the other. Before the old man noticed it and could retrace his steps, his tormentor corrected the slight mistake. Pulling with all his might on the chain, he smashed the head of his victim in such a manner

against the pillar, that the greater part of the skin of one cheek was torn away in an instant, and the blood ran in profusion, reddening the ground from the pillar to the prison.

Mind, that all this was done in the hall of justice, right before the eyes of the judges and fifty or sixty others, every one of them provided by the Almighty with a heart. Yet not the least trace of compassion in any one's face could be discovered; and the ruling powers in Asia undoubtedly deem it their duty to control the masses by holding the iron rod, the chain, the burning fire, and the cutting knife perpetually in hand. Opposition against the mandarins is held up as the greatest of all crimes that can be committed by men. If a son murders his father, he is slowly cut in pieces. Should a man assault a high mandarin, the punishment would be far greater. It would not be sufficient to murder him in two or three hours, as in the former case—O, no; the cutting, burning, breaking, would last four or five days before he would be allowed to die.

The court had now adjourned for this day, as the magistrate intended to witness the execution, with the viceroy. So we left the hall that our chairs might follow the judge; but an unforeseen accident had deprived the viceroy from enjoying the pleasures of the Canton Calvary for this day, and it consequently deprived us. When his honor was entering his chair, a message from his excellency reached him, that the beheading should be postponed for two days. Tat Hin therefore proposed that we should take a look at the prison of the Namhoi, to which we gladly agreed. The jail-keeper, a keen-eyed old rag-amuffin, stepped forward to conduct us, when to my astonishment I recognized in him a fellow who had persistently followed and closely planted himself right behind me since my foot first touched

the holy land of the Namhoi. But my guide knew him, and he extended every facility to us, even knocking with his bamboo several dozen of busybodies over their heads, who came in rather too close proximity.

We were led to the left side of the main gate when entering the Namhoi. We passed several nasty, filthy sheds used by the jail-keeper and his subordinates, stepped over piles of rubbish and offal as much as four feet high; and coming to a narrow lane, a couple of men were placed before it, to keep the hundreds of the "unwashed" back, who pressed furiously after us. About a dozen were favored with free entry, the others had to recoil before the unavoidable bamboo. The lane, perhaps ten feet wide and one hundred long, had on one side a high wall separating it from a street. The other side had a low wall, through which several doors led into different squares, say sixty by twenty feet wide. These doors are not closed in day-time; they stand open, and the prisoners are at liberty to walk around wherever they please; they are generally even permitted, as long as the sun shines, to go outside of the prison, before the outer gate of the Namhoi, and mix up with the multitude loafing around there. Every one of them is chained between the knees and also handcuffed, and there is not much fear of his escaping in the narrow passages of Canton. And where could he go to? Nobody would assist or shelter him; his own village would give him up at once out of fear of the dreaded mandarins. The family ties in China are stronger than with any other nation on the globe, and his father, mother, all relatives, would fall into the cruel clutches of the constables at once, if he should be missed from the prison. Even if unchained, not many would dare to make an attempt for freedom.

A prison in China is jail and state-

prison combined; the murderer and pirate would be treated alike with a man who perhaps obstructed unnecessarily a street. The punishments are death, imprisonment for an indefinite period, whipping with the bamboo, and exile. The latter means banishment from one province to another, and is dreaded very much, as the patriarchal traditions keep families and clans so closely connected.

We entered one of the several yards for prisoners, when the jail-keeper gave signals understood by all as an order to appear, and the square was alive at once. On both sides of it, dilapidated, unalterable, low bamboo sheds are built as quarters; and all that happened not to be crouched down in the open yard, emerged from the sheds. In a minute, we were encircled by all the one hundred and twelve who were consigned to this special yard, and I venture to say that the most horrible sight in this world is what a Chinese prison can show.

Every man (or woman) who is brought to prison in China, is at once deprived of all that is around him, without an exception, and a few rags are handed to him, to cover his nakedness. No decent clothing is permitted. Then he is deprived of the privilege of shaving the head around the spot where the pigtail grows, and as the coarse black hair lengthens, it hangs over his forehead uncombed, full of vermin, giving such a wild, ghastly look, that even the most innocent among them soon looks like the most inveterate scoundrel. No soap, no water to wash—is it to be wondered, that the only pastime known among them is scratching, and catching what bites them? In America, when passing over our great railroad from ocean to ocean, we sometimes at the stopping-places on the plains or in the Rocky Mountains, come across such a poor Indian family, in which indolence and

vice have marked the countenances to such a degree that we fear to approach them; we even can not go through one of our own state-prisons without meeting with most shocking faces—but no country in the world will be able to beat the Celestials on prisons.

Twice a day the thin, walking corpses receive a bit of rice, never enough to satisfy their appetites. Add to all the impression that cruel torture naturally must leave behind, if you want to imagine what stories the most frightful apparitions which surrounded me had to tell. The bodies plainly related that they were dying by inches. What hunger does not, the filth will accomplish; what exposure does not, the torture chamber will bring on. Even if we do not concede to the scum of Asia certain feelings that Whites have, yet everyone deserves to be treated by men as man. But they fall in worse hands than if blood-thirsty tigers had selected them for prey. Never, never shall I forget in all my lifetime what the Namhoi prison exhibited.

“*Licee! Licee! Licee!*”

They all were begging for rice.

Tat Hin did me good service as interpreter now.

“How long are you here?”

“Seven years.”

“What for?”

“Piracy.”

“How much longer will you remain here?”

“Do not know.”

“Were you guilty?”

“No, masser.”

“Have you been tortured?”

“Yes, masser, several times.”

“How could you be tortured, as you said you were not guilty?”

“That makes no difference whatever—every person coming here as a prisoner is tortured at once. I knew I was to be tortured anyhow, guilty or innocent, so I chose the latter.”

I addressed another, who was hardly able to stand on his legs with the assistance of two canes.

“What is your crime?”

“Murder.”

“Whom did you kill?”

“A man who owed me four hundred cash (forty cents). He was rich, and I had no rice.”

“Have you had your trial?”

“No, masser.”

“What will be your punishment?”

His face gave not the slightest sign of being alarmed about the fate awaiting him, when he looked straight into my eyes, saying:

“The knife will cut my neck.”

“Are you married?”

“No, masser, but I have a dear, dear mother, who has no rice.”

“Have you been tortured?”

“Yes, very hard.”

“How was it done?”

“They put me against a thick post that stood in the ground, fastened my feet to it below and my shoulders above. They then ran a thick bamboo stick between my back and the post, and three men on each side pressed my body outward. You see all my bones are out of joint.”

Who could have helped feeling even for the murderer? I was ready to give him some silver for his mother, but Tat Hin prevented me, saying the jailers would take it from him as soon as we were out of sight, and it would be better policy to give a dollar to the old chief who afforded the facilities for seeing all.

Every prisoner who was addressed related frankly what I desired to know; and facts came out that must sound more than strange to the ear of citizens of our republic.

“How long are you here?”

“Fourteen months.”

“What for?”

“Accused of kidnapping children.”

“Are you guilty?”

"No."

"Have you been tried?"

"No."

"When will that be?"

"Do not know."

"How is it that they keep you so long without being tried?"

"I am told that I am to stay here till I have brought witnesses to prove that I am innocent."

"Will you get your witnesses?"

"I can not. My family lives fifteen days from Canton, and I have no money to bring witnesses here."

"Tortured?"

"Yes, four times. One time I confessed from pain, three times I held out."

"What are you blind in one eye for?"

"It was bored out when I was tortured."

Turning next to a hollow-cheeked skeleton with eyes that had sunk far back in their sockets, the inquisition proceeded:

"How long are you here?"

"Thirteen years."

"What for?"

"Robbery."

"Were you guilty?"

"Yes, masser."

"Had your trial?"

"Yes, masser."

"When will you go out?"

"Don't know."

"How many years have you been sentenced to?"

"Don't know; but I could have left many years ago if I would tell where the money is hid that I took."

"Why don't you tell of it, to be free?"

"You see, I was a rich man, but a mandarin in whom I confided, persuaded me to sell my lands to become a big merchant. So I sold all, and when the money was in my hands, the mandarin surrounded my house, while I was absent, with soldiers, saying I had been a rebel against the emperor. He then

took all my money to his house, but in one of the following nights I broke into his house with my brothers, carrying my money off again and burying it in the ground. My brothers fled, but I was arrested, and they have not killed me because they think that I will tell some day where the money is secreted. They torture me often, and torment me very much, and they do not let me go, but I shall never tell."

I wished to know if this strange but very probable statement was true, so I turned to my guide, the chief of the prison:

"Suppose, my friend, I should desire to set one of those criminals free, to get him out of prison, to use him as my servant, to make him a good man again, could I perhaps get the privilege of picking one out by giving guarantee that I was in good earnest?"

"Yes; I can manage that. No guarantee is needed. It only will cost some money."

"How much?"

"O, that depends upon circumstances; but if you will come back here tomorrow, I will have a conversation with you about it."

"Well, I may perhaps pass here again. Will you see how much money the man that I spoke to last would be delivered over to me for?"

"O no, sir—O no! You may have your choice among all the rest, but that man is under special orders here. No use in talking about *him*."

Now, to see all, I entered one of the sheds where they had to sleep, and the spot assigned to them beggars description. Woe to the man who has to repose there on the few dirty mats. No greater irony could be thought of than that a number of tame pigeons had built their nests in different places, universally acknowledged to be the symbol of innocence, harmony, and kindness.

I had heard and witnessed enough to

make the heart ache. I had to feel for my head to comprehend that such things could happen in the year of our Lord 1872. I imagined that this one part of the Namhoi prison had not its equal; yet when we stepped out into the lane to enter another part, we had to hear similarly heart-rending stories as to how the softer sex is treated.

They led us into the prison for women. They also lived, about thirty of them, in a row of small, dilapidated apartments, cleaner than where the men were, as in each room only five or six were together. But the lane running in front of their uninviting huts was only five or six feet wide, and in it they all were seated in a row on the roughest kind of benches, as the sun of January is mild and agreeable in southern China. Several of the huts were occupied by the families of jailers or constables, and their children were mixing freely with the prisoners.

Their hands were not ironed, but a heavy chain like those that the male prisoners carried, ran from one ankle to the other. The only difference was that all the men carried the naked chains, while all the women had a rag wound around the place where the iron touched the skin.

A very old, gray mother was the first in the row.

"How long have you worn chains?"

"It must be eighteen years since they were first put on my feet."

"How long, do you say?"

"Eighteen years, at least!"

"What was your crime?"

"I committed no crime."

"Did you have your trial?"

"No; never."

"But what in the world brought you here?"

"My husband was a rebel. The soldiers killed him, and my two sons were beheaded. They imprisoned me, and I must remain here until I am dead."

"Would you not like to go out of this prison?"

"No—no! I have nobody to care for me; my family is all killed, and I would have no rice to eat outside of these walls."

This old ruin, the oldest inhabitant of the women's department, had, indeed, suffered very, very hard for the rebellious notions of her family. Another younger specimen was addressed:

"How long are you here?"

"Five moons."

"What for?"

"Kidnapping a little girl eight years old."

"Are you guilty?"

"Yes; but they should not have whipped me as hard as they did, because I did not want to do any harm to the beautiful little girl. I wished to have such a child for many years, and could not help myself."

"How long will you remain here?"

"Do not know; and I would not care about being here forever, if they only would give me more rice."

This kidnapping business is practiced extensively in China, by men not less than by women, and many make it their regular trade to buy up little girls, whom they feed in remote country places until they are fourteen or fifteen years old, when they sell them for from \$400 to \$1,000. Approaching now a young woman who looked rather prettier than her ugly companions, the examination begun again:

"What are you here for?"

"No *sabe*, masser."

"Tell the truth now, Ah Choy."

"Well, I had a *sampan* on the river here in Canton. Late one evening a man came to me in great haste, saying I must ferry him *chop-chop* across the river, and he promised to me much *cash*. I wanted money very much, and I also feared the man, who looked so wild. I could not help myself, so I rowed him

over the river. On the other side he ran away at once, giving me no money. I rowed back, and when I came to my stopping-place, many constables were there. They said I assisted a 'much big' pirate in making his escape, and they took me to this prison, where I am now four years already."

"When do you think you will be free?"

"O, I could easily arrange that, but the constables have pocketed my *samphan*, and I have nothing to live on otherwise. If you promise to buy me a *samphan*, sir, I will go with you in five minutes."

She fell on her knees.

"O, masser, buy me a *samphan*!"

"Very sorry for you, Ah Choy—very sorry, indeed. It might do if I was a Chinaman, but so I must decline."

The women were all very talkative, and all eager to relate their stories. It became rather difficult to keep them at bay, and if their chains had not been a great obstacle, they might have become annoying. But I noticed among them one quite young woman who acted entirely different. She did not utter a word, looked wild and distracted, her glassy eyes stared right before her, the long raven hair hung loose about the marble-white face—a perfect Medusa. But, behold! at her back a real sweet, smiling, charming little baby is slung, perhaps three months old—a genuine jewel, set in the dirtiest of rags. There was something extraordinary about this diabolical-looking mother and her red-cheeked baby.

Stepping up to her, she was asked, through my Tat Hin, a dozen different questions, but no answer came from her lips. I caressed the innocent child, but she did not notice it. I offered to her a piece of silver, but she made no motion to accept it. My curiosity to hear from her the course of her life was aroused, but all attempts to have her

disclose the secrets were fruitless. Her countenance told plainly that the path of her life had run through a dark valley. The old jailer spoke:

"This is the best of all the prisoners I ever had during more than thirty years of service. She does everything that is demanded of her, but gives never an answer. She is nearly a year now in this place, but is never known to have spoken a single word, not even to her child, of which she is remarkably fond. She was tortured several times, but never opened her lips, though we know that she is neither deaf nor dumb."

"And what is her crime?"

"She was a boat-woman, and is accused of having murdered and robbed a number of people, throwing the bodies afterward overboard. She is suspected of having even dispatched the father of the little being that was born here. She never made a confession, and is silent as a grave."

The Lucretia Borgia of the Namhoi must carry unapproachable secrets in her breast, and no one can tell how long she will be burdened with them.

We had seen and heard enough now for this day to make a retreat desirable, but that was easier said than done. All the female prisoners, excepting one, all the wives and children of the jailers, and even a number of strong men, claiming to belong to the premises, barricaded the only outlet. A hundred hands were stretched out for a present.

"*Cumshaw, cumshaw, cumshaw!*"

It sounded right and left, before and behind. Force would not have brought us out of such a dilemma, so a little strategy was called to our assistance. A lot of small coin thrown upon the ground, as if by accident, made them all rush for the bright silver, and the strangers hurried for the door. We safely reached our chairs, and the old jail-keeper dismissed us with many smiles and bows, assuring us of a kind recep-

tion every time that we might wish to witness starvation, torture, and other pleasures of the Namhoi again.

"Chin-chin! Chin-chin!"

"Good-by! Good-by!"

We also got clear of the crowd of loafers, the many gambling-tables, the

countless fortune-tellers, the packs of dogs, and the droves of hogs, that surround and overrun every court in China, and we soon reached a more agreeable spot on the river, where the eye beholds streaming in the air the Stars and Stripes of our beloved country.

THE ENGLISH AS A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

THE examination to which language has been subjected is gradually bridging over the gulf which has long separated the rival schools, on the subject of its origin. The "bow-wow theorists," as Professor Max Müller designated, more forcibly than elegantly, those who assert that language was gradually developed by imitation of the sounds of Nature, are gaining ground every day. Indeed, we need not go back to prehistoric times and the twilight of the race, to discover how words are formed. The process is constantly repeated before us, else how could language be always on the increase? That process is two-fold—either deliberate and intelligent manufacture, or the reproduction of some sound which is associated, often arbitrarily, with the idea conveyed. A word not unfrequently owes its origin to a caprice or a joke. There are instances of a word being the perpetuation of a sarcasm after all conception of the sarcasm had been lost. We call the Asiatics who once overran Europe, "Tartars," though their original and proper name, according to Müller, was "Tatars," only because the effete Romans added the *r* for the purpose of indicating that they were an infernal breed, which welled up from Tartarus to overwhelm civilization. Probably also the tendency of the tongue to add an *r* where the vowel *a* is broad, contributed a little to the maintenance of that piece of Roman hatred and in-

dignation. We have instances of the same kind in those vulgarisms which substitute *lawr* for law, and *par*, pronounced broadly, for pa. The fact that a single wild man has often been discovered who could not produce an articulate sound beyond the imitation of the cries of animals, goes far toward demolishing those who claim for language a Divine origin in its essence. It may be asserted, however, with confidence, that if two or three wild men should ever be discovered living in company, it will be found that they have some sort of language for intercommunication.

Observation of children, when they commence to prattle, will afford a very clear insight into the manner in which words are naturally formed. The writer has before him the case of a bright little girl, who, for some inexplicable reason, had concluded that *nan* was the word to convey the idea of falling. As she progressed in the art of speaking, she began to inflect the sound and give it moods and tenses. It was not unusual to hear her, after tumbling in her efforts at locomotion, to cry out, "I've *nanned*." If a community were a small one, and isolated, general consent would have been all that was necessary to give this sound permanent value as expressing the action of falling. How she came to associate this particular sound with the casualty in question, could not be discovered; for analysis was impossible.

It might have been the result either of accident, caprice, or mistake. But there is a branch of this subject upon which there is no likelihood, in the present state of philology, of any agreement being reached—that is to say, the uniform tendency, apparently without the aid of letters or study, of every language to resolve itself into some sort of grammatical form. There is no language yet discovered among men, even in their rudest condition, which on being subjected to analysis will not yield the grammatical rules by which it is governed, though the people speaking it may have no knowledge whatever of any such rules, or a glimmer even that they existed. If there is anything superhuman in language, we certainly have it here. This is the mystery which inductive science has not yet been able to master. It seems to be as fundamental and incomprehensible as that other stupendous fact that we are here. It is easy enough to understand that we are sent into the world with organs of speech, which by cultivation can be used for the communication of ideas from one to another; but why should these sounds, evolved in so many curious ways, be ever resolvable into verbs, adjectives, nouns, and pronouns? There was grammar in the English language before a grammar of it was compiled, or before a word of it was reduced to writing. There was a time in the history of our tongue, when, we may safely conclude from analogy, it did not contain more than 400 words in its whole vocabulary. There are tribes of Indians at this time who have no larger number of articulate sounds. But the English language now contains more than 120,000 words. It is spoken by at least 70,000,000 persons. If the printing-press had not been discovered, these 70,000,000 people would to-day be speaking a dozen or more dialects, which would gradually be growing more and

more dissimilar, until in the end intercommunication would cease altogether. The printing-press has suppressed the formation of new languages by fixing existing forms, and leading all upon the same line of change. Every new word formed in England, the United States, Canada, Australia, India, or the Cape, by any of the processes usually employed in the manufacture of words, is, if respectable, soon incorporated in the common dictionary which is the inflexible guide for all who speak the same language. Thus all English-speaking peoples advance, *pari passu*, and it therefore follows that the production of new languages goes on in an inverse ratio with the progress of civilization. No new dialects are now anywhere being evolved except in places, if any there be, of which civilization has no knowledge. The tendency is to the consolidation of languages, rather than to their dispersion. That tendency will ultimately lead to a universal language, common to all. The political movements of the day are directed toward the unification of peoples kindred by race and language.

• The final and supreme political movement will be the unification of mankind. Unification has always been the dream of the world. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon were men who simply flourished in advance of the ages in which they lived. They aspired to universal empire, but they began at the wrong end. It is a proof that revolvers on the same pattern as those we now carry, were constructed centuries ago; but they were laid aside as useless, because the percussion-cap had not been invented. Colt did no more than apply a new contrivance to an old idea, when he went into the manufacture of the weapon which is now in general use. In like manner, the great generals mentioned above battled for unification before the nations of the world were fit for such a

form of society. All that they accomplished fell to pieces when their firm hands were removed from the direction of affairs. But the various races of the world are now drawing near and assimilating of their own accord. Fashion has been the forerunner in this extraordinary and significant movement. It is sufficient to give us pause, when we reflect that the tailor has done more toward the unification of mankind than Alexander, and that the hatter has woven a bond of union among them which is of adamant in comparison to that which the Cæsars forged. The pantaloons and dress-coat may be seen as frequently in Constantinople now, as in Paris or London. Even the *fez* is slowly receding before the inevitable stove-pipe hat. It is not unusual now to have the Bedouin ride down upon you in jack-boots and slouched hat. Even the Kirghee of the Steppes are not indifferent to black frock-coats.

Nor is it in the matter of clothes alone that the world is being unified. There is a demand among civilized nations for a universal coinage. It is felt that there is no necessity for the many brokers, who with much profit to themselves furnish the money of one country for that of another. As gold and silver is the universal medium of exchange, why shall not all nations coin their money in denominations of equal value? In like manner there is a want felt of a universal postal law, under which letters can be sent everywhere for equal charges. And upon the top of all we have a scheme for a sort of Olympian Bench which shall hereafter decide all questions of international law that may arise among nations.

But behind all these requirements lies the need of a common language. Until we have that, no great progress can be made in the final step of assimilation which mankind appears to be destined to take. The necessity of some lan-

guage by which the different races of men might have a chance to interchange ideas, has always been recognized; and various expedients have at different times been resorted to for the purpose of meeting it. Our own Indians have a common language called *Chinook*, half jargon and half gesticulation, by which they are enabled to discuss questions of war or peace, barter or hunting, though speaking different dialects. In Europe, during the middle ages, Latin served this purpose among the educated at least, and more recently French. But no more solid foundation for the use of these languages for the purpose of general intercommunication can be discovered than the tendency of a special form of education on the one hand, and mere caprice on the other.

Seeing that the medium of universal speech was subject to such fluctuations, an ambitious English *savant* of the last century set to work to make a language for all races of men. He brought great industry and patience to the task, and laid down rules for the construction of a language purely artificial, but he succeeded only in attracting the attention of the curious. Nobody ever seriously applied himself to acquire the new tongue, and it was soon forgotten altogether. If there had been a general movement in favor of its adoption, it is not improbable that we would have a universal language to-day, though its sounds would be so altered that the venerable bishop and language-maker, if alive now, would be unable to comprehend or recognize his own handiwork. Constant use would have toned down its angularities, eliminated its cacophonies, and smoothed it off. Its total failure was owing to its extreme artificiality, and the disinclination of mankind to engage in doubtful experiments, especially where they involve much labor and exertion.

The universal language of the future

will be a living language, and one of those which are now spoken. But which of them shall it be? We certainly never should have thought of putting in a claim for the difficult and somewhat crude language which we speak, if the selection were to be based on merit. The Spanish language may not be so copious as the English, but it is far superior to it in the softness of the tones and in scientific construction. It has also a never-failing reservoir in the Latin to draw from, when expansion should become essential. But the universal language will depend upon considerations of a far different character than those of intrinsic merit and superior internal structure. Commerce, geographical situation, and probably increase in numbers, are the governing and absolute factors in the problem.

To Mr. Mori, the Ambassador of the Japanese Empire, we are indebted for starting the discussion as to whether the English is not the "coming" language. It is to be noted as one of the curious coincidences of the times that the representative of a nation which had been shut up for centuries in haughty exclusiveness, should have been the first to point to one of the most curious and significant signs of the present epoch. That *diplomat* gave utterance to the deliberate opinion, that as his countrymen were determined to embrace western civilization, they had better adopt some more copious and manageable language than their own, and English was the one which he thought would be the best suited for the purpose, provided something could be done to bring its orthography under intelligible and simple rules.

No higher value probably ought to be set upon the suggestion of Mr. Mori than that of a mere incident, for at the time he gave expression to it, he had not traveled farther than this country, and was not, therefore, capable of pronoun-

cing a broad judgment upon all the facts of the case. When examined, it means no more than that Mr. Mori thought that the Japanese should adopt our language, because America was the nearest civilized country to them, and the one with which they are apparently destined to have the closest commercial relations. But recently a gentleman whose opinion is entitled to greater weight than that of the Japanese Minister, has written a treatise, in which he endeavors to show that English is certain, before a century has elapsed, to become the universal language of mankind. That gentleman is Professor Candolle, of Geneva, Switzerland. He bases his idea mainly on the prospective increase in numbers of English-speaking people. He estimates that by the close of the next century, there will be 860,000,000 speaking English, while Germany will have only 74,000,000, and France 69,500,000. These conclusions are based upon the existing established increase of population in the United States, England, and the British Colonies. These are startling figures, it must be admitted. The territories occupied by English-speaking people are capable of sustaining this enormous expansion. But even if deductions be made for unexpected contingencies, the increase is certainly bound to be enormous. The favorable position of the various *foci* is also an element of the problem, but one to which the Swiss Professor paid no attention. We find that English-speaking people at this moment dominate the North American continent, with every prospect of overrunning the other. The Latin races in Mexico, Central America, and South America, will never be able to withstand the outpouring from the north, which is destined, sooner or later, to take place. Wasted by an internecine strife which appears to be interminable, they are scarcely holding their own. They are bound to fade away, gradually

retreating farther and farther south, until they finally disappear, either totally and absolutely, or by absorption. The whole continent of Australia is owned by an English-speaking people. They are also in possession of the southern extremity of Africa, and are gradually working up. If further diamond discoveries should be made, they will soon dominate it to the equator.

We have here one hemisphere, a continent, and part of another, to say nothing of the strong foothold in Asia maintained by the British. In addition to this, in China English is the one foreign language that is generally spoken. The Chinamen who emigrate come chiefly to this country. They return speaking more or less correctly the English language. It may not be out of place here to remark, that the Chinaman, when educated, speaks English without any trace whatever of a foreign accent. It results possibly from the fact, that, while his own language is chiefly guttural, ours is principally labial. The Chinaman has, therefore, no habits of vocalization to tone down or get rid of when he applies himself to English. Speaking English is to him an entirely new acquirement.

But it is in Europe that the great battle of the languages is to be fought. The increase in numbers which is to give English the dominion elsewhere will not be very perceptible there. The geographical situation, likewise, will exercise little influence in the solution of the problem. No doubt the pressure from the outside—from America, from Australia, from Africa, and even to a modified extent from Asia—will have its influence, but it will not be controlling. The language which can be most easily acquired by the different nations of that continent—that is to say, the language which bears the strongest resemblance to their own—is the one sure to triumph. It would seem, indeed, from the checquered and somewhat romantic

career of the English language, that it possesses these elements to a greater extent than any other language spoken on the continent of Europe. It once had a very pronounced German tendency—so pronounced that it has still features sufficient to beguile the German into learning it; but it did not keep in that track long. For centuries it resorted to Latin, and Greek sparingly, whenever it felt the want of a new word. Germany had no literature to which it could apply. Even up to the time of Frederick the Great there were no German books at all classical. That great monarch despised his own language, and generally wrote and spoke in French. If the English language, therefore, felt desirous of replenishing itself from German stores, there was not a very good opportunity to do so. Besides, Latin was the language always of the Church, and for ages of the learned. The men who were at all capable of forming new words were versed in that language. National vanity also played a part in the lingual drama. It was the belief in England for many ages that they were descended from the "Pious Æneas." The creation of the brain of Virgil became a veritable hero of world-wide renown, for the "*Æneid*" was once more universally read than the Bible. To meet the exigencies of the case, a son named Brutus was invented—hence British!

To these circumstances we owe the fact of the abandonment by the English language of the source from which it sprung. So marked has been the divergence, that three-fourths of its words now are derived from Latin and in a small degree from Greek. It is becoming every year more of a Romance dialect. It is now more nearly allied to French, Spanish, Provençal, Portuguese, and Italian, than it is to German. The language of Chaucer is not farther removed from the English of to-day than Latin is from Italian.

It may be remarked by way of parenthesis that these considerations ought to go far toward settling that controversy which is being perpetually renewed, in relation to the policy of making Latin and Greek a regular part of our collegiate courses. There are many men, whose opinions are entitled to considerable weight, who hold that the time spent by our youth in the study of what is usually denominated the "dead languages" is time thrown away. They say that if lingual acquirements be necessary, the modern languages present the true field of labor. But Latin is the basis, now, not only of our own language, but of five of the most important languages of civilization. It has also made some important inroads into German itself, for Latin is still the language of science. The student who is acquainted with it will experience less trouble in acquiring any of the languages stated than if he had not devoted himself to it. Besides, the Latin scholar has not to turn to his dictionary for the meaning of every new word that may be introduced into the English language, or of nearly three-fourths of the words which it now contains. He knows already, from the derivation, what they mean. He finds, also, in it a guide toward the rules of that orthography which is such a puzzle to foreigners. Indeed, it may be said that there is no difficulty about the orthography of English words derived from the Latin. The main trouble is with the words and irregular verbs which we inherit from the Saxon.

The reform in orthography, therefore, upon which both Mr. Mori and Professor Candolle insist, must of necessity be confined to a very small portion of the language. It may be doubted, however, whether an artificial change, such as that which has been suggested, can be effected. Nothing may appear to be impossible to Mr. Mori, who represents a nation which is bent upon laying aside not only the habits and traditions of centuries, but its language, though less progressive reformers will shake their heads. We have a right to assume, nevertheless, when we look upon the transformation which has already been effected, that our language will, in time, be entirely relieved from the embarrassments which its German origin has entailed upon it. Its tendency toward latinity is now so marked and definite that no political convulsion can arrest it. It will be a strange and romantic circumstance, if the Latin tongue should be the means of bringing about that unification of mankind which the Latin sword failed to establish.

Out of this speculation the Russian has been left, because no intelligible place can be assigned to it. If it should finally be blended in the common language of the future, it will be by the Greek. But the voice of 860,000,000 people speaking out in clear-cut English can not fail to have some effect even upon the Sclavic *tympana*. It will not be as the sound of many waters, but of all waters in grand thunderous anthem, to which all men must pay attention.

ROMANCE OF A BLACKBIRD.

AMILIE sat with her hand resting on the window-seat, her head leaning against the sash, her eyes closed in a weary, hot sleep—for the open window admitted only heated air, reflected from the opposite wall. Poor child! she was worn out. The sewing which had fallen into her lap, the thimble, and the pricked fore-finger, showed her to be one of those poor creatures who must toil day and night with the wearying needle, in order to obtain the food and raiment which shall lengthen out the miserable life. Amilie's hand was delicately formed and small, with the soft skin that bespeaks good blood. The expression upon the girl's face, as it rested against the sash, was one to have softened a hard heart—a look of patient sadness and weariness, that indeed only added to the exquisite beauty of the features.

As she slept, a bird flew in at the window—a blackbird; he flew around the room two or three times, and then alighted upon the window-seat where Amilie's hand lay, hopped restlessly about, and then pecked at her thimble. This awoke the girl, who started guiltily as she realized that she had been asleep, and hastily picked up her work. The movement on her part startled the bird, and simultaneously with her awakening—consequently unseen by her—he half hopped and half flew behind her chair, and alighted upon the back of it. Amilie sewed industriously, and the bird sat motionless for some time; then hopping from the chair to her shoulder, he pecked at her ear. The girl started; but seeing the bird, she put up her hand and took him down, without the least show of resistance on his part. “Poor little

bird, where did you come from?” she said, in a soft voice. The bird chirped in answer, and then burst forth into a sweet, trilling song.

Smiles played about Amilie's mouth, and her face beamed with pleasure. She stroked the back of her little visitor, and he bent his head in a grateful attitude, now and then chirping in a contented way. Presently, to her utter surprise, he hopped into her lap and lay flat upon his back, with his slender legs standing straight up, and his wings lying flat open; Amilie thought he was dead, and lifted him tenderly; but, in doing so, she discovered a tiny white parcel tied to the under part of one wing with a narrow black ribbon. She looked at it wonderingly. It was folded like a letter, and addressed, “To the one who first shows kindness to my bird.” After some hesitation and doubt whether she was the one addressed, she at last yielded to her feminine curiosity, and untied the letter from the bird's wing. Opening it, however, she was chagrined to find that although it was a long and closely written letter, it was written in German—an unknown tongue to her; vainly she puzzled over it, but the only word she could understand was the name at the end, “Gottlieb Stiefelha-gen.”

Meanwhile, the bird was making himself at home, hopping and flying about the room quite at ease. As he perched upon the high bureau and caught sight of himself reflected in Amilie's small mirror, he burst out into a wild, sweet song, which awoke Amilie from the reverie into which the strange letter had plunged her. She listened with delight to the bird, and then resumed the work

which *must* be finished before nine o'clock that night.

Amilie was all alone in that room—always alone, except when people came for work she had promised. Her story was a sad one, although very like thousands of others. Her father and mother were both dead. The former had been a Frenchman of education and good birth, but marrying a girl who did not meet the requirements of his family—who consequently made her life with them unhappy—he took his modest, pretty bride and came to New York to escape the vexations of his home in France. Like many foreigners, he had little idea of the ways of living in that great city, and soon found that his comfortable little home required more money to sustain it than he could command. François Corday gradually lost what pecuniary resources he had, and found it very difficult to replace the loss. And his patient wife, Elise, exerted herself to the utmost to aid him by every economy; but with it all, their future showed no bright spot. The little daughter, Amilie, was a great comfort to the mother, yet she could not think of what might be in store for her child without crushing sadness.

Years of toiling and struggling went by, and at last François found himself homeless! Amilie was then ten years old, and very beautiful. Young as she was, her life had been one to mature mind and heart; and she would talk with more wisdom of life matters than many of double her years. She pondered in her little brain what could be done to relieve her parents, and the day when they were to leave their last lodging-place, having no money to pay for another night there, her resolution was made.

“Papa,” she said, “I will make some money. I know where there are some beautiful wild-flowers—far prettier than those the women sell in the street. I

will get some, and make bouquets and sell them to the people in the theatre. I saw a little girl, yesterday, coming out of one of the theatres with a basket half full of bouquets, and she told me she had sold enough to give her five dollars, but she would have to pay three of them to the woman who sold her the flowers at first. Now, you know, if I can get them without having to pay, it will all be gain.”

“Drowning men catch at straws,” and François was in too desperate straits to oppose the plan of his little girl. So Amilie ran eagerly away to what was in those days out of town, but is now in the very heart of the city. Here she found a field brightly glowing with autumn wild-flowers. She picked as many as she could carry, and sat down in the shade to arrange them. The child had a great deal of taste, and the graceful little bunches of gold and silver rod and purple asters, with delicate ferns for green, would rival the stiffly grouped rose-buds and heliotrope that city people prized so highly. Through the field ran a little stream, and among the stones on its banks Amilie found bits of soft green moss, with which she lined her basket; then, with the bouquets stuck here and there through the moss-bed, a very pleasing effect was the result. She sprinkled her little garden, covered it from the sun with large leaves, and then trudged home, very hopeful of the little fortune they were to bring her.

She went to one of the theatres that was opened for a *matinée*, and there her modest little face was sufficient passport. Once inside that brilliant place, her courage almost failed her, all was so new and strange to her; but hearing another girl calling “Flowers!” she summoned up her courage, and started down one of the aisles. “Flowers!” she called, in a sweet, low voice; but no one heard her. The thought of her father and mother strengthened her, and

with a nervous, long-drawn breath, she called, "Wild-flowers!" again. This time her voice rang loud and clear through the great building with startling sweetness, and heads were turned to see where it came from. Amilie held her basket to some ladies near, and their exclamations of admiration of the tasteful little garden encouraged the poor child. It was a kind-faced lady who first spoke to her.

"Who taught you to make such a pretty display of your flowers, little girl."

"No one," said Amilie, "unless mamma, who always says I ought to do everything as well as I can; but you know flowers are pretty in any way."

The lady took up a bunch, and asked Amilie's price.

"Ten cents, please."

"Ten cents! Why, child, I paid twenty-five cents for this rose and heliotrope. You must ask more than that for your flowers."

"But you know, mine are only wild ones," said Amilie.

"Wild! yes, of course. That makes them more valuable in this place. Here are thirty cents, and don't sell any for one cent less. Now, mind what I say, and let me know when they are all sold."

Amilie was joyful, and her voice rang out even clearer than before. The flowers were in great demand, and she received so many words of encouragement that when she reached the kind lady again, with her basket empty and five dollars in her hand, her face was all aglow with pleasure, and tears started to her eyes when she tried to thank her kind friend and tell how glad she was.

"Don't cry, dear," said the lady, in a whisper. "I know you are a good girl. There is another dollar to add to what you have made. Come here next Saturday, and I shall be here then to buy some more of your flowers."

Here the curtain rose for the last act,

and Amilie, after kissing the lady's hand, slipped out of doors and ran with a light heart to her father and mother. They would hardly believe the good news she brought them. François kissed her, and with tears in his eyes called her his "*Brave petite fille.*" Elise held the child to her heart, and her tears fell fast upon Amilie's pretty hair.

It would be too long a story to tell how Amilie sold wild-flowers every day, and the many kind words she received from the lady at the theatre—not only words, but more substantial benefits; how François toiled daily at labor for which his hands were not made; and how all three just managed to keep their souls and bodies together; how François, through long suffering, fell ill, and then Amilie worked all the harder. It is a sad story, all of this, yet her bright face made the father and mother happy. François died, and Elise soon followed her husband; then poor Amilie was alone! Was it any wonder that she gave way to the grief of her heart? There was no one for her to be cheerful for, and the poor child's face came to wear the sad look we have seen upon it. The kind lady at the theatre died, too, and then Amilie was entirely without friends. She was sixteen years old, beautiful, orphaned, and friendless! What a pitiless place New York is for such a one! After awhile, Amilie succeeded in getting work in the shape of sewing, and, by dint of hard and constant toil, she kept the room endeared to her by so many associations; the room she had aided her father in keeping, and where she had seen her beloved parents close their eyes in the last sleep. This was a hard life for the poor child, but she bore it all bravely, and tried not to think how lonely she was.

We have now come to the time when the strange blackbird with its mysterious mission came to Amilie. She did not stop her work that evening to get

her supper; she took a piece of bread and crumbled it upon the table for the bird to eat, and then stitched busily away. While she was still sewing, she heard a rap at the door, and, answering it, saw a young woman, who asked, "Are you Mademoiselle Corday?"

"I am," said Amilie.

"I came for Madame Jennings's dress," said the visitor, with a strong French accent. "I see it is not yet finished, but I can wait a leetle time."

Amilie gave her a chair, and resumed her work.

"You know my name, mademoiselle? It is Eloise Noël. I am governess for Madame Jennings's children. She send me for the dress, for she say you are French girl such as I."

Amilie explained to her how nearly she was French, and a brisk conversation ensued. Eloise's bright manner and pleasant chat made the time pass quickly for Amilie.

In the midst of the talking the bird roused from his sleep, and sung a low, sweet song.

"Ah, *ma foi!*" exclaimed Eloise, "what is that? Ah! it is a Brazilian nightingale — where did mademoiselle get it? I have not seen one in this country."

Amilie told her all of the bird's history that she knew, and of the letter that he carried under his wing.

"I am so troubled," she said, "to know what is in the letter, but I can not read German at all."

"If mademoiselle will let me see the letter, I make no doubt I can read it; but if she rather prefer not, no matter."

"O! do read it, if you can." Amilie put the letter into Eloise's hand, who, after a little study, read as follows:

"I am sure that the person who discovers this letter will have shown kindness to my poor 'Rogue,' for he will only lie upon his back when his little heart is full of gratitude. Then to the kind one I want to give my poor bird; for I, his master, will then be dead and gone. I hope the kind one will be a lady,

for then my bird will fare well while his life lasts. He has been his master's only and constant companion, while his master has had no love but the bird's to cheer his last years. Who is the bird's master? A desolate old man, dying in a strange land, away from kith and kin. No wife, no child, no friend! If the kind one will go to Messrs. Tort & Travers, she will learn something for her own good. Be kind to my poor black 'Rogue,' and you will be repaid by his sweet songs and the blessings of

"GOTTLIEB STIEFELHAGEN."

Amilie's eyes had tears in them when the reading was ended.

"How strange it is," said Eloise, "and so *romantique*. You will surely go where monsieur directs?"

"I don't know," said Amilie. "I am too timid to go alone on such a strange errand. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, yes, with pleasure. But no — I tell you a much better way. You let me tell Madame Jennings, who is so good lady, and she will tell mademoiselle what to do. May I?"

Amilie consented, glad to feel that she could have one to advise her in such a case. The dress was finished, and Eloise left the house with assurances that she would come the next day to tell "what madame said." True to her word, she came the following day, and Mrs. Jennings was with her. Amilie found that lady so kind and motherly, that she freely told her short, sad story, and all about the bird and the letter. Mrs. Jennings listened attentively, and then said in a kind voice:

"You are very young to have had such an experience. The matter of the letter is odd and romantic, but I believe it is well worthy of investigation. The firm to whom the German refers is one well known to my husband — two lawyers they are — and, if you desire it, Mr. Jennings will go with you to them to see what light they can throw upon the matter."

Amilie readily agreed to accept the offer of protection, and promised to be in readiness as soon as Mr. Jennings would take her. Mrs. Jennings went

away, leaving sunshine in Amilie's heart, and that night the young girl's dreams were happy ones. With a trembling heart Amilie entered the law-office with Mr. Jenning. That gentleman introduced her to one of the benevolent-faced lawyers, who listened with interest to the story of "Rogue" and the letter.

"Yes, yes—I see it all," he said, thoughtfully. "Poor Stiefelbogen was a very odd Dick, living all alone. No one knows his history. I knew him well, but he never alluded in any way to his past life. His bird and he were in perfect sympathy with one another, and Miss Corday has a very interesting pet in old 'Rogue,' I can assure her. Yes, yes—Stiefelbogen *was* odd, and he died a millionaire, sir! Where he got his money I don't know, but that he had a large amount is beyond all doubt. His will, of which we are executors, was a strange one. The money was all to be divided among charitable institutions—every cent, sir, except \$10,000 to the person who should present the letter you hold in your hand. The will reads, 'To the person who shall present a letter bearing my signature, said letter having been found upon the wing of my bird, I leave \$10,000 and the bird.'" The lawyer looked smilingly at Amilie, rubbed his hands, and chuckled good-humoredly. Amilie was struck dumb with astonishment. Was she dreaming? No, that hearty laugh of the lawyer was real.

"Well, Miss Corday, I don't wonder at your surprise—it is very strange, indeed. But what I say is truth—truth, every word of it, as my partner here will bear witness."

Mr. Jenning took Amilie to his own house, insisting upon her remaining with his wife for the present, until plans could be made for her, and the business with

the lawyers settled. The poor girl did not realize what a change had come over her prospects, until called upon to decide what she wished to do. A cordial invitation to remain in Mr. Jenning's family was tendered by himself and his wife, and Amilie was sure that nowhere could she find a happier home. But it had been a dream with which she had grown up, to go to France and present herself to her father's family; for, although her blood boiled with indignation when she thought how her mother had been subjected to their scorn, she still thought that the years which had passed must have softened their hearts, and they could not but recall their behavior toward their only son with remorse.

"I will go to them," she said, in answer to Mrs. Jenning's objections, "and tell them how their poor son suffered, and if they are still hardened toward him, I will not put myself upon them. But I am *sure* they will be glad to see their grandchild, and I can make their declining days happy with my care for them."

So it came about that Amilie's dream was realized. She crossed the ocean under the care of friends of Mr. Jenning, found her grand-parents, who were indeed living, with remorseful recollections, bowing down their gray heads and sad hearts. With open arms they received François' child, and she was a sunbeam to light up their last days. Black "Rogue" was Amilie's shadow; and when he was too old to sing his gratitude he would show it in so many pretty little ways, that, when at last he died, Amilie shed as real tears as she would have wept for a human being. She never forgot what the bird brought to her when the cloud was darkest over her head.

WITH THE DEAD.

White folds of linen on the marble face
 Lie in the silence of the coming day ;
 The long black shadows creep with laggard pace,
 The eastern sky is marked with streaks of gray.

O, quiet dead, let but those pallid lips
 One late-learned secret of the soul disclose ;
 So that our wisdom may at once eclipse
 All that the sage of all the sages knows.

O, tranquil lids, lift from those hidden eyes,
 That on their orbs our doubting eyes may see
 The graven gleams of startled, rapt surprise
 Which marked their first glimpse of eternity.

* * * * *

The morning breeze sweeps through the solemn room,
 And stirs the folds that wrap the dead around ;
 The bold, broad sun dispels the chilling gloom,
 The streets are all astir with life and sound.

Most tacit dead! has mourning love no power
 To win one accent for its many tears?
 Most ingrate dead! who leaves us in an hour,
 And with us leaves the grief of loss for years.

One single word—the faintly breathed farewell—
 That failed thee as the fluttering spirit fled!
 No answer yet. . . . Rings out the final knell,
 And men come in to bear away our dead.

ABORIGINAL SHELL-MONEY.

MONEY, in a broad sense, is some form or substance representing value, or of accepted value, less bulky and perishable than ordinary merchandise or commodities, used as a medium for the operations of trade, or for the convenient adjustment of balances or differences arising in the business of commerce.

Money, according to Webster, is: "1.

Coin; stamped metal; any piece of metal, usually gold or silver, stamped by public authority, and used as the medium of commerce. 2. Bank-notes or bills of credit issued by authority, and exchangeable for coin, or redeemable, are also called money."

Money, then, within the restricted meaning of the word, is a product or result of civilization, and as nations have

advanced in knowledge, art has moved forward with corresponding pace, and the rudely shapen or misshapen and grotesquely ornamented coins of past centuries have been replaced by pieces of the utmost exactness of weight, nicety of finish, and general perfection in execution.

In the broader sense, however, money as a medium in trade is no more the offspring of civilization than narcotics or alcoholic stimulants. As has been remarked by a learned author:* "Savage and civilized tribes, near and remote—the houseless barbarian wanderer, the settled peasant, and the skilled citizen—all have found out by some common and instinctive process the art of preparing fermented drinks, and of procuring for themselves the enjoyments and miseries of intoxication. And of . . . narcotics, again, it is remarkable that almost every country or tribe has its own, either aboriginal or imported; so that the universal instinct of the race has led, somehow or other, to the universal supply of this wanting or craving also."

Analogous to the knowledge and use of various narcotics and alcoholic stimulants by different portions of the human race, both civilized and barbarous, often unacquainted with and widely separated from each other, is the use of some form of money or medium in trade.

The inconvenience of a simple interchange of commodities alone—or, as it might be expressed, of swapping or bartering bulk for bulk—is so apparent, that though it may be a matter of curiosity, it is no cause for surprise that the sagacity of even uncivilized or barbarous men should perceive the advantages arising from the adoption of some natural form which should by common consent be vested with the representative quality of value, and thus serve all of

the purposes in their limited traffic with each other that gold, silver, or other metallic or paper money performs between or among civilized nations or people.

The money of civilization has, however, outside of its value or convenience, an important feature of difference from that of barbarous tribes. It commemorates and hands down through coming centuries to subsequent generations, the history of nations and of men, and in a greater or less degree reveals the *status* of art, and records the chief events of great epochs in the history of the human race; more enduring than parchments or monumental stones, it remains and speaks of the past when more pretentious records have become obliterated.

The money of barbarous man bears no historical or biographical inscription; it furnishes but a vague hint or clue of or to the character, habits, or customs of the race which used it. Its form is known to comparatively few; therefore, as barbarism is enlightened or extinguished by civilization, it is the duty of the latter to preserve the history and habits of the people it enlightens or destroys.

The multiplication of traveling facilities; the restless and migratory disposition which prevails among the people of all of the principal civilized nations; the inquisitive spirit of the day, which seeks and penetrates the remotest and heretofore hidden corners of the earth; the rapid and extended march of commerce into regions where Nature nearly bars the way with walls of ice; all of these influences are fast modifying the character and habits of tribes or people whose existence, a few years ago, was hardly known. Their implements of chase or war, their simple and rude domestic utensils, their costume, and even their food, are changed or laid aside for that or those furnished by civilization; and in years to come, the descendants

*Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*, Vol. II, pp. 6-7.

of these children of Nature will seek in the museums and records of the civilization which subdued their ancestors for the knowledge of the history, habits, and implements of the race from which they sprung.

In this connection the use of money by the aboriginal tribes of America and of other portions of the world deserves the attention of the archæologist and ethnologist, and, as will be perceived, is also a matter of interest to the student of natural history; for, so far as we have investigated as to what material or forms have been or are now used for the purpose, it appears that certain species of marine shells have furnished the principal material, at least to the tribes and peoples located adjacent to or occupying maritime stations.

As to whether the interior tribes of the continent made use of money, and whether it was different from or the same as that of the coastwise tribes, we can only conjecture, as we have been unable to obtain satisfactory *data* on this point. It is, however, highly probable that the money used by them was received from the maritime or coast tribes in return for such articles as are peculiar to interior positions; for it is reasonable to suppose that the matter of habitat would naturally affect and cause certain differences, as between each other, in the manners and customs of tribes occupying exterior or interior stations.

The proximity of the coast tribes to the sources whence the material was procured from which their money was made, would at once give to the latter superior commercial advantages, and it is quite likely that they were liberal purchasers from the interior communities, who considered them, if not as merchants or bankers, at least as particularly fortunate and wealthy, on account of the money they handled—just as the inhabitants of interior and agricultural districts among civilized people regard the

traders and inhabitants of littoral cities and settlements.

Of the numerous objects or substances which exist in a natural state, and which require little or no mechanical preparation to adapt them for use as money, the shells of many of the marine *mollusca*—or shell-fish, so called—furnish at once an excellent and appropriate material. Where the metals do not exist, or the knowledge of manipulating them is wanting, no substance or form can be named which is at once so available and convenient. Thus we find that certain forms of shells have been used by the aborigines of both shores of our own continent; and, though the forms used by the Indians of the Atlantic Coast were quite different, according to the authors whom we have consulted, from that of the money of the western American tribes, yet this can not be accounted for on the supposition that a similar form is not found on the Atlantic Coast, for such is not the fact. It is not unreasonable to suppose that they had but little, if any, knowledge of each other, and more likely none at all. Being separated by the breadth of a continent, with many wide and rapid rivers and several lofty mountain ranges intervening, and the intermediate country occupied by numerous and distinct tribes quite as jealous of any invasion of their territory as are the civilized nations of to-day, the use or the knowledge of the use of any substance or particular form for money by the tribes of either coast was probably unknown to those of the opposite transcontinental shore.

The Pilgrim settlers of the Massachusetts Colony at Plymouth found a form of money in use among the Indians of New England; and in the Historical Collections of Massachusetts, and from other sources as recorded by Governor Winthrop and Roger Williams, we are informed as to its character and substance. One of the most common bi-

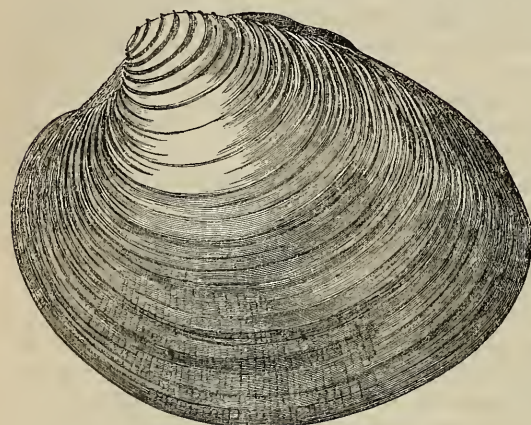
valve mollusks (clams) of that coast is the *Venus mercenaria*, or *Mercenaria violacea* as it is now called by naturalists; it is the "hard-shell clam" of the New York market, and in the markets of Boston is known as the "quahog." The valves or shells of this species frequently display an interior purple edge—varying in this respect, it is said, in different localities—the rest of the shell being of a clear white. From the darker colored portion the Indians made their purple money, or *wampum* as it was called; while from the axis of a species of *Pyrula* or conch, and from other shells, they made their white money, or

digestible. It is not eaten raw; but is cooked in various modes, being roasted in the shell, or opened and broiled, fried, or made into soups and pies. About half an inch of the inside of the shell is of a purple color. This the Indians broke off and converted into beads, named by them *suckanhock*, or black money, which was twice the value of their *wompon*, or white money, made of the *metauhock*, or periwinkle (*Pyrula*).*

"As to the derivation of the word 'quahog,' Governor Winthrop refers to it as '*Poquahauges*, a rare shell and dainty food with the Indians. The flesh eats like veal; the English make pyes thereof; and of the shells the Indians make money.' He says of the money, 'It is called *Wampampeege*.† Also, called by some English *hens-po-qua-hock*; three are equal to a penny; a fathom is worth five shillings.'‡

"*Poquahock*, corrupted into *quahaug* or *quahog*."

The money or *wampum* made from the shells above referred to, was not only in use among the Indians, but among the Whites also. Col. T. W. Higginson, of Massachusetts, in



QUAHAUG (*Mercenaria violacea*).

"white *wampum*." In reference to the first shell, and its use as a substance from which the *wampum* was made, we have the following: "The quahaug (*Venus mercenaria*), called by Roger Williams the *poquau* and the *hen*, is a round, thick shell-fish, or, to speak more properly, worm. It does not bury itself but a little way in the sand; is generally found lying on it, in deep water; and is gathered by rakes made for the purpose. After the tide ebbs away, a few are picked up on the shore below high-water mark. The quahaug is not much inferior in relish to the oyster, but is less

one of his *Atlantic Essays*, "The Puritan Minister," says: "In coming to the private affairs of the Puritan divines, it is humiliating to find that anxieties about salary are of no modern origin. The highest compensation I can find recorded is that of John Higginson, in 1671, who had £160 voted him 'in country produce,' which he was glad, however, to exchange for £120 in solid cash.

* Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, viii, 192 (1802).

† Journal Royal Society, June 27, 1634.

‡ Vide *Invertebrata of Massachusetts*, Binney's edition, p. 134.

Solid cash included beaver-skins, black and white *wampum*, beads, and musket-balls, value one farthing."

In Cadwallader Colden's *History of the Five Indian Nations* (p. 34), he says that *wampum* is made of the large whelk-shell *Buccinum*, and shaped like long beads; it is the current money of the Indians. Whether the shells of the true *Buccinum* (*B. undatum*, Linn., or *B. undulatum*, Mull.), or those of *Busycon* (*B. canaliculatum* and *B. carica*), is not satisfactorily explained.

In Major Rogers' *Account of North America* (London, 1765), in alluding to the *wampum* of the Indians, he says: "When they solicit the alliance offensive or defensive of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of *wampum* and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The *wampum* made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coast, and on the banks of the lakes; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, moccasins, etc., in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions.

"They dye the *wampum* of various colors and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, so as to be significant among themselves of almost everything they please; so that by these their words are kept and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions, are very carefully preserv-

ed in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure."

Colden is the only author in whose writings we find any allusion to the use or manufacture of money or *wampum* by any of the *interior* tribes, and the tribes of the Five Nations were not remote from the Atlantic shore.

How far to the south of New England this *wampum* money was used, we do not know. The shells of which it was made are abundant in the neighborhood of New York and Philadelphia, and are the common clam in the markets of those cities. A closely related form (*Mercenaria præparca*, Say.), is found on the shores of Florida, and attains an exceedingly large size; specimens collected in Tampa Bay frequently weigh as much as three and a half pounds after the animal is removed. Explorations made by us in that State in the year 1869, in the course of which many of the ancient shell-heaps and burial mounds on both shores of the peninsula were examined, resulted in the obtaining of much interesting material, but no specimens were found of forms which suggested their possible use for money.

Crossing the continent to the North-western Coast of North America, we find that the sea-board aborigines had, and in a decreasing degree still use, a money of their own—a species of shell, though of a widely different form from that used by the natives of the Atlantic coast. The money of the western coast



DENTALIUM, OR TUSK-SHELL.

Indians is a species of tusk-shell (*Dentalium*), resembling in miniature the tusks of an elephant. Mr. J. K. Lord, formerly connected, as naturalist, with the British North American Boundary Commission, refers to the use of these shells as money "by the native tribes inhabit-

ing Vancouver's Island, Queen Charlotte's Island, and the main-land coast from the Straits of Fuca to Sitka. Since the introduction of blankets by the Hudson's Bay Company, the use of these shells has to a great extent died out; and the blankets have become the money, as it were, by which everything is now reckoned and paid for by the savage. A slave, a canoe, or a squaw, is worth in these days so many blankets; it used to be so many strings of *Dentalia*." Mr. Lord also remarks: "The value of the *Dentalium* depends upon its length. Those representing the greater value are called, when strung together end to end, a *Hi-qua*; but the standard by which the *Dentalium* is calculated to be fit for a *Hi-qua* is that twenty-five shells placed end to end must make a fathom, or six feet in length. At one time a *Hi-qua* would purchase a male slave, equal in value to fifty blankets, or £50 sterling."*

Mr. Frederick Whympier, speaking of an Indian muster of various tribes at or near Fort Yukon, Alaska, in 1867, says: "Their clothing was much befringed with beads, and many of them wore through the nose (as did most of the other Indian *men* present) an ornament composed of the *Hya-qua* shell (*Dentalium entalis*, or *Entalis vulgaris*). Both of the fur companies on the river trade with them, and at very high prices. These shells were formerly used, and still are, to some extent, as a medium of currency by the natives of Vancouver Island and other parts of the Northwest Coast. I saw on the Yukon fringes and head-ornaments, which represented a value in trade of a couple of hundred marten-skins.† Mr. Whympier further remarks that "These shells are generally obtained from the west coast of Vancouver Island," and that his spelling "*Hya-qua*" conveys "a closer approxi-

mation to the usual pronunciation of the word" than Mr. Lord's "*Hi-qua*."

The use of these shells for nasal ornamentation by the Indians, as observed by Mr. Whympier at Fort Yukon, attracted our attention while at Crescent City, in this State, in the year 1861. A medicine-man, belonging to one of the neighboring tribes, had perforated the partition which separates the nostrils, and into the hole thus made had inserted from each side, point by point, two of these shells, which decoration was further increased by sticking a feather of some wild-fowl into the large end of each of the hollow shells.

As to the length of the shells, as implied by Mr. Lord's statement "that twenty-five shells placed end to end must make a fathom or six feet," we are inclined to believe there is some mistake, as the shells would have to average very nearly three inches in length. Of the great number which we have seen of the species mentioned by Lord and Whympier (*Dentalium entalis*, or *Entalis vulgaris*), but very few attain a length of two inches; the great majority averaging much less. As to the specific names of the shells used as above, and the localities from which they are obtained, it may be well to state that the "west coast of Vancouver Island" form is the *Dentalium Indianorum** of Dr. P. P. Carpenter; but probably the greater part of the tusk-shells which are or have been in circulation, do not belong to the American species, but to the common European *Dentalium*,† referred to by the gentleman, and which closely resembles the American. The foreign species has been extensively imported for the Indian trade, and I have noticed at different times large numbers of the imported shells displayed for sale in the

* Proc. Zool. Soc., London, March 8th, 1864.

† Whympier's *Alaska*, Harper's ed., 1869, p. 255.

* Supp. Rep. Brit. Ass'n, 1863, on Mollusca of W. N. America, p. 648.

† *Antalis entalis*. Vide Adams' *Genera*, Vol. I., p. 457.

fancy goods stores in San Francisco, together with beads and other Indian goods. The use of the *Dentalia* for money among the Alaskan tribes is also corroborated by Mr. W. H. Dall, whose extensive travels and thorough investigations in that territory are well known. It is highly probable that the use of these shells in that region will soon become a story of the past, and the money of the Pale-faces will supersede among the Red men, the shells of the sea.

The Indians of California, or the tribes inhabiting the northern portion of the coast and the adjoining region, also use the tusk-shells for money; either the shells or the shell-money is called *alli-co-cheek*, or *allicochick*—the latter being the orthography according to Mr. Stephen Powers, whose valuable papers upon “The Northern California Indians,” in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, are an important contribution to American aboriginal history:

“For money the Cahrocs make use of the red scalps of woodpeckers, which are valued at \$5 each; and of a curious kind of shell, resembling a cock’s spurs in size and shape, white and hollow, which they polish and arrange on strings, the shortest being worth twenty-five cents, the longest about \$2—the value increasing in a geometrical ratio with the length. The unit of currency is a string the length of a man’s arm, with a certain number of the longer shells below the elbow, and a certain number of the shorter ones above. This shell-money is called *allicochick*, not only on the Klamath, but from Crescent City to Eel River, though the tribes using it speak several different languages. When the Americans first arrived in the country, an Indian would give from \$40 to \$50 in gold for a string of it; but now, it is principally the old Indians who value it at all.”*

In speaking about marriage among the Eurocs, he says: “When a young Indian becomes enamored of a maiden, and can not wait to collect the amount of shells demanded by her father, he is sometimes allowed to pay half the amount, and become what is termed ‘half married.’ Instead of bringing her to his cabin and making her his slave, he goes to live in *her* cabin and becomes *her* slave.” Again, he says: “Since the advent of the Americans, the honorable estate of matrimony has fallen sadly into desuetude among the young braves, because they seldom have shell-money now-a-days, and the old Indians prefer that in exchange for their daughters . . . (The old generation dislike the White man’s money, but hoard up shell-money like true misers),” etc. Among the Hoopas “murder is generally compounded for by the payment of shell-money.”*

In connection with the use of money in traffic among the interior Indians, it appears that “all the dwellers on the plains, and as far up on the mountain as the cedar-line, bought all their bows and most of their arrows from the upper mountaineers. An Indian is about ten days in making a bow, and it costs \$3, \$4, or \$5, according to the workmanship; an arrow, 12½ cents. Three kinds of money were employed in this traffic. White shell-beads, or rather buttons, pierced in the centre and strung together, were rated at \$5 per yard; periwinkles, at \$1 a yard; fancy marine shells, at various prices, from \$3 to \$10, or \$15, according to their beauty.”†

The shell-money here referred to is not sufficiently particularized to admit of a determination of the species to which the shells belonged. In connection with the treatment of the sick among the Meewocs, Mr. Powers says: “The physician’s prerogative is, that he must al-

* *Vide* *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, vol. 8, pp. 329, 427, 535.

* *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, vol. 9, p. 156. † *Id.*, vol. 10, p. 325.

ways be paid in advance; hence a man seeking his services, brings his offering along—a fresh-slain deer, or so many yards of shells, or something—and flings it down before him without a word, thus intimating that he desires the worth of that in medicine and treatment. The patient's prerogative is that, if he dies, his friends may kill the doctor.*

Among the Moädocs, or Modocs, "when a maiden arrives at womanhood, her father makes a kind of party in her honor. Her young companions assemble, and together they dance and sing wild, dithyrambic roundelays, improvised songs of the woods and the waters:

"Jumping echoes of the rock;
Squirrels turtling somersaults;
Green leaves, dancing in the air;
Fishes white as money-shells,

Running in the water, green, and deep, and still.
Hi-ho, hi-ho, hi-hay!
Hi-ho, hi-ho, hi-hay!

This is the substance of one of the songs, as translated for me.†

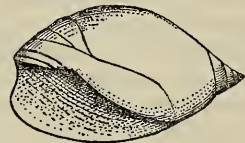
Among the Yocuts, another California tribe, whose dominion covers "the Kern and Tulare basins, and the middle San Joaquin," etc., "their money consists of the usual shell-buttons, and a string of them reaching from the point of the middle finger to the elbow is valued at twenty-five cents. A section of bone very white and polished, about two and a half inches long, is sometimes strung on the string, and rates at a 'bit.' They always undervalue articles which they procure from Americans. For instance, goods which cost them at the store \$5, they sell among themselves for \$3.‡

We have no authentic data as to whether the value of the shell-money, properly so called, among the California Indians and those farther north, was graduated by the color, or whether they generally used other than the *hya-qua* or *ällicochick* (*Dentalia*), which are white and have a shining surface; for

though, as above, "periwinkles" and "fancy marine-shells" are mentioned as used in trade, these may have been regarded more as articles of ornamentation, and esteemed among the interior Indians, particularly, as precious, the same as diamonds and fine jewelry are among civilized people. In this view, the interior Indians of California are probably not unlike the more southern Indians of New Mexico, for a friend of ours (Dr. Edward Palmer, of the Smithsonian Institution) informed us a few years ago, that while traveling in that territory he was witness to a trade wherein a horse was purchased of one Indian by another, the price paid being a single specimen of the pearly ear-shell (*Haliotis rufescens*), or common California red-back *abalone* or *aulon*.

As to the value of the tusk-shells among the California Indians, the method of reckoning the same is by measuring the shells on the finger-joints, the longest being worth the most.

We have been informed that the Indians who formerly resided in the neighborhood of the old Russian settlement of Bodega used pieces of a (bivalve) clam-shell (*Saxidomus aratus*, Gld.) for money, but we have been unable to obtain a specimen, or to verify the statement. Recently our friend Mr. Har-



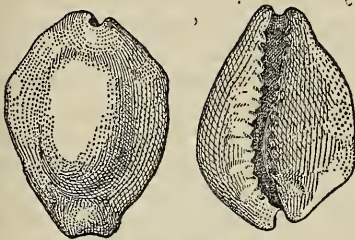
OLIVELLA BPLICATA.

ford, of the Coast Survey, has discovered in some Indian graves on one of the islands off the southerly coast of this State, beads, or money, of a different character from any heretofore observed. These were made by grinding off the spire and lower portion of a species of univalve shell (*Olivella buplicata*,

*OVERLAND MONTHLY, vol. 10, p. 327. †*Id.*, p. 541. ‡*Id.*, vol. 11, p. 108.

Sby.), so as to form small, flat, button-shaped disks with a single central hole. These much resemble in form some of the *wampum* of the New England tribes. Another variety was found in the same places by the gentleman named, which was made of a species of key-hole limpet-shell (*Lucapina crenulata*, Sby.), and of much larger size than that first mentioned. So far, however, as we have investigated, these last-described forms of shell-money are not in use among the California Indians of the present day.

The use of shells for money is not peculiar to the natives of North America. The well-known and exceedingly common money cowry (*Cypræa moneta*),



MONEY COWRY (*Cypræa moneta*.)

or "prop-shell," an inhabitant of the Indo-Pacific waters, "is used as money in Hindostan and many parts of Africa. . . . Many tons are . . . imported to . . . Great Britain and . . . exported for barter with the native tribes of western Africa."*

Reeve mentions in the second volume of the *Conchologia Systematica*, that "a gentleman residing at Cuttack, is said to have paid for the erection of his bungalow entirely in these cowries (*C. moneta*). The building cost him about 4,000 *rupees sicca* (£400 sterling), and, as sixty-four of these shells are equivalent in value to one *pice*, and sixty-four *pice* to a *rupee sicca*, he paid for it with over 16,000,000 of these shells."

Though the number above mention-

ed is very large, the prop-shell is an exceedingly abundant form. We have received in a single box from the East Indies not less than 10,000 specimens at one time. "In the year 1848 sixty tons were imported into Liverpool, and in 1849 nearly three hundred tons were brought to the same port."

The following extract from a paper by Prof. E. S. Holden, on *Early Hindoo Mathematics*,* justifies the inference that the use of the *Cypræa moneta* for money has a very considerable antiquity, and quite likely extends back to a period many centuries earlier than the date of the treatise.† "The treatise continues rapidly through the usual rules, but pauses at the reduction of fractions to hold up the avaricious man to scorn: 'The quarter of a sixteenth of the fifth of three-quarters of two-thirds of a moiety of a *dramma* was given to a beggar by a person from whom he asked alms; tell me how many cowry-shells the miser gave, if thou be conversant in arithmetic with the reduction termed subdivision of fractions.'" These shells are also known as "Guinea money," and, it is said, have been used as a financial medium in connection with the African slave-trade. Doubtless many a poor Negro has been sold, and has lost his liberty, for a greater or less number of these shells.

Another species of *cowry* of small size, and which inhabits the Indo-Pacific province, called the "ringed cowry" (*Cypræa annulus*), the back, or top of the shell, being ornamented with an orange-colored ring, "is used by the Asiatic islanders to adorn their dress, to weight their fishing-nets, and for barter. Spec-

* *Popular Science Monthly*, July, 1873, p. 337.

† "This treatise, the *Lilivati* of Bhascara Acharya, is supposed to have been a compilation, and there are reasons for believing a portion of it to have been written about A. D. 628. However this may be, it is of the greatest interest, and its date is sufficiently remote to give to Hindoo mathematics a respectable antiquity."

* Baird's *Dictionary of Natural History*, p. 193.

imens of it were found by Dr. Layard in the ruins of Nimroud.*

It will be seen, therefore, that shells have been and are still used as money by portions of the human race, but to

an extent much less than formerly. It would be quite difficult to point out any other natural production which is more appropriate, when size, shape, and substance are considered.

THE DEAD ALIVE; OR, "GRIFFITH GAUNT."

IN an old and rare French volume is to be found an interesting relation of a trial for murder which began in the French courts in the year 1697. It is chiefly interesting to the readers of the nineteenth century as an illustration of how Charles Reade has clothed a few dry facts in a delightful garb of fancy in one of his most widely known novels—the one, indeed, which he himself considers his masterpiece, namely, *Griffith Gaunt*. By the old French chronicler it is entitled

"LE MORT-VIVANT."

One fine evening in the summer of the year 1694, a gentleman passed through the gates of the city of Auxerre. Although his dress was very simple, and he had not a single servant with him, there was in his air and bearing something which indicated the gentleman, and which attracted to him the looks and salutations of the good people whom he met; but the traveler seemed plunged in the most sombre reflections, and he hardly responded by any sign whatever to the tokens of respect which interrupted the course of his sad thoughts. He drew near an inn of good appearance, where he stopped, and after having given his valise to the people of the house, he went out and took his way to the ramparts of the town, in the hope of finding there that calm and solitude which suited the disposition of his soul; but the

hope was disappointed, for a large number of young girls were playing there in all the exuberance of their age, and making the very air resound with their joyous cries. The first thought of the traveler was to withdraw, and find another place more silent and solitary; nevertheless, he remained. Did he yield to curiosity, or to that secret influence which we all obey in spite of ourselves, and which decides our destiny? The fact is, after a moment's hesitation he approached the laughing group, and soon congratulated himself upon that which he had at first considered as an unlucky circumstance. Among the young girls he remarked one who by her grace and beauty surpassed all her companions, and suddenly a surprising change was wrought in all his being. A short time before he was sad and disgusted with life, but now he felt himself calmer; his troubles, which he so lately found so heavy, now seemed softened, if not forgotten. His sombre brow lightened, his depressed heart beat more freely in his breast. Need we say he loved? He made inquiries, and learned that the beautiful girl was the daughter of a publican-bailiff (*huissier-cabaretier*) named Pillard who had just deceased. It was not a very high position, but does love ever disquiet itself about such little miseries? The widow of Pillard still kept the little hotel, and that very evening our traveler left his first lodgings and took a modest room with her, richly furnished in his eyes

* *Woodward's Manual*, second edition, p. 233.

by the presence of the maiden for whom his heart had been seized with such a sudden and burning ardor.

Time passed, and Dubouchet—that was the name by which he passed—had no thought of quitting Auxerre. His love grew stronger and stronger, until he forced Marguerite to share it; but she, being as good as she was beautiful, if she did not repel his advances did not hide from him that marriage alone should crown his wishes. Marriage! It is a frightful word, and makes him reflect who is only pursuing a passing fancy, but for a grand passion such an obstacle is only a stimulant. Such it was for Dubouchet, and he did not hesitate to espouse the daughter of the bailiff; but as it is only the first step which costs, he bought from the widow the office of the defunct, and settled himself down as if he had never done anything else in his life. In this new existence Dubouchet ought to have been happy, for he had attained the object of his desires, and his wife was the perfection of virtue and goodness. But was he really happy? Was his quietude never troubled by any painful remembrance? If it is true that remorse speaks ever, in the most corrupted souls, it is certain he must often have felt his heart torn by that which he had to reprove himself with: and this is the place to say a few words on his past.

His name was not Dubouchet, but the one he had always borne was La Pivardière. It was under that name he had wedded, a dozen years before Lady de Chauvelin, widow of Menon de Billy. Lady de Chauvelin had not much fortune, but was of a noble family. They lived very modestly on their estate at Narbonne in the interior of Berri.

La Pivardière was unfortunate enough to be jealous. His wife, who had very agreeable manners, gave rise to his suspicions by her manner of acting. In brief, it was a very inharmonious house-

hold, and, when having been summoned to serve the king, in 1687, as lieutenant of dragoons in the Saint Hermine regiment, the separation between husband and wife was not a very cruel one.

Not far from the castle of Narbonne stood the abbey of Miseray, situated in the middle of a forest. During the absence of her husband, the prior became very intimate with the wife of La Pivardière. Was it only as a neighbor and penitent that she received his visits, or was there between them a feeling more tender and less lawful? Slander did not hesitate to incline toward the latter idea; and La Pivardière, on his return, yielding to his jealous disposition, adopted this unfortunate belief, and fell into a deep melancholy. To make the matter public would be to expose himself to ridicule. He therefore preferred to go away, and he went, hoping to find at a distance some distraction from his sadness. We have seen him at Auxerre. Love had made him forget his pain, if it had not brought him consolation—at the price, however, of a crime.

In the meantime, his wife—we speak now of the second—became pregnant. La Pivardière thought it would be well to provide against the increase of his expenses, and add to the profits of his business. He set out, and went boldly to Narbonne, where he found Madame la Pivardière living on the same terms of intimacy with the Prior of Miseray.

Men are so constituted that what renders them wretched to-day, to-morrow finds them indifferent to. Given up solely to his love for Marguerite, he did not even think of being irritated at the familiarity which formerly set flame to his jealousy. On her side, his wife, thinking he was about to return to his regiment, did not try to detain him; and he again left for Auxerre with a well-filled purse. Strange thing! he made three other similar journeys, without

awakening a suspicion either at Auxerre or Narbonne; going each year to collect from his first household the revenue of his farms, in order to enrich the second.

During this period, four children were the fruit of his criminal union, so strangely protected by chance. But finally, all became known.

Madame la Pivardière was told by some bearers of bad news that her husband, instead of fighting at the head of his company on the frontiers, was living in the arms of another woman; but they could not tell the place of his retreat. A few days only had rolled by after she had become possessed of his secret, when La Pivardière arrived at Narbonne, the day of the Assumption, 1697, just at the moment when the event was being celebrated by a grand festival. There was a large company assembled at the castle, and among these guests the castellan had taken care not to forget the prior, who that morning had celebrated a solemn mass in the chapel.

Upon the arrival of the master everybody rose from the table to welcome him. His wife alone received him with so much coldness, that her companion could not help saying, "Is it thus you receive your husband, who has been absent so long?" to which he responded, "I am her husband, but not her lover." He then sat down and took part in the repast. Gradually the guests took leave, and the couple were left alone. The next morning La Pivardière was no longer at the castle. Several days afterward it was bruited about the country that he had been assassinated.

The news very soon reached the ears of the magistrates. Upon the 15th of September, Morin, Prosecutor for the King at the Court of Châtillon-sur-Indre, entered his complaint, asking permission to hold an inquest and issue a monition. The day after, he went with Bonnet, the Police Justice of Châtillon, to the Bourg

of Heumaloches, of which Narbonne was a dependency. These magistrates, after the first examination, decided to arrest Madame la Pivardière, and two of her servants. Only the last two were arrested, their mistress having been warned in time.

The following were the proofs in support of the charges which were brought against Madame la Pivardière: There had been found, in the stables of the castle, the horse, the cloak, and the pistols of La Pivardière. Some neighbors had heard pistols fired in the night. The servant, Marguerite Mercier, who was the god-daughter and a favorite of her mistress, declared that she had introduced two valets of the Prior of Miseray into the chamber of her master, and these two men had assassinated him during the night. Catherine Lemoine, another servant, said that they had sent her away, and that she came back just as they had finished killing her master. Lastly, the daughter of La Pivardière, aged nine, deposed she had heard in the middle of the night the voice of her father crying, "O my God, have pity on me!" It is true that Jacqueline Riffé, a third servant, testified that she had no knowledge of this assassination; but Marguerite Mercier, having fallen dangerously sick, confirmed, before receiving the *viaticum*, her first deposition, adding that the Prior of Miseray took part in the assassination, and even struck the first blow.

Some weeks after the tragic event, the police justice, acting on information which had been given him, went for the second time to Narbonne, and began a *procès-verbal*, on account of traces of blood which were found on the floor of La Pivardière's bed-room.

In the meantime, Lady Pivardière went to Paris, and presented a petition to Parliament that she might be sent to another judge than that of Châtillon, in order to prove the existence of her hus-

band. Conformably to her request, by a decree of the 18th of September she was sent before the Judge of Romorantin. Besides this, she took other steps, and her emissaries, having tracked La Pivardière, had discovered him in his house at Auxerre. But La Pivardière, hearing they were looking for him, and feeling troubled by the thought of his crime, took flight. They pursued, overtook, and informed him that his wife was accused of having assassinated him. His fright changed objects. It was for her he now trembled, and hastened to do all he could for her justification. His second wife, far from conceiving hatred against a man who had so cruelly deceived her, and jealousy against her rival who disputed her marital claims, generously encouraged him in his designs. Following her advice, La Pivardière, before two notaries, executed an act according to legalized form, certifying to his existence, and signed with his own hand. He wrote to his wife, to his brother, and even went to the Judge of Romorantin, demanding of him to recognize him.

During this time the accused on her side was not idle. On the 24th of September, she obtained from Parliament a stay of proceedings, protecting her as appellant from any legal process issued by the judges at Châtillon, and allowing her to prosecute her appeal. The Judge of Romorantin came to Narbonne with La Pivardière, and saw that he was recognized by the people of the country, by his daughter, and by the priests of Miseray. Afterward, he confronted him with the two servants in the prison where they were confined; they, however, persisted in their testimony, and affirmed he was an impostor, who wanted to pass himself off as their old master. But their declarations could not prevail against the testimony of the brother, the two sisters, and all the family of Pivardière.

So it would seem that the case was settled, and that the accused should have no anxiety about the death of a man who had just proven his own existence. But though justice protects, yet at times she is a tyrant, and the Lady of Pivardière experienced the tyranny. The judges of Châtillon had conceived a violent spite at the turn affairs had taken, and they had recourse to the authority of the *Procureur-Général*. That magistrate took up their cause zealously. He obtained from Parliament a decree forbidding the judges of Romorantin to pursue their investigations, and had the Prior of Miseray arrested and transferred to the prison at Châtillon, with irons on his feet. We have omitted to say that the prior had been condemned, at the request of the prosecutor, for not pleading to adultery, before the magistrate at Bourg, according to the forms followed in case of an ecclesiastic.

In these circumstances Lord and Lady Pivardière and the prior brought suit against the judges of Châtillon, and appealed against the judgment of the magistrate at Bourg before the Parliament assembled. La Pivardière then stated what had passed at the castle of Narbonne at his last visit. Left alone with his wife after the banquet, he had desired to accompany her to her chamber, and asked her the reason of such a cold welcome. "Go," she answered, in a tone full of anger, "go to the new woman who possesses you, and she will explain my coldness and indignation." Having vainly tried to disabuse her mind of this impression, he left her, and retired to his own room. There he was joined by the favorite servant of Madame la Pivardière, who told him in confidence that he ran the risk of being arrested if he remained in the castle. The anger of his wife rendered this but too likely, and he resolved to leave at daybreak, taking with him his horse and leading his dog,

but his horse had foundered on the journey, and he left him, along with his pistols and cloak, which were too much for him to carry. He made the return journey by short stages, and arrived without hindrance at his home in Auxerre, where we have seen that the news that his wife was seeking him surprised and affrighted him.

The Prior of Miseray loudly accused the judges of Châtillon with having acted toward him so, on account of their enmity against him and his family; averred that they had followed up the affair with a precipitation and a partiality equally odious, and claimed that everything went to show that the denunciations of the two servants—the only thing unfavorable toward the defendants, and which, moreover, had been at last retracted—had been dictated, or, at least, inspired by them. The judges of Châtillon replied that love of truth and justice alone had guided them in the matter, and they recalled the numerous circumstances which had given birth to their suspicions. It must be owned that if we admit the good faith of their pursuit, it was a very natural error on their part, and upon this ground their defense did not lack force; but that which is difficult to understand is, that they persisted in the death of La Pivardière, maintaining that the so-called La Pivardière was only an impostor, paid to shield the guilty one from justice. In any case, they could not be held for damages to the accused, according to uniform practice, their good faith being proved.

Parliament having obtained the opinion of Monsieur Portait, the Advocate-General, rendered on the 23d of July, 1698, a decree reversing the judgment of the judges of Châtillon, admitted both the appeal against their judgment and against the sentence of the official at Bourg, and remanded the accused to the Lieutenant-General of Chartres. But the position of the accused was not the

less painful, inasmuch as the new suit instituted by her dragged slowly along.

One means only remained to Pivardière to aid the innocent, but to plead that in person would be to expose himself to trial for bigamy, of which he was guilty. What was to be done? His second wife rescued him from such a critical position, giving an example of a devotion and generosity extremely rare in similar cases. She went and threw herself at the feet of the king, and showed him the peril of two innocent people. The king was touched with the nobleness of this proceeding; besides, Marguerite Pillard was handsome, and beautiful women are seldom denied a request. "A girl like you," said the king, "merited a better fate." He gave her the safe conduct that she solicited for her husband. We give here this singular paper:

"WRIT OF PROTECTION.—Whereas it has been represented to Our Majesty, through a petition in the name of Louis de la Pivardiere, Lord of Bouchet, and formerly a lieutenant in the regiment of St. Hermine, in consequence of whose absence his wife, Madame Marguerite de Chauvelin, has been accused and prosecuted on a false charge of assassination on the person of him, the aforesaid Lord of Bouchet; and whereas, a great number of the inhabitants of his parish, and neighboring gentry, and also many of his relations, have made affidavit that they have seen and eaten with him since the aforesaid instituted charges; all of which facts ought to suffice for a complete answer and discharge of the accusation aforesaid; and whereas, nevertheless, our judges have not regarded the certificates, depositions, and informations which go to testify that the aforesaid Lord of Bouchet is living, there remains no other means to put an end to the proceedings which have been instituted against his wife, and her alleged accomplices in the aforesaid assassination, but that he shall prove his existence by appearing in person. But whereas, the aforesaid Lord of Bouchet, by an unhappy complication of circumstances, and further finding himself liable to the charge of bigamy, but also for the further reason that he has asked of our Parliament at Paris to be allowed to appear as an intervening party in the prosecution against his wife, and the aforesaid Parliament has ordered a writ of arrest against his body; and whereas, on these accounts he is obliged to have recourse to Our Majesty, very humbly beseeching that we grant him our safe conduct, to the end that he can come and by his presence prove the innocence of his wife:

"Now, then, Our Majesty, having no regard to the order of said Assembly, has accorded, and by these presents does accord, unto the said Louis de la Pivardiere, Lord of Bouchet, our writ of protection for his person for the space of three months, during which period, in case he shall put in an appearance, we will take him and place him under our especial charge and protection, by virtue of this writ; under the powers of which, and to further which, His Majesty orders and commands all his governors and lieutenant-generals in his provinces, the deputy governors of all cities and places, all mayors, aldermen, magistrates, and officers of any rank whatsoever, to whom these presents shall come, freely to allow to pass, go, and stay, without any fear or danger whatsoever of arrest, the aforesaid Lord of Bouchet, during the aforesaid period of three months, and not allow him to suffer for any cause, occasion, or pretext whatsoever, on which he may or can be arrested, and that he shall be safe in all respects as to his person, and not in any manner whatsoever be molested or disquieted. Furthermore, His Majesty most expressly forbids all judges, provost-m Marshals, vice-bailiffs, vice-seneschals, their subordinates, and all other court officers whatsoever, to attempt to arrest the person of him, the aforesaid Lord of Bouchet; and also, that no officer whatsoever shall execute any decrees, sentences, judgments, or any process of condemnation, against the said Lord of Bouchet, from whatsoever court or judges they may issue, even though they be from the court of the Parliament of Paris, or for whatsoever cause they may be issued; also, that no jailers or prison-keepers shall receive his person under a penalty of £1,000 fine, and suspension from office.

"Such is our royal pleasure."

Protected by this writ, Pivardière surrendered himself a prisoner at Fort l'Évêque, on the 1st of September, 1698, and, having taken out letters of civil-request, he proceeded to press them to a ratification.

On the 22d of July, in the year following, he received by decree an act of recognition; his letters of civil-request were ratified, his release ordered, and things put back to the same condition they were in prior to the order of July 23d, 1698. The issue of the case was no longer doubtful; still final judgment was delayed, by reason of an indictment found against the two servants for perjury. Finally a decree was issued July 14th, 1701.

Catherine Lemoine, one of the two accused of perjury, died while the proceeding was pending, but the other, Mar-

guerite Mercier, was condemned to make honorable amends at the door of the church at Châtillon-sur-Indre; and that done, to be beaten and scourged with switches, and branded with a hot iron on her shoulders. She was in addition perpetually prohibited resorting to Parliament for any reversal of decree, and all her goods were confiscated.

The Lady of Pivardière and the Prior of Miseray were entirely exonerated from the charges made against them. Only one portion of the contested sentence was kept in force; it was that which rejected the demand against the judges of Châtillon.

Four years had passed since the scene in the castle of Narbonne and the commencement of the proceedings. It is very rare that a criminal process based on an accusation of assassination continues so long, in spite of all the efforts of the alleged victim to prove his existence. What shall be said of such calumnious depositions, which might have brought about such deplorable consequences, without the loyalty of the bigamist, and, above all, without the generosity of the second wife?

Parliament saw crime in the depositions, and punished the authors severely. But what interest, what motive could have given birth to them? That is the mystery—one which all the penetration and pains of the magistrates could not discover—and unfortunately criminal annals exhibit but too many similar cases.

La Pivardière was, after all, a man of heart; he was not willing that his wife should be the victim of a false accusation, and he came to her defense. Once free, he left her. Would she have pardoned him? Was he, on his side, cured of his jealousy? No doubt he still loved Marguerite Pillard, but he did not go near her. Perhaps he wished to punish himself in renouncing her; or it may be that she was not willing even

to see again a man who was unworthy of her love. However this may be, if the separation was painful to her at first, she found consolation at last—at least, one would think so, since she married again.

La Pivardière, who on his mother's side was related to the family of Aubusson, obtained employment from the Duke de la Feuillade, and was killed in an encounter with smugglers. Soon after, his wife died suddenly.

As to the prior, a short time after the trial he ceased visiting his old friend, and lived in his priory until a very advanced age.

Quantly but clearly the old chronicler has told his tale, and, even with all its moralizing and legal verbiage, a very interesting one it is—so much so that we wonder not that it has been seized upon for elaboration by a writer of fiction, but that it escaped or was overlooked so long as over a century and a half. When it was at length unearthed, the resurrection seems to have been effected at somewhere about the same time by two great rival novelists—Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins. The latter made use of it for a short newspaper sketch, entitled "A Plot in Private Life," not very well written, and giving the idea that it must have been one of his earlier works. It is, therefore, undeserving of more than mere mention. Reade's adaptation it will, however, be interesting to compare with the original.

In his presentation of the story, Lady de Chauvelin changes her name to Kate Peyton; La Pivardière is the same individual as Griffith Gaunt; the Prior of Miseray lives again, the same amorous saint, as Brother Leonard; the angelic, self-sacrificing Marguerite Pillard is identical with Mercy Vint. The two treacherous and false-swearing serving-women—Marguerite Mercier and Catherine Lemoine—are, in the later version

of the story, condensed into one, and presented as Caroline Ryder. A being simply alluded to in the original—the man who was the second husband of Marguerite Pillard—Reade gives a personality to, and makes quite a prominent character of, as Sir George Neville. The indefinite babblers, who are only mentioned as "some bearers of bad news," guilty of telling Lady de Chauvelin of her husband's defection and new ties, are concentrated, by grace of Reade, into a very realizable sort of person, Tom Leicester, and excellent motives are found for his loquacity. These are all the persons actually essential to the working of the drama.

In their prominent outlines of incident, as well as in persons, the stories are the same. The wife is either unfaithful, or is supposed to be so, with a priest. The jealous husband goes away, as he then imagines, forever. He finds distraction from his pain and grief in marrying a second wife. Financial difficulties and the wants of his second family compel him, again and again, to go back to his first wife for money. In the natural course of events his guilty secret becomes, through some Paul Pry, known to his first wife. She is indignant, and threatens vengeance. At this inopportune time her husband returns to her for more money. He comes on the occasion of a festival, when the house is full of friends and neighbors, and meets with a very cold reception. In one story he remarks thereupon, "I am her husband, but not her lover." In the other he says, "A man is not always his wife's favorite." After the guests are gone, he escapes in secret, fearing to be arrested for bigamy, leaving his horse behind. A pistol-shot and cries of one in distress are heard in the night, and soon his mysterious disappearance is remarked. The wife is accused of assassinating her husband. The second wife—his victim, in reality

—turns out to be an angel, and through her influence all is straightened, the wife set free, the husband not prosecuted for bigamy, and everybody goes on in the even tenor of their way to finally die presumably happy.

How beautifully Reade has given a perfect form to this skeleton! His book of *Griffith Gaunt* reaches the fifteenth chapter, one-third through, before he introduces the priest who is afterward to be the cause of all the trouble. Prior to this, the work has been charming in its delineation of character and portraiture of life and manners in England a century ago. It has abounded in incident, as well, leading naturally up to the thrilling drama about to open. From this point, his story in the main features closely follows the original, but in all the nice details which give life to the scenes he presents, how infinite has been the art with which he has handled his subject! Not only are all the minor

characters intensely real, but the incidents in which they take part are vividly brought before us, and their actions are traced to natural causes. For instance, in the original story no motive is found for the perjury of the two serving-women. Wilkie Collins, in his version, gets rid of one of the women, and accounts for the treachery of the other by attributing it to a longing for revenge for an unlucky slap once given her by her mistress. Reade, however, finds here an opportunity for much deeper effect, by making the maid's animus a guilty passion for the husband, and a jealous hatred for his lawful wife. These are motives from which might be expected to spring so deadly and merciless a purpose, and the manner in which Reade has demonstrated the full possession which these passions had of the unhappy Caroline Ryder, is one of the most powerful psychological studies in novel-writing.

MUST, CAN, AND SHOULD MONEY BE TAXED?

I. MUST MONEY BE TAXED?

THE Supreme Court of the State of California has lately decided (*Savings and Loan Society vs. Alexander Austin*, No. 3720) that a debt secured by a mortgage is not a proper object of taxation. The State Board of Equalization, logically following this decision, have issued general directions that solvent debts, not secured by mortgage, should not be taxed. The reasoning of our Supreme Court reiterates what lawyers have been urging for more than ten years. For even lawyers, slow as a class to adopt new views, or give up a prejudice, have perceived and proclaimed that the attempt to *reach* the lender, by taxing his evidence of debt, only resulted in *overreaching* the borrower,

who was thus doubly taxed. "Doubly" is an inadequate adverb to qualify the operation. But thus far the Supreme Court has chosen to go. Judge Sander-son, formerly a member of that bench, and whose name is linked with many well-written opinions, had lately occasion to give a written report on a kindred question. He remarked that "the Supreme Court had not yet decided that *money* was 'not taxable.'" I, for one, read a sneer in this remark, and felt fortified in my previous opinion, viz: the abler the lawyer, the more prejudiced the man.

Lawyers are apt to consider themselves the interpreters of a stationary gospel. Some even seem to avouch a personal revelation. Their ideas and

daily actions run in a fixed groove. If advancing society undertakes to meddle with their habits of thought, they stand in the way as much as they can, and preach that the old groove was, and is, a good groove, and that, by the help of a fiction or two, they can fit it to the new order of things. Eminently conservative, the lawyer only studies political economy for the purpose of warping its teachings in behalf of routine. Otherwise, how is it that the present bench, in order to judicially recognize a self-evident truth, have been obliged to reconsider several former decisions? How is it, also, that they abstain from setting forth the real justification of their present opinion, which lies far deeper than the one assigned?

The Court announces that the borrower, not the lender, pays the tax; and concludes that the taxing of the debt, as a distinct piece of property, operates to inflict double taxation. And there the Court stops; unwilling, perhaps, out of respect for a sluggish public opinion, to probe the matter to the very bottom. I venture to say that the decision is right, not only for the reasons stated, but chiefly because a solvent debt is a mere idea, a chimerical conception. On the strength of a good reputation, I have been enabled to borrow certain shekels which I have distributed to various artificers, who, with their labor, and material furnished, are engaged in constructing an engine on some principle entirely new. My brain has excogitated the principle. My creditor believes that my invention "will pay." The money itself has long since left my hands. Nevertheless, I am deemed solvent. My debt is a taxable debt, because, in the opinion of the community, I may contrive to pay it. Undertake to collect a tax upon my debt; the result is plainly this: you tax my good repute, and the anticipation, perhaps visionary, of my invention becoming valuable.

Or, view the matter in this wise: Accustomed to write articles for a periodical, I borrow from my publisher, who counts on my literary contributions for repayment. My lender deems the debt solvent. He feels assured that, if I live, I shall furnish an equivalent in articles to be conceived and written hereafter. The State ought evidently not to levy an impost upon this claim of the publisher against me. It is not a tangible thing. It exists, because of our commercial relations. The chief element of its existence consists in the belief of my creditor that I may be properly inspired to write the demanded matter. Here the tax would be levied on faith.

If in the course of these remarks, I succeed in bringing money within the conditions which the Court attaches to debts secured by mortgage, or within the conditions of my attempted justification of its ruling, I shall have proved that there is no constitutional provision requiring that *money*, as such, *must* be taxed.

II. CAN MONEY BE TAXED?

Well, it actually can, though in a very unjust and inadequate manner. The following figures show the amounts handed by the assessor to the tax-collector of the city and county of San Francisco for the last five years. The figures represent cash on hand, or *money, as such*, without any complication arising from the Dr. or Cr. of the tax-payer's ledger: 1868-69, \$5,409,000; 1869-70, \$5,541,000; 1870-71, \$5,600,000; 1871-72, \$6,404,302; 1872-73, \$8,909,693. Cross-examine the fiscal agents in regard to these figures, and you obtain something like the following statement: 1. Estates undergoing probate can not escape taxation; their inventories are accessible. 2. Bankers and merchants can not conveniently deny that there is "somewhat in the till."

Not a few, for their credit's sake, admit the possession of money not actually on hand. 3. Private capitalists purchase bonds of the United States, confess themselves to the assessor, and immediately transfer, in consideration of certain coins (otherwise taxable), the self-same securities to a brother capitalist who expects the assessor's visit.

Now, how much money is there, on the average, in the city of San Francisco, in circulation or in a condition to be circulated? Obviously, no exact answer can be given to this question. The data are few; and discouraged, as I will explain hereafter, in my attempt to collect them, I endeavored to gather and note opinions of persons supposed to be in a position to form a judgment. I have been the less astonished at the diversity of their notions, that I find the estimate by Chevalier of \$8,500,000,000 for the total of bullion and coin in 1847, opposed by other eminent authorities, who gave £250,000,000 as the sum of the precious metals in Europe in 1848, and £600,000,000 for the world's total in 1850. Leading merchants generally answer the inquirer, that they lack the leisure and opportunity to examine such questions, or inquire into the nature and office of money. One banker estimates the average amount of coin among us at \$12,500,000. Another at double that amount. Mr. Garnet, distinguished not only as an assayer, but as a statistical writer, published, a few years ago, his estimate of \$15,000,000 for the coin in circulation in California. Others estimate it to be \$25,000,000.

I am convinced that the highest of the estimates above mentioned is much too low, although few persons will here agree with me. I can not persuade myself that the assessor is able to trace more than one-fourth of that shadowy thing—money. I feel, therefore, disposed to multiply his figures by four, and give the result as my estimate.

Many will discard this view as cynical.

Again, the tax-collector yearly locks up some three millions of dollars. To the individual tax-payer the payment of his quota may be inconvenient. But the community's money-pulse betrays no sensible inconvenience. True, the locking up is temporary; but even the temporary absence of ten per cent. of the life-blood of commerce would produce a profound impression. I can foresee no reply to this except a denial.

If I ask what becomes of the average \$3,500,000 monthly dividend distributed by our mining companies, of the monthly \$4,000,000 joint coinage of the mints of the coast, I shall be answered that the money so coined is the identical money distributed in dividends. I seriously challenge the proof; and the question involved here is more abstruse than the superficial reader may think. Or, I may be referred to the export tables, whereupon, in justice, I demand the tables of imports. From official documents I learn that, for instance, in the first nine months of 1869 there were imported into the United States \$17,985,549, and during the like period of the year 1870, \$18,608,042, in gold and silver coin and bullion; while, during the same months in the first-mentioned year, the exports of the same commodities from Atlantic ports alone amounted to \$16,884,474; from Pacific ports, to \$15,636,194. The exports for the first nine months of 1870 present a striking anomaly. From Atlantic ports, \$43,452,524; from Pacific ports, only \$13,161,244. The professed financier will say that the European war created the excessive exportation last mentioned from Atlantic ports. By a parity of reasoning, he would have predicted (*and did predict*) that the breaking out of our civil war would increase the outflow of our specie. Now behold the true result gathered from official sources: Specie imports—1858, \$2,264,120; 1859, \$2,816,421; 1860, \$8,852,330;

1861, \$37,088,413. Specie exports—1858, \$46,001,431; 1859, \$69,715,866; 1860, \$42,191,171; 1861, \$4,236,250.

These facts show that, instead of giving us light, the inspection of the returns, necessarily incorrect, of exports and imports reveals a new problem as hard to solve as my present one, and for the same reason, viz: multiplicity of factors.

If I now presume to point out the vast disbursements of the Federal Government among us (in 1863, it was \$9,885,531, with an income of \$7,128,399), I am reminded that the disbursements were in a currency depreciated on the average to about seventy-two cents. But I am also reminded (though not by the same parties) that in that year and the preceding one, things were so contrived that paper performed the office of gold—at one end of the line, at least. Even now the greenbacks disbursed go toward settling our eastern balance, and must operate to stay the drain of treasure.

Were I to allude to the monthly dividends of water and gas companies, savings banks and other banking-houses, I should either be met by some of the foregoing objections, or, more plausibly, thus: "Several of the dividends are mere transfers of credit." This is sometimes partly true, and often fallacious. Partly true in "flush times," fallacious when money is alleged to be scarce.

Some of these anticipated objections will be found answered, I hope, elsewhere in these remarks. Others are as hard to answer as to substantiate, owing to the intricacy of the subject and the scarcity of reliable data. There is and can be no census of the circulating medium.

It has been suggested that the quantity of business done would furnish a base for an estimate. But here is another unknown and unknowable quantity. Shall we ask the bankers to com-

pare notes on a given day, and from the general mass of specie on hand, estimate the quantity abroad? This, besides leaving out the important and unascertainable element of money in private hands—hoarded, or in active circulation on lesser scales—would furnish no criterion, unless we knew the habits and tempers of the many-raced population around us, and the method of business of each particular banker. To illustrate the importance of the latter item: In 1857, the Prussian banks had about 40,000,000 thalers on hand in specie against nearly 80,000,000 of circulation, while their nominal capital did not exceed 25,000,000. Their charters, as amended the preceding year, authorized an unlimited issue of paper, on the condition of maintaining a reserve of one-third metallic currency and two-thirds of approved commercial paper. This proportion of specie thalers on hand to paper thalers in circulation, viz: fifty per cent., was quite different from that of the other German banks. With one class it was sixty-six, with the other forty per cent.

Not only do I put forth no statistical pretensions—as may be evident from the many centres of distribution which I do not even allude to—but I am persuaded that the statistics are absolutely unattainable. Furthermore, I do not deem the attainment very material for my present purpose, since everybody concedes that there is much more money among us than the tax-gatherer can ever reach.

In making my own estimate, I proceed by a deducto-intuitive method; those who differ with me can possibly employ no other. I see around me a community of about 200,000 souls, unusually well supplied with necessaries and superfluities; a mass of property real and personal (under) estimated by the last census at \$260,056,512; the high price of labor and the great quan-

tity of labor continually employed; the number of public and private improvements arising, while rents are rising still faster: I bear in mind the fact that this is a new country which has everything to create; I glance at many other incidents too obvious even for a passing allusion, and my mind refuses to believe that, *in a metallic currency community*, such results can be worked out without the average presence in our midst of the sum total of specie above indicated. At all events, I venture to claim that I have made out my present point, viz: The taxation of money is possible only on the condition of exacting from a part of the circulating money the tribute which should rest on the whole, and of further extorting from it through the operation of an assessment roll, which undervalues everything except money.

III. SHOULD MONEY BE TAXED?

Assuming that there is no constitutional obligation to tax money, and assuming the glaringly absurd conclusion that, being taxed, it submits and pays the tax, is it just, is it expedient to tax money? Here I feel the necessity of indulging somewhat in definition. The mind, even the educated mind, is apt to confound in one general conception three very different terms—wealth, capital, money. Nor is the confusion much helped by resorting to elementary treatises. Their definitions are at variance with each other and often with the truth.

It is not indispensable, for my present purpose, to define wealth. Otherwise these remarks would stop right here. The lexicographers give you "words, words, words." The essayists are verbose also. From Aristotle to Chevalier, attempts have been made at the definition of wealth. After perusal, the student arises assured that he knows less about the subject-matter than he did before. Before, he entertained the popular vague conception of the meaning of

wealth; afterward, he is painfully conscious that not one of the various formulas which he has read meets the requirements of a satisfactory definition. This induces him to reflect; and he concludes, in all likelihood, that he is in presence of an idea that can not be expressed in set words, for the reason that the thing itself is altogether relative, that its standard varies according to time and place, that one chief element of its substance depends on the opinion of mankind at large, and he is astonished, at last, to discover how very like twin-brothers are wealth and credit.

As to the sources of wealth, the theoretical absolutists do not satisfy me. Experience gives the lie to their various doctrines. When a writer points to land and climate as a source of wealth, I am reminded of our Southern States and the quotations of Confederate bonds; I am reminded of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Durango; of the tract of land granted to General Sutter, as it was in his hands, and as it is now. When I am informed that wealth results from population, I turn to China, and doubt my lecturer's sanity. Labor, by some, is stated to be the real source of wealth. But I find that the multitude of laborers cheapens the wage of labor.

"The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it consists in two words: industry and frugality." Thus says Benjamin Franklin. But it might not be difficult to cite instances of individuals starting for market with the pair of hampers he mentions, and—never getting there. And many have found their "way to market," without trying to get there, and altogether unprovided with either of the hampers aforesaid. Adopting, without attempt at definition, the popular conception* of wealth, we can

* The popular conception is about as good as any. It may be stated thus: the possession of things that can be exchanged for desirable commodities *in a market where such commodities exist*. Or, thus:

readily perceive that there may be hidden wealth, inert wealth, and another kind, which is the active, self-reproducing, cumulative wealth, the only variety which is of any account.

The mention of this variety leads us to consider capital. Proudhon defines it as "labor accumulated." Now, the labor of the commune *pétroleuses* might be accumulated for a century without producing what I conceive to be capital. Dumont, in language too oracular to be useful, says that "the word is employed to denote the sum of external forces accumulated by man, and which he can use for new productions."* But, if I am the owner of a well-developed coalmine, or of a flowing petroleum well, it seems to me that an essential part of what I call my capital consists of "external forces" accumulated by the sun, by the vegetation of myriads of ages, and by other agencies in which man has taken very little part. Elsewhere, Dumont tells us that "it is better to regard capital as the *condition* of labor." This is manifestly no definition of capital; it is a simple exposition of one of its uses. Sentimentally, it might be said that capital is the sum total of a long column of self-denials.

There is a double filiation between capital and labor. As a rule, capital descends from labor wedded to frugality. At maturity it possesses the faculty of bringing forth labor. A voracious appetite and a tendency to grow are conspicuous features of mature capital. I speak only of a tolerably *active* capital; the other variety is a mummy. Its only appreciative value is prospective, and consists in this: that no quantity of balsams can prevent final disintegration.

raise more grain and stock than you need for the year's supply, and your wealth consists of the surplus and one year's immunity against starvation, *plus* the ready means on hand to raise more grain and stock.

* This set of words appears to furnish a tolerable definition of *civilization*, not of capital.

For it is with capital as with every other sublunary thing. Whatever ceases to struggle, succumbs.

The not unfrequent idleness of capital, I am inclined to attribute to its excessive timidity. If so, whoever by speech, action, or writing, contrives to scare capital, not only, as he weakly thinks, paralyzes the monster, but destroys unborn generations of labor. When courts establish first one rule of property, and then another at variance with the first; when legislation attempts to discriminate against capital, by usury or other fossil enactments; when labor organizes to dictate to capital; when the press launches fulminations against capital; on these occasions, and other similar ones, capital is scared. Not without cause; since one great element of its power, of its growth, of its very essence, is its reputation, *alias* credit. For capital would deem itself fruitless, if confined, in its operations, to its own actual quantity. It chiefly relies on a kind of mirage, the reflection of a real thing much magnified to the general vision. For every million in the vault, it must handle several. It will discount at five per cent., provided it can contrive to discount five times its own bulk. Bereft of that privilege, it exiles itself or demands an extortionate remuneration. Yet capital, real or visionary, or partly real and mostly visionary, is the motor of the machinery of our age.

I now invite labor to examine the question with nothing in view but its own present interest. It seems incredible that the following two very plain propositions should not, if considered at all, be admitted as axioms: Capital is endowed with the hibernating faculty; sleeping, it watches somewhat; and issues, at the fitting time, from the lair which has shrouded its torpidity. Labor, to quote from a very high authority, "is the only commodity which perishes at the instant of pro-

duction, and which, if not then put to use, is lost forever." That these two forces are in antagonism, results from the fact that they are forces. Woe to both if either should altogether prevail. Civilization rests on their proper equilibrium. If they cease to struggle, they cease to be forces. If they struggle unwisely, whichever wins, both perish. A sane method should regulate the manner of the struggle. Labor should strive to develop itself into capital.* For that purpose, Benjamin Franklin's pair of hampers is indispensable. Nevertheless, it is only a few weeks ago, that, at a very respectable public meeting in this city, resolutions were adopted denouncing a certain class of the community, *because* the class in question is willing to work from sunrise to sunset, and to spend as little as possible for the support of life. Behold industry and frugality, sister virtues hitherto honored everywhere, denounced in the persons of their worshipers.

Certain sophists, either afflicted with paradox on the brain, or wickedly bent on the destruction of society, have inveighed against capital as a standing evil.† A mere mention of the following names will give an idea of my present meaning: Proudhon, the International Association of Workmen, the Commune, and Karl Marx. Joseph Mazzini, almost with his dying breath, uttered, in the name of the very advanced democracy which he represented, an eloquent refutation of those doctrines. A competent scholar, with a good library at hand, might prove that the ruin of several an-

cient communities, once flourishing, is attributable to a sudden and fierce disturbance of the equilibrium of capital and labor, the disturbance invariably proceeding from labor itself being fanaticized.

Capital ought to be considered as an indispensable social force. But a multitude of scattered small capitals does not constitute such a force. If such work at all, they work inharmoniously. Divergence of application neutralizes effect. Without concentration, capital is powerless. A fall of rain will not turn a wheel; an accumulation of rain-water does when it is set free.

Through the efforts of capital larger numbers of human beings are enabled to subsist in a given locality than the locality would otherwise support. Let others discuss whether that result is advantageous. Enough that modern society strains every nerve in that direction. The concentration of the means to purchase labor, and the results of labor, seems therefore a thing to be fostered, not discouraged. The very communists recognize this. All they demand, as a general rule, is a dislodgement of capital. With some, the State should be the sole capitalist, as if the State had not enough to do already. Others advance still wilder propositions. But philosophers, fanatics, and idiots are agreed that the concentration in question is a desirable thing. Now, if capital is the result of labor, and the storing for future use of so much of its proceeds as is not immediately consumed, it follows that eight-hour laws tend to prevent the production of capital by diminishing one of its constituents; unless more efficient and productive labor can be elicited in eight hours than in ten; a proposition that has sometimes been advanced, but awaits demonstration.

The chief instrument which capital employs in its work is money; and, for once, we have no trouble about defini-

* I hint here at the various co-operative schemes, but lack space and opportunity to develop the idea.

† After this article was written, I came across the following from the pen of Bonamy Price; "Some foolish persons declaim against capital; they talk of its being swept from the face of the earth; they would compose a nation of laborers only. It never occurs to them that they preach that men should work without a previous supply of food, tools, and materials. To get rid of capital would be to annihilate the human race."

tion. To the extent of my limited reading, I may state that scientists agree in treating money as a merchandise selected by universal consent as a sign of values. Paper money need not be considered in an essay written for California. I refer exclusively to gold and silver.

Why gold and silver coin, supplanting the Indian *wampum*, the agate medalion of the Mexicans, and a hundred other symbolic contrivances, has become universally recognized as a conventional sign of values, is a curious question not generally understood. Beauty, imperishability, and especially scarcity, are generally given as the only causes. In regard to the two first-mentioned qualities, those metals are equaled—nay, surpassed, by many substances. If they were really scarce, they would not answer the purpose. It is not probable that tin or platinum will ever be universally accepted as coin, for the reason that they are only found in certain localities. No considerable nation would accept, as a medium of exchange, a merchandise from which it might be inexorably deprived by war.

Gold and silver are widely scattered over the world. On a pinch, the French might wash gold from so much of the Rhine as may be left to them, and from every one of their rivers that takes the masculine article, as was done during the middle ages, when the purchasing power of money was so great that the *orpailleur* could gain his living on the scanty finding of his day's work. The true reason seems to be the unvarying value (relatively) of the two precious metals. Whence this quality? Cavalier derives it from the fact that every dollar's worth of gold and silver extracted from the earth costs two dollars in the extraction. Compare actual dividends of mining companies with what are called "Irish dividends," add the loss of human life (if you think that item

worth noting) and you will find that the French philosopher is correct in his conclusion, while he undervalues his facts.

Let the wealthiest Rothschild receive, as a gift, all the mines of California and Nevada on the condition of *working them all*, I apprehend that there will be a ruined Rothschild. Nevertheless, the extraction and the search will continue undiminished, because *all* the tickets in that lottery are not blanks, and man is by nature a gambler. The "love of the unforeseen" exerts a fascination that will forever insure to mankind its supply of gold and silver. From this circumstance and the absolute necessity of the case, it follows as a consequence that every community, not lapsed into absolute barbarism, will contrive, in some way, to preserve in its midst so much money at least as is needed in its transactions. How much each community may need will depend chiefly on its temper and method of business. More commerce is probably done in New York on one million dollars than in France on two, in California on three, in Peking on five. But, by virtue of the law of demand and supply, whatever amount of specie is needed will be present. That amount is the life-blood of the commonwealth. Any surplus is purely merchandise. Laws and other contrivances devised to prevent the export of that surplus are as idle as they are pernicious.

The Mexican five per cent. duty on coin tends to demoralize the citizen and those he deals with abroad. Without the relief of smuggling, the result would be that mining would be discouraged.*

The debasing of the United States half-dollar is a measure that smacks of Aztec barbarism. The studied neglect of United States one-dollar coinage is a

* With equal wisdom the British monarchs adopted the reverse policy of *forbidding the importation of foreign coin* (A. D. 1300, 1335).

direct acknowledgment of cowardice in statesmanship. If our silver dollar, the standard unit of our monetary system, has been graded too high, change the grade so as to bring it within a proper relation to gold coin; or if silver fluctuates too much, adopt the gold coin as a standard, and manufacture silver dollars with reference to that standard. The double standard system is absurd. The late inauguration of the "trade dollar" seems to indicate that the rulers of the land have discovered that *our* metallic staple, bound to go abroad at any rate, might be favored with a shapely exterior, so as to be acceptable in foreign markets. They vouchsafe us the opportunity of treating our surplus as a merchandise.

Coining used to be considered a *privilege* of the sovereign. A few advanced minds have lately perceived that it is one of the sovereign's *duties*. There is only one nation as yet sufficiently enlightened to furnish absolutely gratuitous coinage. That nation, of course, is Great Britain. Our own statesmen and publicists, in general, entertain mediæval notions on the subject. In this respect, Great Britain acts solely under the inspiration of an intelligent egoism. Its government needs a wealthy and prosperous people to tax. It wants the tax in money. It, therefore, encourages the coinage of bullion. The nation at large pays for the refining, assaying, and stamping, but reaps its reward in a freer supply and circulation of coin, and in the profits accruing from exchange.

Once turn a country or a town into a money centre, and wealth is anchored there for centuries. There is no physical, geographical, or other reason why Paris, London, and Frankfort should be money centres; but from the fact that they are, they will continue to exact tribute from the world. Many places on our inland waters seem more available for a large city than the ancient site

of Yerba Buena. But the money centre is here, and Vallejo, Oakland, San Diego, Benicia, and "New York on the Pacific" may advertise their respective charms to satiety, while this (perhaps unworthy) Babylon shall grow and grow, notwithstanding Stanford, who thinks that it is on the wrong side of the bay, and notwithstanding the enemies of Stanford, who exaggerate his power. San Francisco will continue to thrive, because it is a money centre. *Est et erit quia est.*

This is the selfish and commercial argument. The philosophical one would run somewhat thus: Money, precisely because it is (relatively) invariable in value, can ill bear even the expense of coinage; a legislation which compels me to get my bullion stamped in a particular way at a specified establishment, yet charges me for the stamping, is inconsistent; the mint royalty encourages the indefinite circulation of worn pieces to the final injury of some individuals whose tax-bearing capacity is thereby impaired; my surplus, thus burdened, can not, as a merchandise of export, compete abroad with like merchandise issued gratuitously from other mints, lawfully from those of England, fraudulently, and by official connivance, from those of various other countries. Under a system of gratuitous coinage, innumerable scraps of broken plate and jewelry, monuments of ancestral folly, that lie idle in our chests and drawers, would be turned into national life-blood. The tendency of gratuitous coinage is to impress the character of money on the surplus we export as merchandise, so that it will circulate abroad as money, unquestioned by the broker's scales, ready to flow back under the stimulus of any pressing necessity. Historical facts place the matter beyond the need of further argumentation. In that remote age to which the invention of coinage is attributed, the supply of the pre-

scious metals was enormous. It gradually diminished under the Romans; and was so trifling during the middle ages, that the annual yield scarcely made up for the wear and tear, and the entire Old World managed to transact its business on a circulation, in gold and silver, of \$170,000,000 (three years' yield of California gold), and looked to alchemy alone for relief when Columbus set sail for the west. Finally and chiefly, *it concerns the entire nation that my bullion should be coined.* Study the legislation of the various dismal periods referred to, and you will find that the delusion prevailed that it concerned the sovereign alone, on account of the royalty, that my bullion should be coined. And I only write because I believe that the delusion prevails to this day.

Much of this argumentation will scandalize that school of writers who depreciate the export of specie. The lamentations we have heard at the departure of our gold! The groanings at each shipment of treasure. It is believed, that if the editors of our daily press possessed the legislative power, they would go to Spain and Mexico, nay, to the Pandects, for precedents, and forbid the exportation of treasure. Nothing but the surplus has ever been exported. So much as the community required always remained, and must always remain by virtue of a law which, though somewhat mysterious, is unchangeable as fate. We may not be able to enunciate its terms, but no observer can fail to notice its operation. And the converse is equally true: just as surely as each community will manage somehow to acquire and retain what money it needs for its business, just so surely the excess will find its way abroad, scribble what editorials you may, enact what draconian statutes you please. And why should it not? It is clearly more needed elsewhere than here, since it goes.

But the shipping of money impover-

ishes the country! So it seems, if arithmetic alone be consulted. And so, when I set up a mill by the side of a torrent, every one can see that an immense amount of water-power passes, unused, by my door. I do not care, however, so long as my flume is filled. Neither is the country any the poorer because the golden stream, after depositing exactly what is required, carries its surplus to other shores. What else, in the name of common sense, should it do with its surplus? Just what I do with the main body of my torrent: I can not use it, and therefore let it go.

To follow the illustration to its direct connection with the subject before us: I can conceive that my position as a controller of the water-power in question constitutes a valuable possession, which ought, somehow, to bear its share of the burdens of the State. But I can not conceive that each particular globule of the fast-rushing stream should be noted in the computation of my share. Nevertheless, this is what the taxation of money attempts to do.

Suppose a banking capital consisting of actual specie, equal to our average circulation, be suddenly imported here. One of two things will surely result. Either it will lie idle—in which case the owners might have spared the freight—or, it will be set to work. In the latter event, it will be soon discoverable that the circulating medium has only increased to the extent that new enterprise requires an increase of medium. Water, it will find its level. This the banker knows, and yet he sleeps as soundly as the British bondholder, who is perfectly aware that there is not coin enough in the world to pay the national debt.

Although not altogether qualified for the task, I have endeavored, while curiously watching the fluctuations of the money market, to arrive at their *rationalité*. While I can hope to throw but little light on this topic, I must

premise that I have received none whatever from abroad. The standard writers and the inditers of financial reviews may have probed the matter thoroughly. If so, they keep their learning to themselves, or utter it in such obscure terms that the average mind can not grasp their teaching. I have often felt tempted to repeat to them the terse saying: "First expound thy dialectics, that I may embrace thy more recondite lore." When they deign to be intelligible, they allege, for the scarcity of money, such causations as the ransom of France, the moving of the crops, etc., just as though a momentary displacement of coin should make coin scarce, while, on the contrary, it sets in circulation what before lay idle, awaiting the emergency. I have arrived at the following conclusion, which sounds like, but is not, a paradox: When "money is scarce," it is plenty; it is never scarcer than when "money is easy." When people say that "money is scarce," they mean that it is uncommonly difficult to negotiate a loan, to obtain goods on credit, to fill the stock list of a new enterprise. When they say that it is "easy," they mean the reverse of the foregoing proposition.

Reflect for one single instant, and you will be amazed at the small proportion the circulating medium, even at my own estimate, bears to the sum total of our transactions. It follows that the medium must travel with a noteworthy rapidity, making up by speed for inadequacy of volume. That speed is accelerated or retarded by various circumstances: the buoyancy or apathy of the public mind; the confidence in, or distrust of, the commercial future. In "easy" times, money travels so fast that one hundred dollars may perform the office of several thousand. These are the occasions when the unused surplus seeks a more favorable market. In "hard" times, each hundred dollars, perhaps, does scarcely

ten times more work than its intrinsic value promises to do. Money travels sluggishly—nay, remains often stationary. The scared capitalist hoards; the private individual denies himself accustomed indulgences, avoids paying his just debts, cons the market and grocery bills, adjourns the promised *polonaise* to the Greek calends. At such seasons, the involved merchant, who must, at all hazards, continue trading, draws from the remotest sources of supply. When the crisis is over, it is absolutely certain that there has been, throughout nearly its duration, more money in the community than at the "easiest" of periods. Only it has been inactive. It has been "playing hide;" by and by, when "money is easy," it will "play seek."

The *general* coin supply is the same at one time as another, except as the equilibrium is favorably disturbed by the continuous yield of the mines. The *local* supply of any particular panic-struck community must be greater than usual, or there is no virtue in the law of demand and supply. As the possessor of money is characteristically timid as well as greedy, as he knows all the while that the whole coin supply is never adequate to a simultaneous reckoning and settlement, so trifling a thing as a clever newspaper article may sometimes be sufficient to convert "easy" into "hard times." Still more potent than the scribbler's effusions, usury laws, revenue laws taxing money as such, and other kindred measures, operate to induce money to hide—with the result we have noted.

Every one of my readers will probably concede that it is unwise to make money hide by taxing it. But many will remonstrate that it is unjust to leave it untaxed. Let us, in examining this branch of the question, thrust aside every anti-Shylock prejudice so naturally inherent to our minds.

Money, persistently hoarded, is abso-

lutely nothing. Its punctual taxation, in a given number of years, would destroy the hoard, or rather restore its circulating virtue. The operation smacks of that superhuman justice which strikes dead whatever ceases to be active. Humanly speaking, it is unjust. By the mere fact of persistent hoarding, the miser has bereft the hoard of its vitality. It has ceased to be a merchandise, since it is withdrawn from trade. It preserves a mere latent power, to be developed hereafter in worthier hands. At present, it fulfills no further function than to dazzle his gloating eyes, tickle his itching fingers, and tinkle musically to his greedy ears.

A proper scheme of taxation can be devised that will reach, indirectly, the miser's hobby. But it seems to me that a direct specific tax on his buried trash is unjust, because it bears on something wholly unproductive at the time of taxing. It is true that the unproductiveness results from his own perverseness. At this the State should wink. It is good for the community that there should be many considerable concentrations of moneyed capital. The miser's vice has the advantage of concentrating. So does a swamp store up an accumulation of waters now useless if not pernicious. But it garners wealth to be hereafter revealed by drainage; and the miser is not immortal. Money, in active circulation, belongs to no one individual. The temporary possessor has only a qualified interest in it. I repeat that it is the life-blood of the community. No one globule or drop of protoplasm in my bodily circulation belongs to any particular organ. The organ that absorbs it does so on condition of returning it with interest to the general mass. So with money. If, on that fated day in March, when the assessor becomes a power in the land, his deputy catches me with one hundred dollars in my pocket, I am taxed. The next day, that sum

passes over to the carpenter who has been repairing my house, the house being taxed all the more for such repairs. The assessor again levies two per cent. on that identical one hundred dollars. Suppose that operation carried on through a series of fifty changes of possession up to that blessed day in August when we are (measurably) free from assessorial visitations, and the original one hundred dollars will have been paid out as a condition of its existence. If, objecting, you demonstrate that no such extreme case ever happened, you will have succeeded in proving that an inconsistent public conscience strives to atone for iniquitous laws by conniving at their evasion; or that my money has traveled faster than the inquisitor. By omitting to tax the treasure in every successive possessor's hand, you admit that, for very shame, you can not carry the law to that extent; in which case you ought not to have taxed my first precarious possession of it; or that you lack means to enforce the law, in which case the taxation of the money in my hands was unlawful as lacking uniformity. For every successive possessor of the money was as liable to taxation as I was in the first place.

It is enough, for my present purpose, that the case above set forth by way of illustration might happen—indeed, ought invariably to happen, if a rigorous law were rigorously enforced. *Fifty taxpayers might combine to make it happen, and publish the result.* It is no apology for a bad law that a certain semi-conscious common sense underlies prejudice, softens its asperities, and violates the statute in the behalf of justice. Better repeal the obnoxious enactment.

It must now appear evident that the temporary possession during a time-fraction of any given fiscal year has less of the elements of *property* than even a solvent debt. The two things, consid-

ered as forces, present a marked contrast. The promissory-note in my pocket-book works so long only as I retain it; my money only works on condition of my parting with it. The revenue system undertakes to relieve from taxation the productive force, and to exact tribute from the unproductive one.

I trust that if I have not demonstrated the following propositions, I have suggested enough to lead the candid, thoughtful reader to work the demonstration out in his own mind:

1. There is no more constitutional obligation to tax money, as such, than there is to tax a secured debt.

2. It is impracticable to carry out the taxation of money with the uniformity required by the Constitution.

3. Money is so delicate and dainty a thing, that it shrinks even from the slight cost of its permutation from bullion.

4. The best legislation about money is no legislation at all. It is an element with laws of its own.

5. Its taxation works more harm than good.

Let it not be understood that I desire to shield the capitalist from his obligation to contribute toward the expense of supporting the Government which protects him in the enjoyment of his property. On the contrary, I propose to reach him through appliances more thorough than the vain ones he now eludes.

Since the foregoing pages were delivered for publication, two of our most distinguished public speakers have had occasion to discuss capital from apparently opposite points of view. I feel the necessity of again referring to that branch of my subject.

A given capital may have been acquired by unjustifiable means. This is a question for the moralist to discourse upon. In some cases it may fall within the cognizance of municipal law; the ab-

stract law I am endeavoring to elucidate has nothing to do with it. For my present purpose, I must view capital as a thing in being, and no more inquire how it was accumulated than ordinary legislation need ask whether man proceeds from the angels or the *annelides*. I find that it is a force, more or less efficient, working more or less economically, according to the measure of burdens directly laid upon it and to the degree of security which it feels. One visible effect of the force in question is to enable a greater number of men to live in a given space than could exist there if the force were withdrawn. And, since men (blindly, perhaps) are determined to "increase and multiply," I adjure them not to foil their own purpose, not to lessen, by intimidation, the force which is doing their own cherished work—not to paralyze its right arm, money, by direct taxation. It bears already taxes enough of which it is haply unconscious. One is the uncertainty of returns. It feels quite sure of its centrifugal propensity. Of the compensating centripetal tendency, not quite so certain. A banker who absolutely computed all the chances would lock up his money-vault forever. Bankers act on probabilities. Diminish adverse ones, money will be cheap; dear, if you increase them. Let me be permitted to illustrate in a homely way.

Granted a considerable range of fruitful country, one gorilla might live from hand to mouth, "without thought for the morrow," as we are somewhere taught to live. But let him lay up a store of nuts, or whatever Du Chaillu permits him to live on. His store will be his wealth. His surplus will, by all definitions, constitute a capital, by the aid of which, rescuing numbers of his fellows from starvation, he may induce, or compel, these to contribute to a further accumulation. Behold, then, a "bloated capitalist," who thrives, though idle. Here Malthus steps in logically: "Why

have so many gorillas?" But those speakers are not logical who profess to wish for the end, and denounce the indispensable means. Jacobin gorillas might suggest killing the present patriarch and substituting another, aping the story that Gibbon tells. The evangelical ones might propose a community of

nuts, not wotting that the experiment was tried by a superior genus of beings a long while ago, much less what came of it. In either case, the result would be a sensible diminution of numbers, which result, good or bad, is exactly the opposite of what the gorillas are seeking.

LUDLAM'S CAVE, IN VIENNA.

A HALF century ago, there existed in Vienna a society of artists which rejoiced in the name of "Ludlam's Cave." Similar to others of these artists' associations, where authors, actors, sculptors, composers, and a limited selection of the very comprehensive class called "amateurs," meet on neutral ground to amuse and be amused with gay and witty conversation and all kinds of jolly pranks and good fellowship, Ludlam's Cave was for a series of years a central point of junction to everything which the Austrian capital boasted of in cleverness in its most various developments, and it was the object of every stranger's ambition to be deemed acceptable to, and received in, this joyous circle during his sojourn in Vienna. But, unlike the great number of other similar societies, Ludlam's Cave preserved to the last hour of its existence its old humor, and effected such an appropriate exit from the world, that its death was the cause of even more laughter than its life had been, for Ludlam's Cave suffered not the melancholy fate which seems to await the most of similar communities. Instead of perishing by the usual slow consumption, the Vienna artistic club jumped to the unknown bourne with a gay *saltomortale*, the nature of which we shall explain, after having briefly surveyed the earthly existence of Ludlam's Cave—an atten-

tion of which it in itself is not unworthy, even if its name had not been associated with a work of one of the greatest poets of the north.

Relative to the origin of Ludlam's Cave, Castelli relates, in his Memoirs, that it sprung into existence on the evening when Oehlschlöger's well-known drama was first presented on the *Theater an der Wien*. A company of artists and authors, who were in the habit of passing the evenings together in various *cafés*, had agreed to be present at the play, and afterward to meet together at a certain restaurant where the bill of fare was much approved of by these gay sons of the Muses. The programme was carried out. They all met to exchange their opinions of the play, and Oehlschlöger himself, who just at the time happened to be in Vienna, assisted at the gathering. The piece, says Castelli, although of great poetical merit, was but indifferently adapted for scenic representation, had not made any decided effect, and served therefore to develop a lively artistic skirmish upon the subject of its merits. Such was the case, and the discussion, or dispute, continued far into the night; but one thing they all agreed to, before the party broke up—that a club should be instituted, which should bear the name of the piece that had induced the meeting, and should convene each evening in the

room where such an agreeable evening had been spent, and where the efforts of "mine host" had given complete satisfaction.

Splendid, or even very comfortable, this place of meeting could not be called. You had to pass through the public room to reach the *sanctum* where Mother Ludlam gathered her sons. The apartment was long, and had but one window; the walls and ceiling were thoroughly smoked; a long table, and the numerous chairs around it, occupied almost the whole space; a couple of cupboards and a hat-rack completed the modest furniture. But this plain room was the arena where the greatest wits of jovial Vienna, and the most famous travelers who visited the imperial city, did battle à l'outrance within the barriers of intellect and wit. The traditions of the society were guarded by mysterious customs, only known to the initiated, and by means of a firm organization, its forms were maintained in certainty and strength. The first resolution was, that the head of the society should bear the title of "Caliph," and that this important post should always be filled by the most stupid of the members. The election to that dignity was carried by acclamation in favor of Carl Swartz, an actor of the *Court-Theater*; a tall, pursy man, with a protruding stomach and big feet, less distinguished by his dramatic talent than by a huge, perfectly fiery-red nose, whose hue gave the Caliph the *soubriquet* of "The Red Mohr," and suggested to the club the adoption of its mystic motto, "*Roth ist swartz und swartz ist roth.*" What distinguished the Caliph, besides the stupidity which had been his original claim to his elevation, was his inexhaustible good-nature, which threw off the countless sallies of wit and practical jokes of which he was the constant object, with the same indifference as a goose does the water that is poured on

it. Another of his peculiarities was his insatiable passion for smoking: the Caliph was never seen without a cigar in his mouth, and when he presided at the end of the table in Ludlam's Cave, nothing of his big person was visible to his lieges except his fiery proboscis, which loomed through the clouds of smoke like the beacon of a light-house. If at times a glimpse could be obtained of his large, good-natured face, it would display a radiant complacency which testified to the high value he set upon his position in the society, and how proud he was of being the mark against which the rest of the Ludlamites leveled and discharged their artillery of wit and humor.

The number of members increased day after day, as the fame of the jovial nights in Ludlam's Cave spread abroad, and it became necessary both to provide a better and more spacious club-room, and to limit admission to it by certain rules. Those who had permission to visit the Cave were divided into "members" and "aspirants;" or, as they were called in the Ludlam lingo, "bodies" and "shadows." Each "body" had the privilege of introducing a "shadow," and these latter were for some time to frequent the Cave to afford an opportunity to judge how far they were suitable for the society and the society for them. At the real ceremony of acceptance, these "shadows" were subjected to a species of examination in history and the science of finance; still, it was permitted to the neophyte to request the assistance of one of the older members, who was allowed to whisper the responses to him, if at fault. The examination in history might be in this wise:

Professor.—"What is the extent of your knowledge in respect to Ludlam?"

Shadow.—"Nothing at all."

Prof.—"Well answered. You are so far just as wise, as the other Ludlamites; for he is truly wise who knows that he

knows nothing. But why is this place called Ludlam's Cave?"

Shadow.—"Because it is so named."

Prof.—"Good again. Yet there must have been a reason for it?"

Shadow.—"In Ludlam there are no reasons."

Prof.—"You seem to be already not a little initiated in the mysteries of Ludlam."

When the aspirant had thus passed his examination, all the Ludlamites were requested to lay their heads upon their hands, which rested on the table, and consider for the space of five minutes by what name the initiated was henceforward to be known. When each had given his opinion about this matter, a vote decided which of the names proposed should be adopted by the society. After this the chorus of acceptance was sung, and the health of the new-fledged member was proposed and drank with all the honors.

The names which the jovial brethren applied to one another were intended as far as possible to be characteristic of some trait or deed, and their etymology was often to the uninitiated a matter of puzzling difficulty. The poet Grillparzer, for example, was called "The Istrian Saphocles," in allusion to his birthplace on the Ister, and his best-known work, *Sappho*. Castelli was named "Cif-Charon," because the initials of his name, I. F. C., could be transposed to Cif, and because he had translated French books into the German, just as Charon had translated people across the Styx (*über gesetzt*) to Elysium. Moschelles was named "Calf's-foot Tasto," because it might be said of him, being a great piano-virtuoso, that he lived on the keys (*die tasten*), as he did literally on calf's-feet, his favorite dish, upon which he dined daily. Carl Maria von Weber rejoiced in the name of the "Mark-hitter Agathus von Samiel," in allusion to the chief personages in his *Freischütz*;

and the renowned writer on acoustics Chladni, was known as the "Tone-ponderer Monochord," etc.

From the names of these mentioned Ludlamites, one may judge to what extent Ludlam's Cave succeeded in gathering together in a fraternal union the cleverest heads of the *Keiserstall*, where, evening after evening, a keen but stingless wit sparkled and illuminated a jovial and genial gathering, the charms of which have been affectionately alluded to by more than one author who enjoyed the privileges of the Cave. Poets like Castelli, Grillparzer, and Saphio, wrote texts; composers like Weber and Moschelles set them to music. Distinguished artists drew caricatures. A prize was offered for a tragi-comedy in three acts, entitled *Idiocy and the Catch of Codfish*, the peculiarity of which was that each act was to be written by a different author. Finally, no less than five journals were issued from the society. The Caliph's official organ was named the *Trettnerhof News*, from the locality where he lodged. In this journal all official matters were treated and expatiated upon with the weight and dignity becoming such august affairs. Thus, when once a member had forwarded to the Cave some Styrian capons, which the Caliph had duly announced, it was resolved to enjoy them the next evening; but when they were served on the table they turned out to be so old and tough, that the Caliph was accused of having substituted some others of inferior quality, and devoured the capons himself. Next evening, under the head of nominations, the court journal had the following, "It has pleased his smokiness the Caliph to nominate six vulgar old hens to be Styrian capons."

Most splendid of all feasts in Ludlam was that in honor of the birthday of the Caliph. It was celebrated by a grand dinner, during which the usual songs to his praises were sung, followed by the

three family choruses, whose text consisted in an enumeration of the names of all of the Ludlamites, to which Moschelles has composed a very appropriate music—a melody being attached to each name, which, in a comical manner, suggested its owner's individuality.

On such festive occasions the countenance of the worthy Caliph would beam with the happiness of the blessed, caused no less by the joy and pride he felt in the dignity with which he was invested than by the sometimes very valuable gifts which were offered to him by the members. To show how much he appreciated this homage of his Ludlamites, it had once occurred to him to astonish the club by appearing on one of their birthdays in the gorgeous costume of a real Caliph, but a member, who had got an inkling of his intention, did not fail to acquaint the others with it, and when the Caliph arrived in his Turkish costume, anticipating the many astonished faces, it was his own which wore a certain comic and foolish expression, when he saw that the whole circle had conceived the same idea as himself, and that everybody looked like Turks. At another feast, which one of the members—the rich merchant, Biederman—gave in honor of the Caliph, the colors of the chief and the society—red and black—were carried out so thoroughly that the whole service, table-cloth, napkins, plates, knives and forks, displayed their color. This innocent jest proved to be the unexpected cause of the dissolution of this jovial association. The police, who had got news of the feast, and in the peculiar arrangement imagined they discovered a connection with the dangerous *Carbonari*, whose cognizance was exactly these two colors, used this occasion to take measures against a society they had for a long time watched with peculiar suspicion. One evening in April, 1826, Ludlam's Cave was taken possession of by the police, after the

members had left. Everything underwent a scrupulous examination. The bureaux, where the documents of the club were preserved, were broken open, and every scrap of paper, every drawing, every tobacco-pipe, was carried away; even the blackboard upon the wall was not forgotten, but removed with extra precaution, that the mystic words, which were written upon it with chalk, should not be wiped out—"This time it is Saturday on Sunday"—an announcement that the usual Saturday reading of the productions of the members was postponed to Sunday evening.

Early next morning, officers of the police called on the most distinguished members of Ludlam's Cave; a minute search of their houses and a rigorous examination of themselves personally ensued promptly. One may easily conceive what ludicrous scenes the investigation and especially the examination must have occasioned. The examined gentlemen could often not prevent themselves from laughing in the face of their serious inquisitors, when they demanded an explanation of details, which, in themselves ludicrous, became irresistibly comic by the criminal significance which was supposed to underlie them, and the solemn earnestness which characterized the whole investigation. It was especially the *Carbonari* colors that the police honored with a lively suspicion. When Herr Swartz was interrogated as to the meaning of the motto of the club, "*Swartz ist roth und roth ist swartz*," he replied:

"Who am I?"

"You are Herr Swartz."

"O, let the 'Herr' out."

"Very well; you are Swartz."

"And how does my nose look?"

"It has a strong color."

"Pray, speak plainly. Of what color is it?"

"Red."

"Well, do you understand now—

Swartz ist roth und roth ist swartz?"

It embarrassed the worthy Caliph somewhat more to make them understand to what qualities he was indebted for his exalted post in the society. He hesitated to reply, but when he was told that he exposed himself to great suspicion by withholding a frank explanation, he was compelled to confess that he had been elected the Caliph because he was the most stupid of the association. This ingenious confession was too much for even the stolid police, and everybody present exploded in a hearty laugh.

The investigations lasted for a long

time, and ended by a proposition to confiscate the Ludlam documents, and that the members be mulcted and arrested. However, the common sense of the Government prevailed so far that the ridiculous proposition was rejected, although it prohibited a further continuation of the so suddenly stopped career of Ludlam's Cave.

All the Ludlamites deplored this high-handed act of power, but none more than the Caliph, who, even on his death-bed, said to Castelli, "Everything is passed for me, my good friend; and, in fact, I do not care about living any longer, since Ludlam has ceased to exist."

A FANCY.

I think I would not be
 A stately tree,
 Broad-boughed, with haughty crest that seeks the sky;
 Too many sorrows lie
 In years, too much of bitter for the sweet.
 Frost-bite, and blast, and heat,
 Blind drought, cool rains, must all grow wearisome,
 Ere one could put away
 Their leafy garb for aye,
 And let death come.

Rather this wayside flower!
 To live its happy hour
 Of balmy air, of sunshine, and of dew.
 A sinless face held upward to the blue,
 A bird-song sung to it,
 A butterfly to flit
 On dazzling wings above it, hither, thither—
 A sweet surprise of life—and then exhale
 A little fragrant soul on the soft gale,
 To float—ah, whither!

ULTRAUA.—No. XI.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

IT is a summer's day in winter, at Bay Coast. There is an April smile upon the face of January. The hardest season, like the hardest heart, has its relentings. The snow is blinding in its brilliance, and like many a dazzling brilliance in the landscape of society, looks as warm as down, while it remains as cold as snow.

Everybody is out of doors this afternoon, and all out-door life appears to think that winter closes its career abruptly, leaving snow-banks, snow-wreaths, and sparkling icicles, as playthings for a summer's pastime, or curiosities for a museum. School-boys snow-ball each other, without stopping to blow upon their finger-tips. Horses also snow-ball—"balling" clumsily with their fore-feet, to that extent that their withers are much higher than their hips. In their experience, as in that of many patient laborers, "slosh" offers more effectual resistance and makes more trouble than do ruts or roadway flints.

Overhead, the day is "as the days of heaven on the earth." The gilded, glowing atmosphere suggests to many a mind the query, "Why can not the seasons intermarry, and make one? It would be delicious to raise ice in June, and June in ice."

As no one likes to make a foolish speech, however, most persons content themselves to shout to one another in exultant tones: "It's a lovely day!" Sleighing parties literally hail each other with this flying salutation, hurling it along with little hailstones of snow; and neighbors hoist their window-sashes with the pleasing news, "This is a lovely day!" to be answered by the shrill

and sensible appeal, uttered in Bay Coast dialect, "Isn't it, well, once, pleasant then, for all, but, though?"

Thus, at least, doth Mrs. Caddington respond to the greeting of that village poetess, Miss Georgiana Perk—at the moment when the latter deftly extracts from between the window sashes wads of cotton that had been stuffed therein in order to exclude the sharp frosty air, and, with a glance of relief at the cold gray ashes of the stove, congratulates herself that she need not kneel this morning at those only orisons at which Miss Perk is apt to bend her knees—worshipping the literal Lares of the hearth-stone, with fervid breathing, to kindle fresh fires on their shrines.

Now, relieved of these devotions, doth Miss Perk open her casement to the mellow morn, and, catching sight of Mrs. Caddington's portly person, over the way, in the act of doing the same thing—like a reflection of herself, in a magnifying mirror—engage in the conversation just reported.

"This is a lovely day!"

"Isn't it, well, once, pleasant then, for all, but, though?"

Beyond a doubt, it is. Moreover, as can not always be said of pleasant things, the sparkle and the warmth enkindle, as the day advances. In mid afternoon, the little birds come, dipping their beak-nibs at the edge of the snow-banks, as supposing them to be table-cloths, laid ready for their supper.

It is already three o'clock, when a foot-traveler, rising the hill, takes off his hat to wipe his forehead; and as he gazes across the crystal carpet that spreads to the blue water-line, and scans

the sloop at anchor, languidly swaying with the lazy sea-swell, volunteers a piece of information to the king of gods and men, in words following, to wit:

“Jupiter, it is hot!”

Warm it undeniably is, and also moist. Everything smokes and steams. The horses, in what may be called their flank movements, smoke and steam absurdly, sending up little clouds of incense from their hairy hides, and draping themselves in mistiness.

The shore-line unfurls wreaths of vapor, which, taken in connection with the occasional boom of cracking ice-cakes, give to the beach the appearance of an encampment surprised by a cannonade. Barn-roofs, house-roofs, and the lower sheds adjacent, fret the edge of the snow-patches clinging upon them, until steamy whiffs curl about the trickle. The inland pond displays the ice that crusts it, betrayed now by water oozing from its very heart, in token that ere long it will be broken-hearted and submerged—while at the margin, where the ice is thin and frayed, land-turtles dry their backs, to show their confidence in the general blandness.

Our foot-traveler declares that he “perspires like an ox”—a common simile, chosen probably because oxen rarely perspire, or perspire lightly. And he further adds—to consummate his sympathy with the steaming, smoking village—“I think I will take a smoke,” which, desiring to be accurate in all his statements, he proceeds to do upon the spot.

This gent is Neville Nimmins, the “sub” or “ass. ed.,” as he writes himself down (and frequently, and very down)—the sub or ass. editor of the well-known *Bay Coast Enterprise and Herald of Humanity*, owned, edited, and published by Parker Brattles—otherwise and invidiously termed by jealous and malign competitors, “Barker Prattles.”

It is too customary for superficial minds, and such hireling presses, at a distance, as have come into contact with this fiery genius, and of course into collision with him, to dismiss the mention of his name, in a pert and trivial manner—thus: “Nimmins is a drunken dog.” The fallacy of such a speech exposes itself, since, in the first place, dogs are not usually drunken, and the phrase is a contradiction in terms, not to say a slanderous aspersion upon those sagacious quadrupeds; and, in the next place, at this immediate moment Nimmins stands on the hill-brow, not drunk, nor drinking, but simply puffing—a thing which an editor may surely be allowed to do unquestioned.

Parker Brattles carries on a farm as well as a newspaper, and concerns himself with corn, cabbages, and calves, as well as criticisms. Parker Brattles, as an editor, is too gushing. His fulminations, so verbose, have been generally leveled at foreign potentates—“their satraps, conspiracies, monopolies, and minions.” At home, he has had words of eulogy for all the living, and elegy for all the dead. No fledgeling poet too poor to find corner in his chimney, or crust of compliment or comfort in his commendation. Scarcely an occurrence of the village has failed of notice, scarcely an individual, of prominence. His labors in educating the public mind, taken in connection with those addressed to calves and cabbages, it is feared have been too—will it do to say—tedious for him?

He has recourse to Nimmins now, to give new impetus to the local department.

Nimmins proposes to make the paper spicy, by making it spiteful; to make it racy by making it rakish; to make it piquant, by making it personal; to make it strong, by making it sloppy, sour, and savage, all at once.

Nimmins is as nimble with his quills as

a porcupine, and has made some sharp thrusts. Still more progress has been made, by Nimmins, however, in the Bay Coast social circles.

Georgiana Perk has addressed lines to him—toils they have been, if not meshes. Whereupon, with masculine contrariness, he has given the preference to his own lines, and addressed these to Harriet Amanda Charger; for she writeth not verse, but readeth aloud—as our readers have heard her read the sonorous columns of the *B. C. E. and H. of H.*, containing divers and sundry of Nimmins' own flips and flings, and dabs and dashes.

Moreover, Mr. Nimmins has embraced with some ardor the sentiment, that it is well for persons to love their counterparts and marry their opposites; and inasmuch as Mr. Charger is the very opposite of Mr. Nimmins, in a pecuniary point of view, it should seem that there exists a kind of special and poetic fitness between himself and Miss Harriet Amanda.

Miss Plimley herself has been somewhat gushing in her deportment; but Mr. Nimmins has feared lest that beloved grandmother of her's may occupy too high a place in heaven, to minister to her grandchild's terrestrial necessities. Hence Harriet Amanda has the inside track.

At the existing moment, Nimmins is on his way to escort Miss H. Amanda to the great wedding, which is, as he observes, to "transpire" in Bay Coast town, at Bay Coast church.

Rising the hill, as we perceive, and making a remark to Jupiter, upon the temperature, which that divinity affects not to hear, possibly because he is at too great an elevation to appreciate temperature at all, and prefers not to be interviewed upon the subject, Nimmins next accosts the deities collectively, this time, in relation to the footing upon which he stands. "Ye gods," he ejacu-

lates, "this slosh and swash is too infernal!"—the fact being, that Nimmins' high-stepping boots are so thin-soled and low-topped, as—like many high-stepping, thin-soled lives—to let in much "infernal slosh and swash," with no apertures to let it out. Consequently, his toes are aching, and his heels are numb.

"Ye gods!" he says again, as fond of that class of beings, and frequently appealing to them. Candor compels us to confess, however, that they are rudely inattentive, feeling perhaps that it may not be delicate for them to meddle with infernal things.

At length, trudging laboriously, Nimmins comes within sight of the Charger mansion; and such is his fatigue, that he produces a flat flask from his breast-pocket, and puts it to his lips. "A drink for the gods," says Nimmins, who feels a generous and unabated interest in their welfare. Strange to say, however, he proceeds presently to drain the flask himself—either in a fit of absence of mind, or because they do not come to time.

But here stands another personage, who is too displeased with the "slosh and swash" to take pleasure in the pleasant day. This is Mrs. Charger, gazing out of the window of her own domicile. Mrs. Charger speaks her mind. "Charger," says she, "there comes that yaller-faced pollywog, a-draggin' in all this mash and mud onto my carpets—that feller they call Devil'd Niminy."

"Bodder to it," ejaculates Charger, seizing the opportunity to escape, which is a strategic movement on his part to avoid providing Nimmins with the horse and sleigh wherewith to escort Hattie Mandy, rightly opining that Nimmins will sooner foot it to the church than venture to get up the equipage himself.

Hattie Mandy, however, has been equal to the occasion in advance. Knowing well that her literary beau does not understand the art of harnessing a horse,

or "hitching up," as she expresses it—although in his own line he is something of a driver, and occasionally effects a hitch in other matters—what does the heroic maiden do but privately gear in advance the astonished pony with her own fair hands, and leaving the equipage standing fully rigged in the stable, hasten thence to her own *boudoir*, and put in presently a stunning re-appearance, gorgeous with ribbons, rustling with starched flounces, her brow still moist and glistening from the unctuous locks that hang like eaves above it—a very Amazon, in contrast with the handsome, mustached, puffy little tot of a man that stands beside her.

"You, Hattie Mandy, now," remonstrates Mrs. Charger—"you aint a-goin' to take that chap onto my best parlor-carpet, with his mucky, greasy boots, for all, though, then. Kerry him, well, once, into the back settin'-room, then."

"Mar," is the affecting and aggrieved reply, "he is an editor."

"Looks more like a debtor," retorts her mother, whose ideas of language are confused enough to confound editor and creditor. Indeed, many other persons have so confused them.

But Miss Mandy is once more equal to the emergency. She meets her weary beau at the door, ushers him into "the back settin'-room," under the plea that "Mar thinks the front room too chilly, and Mar says that I mustn't make no stranger of you—it's never kind to make strangers of—of our friends," says Hattie, quite distinctly.

An eligible opportunity for Mr. Nimmins to say something soft, which, we fear, he does, not to say that he is accustomed to that practice.

"And Pop," proceeds Hattie Mandy, referring not to any act of Nimmins, but to her paternal author, thus expressively, "Pop has left the sleigh all harnessed for you, Mr. Nimmins, for our man has gone away;" which statement is certain-

ly within the truth, for "our man" has been gone since the close of harvest, and "Pop" has left the stable out of sight.

Mr. Nimmins proceeds to the barn, releases the reins by which the pony has been tethered to the beam—unfortunately, however, without perceiving that in so doing he has crossed the reins, and passed them through wrong rings. This works no present damage, for the pony, glad to get out, suffers Nimmins to take pride in driving him to the house, and there make feint to help the fair Harriet Amanda in; thence dashing in line of the jingling sleds and plunging pedestrians, that are now taking their eager way to the village church in time to see the wedding.

Hattie Mandy's pony frisks pleasantly along, under loose reins, companying and competing with the neighbors' horses, and his gait seems to reassure the driver. "I am well acquainted with them all and with the road, and will introduce you—trust yourself to me;" which Nimmins nobly does.

What a throng of villagers, of every age, sex, size, and condition, do make their way into the church-yard—not to lie down there, just now, but to crowd the little quaint old church. The little quaint old church, with its yard around it, so private, yet so public, so sombre, yet so sweet—the loitering-place of the Sabbath loungers, the private couch of the silent slumberers underground; the little quaint old church, at the fork of the road, awaiting the groups, that, as they near it, hear a sermon in their own foot-fall, hushing at the gate, and verses of Scripture in the bell-tones when the bell sounds directly overhead, until they can imagine that the very birds in the trees are twittering about sacred things, and fancy the scent of the pew-paint, and the limestone of the walls, to have an aroma of the Sabbath, a frankincense of all consecration; the little quaint old

church, with its modest miniature of a tower, that appears to say to the passer-by, "Excuse me, there should have been a spire, or a full-grown tower—that is what you are missing—but, perhaps, you will be kind enough to make this serve the turn, and look up as devoutly, through my meekness, to the sky, for the tall ones do not rise much higher, after all: it all rests with yourself, and I can carry up your thought;" the little quaint old church, with its placid porch, which, through the frets and fevers of the week, appears to be absorbed in musing upon the days gone by, and the vanished forms, heedless of the living, in that fleeting play of life around it, so much resembling the prattle and play of children round about a grave student's table or a grandsire's old arm-chair; while upon a jubilant occasion, like the present, its door opens with benignant grace, and its hospitality is hearty, as when the staid student unbends to play with children, or the grandsire takes them on his lap, regales them with confections, or tells them stories after their own taste.

This is a gala-day for Bay Coast town and Bay Coast church.

"The fust weddin', now, though," exclaims Mr. Toll, standing at ease under a tree at the door—"the fust weddin' inter this here church, now, sencet that there Parson Rempton's time. Well, well; no one can't blame it onto me. That there Rev. Rempton, he up and died," announces Job, with an air of much amazement, although the occurrence itself has taken place three years ago, and his grave is plainly visible.

"O! ministers," says Farmer Begg, "they hev to be merried into the church—there's where they belong; but I don't call this 'ere no weddin', now, not to speak of—not to say, now—no reel weddin'. We'll say, now, a kind of a merriage-like. But you an' I are talkin'. We'll say, now, that you an' I git a-talkin'—right onto the pint of it—not no reel

weddin', without a house-warmin' into it; an' I so state—that is, ef you ask my opinion into it—otherways, I don't say nothin' about what's none o' my business."

"It aint no weddin' with nothin' to drink it into," growls Caddington. "This new dominie of ourn's the least mite flighty with his ways an' things—a-flyin' into the faces of the Scriptors, I call it."

The connection of Caddington's remarks may not be perfectly distinct, but he proceeds no further, thinking it beneath his dignity, inasmuch as he spies the aggravating Cham at hand, quite attentive to his words, and gracing them with appropriate gesture, by doubling up his palms in form of a scoop or funnel, and making feint to pour exhilarating beverages through them down his own throat, smacking his lips the while, and puckering his mouth—a pantomime which is presently taken up by Dan Durdle, John Simon, and sundry other half-fledged lads, who hang about, to Caddington's intense disgust.

"This new dominie of ourn" is no other than our friend, Rev. Bendleton. Bendleton is about to marry, for the first time. Do not curl thy lip, reader of the gentle sex, and scornfully inquire how many times we propose to have him marry? Many, we trust, and so does he. The phrase is sometimes as equivocal as the performance. He is not about to marry a wife, but to marry a couple—if you like it better. He is not going to marry his own wife, but to marry another's—if that pleases you. As for himself, John Bendleton is well content with that little bundle of repressed enthusiasm and gushing poesies, shadowed by gravity and grace of clerical wifehood, "lyng, being, and situate" where Rev. Mrs., or Mrs. Rev., Jenny Bendleton, *née* Perley, is wont to be visible, all alone, at the head of the front pew—"from Sabbath to Sabbath," as

they say, happily, however, appending the explanation, "and from time to time," as otherwise it might be fatiguing.

Rev. Mrs. Bendleton usually sits there, snuggled up in the lonely corner of the pew, suggestively of possible companionship in some remote future, dressed demurely, and rigid with the responsibility of her position. Her seat is located immediately beneath the pulpit, as of one appointed to break the intelligence from that eminence, by degrees, to the congregation, and accompany the same with the exemplifications of a gentle life, like an annual illuminated with portraits of leading beauties; perhaps, also, to break the force of applications or of exhortations, that might otherwise seem too severe or personal—for, if she can bear the pulpit blows, certainly can those behind her; possibly, however, to shake her head the least bit, or bow it down upon the pew-rim, in a suggestive manner, by way of dissent from anything dubious, or emotional assent to anything impressive; at all events, to encourage and lead forth the clustering worshippers closer to that embodiment of goodness standing in the pulpit; and, at the last, it may be, to interpose the screen of her discreet and reverential wifeness between a weary preacher and a disturbed or disaffected people in the years to come. However, we need not say so much about it, for Rev. Jenny is not in her seat before Rev. John this afternoon.

"She is a-comin' with them weddin'ers," whispers Mrs. Caddington to Aunt Rojanny. "I b'lieve she's sot out to stan' up with 'em, for all. Young married folks hes no call, for all, for no sich capers, now..."

"Young married folks," says Aunt Rojanny, curtly, "is mostly fools. But, then, there's others, agin."

Notwithstanding such talk, the young Rev. Mrs. Bendleton is a great favorite

among the people, partly because she is so little, partly because she is so sensible. Rev. Bendleton himself has all the newness of "our new minister" upon him, and a certain mistiness and reserve about him not quite penetrable. He has been here two months, and has been married one month. The common saying is, that they "kind o' like him, but they don't know exactly what to make of him." Sometimes, in the pulpit, he preaches them a good old-fashioned sermon—well rounded, well divided; crammed and crepitant with the dear familiar truth, the very sound of which they love; and utters it with the exact form of sound words into which their souls have been molded, as we accustom ourselves to a certain kind of dress, or our shoes and gloves take the shape of our feet and hands.

These discourses have evidently been prepared in his early studies; and at resonances thereof the bench of elders shows a pleased solemnity, while the very sleepers have a more comforted look upon their faces, showing that even slumber can be edified by truth. But, at other times, he darts to the very brink of some craggy and precipitous sentiment or statement, poises himself an instant, and straightway begins to soar among the clouds; whereupon, his auditors—having seen him well out of danger, and safely out of sight, and entertaining a patient and respectful confidence that he will turn up again, descending at the right place and time, like a successful aeronaut—address their fancies promptly to more practical details, the family groups, the newer bonnets, the market prices, and the probable engagements; while some dream placid dreams, and see mingled visions, in which horses, hay-stacks, plows, harrows, wagons, sleds, and store goods, overturn each other.

John Bendleton has become an Ultrawan at heart, and his Ultrawan ideas

tinge his other thoughts and teachings; as Nature means the flowing rivulet, the bubbling spring—all living waters whatsoever—to be tintured by earth-salts of remotest districts through which they pass. Otherwise, where were your hard water for drinking, your soft water for washing?—where your mineral springs, or those clear, cold mountain brooks, that refresh you so?

Radical revolutions of human thought are wrought by a fresh idea which is hidden or obscure, and reaches out with the feelers of its influence to affect details in themselves minor and detached; even as by the motive-power hidden in the basement, shuttles and looms, or printing-presses, ply their various details throughout a many-storied building; or, as a stationary engine on the height moves rumbling wheels along the level and up the slope.

Now, Ultrawa is out of sight, and going farther still. As far apart its colony from the people of the day, as the hidden hamlet from the Long Shore Tavern or the village church.

Bendleton, moreover, gives no formal adhesion to its practices, or to the expression of its theories. Nevertheless, his thoughts move forward, upon a plane of hope for the emancipation of the animal creaturehood; in vivid pictures of the golden age; in distinct conceptions of the solidities of other spheres, their contacts, analogies, and fellowship to be opened; and in broad, benignant propositions for the reconstruction of human habits of life and social practices—such as cause thinkers to think more profoundly, and, as to the residue of his hearers—put some into an uneasy wondering, and others into an easy sleep.

A thing to be observed, is the make-up of his audiences. The regular village church-goers are there, of course—Bendleton, or no Bendleton—for Bay Coast has been well brought up. But everybody is surprised at the quality

of the hearers introduced into the sanctuary. Some are from remote districts, a few even from the city, and, from the village itself, here and there a man with a big bald head, or a restless eye, or aquiline nose and eager physiognomy, whom Mrs. Charger “had always known, in the good old days, then, for an infidual, out an’ out, for all;” Mrs. Charger being a little confused, perhaps, between the terms “individual” and “infidel,” as terms of odium, and deploring the prospect of such a one taking it upon him to become anything besides. While little Miss Plimley vouches for it, that, “in grandmother’s time, them kind of men always killed themselves, because grandmother was one time tellin’ of it, in a whole roomful of company, about a man, you see—let me see—I think it was in the fall of the year, and I think grandmother—no! I won’t be sure; but now I think of it—no! it wasn’t when she was makin’ up her quinces, neither—now do hear me, now! it was in the summer, and she was makin’ up her cherries—now I remember all about it; it was a roomful of company, and grandmother—she was a settin’ over there like—she said a man had killed hisself, and he was a infiddle, and his wife was took sick that very summer—an’ she got better—I remember it now, Mrs. Parner, ma’am, by its bein’ the year there was so many red plums, that grandmother said it. But that man was one of the same kind—he killed hisself, and he was a infiddle.”

To all which, uttered at a tea-table, Aunt Rojanny, her patience giving out, had exploded the following gruff and startling response:

“The Scriptor says—there’s wuss!”

These new listeners came in, at first casually, and stealthily, and were given to accost one and another of their acquaintances with surprise:

“You here! the last place I should have thought to find you in.”

"Yes, I drop in occasionally, to hear the new man. There is something earnest about him—I don't agree with him, at all, of course. But you are the last man I should have looked for here."

Now, however, they sprinkle the audience so extensively that the young folks cease to turn their eyes upon them, as upon curiosities, and even Mrs. Cad-dington forgets to glare.

Among their number, strange to say, is Doctor Plunk—his boots creaking, as sonorously as ever, but his eyes taking a milder and more genial expression.

A society has been organized, through Bendleton's influence, with the name and style of "A Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Animal Race, in Bay Coast, and its vicinity." Of this, Dr. Plunk has become Secretary; and Farmer Begg has allowed himself to be elected "cheerman," in a stately way, vaguely surmising that the main object in view is to "put a stop to them horse-jockeys," and he has "hed enough of them there fellows oncet," and wishes he "hed never sot eyes onto none of 'em;" while Job Toll has got it into his head—and, as Rojanny observes, "wild horses couldn't draw it out"—that to "ameliorate," is to improve the stock, by feeding better fodder, and especially more meal—and lives in hopes to see the pesky brindle heifer brought to a better mind, and the famous gray and sorrel team the more fat and flourishing in the evening of their days.

The society has been propitiously begun at its first meeting; Farmer Begg accepting "this here presidential orifice, only as tempory cheerman—please all hands to come forrid;" and the meeting being well conducted in the main, notwithstanding sundry pleasantries on the part of Birdie Cham, enacted by way of practical illustration—such as his whistling like a magpie, crowing like a rooster, yelling like an offended poodle, mew-ing softly like a diminutive kitten; and

after a breathless hush, suddenly giving vent to a fearful bellow, like the maddest of mad bulls, with such force as to cause several auditors to bounce from their seats, to the accompaniment of one female shriek, and much applause from mischievous urchins; while the "cheerman's" brow perspires so that it requires incessant mopping, before he can muster dignity to call out, "Order, order! 'tention the hull! In virtoo of the cheer, I hereby state an' say, be done with that there noise."

In such unassuming circumstances, does Bay Coast touch the borders of a mighty thought; an approaching revolution. In loftier circumstances, do other coasts, and classes of society, approach the same; perhaps, however, with no more appreciation of its bearings, and no more consciousness in all their "Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and the like—of that reform, which, the Ultrawans declare shall yet reverse man's notion of the animal nature, the habits of his own material subsistence, and the structure of society—abolishing the artificial, arbitrary distinction between the terms "instinct" and "reason," and opening the era in which "they shall not hurt nor destroy."

But we must return to the crowd waiting for the wedding. The bell strikes up its liveliest peal, as the marrying party come in sight. Rev. Bendleton takes his stand before the pulpit, which is a signal that puts expectation on tip-toe.

During the interval of brief suspense, the assembly is a little flurried by one or two mishaps.

It appears that the village choir have concluded, of their own accord, to open the exercises by singing a "set piece," which may be strictly styled a "voluntary," inasmuch as no one besides themselves anticipates it, or, one may say, desires it. Of course, the piece must

be in some measure appropriate, and there has been more or less discussion in respect to it. The decision of Jeems Ward, however, has been in favor of "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," as best suited to bring forth the shriller notes of the seraphina, and moreover, as being of a lively strain throughout. But, by some misunderstanding—we will not insinuate intentional stubbornness—Amelia Ann Strug, who, to do her justice, has one of the most penetrating voices, has seen fit to remain under the illusion that "Strike the cymbals," in which she is a very Miriam, is to be the introductory ode. In this, she is confirmed by the long-legged Copples, whose growl is good for bass, while his bass is good for growling, and whose deep notes form not infrequently a philharmonic concord with the quavering life of Amelia Ann Strug. Copples asserts at choir-meeting, "That's the piece to select. Them that can han'le high notes, can hev 'em high to han'le; an' them that can han'le low notes, can hev 'em low's they like."

The instant, then, that the grave Bendleton takes his stand in sacred expectation, the choir starts on this, its double track; both sets in full and sudden blast—both sets in sudden stint and mutual stare, and finally abrupt jerk and deadlock halt. The congregation screws itself round to see what is the matter; wry necks twisted toward the wry faces in the gallery, until it is to be feared lest some of the more snappish may be snapped asunder. Giggling, however, prevails, and Teun Larkin in the corner gallery gives a vigorous snort; but perceiving glances turned upon him, and good old Deacon Durdle approaching that portion of the sacred edifice, with righteous wrath upon his visage, Teun is seized with a violent spell of coughing, and that not availing to check the deacon's approach, he leaps over the pew-back, darts down stairs with much

clattering racket of his clumpy shoes, and disappears through the porch with fearful yelp, only to skulk and re-enter behind the bridal party, so hiding in another angle of the building.

Meantime, the rival songstresses content themselves with silent frowns, and tosses of the head; and Copples mutters to Jeems Ward, "Wot's the reason you can't let us han'le a tune fit to han'le?" To which Jeems Ward rejoins between his teeth, "I'd like a chance to han'le you!"

This diversion over—and surely it deserves the name—the assembly is settling to reverent and eager expectation, when there occurs another interruption—a mischance happening to a large bouquet of flowers prepared by the hands of Van Horn.

At some time in his life, Van Horn has been at the theatre, and also once at the Commencement of a college—on which occasions, his youngest relatives, accompanying him, hurled floral tokens on the stage. Van Horn understands this to be a stylish and fashionable method of expressing good wishes to any fellow-being, at any crisis on the stage of action. Accordingly, he has come with his tribute, in which he takes much pride. He proposes to fling it at the feet of the bride when she shall reach the altar. But in the confusion occasioned by the choir, he has deposited it upon the seat. And now, "Quick, where is that booky? Where's them flowers?" he demands in husky tones. "I say—blarst it all—where's my roses? Hang it, you everlastin' Charger, you blame thing! you've ben and sot onto to 'em! They'm all squshed." Sure enough, Charger, entering meekly, has plumped himself heedlessly upon the nosegay, and can only answer feebly: "Bodder to it; don't bodder about no flowers!" There is not a moment to lose. Van Horn clutches the dilapidated "booky," and sends it flying at the entering proces-

sion; unfortunately the string has broken, and the roses fly in all directions—one red bloom hitting Mrs. Caddington upon the nose, and many petals flaking indiscriminately the stately bonnet of Rojanny Toll.

How closely lie the contrastive scenes of common life. The rustle, bustle, levity, and tumult disappear in a moment, when the sweet bride and graceful bridegroom, entering, reveal the radiant delight and rare solemnity of the occasion. Calla Conrad, though little given to mix in general society, is idolized by the villagers, for her beauty and her winning ways; while the suavity and dignity combined, which characterize Thurwälsden Conrad, her father, and the report that her noble-looking bridegroom is on the eve of some great fortune, or high office—no one knows which, or where—as well as the lovely picture they present, make all hearts hush in the delicious reverence of the hour.

Arthur and Calla are standing before their friend, as an officiating priest. There is none of the usual flutter or embarrassment in their demeanor. In their view of life, the tie between them has been already knit in the recesses of the Crystal Hill at Ultrawa. These present rites are due to the familiar world about them, and the good usages of society. A smile of unutterable serenity mantles both faces; an expression so identical in either, that it seems to be a thread of lace-like lustre, binding brow to brow.

There are no bridesmaids nor grooms-men in the usual sense. Immediately behind the pair, Thurwälsden Conrad and the venerable Senior Gabriel Ambrose, stand together. Jennie Bendleton has entered with them, but takes her place at the head of her own ecclesiastical pew. The old blackey, Franz, has had permission to stand hard by, for old times' sake and faithful service.

And now, John Bendleton utters the

simple form of marriage service which he has arranged, sealing it with apposite appeal: "You accept each other? You accept your way, and work, together? Together you will serve your day, and worship God? Together may you dwell forever, in the world of light—the coming age."

John, it seems, has some new-fangled objection to the usual phrase, "until death do you part"—claiming that it would be more accurate to say, "until you mingle more distinctly in the life that knows no death;" therefore he omits that clause.

The ceremony is attended by a peculiarity still more marked. Instead of the ordinary gold ring with which the bridegroom is supposed to enchain the lily finger of his bride, and carry her a captive, there are two stone circlets, delicate and gleaming, that have been cut from the Magnet Rock of Crystal Hill in Ultrawa. These do not require to be studied with other precious stones, for they are precious stones themselves—they sparkle and they flash with whitest light that fairly quivers on the view. Ambrose hands them to Calla's father, and he, in turn, commits them to the minister, who puts one upon the bride's finger and another upon that of the bridegroom. Arthur then produces once more from its casket the Ultrawan badge, or magnetic tablet—of which this history has told—holding it outspread upon his open palm, and Calla gently places her own upon it, so that their clasp incloses it, and it is hidden once again symbolically, but hidden only in the secrecy of unity and the confidence of love, while their ringed fingers meet upon it, and their graceful brows bend together above it. Bendleton standing before them, and Conrad and Gabriel Ambrose on either side, confirm the covenant by the laying on of their own hands—the group, for the instant, clustering closely. Then the others step back, and

the married pair, standing alone in this new-made unity of the future, each kissing it first, replace the mystic lodestone of their mission—the badge of their high destiny—which, in its separate hemispheres or semicircles, has, like the lineage to which it was first committed, and in type and symbol of the experience of the whole career of that creaturehood in behalf of which it first fell from the skies, passed through the appointed shadows; the one semicircle of its disk having wrought its marvel in the very grave-dust, and been thence recovered in the course of those curious vicissitudes which these pages have described; the other having been restored, at last, from its century of slumber in the old world, and so matched again. After the years of patience and of prophecy, the two stand together, and the lost is found. It is in tones quivering with sublime emotion, in view of the scenes and services to which they go, that our young preacher speaks those sacred words: “What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!”

The sunset hour has been selected by the lovers for these marriage rites, partly at the suggestion of Conrad himself, that it may envelop, as it does, their western errand with the golden glory of this latest eastern hour, so marshaling their way.

And, singularly now, as the spectators all take notice, the altar is so situated toward the south-western window of the little church, and the window hangs at such an elevation, that the precise spot on which they stand is steeped and flooded with the sun’s latest, lingering rays, as he bids the east good-by so reassuringly as to brush the crimson of his departing beams athwart it in bars and flecks of roseate reflection, mirroring in the evening lustre the coming dawn—as he bids the quiet landscape good-night, shedding sweet content and safety, because the morning cometh, and the day

is everlasting. Filtered in slender ray at first through, here and there, a window-pane, the sunset glow touches Bendleton’s forehead, then fringes upon his hands outstretched in the service and laid on theirs; until, all at once, the sinking sun sends up fresh streamers of effulgence, kindling the bride’s auburn hair to molten gold, and burnishing the bridegroom’s brow with radiance. The burning splendor enwraps their motionless repose.

Presently, the three kneel, and their clear, sweet tones, throbbing with worship, mingle in the Lord’s Prayer, followed by petitions so silent and profound that every breath in that little quaint old church is hushed, and twilight creeps softly on the spectacle, folding gentlest shadows—the rest and reverie of deep, deep peace.

It is done. Much greeting, smiling, weeping, kissing, chatting—the old, old scene, so ever new—the glad confusions, the attempted pleasantries, within the little group, and round about it; Mrs. Rev. Jenny Bendleton misbehaving somewhat, with gushes of tears and laughter, and little speeches, that might be deemed hysterical, until she catches sight of her parishioners, admiring her, whereupon she becomes suddenly grave and well-behaved enough, to make up for lost time. In a few moments the happy party pass down, between the eyes riveted upon them, and are speedily deposited in those curious compromises of vehicles—substantial coach-bodies upon slim sled-runners—and vanish over the snows, like a snow-wreath of beauty, in the direction of the city.

Now outpours the human torrent with much swirl of babble; then divides into rivulets of parting converse; and at last settles, here and there, into little pools, or, it may be, puddles of roadside talk.

But, if any reader desires to see the whole scene described, with wonderful

enlargements, mingled with many personalities and criticisms, as also to learn the adventures of Neville Nimmins with the Charger pony, and the course of the pony with "that Devil'd Niminy," and the like, we must refer him to the next issue of the *Bay Coast Enterprise and Herald of Humanity*, of date the following Tuesday. We have no space for trifles.

The people pass away. The only sad

face to be seen, the only silent manner to be witnessed, strange to say, belong to rollicking and rampant Cham. He walks apart very wistfully, betaking himself to the sea-side, and, seating himself upon the sand, looking very absent-minded, gives vent, after long silence, to a sigh, with this strange exclamation: "It beats all! Some folks allow that they don't believe in any other world; I don't believe into this here one."

ETC.

Pluck.

To courage add pertinacity, and you have pluck. Fortitude has the same element of steadfastness in it, but it is a sort of grim, passive courage, and lacks the resolute energy and *verve* that always characterize manly pluck. Valor is the noblest offspring of virtue and reason, but it is allied to battle; and valor in the contest of arms, is pluck in the conflict of individual career. In his catalogue of king-becoming graces, the immortal bard should have placed pluck first and foremost. This quality of spirit, for the most part inherent, is to some degree cultivatable, and grows by what it feeds on.

Genuine pluck is intrepidity tempered with common sense, and it is one of the chief agencies by which success is conciliated. Success in life is more largely dependent upon it than on any other single trait. A plucky man carries about with him the unmistakable indices of success. The difference in men is largely the difference in this simple will-power. Pluck is the sovereign Demos that brooks neither discouragement nor denial, but saith to trembling dalliance "Go!" and it goeth.

A man organized to drive among men, to lead, and to command, must be largely compounded of courage and enthusiasm, two of the chief elements that go to make up genuine pluck. It is impossible to simulate this quality; there is a magnetic power in it, irresistible and controlling—all counterfeits

lack the metallic ring of the true metal. Pluck is the generator of force, or, at least, compels latent forces to disclose themselves, thus preparing a man to deal with special emergencies, by the application of measures drawn from the inspiration of the moment. A man of pluck never takes counsel of his fears, but plunges into an irksome duty before the paralysis of distrust dethrones resolution; quickness of purpose is instantly followed by energy of action. He has the will-force to follow up the leadership of the brain.

The organizing genius and the creative power of a Carnot, an Alexander, or a Napoleon, would have availed little without having back of them the drive-wheels of an indomitable will, set in resolute tension toward victory. Gifted men in disgrace with fortune can have no better ally than pluck. It is the best inheritance that a mother can bequeath her child; and many a heroic toiler, whose life is one long Spartan struggle, and who tugs on in dumb agony from day to day, determined to conquer, exacts from grudging Nature generous recompense for all her woe, in the character imparted to an unborn child; and an applauding world finally pays her vicarious homage through her victorious chief-tain son, whose sublime heroism was begotten of her struggle before he saw the light.

To the plucky man there is no such word as fail. As by a miracle of vitality he survives all sorts of disaster, jumps up after every stumble, bounds back after every fall,

snaps his fingers at misfortune, whistles the tune of "a good time coming," and maintains an abiding faith in the omnipotence of effort. He never prates of hard times, but with a sort of sullen sagacity cuts the Gordian knot of difficulty with the well-whetted scimitar of a resistless pluck. Everything bends to the torrent-like force of his impetuous will. He is shielded, and helmed, and weaponed with pluck. All in all, a character plenteously endowed with grit and grace for moral struggle, and prudence and pluck for physical conflict, is well-equipped for life's campaign.

The American Abroad.

An English journal, which is leading in a critical sense, insinuates, with painful directness of language, that the current "American abroad" is unusually lavish of money, and boorish in manners. These terrible accusations are thrust at us under cover of a London fog—but they come to us clear enough, nevertheless. The thrust is accompanied by the humiliating assertion, that, notwithstanding the Vienna Exposition, the American rush Europeward is much under what had been anticipated, being only "a thousand or so" over that of last year. This is placing the Exposition in nearly as unenviable a position as the American abroad. One has failed to draw, and the other has failed to charm. It hardly requires that the fog out of which these insinuations have groped their way should be lifted for the causes which provoked them to be clearly understood, even at this immense distance. First, the grand total of Americans abroad this season are more nearly representatives of our moneyed aristocracy than of our aristocracy of culture and good breeding. More money and less politeness has gone to Europe this season than during any previous season. Secondly, the cry of cholera at Vienna got a trifle the start of the Exposition, and, like a withering frost, nipped its budding charms. Add to this the cry of gross mismanagement on the part of those who were delegated to represent American interests, and the entire secret of the ascribed failures is "out." The wiser and finer of the Americans who had contemplated going to Europe, became apprehensive of an ill season, and disgusted at the

cry of misapplied trust, and would not venture abroad on the probabilities of having to go to each other's funerals, and become witnesses of a national disgrace. They discreetly and modestly went in other and less hazardous directions, or remained at home. Having vented what he probably considered to be "disagreeable but wholesome truths," the author of the article in question feels constrained to do something in the way of deprecatory apology, and drops in this saccharine conclusion: "Intercourse with intelligent Americans would introduce us into a world of new ideas, and that we take to be one of the greatest enjoyments of rational travel; but for the present there are very few of us who are able to look upon our cousins in the light of acquisitions, and the absence of attraction would appear to be mutual." Although there are none in Europe at present, the magnanimous admission, by inference, that there *are* "intelligent Americans" in existence, is our sufficient consolation, and will happily prevent the feathers of the bald eagle from unseemly rising—will obviate the necessity of Jonathan removing his coat and cravat, and spitting on his hands.

Scintillations.

—Many a man is rich without knowing it. Of such are the husbands of wives whose mothers have gone to the happy land above, and whose sisters have emigrated, or gone to join their mother. Ask the average married man which he would prefer—his wife without female relatives and interference, or ten thousand dollars—and, though the pursuit of wealth may be the idol of his soul, he will decline the money and choose the peace which follows where the wife is the only care that comes with marriage.

—This is a glorious discovery—one that takes rank with the discovery of why an apple falls, or the use of the telescope. As a law to which there are but enough exceptions to prove the rule, only the selfish become insane. Insanity is the incarnation of selfishness. To the truth of this discovery the most eminent scientists and physicians testify. Let those who think only of themselves, and whose tendencies are all piggish, therefore take warning. The finger-post of the

their dispositions points plainly to a terminus at Stockton.

—Like unto the great multitude that no man could number, whom St. John speaks of in the Apocalypse, is the latter-day army of incapables. They are immovable sponges upon relatives, whom they keep forever poor. They can not keep a situation, and are barely competent to sit at a gate and collect tickets from a thin stream of passers-in. They are the skeleton in nearly every household, and the abundant cause of heart-burnings and poverty everywhere. They hang around like whipped curs, waiting for employment of such a menial description that none but those utterly emptied of industry, manhood, and pluck, would accept it. When one contemplates this heart-burning army of drones, how it fires the zeal in praying that parents may have their eyes opened to the necessity of making children work and obey early, and to the need of giving them a trade. The rule is almost invariable, that the child which is not taught to obey *before* five, and to work *before* fifteen, is lost. The parents who neglect these vital duties, have the promising outlook of seeing their boy become either a sponge or a thief—the one the half-way house, and the other the terminus.

A Few Scientific Personals.

On the other side of the continent, the good people of Portland had the pleasure of meeting and greeting, last month, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which held its annual session for this year at that city. The meetings of this association are, like that of the British society, held at a different place from year to year, and the result is to create a much more widely extended interest in substantial reading, and popularize, without cheapening or impairing, scientific study. We have no doubt that the last meeting was like its predecessors, an intellectual love-feast, in which it must have been a privilege to have participated. On this side, our scientific workers, though few in number, can with truth be said to display the strongest faith, and we are happy to know are meeting with greater appreciation. With the Academy of Sciences on one side of the Bay, and the University

of California upon the other, we may safely predict a more generous future to the energetic squad who have formed a sort of "forlorn hope," for twenty weary years.

Our friends have had the pleasure of again receiving Dr. Franz Steindachner, of the Imperial Museum of Vienna, who, having concluded his labors at Cambridge, Mass., has returned here overland to make a collection of West-American material to add to the already grand collections of the former city. It will be remembered that this gentleman accompanied Professor Agassiz on the "Hassler Expedition." And in this connection, the large additions made to the Cambridge Museum may in the main be credited to the downright hard work of Dr. Steindachner and Count Pourtales. The latter gentleman left the expedition at Panama, thus depriving us of the satisfaction of meeting him on the termination of the *Hassler's* voyage. As an illustration of the devotion of scientific students to their mistress, we will merely whisper that the expense of making this latter collection by Dr. Steindachner is paid by himself out of the savings of four years from a not large salary; and is to be presented by him to the museum of his native country. Will not our wealthy citizens take a hint from this, and give a moiety of their surplus for the common cause?

From the North, we have word from Mr. Dall that himself and party, on the U. S. Coast Survey schooner *Yukon*, are well and working well also. Mr. Dall reports the season as a month behind that of last year, the birds having commenced breeding by just that length of time later than the preceding season. The ice is reported as having reached a more southern line in Behring Sea than for the previous forty years. Mr. Dall and his party were probably long before this working up the hydrography of the western islands of the Aleutian chain, and devoting the "foggy weather" to natural history work.

From the same general direction comes Mr. H. W. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institution, who has been residing at the Prybiloff Islands for some time past, as special agent of the Treasury Department, and whose leisure moments have been occupied in sketching the scenery and observing the habits of

the animals, particularly the seals, of that region; as well as collecting for the National Museum. On Thursday evening, September 4th, Mr. Elliott exhibited his drawings, etc., at the hall of the Art Association, and we are warranted in saying that all parties who were present on that occasion were exceedingly well pleased. The following day Mr. Elliott left for Washington.

Capt. Scammon's work on *The Marine Mammals of the North-western Coast of North America* is progressing. The stereotype plates are in rapid course of completion, and about sixty pages of the text have passed through the press. The book, which is to be a full quarto, will be printed on clear, handsome pica type, will contain upward of seventy fine illustrations, mostly full-page, and in mechanical execution as well as in scientific merit will be a credit to the author and publishers. The publication of this work will be an important event in the scientific history of the State.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, President Davidson announced the forthcoming publication of a large volume by Mr. J. R. Smedburg, a member of the Academy, entitled *A Synopsis of British Gas Lighting*. This work is to be a large octavo of 950 pages and 200 illustrations. It is not claimed by its author to be an entirely original work, which of course can not be expected, but will be a judicious and practical compilation, embodying the important results of years of research and experience by practical and eminent men.

The U. S. steamer *Tuscarora*, commanded by Capt. Belknap, quietly left this port early in September, on a "surveying cruise," and with a modesty quite rare in these days, but few persons were aware of her intended voyage, or the motive of the cruise. Another member of the California Academy, Mr. W. J. Fisher, goes in the ship as naturalist, the vessel being well supplied with dredging and sounding apparatus for deep-sea work; the latter implements including a new invention of the captain's, which is pronounced by those familiar with the requirements of this service, an improvement over all other apparatus. We do not feel at liberty to allude

more fully to the objects of the expedition than to state that sounding for a cable telegraphic connection with our Indo-Pacific neighbors is one of the most important. Should the weather prove favorable and no accident occur, we look for interesting results from the *Tuscarora's* voyage.

Apropos of museum materials and collections, we learn that the extensive and beautiful collection of shells (*mollusca*) belonging to Mr. Stearns of this city, which is the result of over twenty years' selection and purchase, and, as we are informed by the best authority, is one of the few really fine collections in the country, has been offered to President Gilman for the University, at a price less than its actual cost. The University has appropriate apartments in the new college buildings for this valuable collection. Here is an opportunity for some of our wealthy citizens to do a noble and generous act in preventing—in all probability—this collection from gracing the rooms of some eastern educational institution.

At the time of printing the last sheets of the *OVERLAND* for this month, Prof. O. C. Marsh, and the exploring party of Yale College, were expected in this city. The very important discoveries made by the Professor and his Yale students on previous expeditions, warrant the belief that their last explorations in the interior of the continent will add much to our knowledge of the extinct fauna of a hitherto unfamiliar region. In a future number we hope to give our readers some particulars of the results of the Yale expedition.

From the recent papers in the *OVERLAND* by Mr. John Muir, on that portion of our State known as the Upper Tuolumne Valley, it might be inferred that the topography and striking geological features of this interesting region had not been previously noticed. In Volume I, on Geology, published by the State Geologist, the remarkable and prominent testimony of glacial action as exhibited in the region under consideration was pointed out; and also a very interesting and reliable paper on the Hetch-Hetchy Valley was read before the Academy of Sciences of this city, in 1867 or 1868, by Mr. C. F. Hoffman.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

OUTLINES OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By Joseph Gostwick and Robert Harrison. New York: Holt & Williams.

M. Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, applies what he is pleased to term his scientific method—the dominant idea of which is, to reduce history to a purely positivistic basis. In art criticism, also, he makes use of the same theory, seeking to explain art by social influences and other causes; humanity at different times and places, climate, and other conditions being laid under tribute for facts upon which to rest the theory. So, too, the literary development of any given age or people is made intelligible through a series of historical inductions terminating in a few inferential laws—and behold the philosophy of the history of literature! Or, to be more explicit still, in the language of his faithful translator, M. Taine deciphers the man in the age, and the age in the man. In other words, he becomes the historian of the human mind in depicting the events of a particular generation, and in exhibiting the share which the finished work of one era or race has had, in molding the work of the era which has succeeded, or the race which has displaced it.

The author of the work under review pursues no such philosophical method. He summarizes with great force and perspicuity the various positions held by the renowned philosophers and metaphysicians of whom he treats. But deductions are left to the reader. And is not this, after all, the wiser plan? In the balancing of historical data or evidence, is any historian or critic entitled to more than a mere expression of individual opinion, the value of such an opinion being measured by his mastery of the theme, and his freedom from sectional or personal bias? In arriving at a philosophy of inorganic Nature, science has little or nothing to fear from national leanings or private sympathies; but so long as human nature remains what it now is—given to prejudice and unconscious pre-

dilections—it is greatly to be feared that no philosophical method, as applied to literature, will be sufficiently precise and universal to yield genuine scientific results. At the same time, the world owes its meed of grateful recognition to the great and masterly French historian, for elevating and enlarging the province of legitimate literary criticism.

The general scope and intent of the volume before us, is clearly indicated in its title. These *Outlines* extend from the year 380 A. D. to 1870, thus giving a comprehensive view of the literature of the German people from earliest to latest times. The general character of the work is descriptive, rather than critical, the writers of the different schools and several periodicals being permitted to speak for themselves. In the development of their plan, the authors first give, in their historical connection, some notices of the general literature of the German language, to which are appended outlines of the special literatures of philology, theology, and philosophy. The First Period in the history of German literature, extending down to the eleventh century, is vividly sketched. From the scanty fragments that remain of the literature of the Gothic and old High German languages, they gather the story of a gradual spread of Christianity, and of the establishment of the authority of the Church in Central Europe. The literary character of the time was monastic, and presents little more than a few heathen ballads, and some translations of creeds, prayers, Latin hymns, and passages from the Bible.

The chapter devoted to the transitory splendors of the Second Period, is of rare interest. It shows how the Crusades awakened knighthood to a new life; how these acted romances not only served to develop commerce and civilization, but referred men back from Palestine and the so-called "holy places," to the heart, as the birth-place of religion; how wealth increased, art flourished, cities grew and prospered, and literature,

once confined to the monk's cell, was now transferred to courts and castles. Then follows a charming descriptive history of the two great imaginative works of the time—the national epic poems, “*Nibelungenlied*” and “*Gudrun*,” the latter being to the former what the *Odyssey* is to the *Iliad*. As the outgrowth of this same period, we have, also, the Romances of Chivalry; outlined sketches of “*Parzival*,” “*Tristan*,” “*Der arme Heinrich*,” and various antique traditions, monastic legends, and popular stories, including among the last, the romantic tale of “*Reynard the Fox*.” Specimens of lyric and didactic verse, pen photographs of that mediæval singer—the wandering troubadour—and brief mention of the scanty prose of that period, closes this interesting outline of Teutonic literature in its transition from the old to middle High German.

The Third Period is fully and clearly delineated—a period of German history when literature, cast aside as a worn-out fashion at courts and in the halls of nobles, found patrons among the towns-people, who could satirize existing institutions, without possessing any clear notion of the unity of order with freedom. Guilds were the chief institutions of civilization, and several of these guilds or schools, then established for the protection and promotion of musical composition, at Mayence, Nurnberg, and Ulm, were maintained until a comparatively recent date—the one at Ulm as late as the present century. The authors have not failed to give to Tauler the prominence to which his exalted genius and genuine religious fervor justly entitle him. Like a resplendent star, he shines through the rifts in the clouds of early ecclesiastical history; and amid the mysticism, persecution, and gloom of that closing period of the middle ages, we gather, as the grand *residuum* of his brave polemic writings, the truth immortal, then as now, that true religion is neither a history nor an external institution, but a life in the souls of men; that whatever is spiritual is also practical, and becomes truth only as it is realized in personal experience. The didactic and satirical literature of the Third Period, is shown to be but the muttering of a grim and restless discontent, which was to break forth into the loud-voiced thunder of

the sixteenth century, when Von Hutten hurled his fierce epistles at the Romish clergy, and Luther, burning the papal bull issued against him, made his memorable protest at Worms, and when warfare seemed to be the only atmosphere in which men could breathe. A well-conceived review of the contemporary theologians, Berthold, Zwingli, Agricola, Böhme, and others, together with the leading historians of that day, and a pleasing history of lyrical poetry, psalmody, popular songs, dramatic productions, comedies, and the “*People's Books*,” closes this notable period of German literature.

The distinguished characters of the Fifth Period are carefully drawn. Prominent among them we have sketched Neander, the Paul Gerhardt of the Reformed Church; Leibnitz, twin in thought with Newton, and disputing honors with him in regard to great scientific discoveries, and opposing with vigorous hostility the doctrines of Spinoza and the philosophy of Locke; and Christian Wolf, with his twenty-two quarto volumes crammed with a sort of self-complacent dogmatism, which unconsciously disguised itself under the name of enlightenment.

The Sixth Period is mainly devoted to Winckelmann, Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland, representative men of the eighteenth century, who were the glad reapers in the harvest fields sown by Opitz, Schupp, Leibnitz, and Wolf, and who, in their turn, were to break ground for men of such transcendent genius as Goethe, Schiller, Schopenhauer, Schelling, Kant, Hegel, and Herbart.

The authors wisely devote much space to Lessing, the great reformer of the literature of the German people, who breathed into it a new spirit, and inspired it with a new will, and whose true monument is to be seen to-day in the richest German literature of the nineteenth century. He was the grand pioneer of progress in almost every avenue of thought, a royal soldier in the cause of freedom. In the work before us, the respective claims of Klopstock and Lessing are nicely discriminated. The former is set down as the poet by native birthright, although slenderly conversant with the rules of poetic art. Lessing is accredited with having developed the ideal of a national literature, founded on a union of poetry and speculation, and ex-

pressed in artistic forms. In their review of this mighty genius, the authors have, perhaps, failed to adequately bring out the superior critical faculty of this immortal seeker after the truth, to whom Macaulay assigned the position of first critic in Europe. And if the laurel-wreath of the poet be not accorded him by the verdict of posterity, may it not be from the fact that this superb genius for criticism held the imagination in check, forbidding its elastic play? In this connection, we recall what Lessing, in his *Dramaturgie*, says of himself on this very point: "I am neither actor nor poet. The oldest of my efforts belong to the years when people readily accept mirth and light-heartedness for genius; what is tolerable in my late efforts is owing, I am conscious, solely and alone to the critical faculty." We find ourselves regretting the lavish space given to quotations from the dramatic works of this great author, while we look longingly for some of those sublime utterances contained in his rhapsody on the *Education of Humanity*, where, with all the energy of inspired conviction, he voices words pregnant with prophetic promise for the ages yet to come; as where, with his seer-like gaze fixed upon the future, he says: "It will come, it will assuredly come, that time of perfection, when man, the more his reason is persuaded of a better future, will need the less to seek therefrom his motives for action; when he will do right because it is the right, and not because there are affixed, arbitrary guerdons which prevent his deluded vision from recognizing the inner better rewards. It will assuredly come, that time of a new, immortal evangel—ay, and we may read its promise in the elementary school-book of the new covenant."

Of the authors' review of the Seventh Period of German literature, embraced within the scope of sixty years, we have not space to speak in detail. Fully two-fifths of the work is devoted to the important movements and interests connected with this remarkable era, when Goethe and Schiller shone as stars of the first magnitude in the literary heavens. The writings of these marvelous men are subjected to the most careful analysis, in a review which covers nearly one hundred and twenty closely printed pages. Goethe lived

so long that he was acquainted with three generations of literary men. Platen, Heine, and Ebert, were the rising poets of his twilight days.

Leaving the open-field sunshine of Kant and Schiller, the authors proceed to the forest shadows of the Romantic School, where Schelling airs his philosophy, and Tieck revives the poetry of the middle ages. Philosophers, publicists, poets, and patriotic statesmen of that period are carefully noted, and religion, morals, politics, and æsthetics are cautiously considered.

What might be termed an Eighth Period—embracing the prolific German literature that has appeared since 1830—closes this invaluable work. As many of its writers are still living, it does not yet properly belong to history; but the subjects treated are of intense interest. The thoughts on Modern Realism, Materialism, National Economy, and Social Science, are singularly clear and suggestive.

The authors have done their work after the best models of historical artists. They are conscientious, painstaking, generous, and sympathetic, while, at the same time, they are accurate, discriminating, and impartial. The workmanship is of high order, the sparkling translation itself being a rare achievement. The volume is in every way a valuable addition to English literature, and will speedily win its way to public favor, and find a place in every well-selected library.

THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC. By John Erastus Lester. Boston: Shepard & Gill.

This book is more or less infirm; it has an imprescriptible right to be sickly. Its gentle author was a valetudinarian; he tells us so in the very first line of the demure preface. The work has been considerably undertaken in the interest of many, who, if they could only be informed how to make the trip across the continent, would gladly set out for the Pacific. And so the kind, disinterested soul, wrestling with its weight of infirmities, set itself diligently to the task of sketching a true historical picture, with almost infinite detail. The narrator was a self-confessed invalid, but it does not, therefore, follow that

his narrative is invalid. On the contrary, we are expressly informed that a variety of circumstances conspired to give the self-renunciatory author peculiar advantages for learning of the people whom he met, as well as for viewing the country, and beholding the magnificent scenery.

As we read the marvelously accurate descriptions of men and things, we are perpetually reminded of the renowned artist who painted a beer-bottle with such skill that the cork flew out just as he was finishing it, and who, after he was married, painted a picture of his first baby so life-like that it cried, and his wife spanked it before she discovered her mistake. As, for instance, his description of a stroll down "that fashionable thoroughfare"—Kearny Street :

"We had not walked far before we perceived two ladies coming down the street—the one dressed in a suit of thin lawn throughout, with hat telling of summer time; the other dressed in a gown of dark, heavy cloth, and with a long fur cloak on, and hat and costume telling of a New England winter. Yet this pair of ladies walked down the street, side by side, without attracting any notice." [How could the naughty author say this, when they so challenged his gracious recognition, as to cause him to immortalize them in his imperishable pastoral? But he proceeds to remark:] "A little observation soon told me that the ladies dressed just as their fancy and taste dictated," [an outrageous proceeding!] "making, as they promenade the streets, or filled the spacious churches, a perfect medley of colors, styles, fashions, forms, and material—a bouquet of feminine charms," as one writer says; but we hold the expression 'for advisement.'"

His opinion of our church edifices is sadly humiliating to us. We sit in the shadow of conscious self-abasement, as we read: "The churches are not, as a class, at all creditable. Several new ones, among them Doctor Stone's, are fair in their proportions;" [Thanks for this crumb of approbation, reverend sir!] "but there is in them all a lack of harmonious blending of materials used, and in the adjustments of the lines of gables, windows, doors, etc. The Episcopal Church is almost ugly in its appearance;" [Doubtless this last-named church is a noun of multitude conveying plurality of idea!] "Calvary is better, but has the look of an opera-house." Now, we submit it, is not this a little too much to bear unmurmuringly? We could hide our meek heads for very shame.

To go down into history after that fashion! To have coming generations wag their impious heads at us for worshiping in temples that look like opera-houses! "O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" "O, for the wings of a dove!" Is not

"Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here?"

We feel almost desperate enough to raze the uncouth structures to the ground. We experience the infantile throbbings that culminated in "firing the Ephesian dome," or some other dome.

And then he says he "can not speak very highly of the architecture of the city. . . . The dwellings are neither elegant nor comfortable, as a rule—generally small, one-story, three-roomed houses. Recently some quite fine private houses have been erected; but all seem so unhomelike, and so destitute of all grace and beauty. The public buildings are so out of proportion that they are deprived of all architectural claims." Now, we fervently trust, that the "powers that be" will feel sufficiently chagrined at this public exposure, to set about remedying matters at once. Let a committee be appointed to wait upon the distinguished author, at the earliest possible day, and learn his views in regard to public buildings. He has, no doubt, in his extensive travel, up and down the earth, gathered up and harmonized into grand ideals of structure all the proper economic and æsthetic ideas known in architecture, or conveyable by art. He is, unquestionably, master of all the specific needs of any given structure. Ruskin's *Seven Lamps* pale before this new embodiment of symmetry, proportion, harmony, and artistic design. He says nothing of the Grecian, the Doric, the Ionic, or the Corinthian; but we feel assured his prolific genius has resolved all the intricate laws of idea, material, and form, as pertaining to the noble art of architecture.

But we must pass on. We deplore our wretched short-comings still more deeply, as we find that this illustrious author and traveler is likewise displeased with our schools, our manufacturing interests, our horse-cars, our plank walks, our afternoon fogs, our summer zephyrs, and even with our Sabbaths. He blandly vouchsafes a few kind words of admiring consideration for our fish gerani-

ums, fuchsias, pelargoniums, and sea-lions. This makes us momentarily deplore that we are not a fish-geranium, a fuchsia, a pelargonium, or a sea-lion. But wherefore waste the weary hours in bootless regrets? It is too late now—forever, alas! too late—and

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, ‘It might have been.’”

We have neither space nor heart for more. What the renowned and brilliant author has to say of the Great Geysers, of surrounding cities, of the famed Yosemite, of Nevada Cañon, of Salt Lake City, of Denver, of quartz-mining in Colorado, and of innumerable other places and things, is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles of “what to see, and how to see it”—*The Atlantic to the Pacific?*

MODERN MAGIC. By M. Schele de Vere.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Disbelievers in the immortality of the soul are wont to reason in this wise: “Omniscience has so ordered the universe that all the conditions of accurate knowledge are either patent to the senses, or demonstrable from perceptible phenomena by fixed processes of reasoning. But no scientific observer has yet been able to note the facts from which the existence of disembodied life could be logically induced. Hence there can be no accurate knowledge in the premises.”

There exists everywhere and at all times a large class of minds to whom Revelation commends itself as stating what their own consciousness feels must be true—the continued existence of the soul after the death of the body. Yet to the more practical of those who expect immortality beyond the grave, there is ever present more or less of doubt, as to the groundwork of a belief which finds no corroboration among the works of God, or the writings attributed to his Spirit. Such a one might say: “It is of infinitely more importance to man to be able to gain heaven, than to navigate a ship from port to port. Yet the rules of navigation are mathematically exact; why, then, is not the way to heaven equally so? That it is not so disproves the claims of Revelation, or else proves that God is unjust. For how could

a just God invest with certainty the lesser knowledge, leaving the greater in uncertainty? Why are we so constituted as to learn accurately only by the use of our reason among the facts of Nature, yet are prevented from applying this method to the question of immortality? If the Scriptures be written by the inspiration of the Almighty, why are they not corroborated by the works of the Almighty?”

Thus have men always sought for a sign, forgetful of the promise that “no sign shall be given them.” The believers in Swedenborg, in Edmonds, and many others, whose wish in this matter is father to the thought, are convinced that men *have* observed all the facts necessary to establish the immortality of the soul. Very many books have been written, detailing the observations of “seers,” of persons entranced, of mediums of all descriptions; yet the very physical condition of such so-called observers forbids the verification of their experiments by sound minds in normal state. So that the element of faith is as essential to belief in their utterances, as it is in the Revelations of the Scriptures.

The work before us seems to be designed to supply the deficiency of observed phenomena tending to establish the existence of disembodied life. The author is an *a priori* believer in immortality, yet in his preface he acknowledges that “there is no evidence whatever before us as to the mutual relations of soul and body after death. Here necessarily all must be mere speculation.” Assuming the truth of Revelation on this subject, he has simply furnished us with a complete collection of ghost stories, gathered with great industry from the literature of all ages and countries, but without any reference to their authenticity. Under the title of “Modern Magic,” upon whose fitness he himself casts doubt, he presents these stories in several chapters concerning Witchcraft, Black and White Magic, Dreams, Visions, Ghosts, Divination, Possession, Magnetism, and Miraculous Cures. He draws largely for his presumed facts on the legends of the Roman Church, and of the middle ages, but ignores modern spiritualism altogether. He sets out with no theory, and concludes without a word of argument or attempt at induction. His object seems to be to supply the

demand for facts from which the immortality of the soul might be scientifically demonstrated; but he can not conceal the consciousness that those he has collected with so much pains are for the most part but little better than old wives' fables. The book has the merit of reminding the reader that there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has ever dreamed of. If this be the object of the author, he has attained it. If not, we fail to see why his book was written.

THE STORY OF FELICE. By Esmeralda Boyle. London: Trubner & Co.

If the war of the rebellion had never been fought, this book of verse would never have been written, and the latter contingency could hardly be regarded in the light of a public calamity.

Felice is a fair southern damsel, of whose light-heartedness it is rather prettily said, that

"Where there shone no sun - gold in her sky,
The sky was blue,"

dreaming away a purposeless, but not unpleasant existence with an uncompanionable papa, a "stern, pale, silent man," "cold as the philosophy he learned," and wedded to his books; among which his less intellectual daughter is evidently ill at ease, since we are told that in them she

"Read strange words, saw leathern backs,
And nothing more."

This very desirable sort of life is interrupted by the thunders of the war. We hear nothing more of the papa, but Felice is sent to a "maiden aunt" in a "Creole home," and is fallen in love with by a "Cousin Rupert." We are informed that

"She liked his suit
Of homespun gray;"

but not appearing to favor his other suit, Rupert enlists for the war. Felice starts for Cuba; is made captive by a Federal gun-boat; Rupert appears in an opportune but unexplained manner, and aids her escape, and they find refuge with an "aged widow" in the woods, but are surprised by the enemy, and both again are prisoners. Plot and manner of narration in this story are alike confused.

Felice is a prisoner, yet she falls in love with a "Federal knight" in her "protector's home," and thereby becomes a rival of her protector's daughter, whose face is expressive of unutterable revengeful things, yet who doesn't seem to do anything except tell Felice's fortune, upon an occasion, and therein predict her speedy marriage with death. Rupert, whom we left in prison, is unexpectedly presented to us a corpse upon the battle-field; after which there is "peace." The remaining characters pass from our sight in a pleasure-boat drifting out to sea, and as they never "come back," though apostrophized to do so, the inference is that they all got drowned.

Such is *Felice*: a story which requires twenty-two cantos in the telling, and whose only merit is in its general correctness of rhyme and rhythm; a book, indeed, which does not fairly come within the region of literary criticism, and in which the five little "Bird-Songs," at the close, which are really quite sweet and melodious in their simplicity, are the nearest approach to the distinction of poetry.

OUTLINES OF MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS.
By Mary Clemmer Ames. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The authoress of this work is very generally known as one of the most piquant and vivacious of newspaper correspondents. Her letters from Washington to the New York *Independent* have been a feature of that popular journal for several years past, contributing alike to the popularity of the paper and their genial author. Though at times brusque and eccentric, they are crisp and sparkling. Her character portraiture is unusually fine; in this department Mrs. Ames is thoroughly at home. With feminine accuracy and nicety of detail she paints her pictures from life; there are no lay-figures and dummies. As, for instance, in her description of Lola Montez, in her first lecture after her last return from Europe:

"Lola appeared, looking as radiant as her beautiful portrait, hung out on Broadway, and quite as young. The lithe grace of her form was displayed to advantage in its voluminous garb of black velvet; a lace collar encircled the throat; cobweb laces fell over her arms, and a pocket handkerchief of the same fascin-

ating fabric floated in one delicate hand. She wore no jewelry, not even a breast-pin or ring, a bouquet of natural flowers being her only ornament. . . . But when the great blue eyes grew scintillant with smiles, and the electric voice in most exquisite intonations vibrated through the great hall in these words, 'I hope none of you will accuse me of abusing the English,' every reputed sin of the speaker was forgotten, and the audience, unconsciously, yet perfectly, seemed to pass within the sphere of her control. Not an element of popularity was wanting in this lecture. Wit, satire, sarcasm double-edged yet sheathed in smiles, history, politics, religion; quotations from Scripture; anecdotes of society, all followed each other in brilliant succession.

"She mixed with her careless gossip a strange quantity of sagacious thought, and of earnest, humane reflection. Rarely a man, and very rarely a woman, holds so complete a control over the modulations of voice as did Lola. Ever changing, its intonations were perfect and sweet as they were infinite. In her *physique*, in the perfect abandon of her manner, in her voice, were hidden the secrets of her power. The rest was centred in her head, rather than in her heart. She had a most subtle perception of character, a crystal intellect, and any quantity of *sang-froid*. The delicate skill with which she played upon that harp of many strings, a popular audience, proved her to be the natural diplomat. She carried the audience with her completely; and when at last the velvet robe, the laces, the bouquet of flowers, and the rarely radiant face made their courtesy-exit, it was amid the most enthusiastic applause."

Could anything be more neatly done in the way of description? As a student of natural scenery she is less happy. Her "Arlington in May," with which the volume opens, is a disappointment; with a subject so fruitful, the results are but meagre. There is a surplusage of sentiment which diverts from the original intent, without adding anything of fresh interest. Her *penchant* for moralizing has generous opportunity on themes like the "Physical Basis of Statesmanship," "Instinctive Philosophers and Statesmen," and "Caste in Sex," which are among the most readable in the compilation.

We are credibly informed that the genius of this popular writer first found kindly recognition and encouragement from a well-known, leading representative of the press of our own city. He renders a noble service to literature and to humanity, who has not only the instinct to discover, but the beneficence to inspire and stimulate the timid aspirations of genius. Such men are the true guardians of literature, the promoters of educational advancement, and the high priests to lead disheartened strugglers forth into the sunlight of a distinct intellectual conversion.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

[The capital letter immediately following the name of each piece indicates the key in which it is written; the accompanying figure shows the grade of difficulty—No. 1 being the simplest, No. 7 extremely difficult; the concluding capital letters indicate the compass of the song. The price is also given.]

From MATTHIAS GRAY, 623 and 625 Clay Street, San Francisco, and 101 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

VOCAL.—Among the recent publications of this enterprising house, is a valuable collection of songs, including *Six Melodies*, by Richard Lindau, dedicated to Stephen Heller—republications from a Paris edition. The translation of such pieces requires a rare combination of talent, both musical and poetical; but the work has been thoroughly finished. They are full of meditative grace, and melody that vibrates with lingering intensity. These songs are, we trust, an exquisite foretaste of the music of the future; they will find a warm welcome among the

dilettanti, and musical amateurs of refined taste and feeling. This being the first English edition of these rare songs, they can not fail to command a large sale. They have English, German, and French words. The set includes: *There was an aged Monarch* (F, 4, D to F), 30c. *Trembling shadows of the moon* (C, 3, G to F), 25c. *Trooper's Song* (G minor, 4, D to G), 35c. *Fragment from Goethe's Faust* (C minor, 4, C to F), 30c. *Peace, my beloved* (C, 4, C to E), 35c. *Wanderer's Evening Song* (C minor, 5, C to F), 35c.

Another uniform edition of *Songs and Ballads*, by eminent composers, is neatly brought out, with beautiful title-page, and clear, dis-

tinct print. It comprises gems from the most popular authors, whose compositions are always eagerly sought: *While listening to the Woodbird's Song* (E flat, 4, E flat to G), Charles E. Pratt, 40c. *I faithful still will be* (F, 5, C to F), Harrison Millard, 40c. *Morning* (waltz song), (C, 3, C to F), H. P. Danks, 40c. *I know a cool and pleasant nook* (song with chorus), (C, 3, E to F), H. P. Danks, 40c. *Sing me the Old Songs* (song and chorus), (G, 3, D to E), Harrison Millard, 40c. *Learning to Walk* (G, 3, D to G), Stephen Massett, 50c. This gem ballad, sung by Madame Anna Bishop, may justly be entitled a ballad of the heart. It has a handsome chromo picture of baby taking her first lesson, as a fitting frontispiece.—*You and I* (B flat, 3, F to G), Claribel, 30c. One of the beautiful ballads of an English lady composer, whom Parepa Rosa first introduced to the musical world, under the *nom de plume* of Claribel, with the matchless little gem, *Five o'clock in the morning*. Her songs are simple, both as to words and music, but they find their way straight to the popular heart.—*As the light fades from mine eyes* (A, 4, E to E), Harrison Millard, 40c. A new ballad of great pathos and tenderness, founded on the touching incident of a mother, who, upon being told by her physician that she was rapidly losing her sight, requested that her children be brought to her ere the light faded from her eyes. The music is admirably adapted to the sentiment.—*Good Morning* (F, 4, E to F), Franz Abt, 30c, is one of the sweetest songs of this graceful composer, with both German and English words. Accompaniment easy and well harmonized.—*Some day when I am far away* (F, 3, C to F), Charles E. Pratt, 40c. An attractive song with clear rhythm, *andante* movement, capable of much expression, and mildly sentimental in tone. Accompaniment flowing and musical.—*Fireman's Song* (C, 2, C to F), Carl Hess, 30c. Song with chorus, just published; words by Sam Booth. The music *tempo di marcia*, accompaniment in triplets, and well adjusted to the stirring sentiment of the song.

INSTRUMENTAL.—*Thousand and One Nights Waltzes* (A, C, F, 4), J. Strauss, 75c. A set of the inimitable waltzes of the great Vienna composer, brilliant, sparkling,

and without difficulties of execution.—*Au Clair de la Lune* (E flat, 5), Hugo Bussmeyer, 50c. A moonlight promenade, or nocturnal reverie, with fine octave passages, gracefully blended with a variety of delicate running passages and arpeggios. The *allegretto* movement is particularly pleasing. It has a beautiful vignette title-page. Likely to prove a favorite with skillful pianoplayers.—*Ballo in Maschera* (F, 4), Kuhe, 50c. One of the brilliant and effective transcriptions of this distinguished teacher and composer—strikingly original in style, and somewhat difficult to those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of the author. It is a republication of a European publication, and the only American edition. It will commend itself to discriminating teachers.

From A. L. BANCROFT & Co., 721 Market Street, San Francisco.

VOCAL.—*The Glory*, \$1.50. A collection of new music for singing-classes, musical conventions, and choirs, by George F. Root, published by John Church & Co. of Cincinnati. *The Glory* is founded on the system of teaching set forth in the *Normal Musical Handbook*—the former being for the class, and showing results; the latter being for the teachers' use, showing the modes by which results are reached; the former furnishing the music for practice; the latter giving the theory, analysis, methods of teaching, and meanings of technical terms. The music, both sacred and secular, is more than usually fresh; the anthems, chants, and social music including a generous share.—*The Singing School Echo*, 75c. This compilation is similar to *The Glory* in design, but the authors have prefixed a new and original presentation of the elements of music. The work has been well done by N. Coe Stewart and J. M. North. It is published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland. Among other fine choruses, we notice "The Heavens are telling," from the *Creation*, and "O'er forest, o'er mountain and meadow," from *Mose in Egitto*.—*The Song King*, 75c. A collection of new and original music for classes, day-schools, and conventions. A feature of the work is a well-constructed catechism, designed to supplement the regular instruction, black-board exercises, etc., usually given to

classes. It is compiled by a Normal teacher, H. R. Palmer, and is published by John Church & Co., Cincinnati. In addition to the concerted music, there is a valuable set of solfeggios, vocal exercises for individual practice, and for choir and chorus drill.—*School and Home*, 60c. This work has reached its seventh edition. It is composed of songs, duets, trios, quartets, and hymn tunes, together with a complete course of elementary instructions, with suitable exercises for practice. It is prepared by W. W. Partridge, a teacher of twenty years' experience. Published by S. Brainard's Sons.—*The Headlight*, 50c. This is a new work, just from the press of White, Smith & Perry, and may unquestionably lay claim to decided freshness and originality in its selections of exercises, rondos, duets, trios, and quartets, for juvenile classes, schools, and seminaries. The compilers, Messrs. H. S. Perkins and C. A. White, have collated a large number of pieces for general use on various occasions, including a popular operetta, entitled *Grandpa's Birthday*, with a cast of seven characters, argument and details well elaborated. This operetta is a decided feature of the new publication.—*Pray for Her* (C, 5, A below to F), Claribel, 35c. One of the rarest gems of this favorite author. A descriptive ballad of great power and beauty, but requiring the keenest musical intelligence to appreciate, and the best of execution to properly interpret. The music is skillfully adapted, and is admirably fitted to a tenor or mezzo-soprano range of voice.—*Hark! what mean those holy voices?* (E flat, 4) Charles H. Carroll, 50c. A trio for soprano, alto, and bass, each having a solo, and concluding with a charming chorus, *allegretto con spirito*. The second movement, embracing a duet between the soprano and bass, is notably fine. The piece is well adapted to choir voices of good culture.—*The Sunbeam* (C, 4, E below to E above), D. F. Wentworth, 50c. A bass song, requiring both compass and execution. Accompaniment difficult and beautifully conceived. The words of the song are by Mrs. Hemans.—*I know that I must die* (G, 3, G to D), William T. Rogers, 35c. A solo and chorus of simplicity and pathos, falling within easy range of ordinary voices.—*Why Thou Art*

Dear to Me (F, 3, C to F), Irving Emerson, 35c. Ballad for baritone voice, sentimental and pretty, with few difficulties.—*Little Blue Eyes* (B flat, 2, C to D), S. W. Straub, 30c. Song and chorus, simple and sweet.—*Nora Darling* (A flat, 2, E flat to G), Frank L. Martyn, 35c. Mildly sentimental Irish ballad, with a well harmonized chorus.

INSTRUMENTAL.—*Love's Dying Dream* (D sharp minor, 5), H. J. Schonacker, 75c. A reverie for the piano, of rare delicacy and beauty. The *andante*, with arpeggio passages *ad libitum*, is especially pleasing, requiring a light touch and great precision. None but proficient should essay this composition.—*Moonlight Dance* (A flat, 4), T. P. Ryder, 50c. A *mazurka brillante*, which should be played with energy and fire. The *motif* in D flat with triplet passages, is exceedingly pretty.—*Nameless March* (A, 3), Hagen von Stein, 30c. A popular march, with a martial ring. Easy and attractive.

From CHARLES S. EATON, 133 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

VOCAL.—*The Angel Bride* (D, 3, D to G), N. S. Helmers, 40c. A pathetic ballad of much sweetness, with a prelude of artistic merit, and a pretty accompaniment. The quaint title-page is appropriate and attractive.—*Guess, Guess who's She?* (A flat, 3, C to F) A. A. Rosenberg, 35c. A popular tenor song, sung by Benjamin Clark, and dedicated to Miss Bertha Bloch, of San Francisco. The words are by Tom Moore. A love-song of much refinement and good taste.—*Beautiful Days that are Dead* (D flat, 3, E flat to G flat), H. W. Luther, 35c. A song with duet and chorus, rhythm smooth and clear, music soft and gentle.

INSTRUMENTAL.—*Grand March to the Sunset Land* (C, 4), Albert J. Sumner. A stirring and inspiring production, full of brilliant octave passages in triplets, and graceful movements in broken chords. The author of this beautiful march, having spent two years in Europe, perfecting himself in the study of his art, while returning home in April last, was lost on the ill-fated steamer *Atlantic*. This fact will give additional interest to one of the author's latest compositions. The four pieces last named are published by Charles S. Eaton of San Francisco.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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THE GRAVEL RANGES OF THE GOLD BELT.

THE "Dead Rivers of California" have been the theme of many writers in describing our placer mines. The existence of extensive deposits of auriferous gravel, occupying what seem to be the channels of ancient rivers, located high up on the mountain tops, has long been known, and has given rise to much speculation as to their origin. The nature and extent of these peculiar deposits, and the results from their development, form a subject of deep interest to all, constituting as they do the principal placers of the famous gold belt of the Sierra Nevada, which has yielded more treasure since its discovery than any other gold-producing region upon the globe.

The pioneer gold-hunters of California worked in the bars and channels of the present streams for several years before they became aware of the existence of other and richer channels buried in the mountains. The inquisitive spirit and restless energy of Americans in a

new and attractive field of operations, however, soon prompted inquiry and a search for the sources of supply from which the living streams received their gold. Prospectors soon discovered that by following up the richest ravines to their heads they generally found large bodies of smooth, rounded, water-worn quartz gravel, rich in gold, composing the main portion of the tops of the mountain-ridges separating the principal streams that had afforded rich diggings. They found the bed-rock near the heads of these ravines pitching into the hill under the gravel, toward the centre, from opposite sides of the ridge. Farther exploration proved the gravel deposit to extend not only through the ridge to the opposite side, but up and down its entire length; and that the bed-rock was worn smooth by the action of running water, and was considerably lower in the centre than at the sides of the ridge; showing in fact a channel running lengthwise of the ridge,

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and having high rims of rock upon each side. Evidence of the action of running water was plenty, not only in the smooth bed-rock and washed gravel, but in the presence of drift-wood, fossils, sedimentary deposits of sand and clay, and in the heaviest bowlders and most of the gold lying at the bottom. This, and other evidence which has been developed in working these deposits, very naturally led to the conclusion among the miners, that these gravel deposits occupy the channels of dead rivers that had existed in a former age, when the site of the present mountains was occupied by a series of valleys lying between mountain ridges rich in veins of the precious metal.

Whether this theory was correct or not, the prospector made it the basis of his operations. Making himself familiar with the surface indications, he followed the course of the old channels as shown at those points previously opened, across the present rivers to the opposite mountain ridges or "divides," where he was almost sure to find the continuation of the deposit at a level corresponding with that from which he had started. The Great Blue Gravel Range, extending from Plumas County southward through Sierra and Nevada counties into Placer County, a distance of sixty or seventy miles, was probably the first old river channel thus traced out. Its course was from north to south, crossing the principal branches of the Feather and Yuba rivers nearly at right angles and many hundred feet above their present waters, and having a fall of about thirty feet per mile. It was first discovered at the locality known as Forest City, in Sierra County, by miners working in Oregon Creek. The bed of this creek for some distance up, to a certain point, was very rich. Near its head the stream of gold they had been following up suddenly gave out, and the bed-rock pitched or dipped into the hill under a body

of blue gravel of marvelous richness. Here, then, was found the source whence came the gold found in the creek below that point. Following the bed-rock in the direction of its inclination, and laterally on either side, a channel filled with a rich and extensive deposit of blue gravel, crossing the creek at right angles, was developed, and was subsequently traced and located for many miles each way in the manner above mentioned.

This ancient gravel deposit has been worked at many different points since its discovery about twenty years ago, and the developments thus far have confirmed the popular theory that it was formed by a large and powerful stream, running between high banks which have since been nearly washed away. The gravel, which is in some places two or three hundred feet in depth, is overlaid by a deposit of rock of volcanic origin, which sometimes rises to the height of five hundred feet or more above the channel. In many places, this channel is a mile in width, and has been worked through tunnels from opposite sides meeting each other midway under the summit of the ridge. It must have been a channel of immense proportions to hold such a depth of deposit between its banks, and to have carried in its current quartz bowlders of such enormous size as have been found resting upon its floor—being of a hundred tons weight sometimes. And the lava-flow which buried it so deep must likewise have been an outpouring of gigantic dimensions, compared with anything of the kind recorded in history. It must have filled not only the river channel whose course it followed, but the valley through which it ran, although it is now found only where it rests upon the gravel-beds inclosed by the ancient river banks. Being of a firmer texture than the rock formation of the country, its central or thicker portion has withstood the action

of the elements, and now forms the rocky summit of the Great Blue Range, whose treasures it has jealously guarded for centuries against the forces which have worn down and carried away the neighboring mountain ridges.

But the gravel range described, though perhaps the largest, is but one of the many old channels filled with auriferous gravel that have been discovered and worked in California. There are several extensive ranges, nearly parallel with the Blue Range, and lower down the mountains, that have yielded their millions of the precious metal, but differing from it in not having a rocky covering, and in having few large quartz boulders in their channels. Similar gravel ranges are found also along the whole western slope of the Sierra Nevada, from Siskiyou to San Diego; but they differ somewhat in the apparent course of their channels, as well as in the character and richness of their gravel. In many localities, the channels of different ranges in the same vicinity interlace each other, as if a large and sluggish stream had been cut up into sloughs and lagoons. Yet even then the gravel deposits are several hundred feet in depth, and sometimes covered with a lava-like deposit or cement, showing by the great depth of gravel that the streams must have run in those channels for ages.

However irregular may have been the courses of the ancient streams, they invariably left a channel cut in the bed-rock and filled with quartz gravel, the heaviest and richest portion of which is found immediately upon the well-worn bed-rock, as in the beds of the present rivers. In many cases there are found several channels of different depths, and often separated by high ridges of the bed-rock, yet all under the same body of gravel. These channels meander and crook about like the rivers of the present day, and in like manner expand and

contract in width, and vary in richness at different points. And there is one remarkable feature common to all these heavy gravel deposits—they are composed almost wholly of quartz pebbles and boulders, indicating that quartz ledges were far more numerous and extensive in the period when they were formed than at present.

Immense boulders of quartz rock, worn smooth and weighing many tons, are encountered in the deeper channels in great numbers; especially in that of the Great Blue Range, and others high up in the mountains. No such boulders have been found in the channels of the present streams; and very few quartz lodes now known in that region could yield masses of rock large enough to make boulders of such dimensions. We must conclude, therefore, that in its earliest age the country-rock was composed principally of quartz, or that the lodes now exposed on the surface were then much larger or wider than they are now. If the theory that mineral veins are forced up from the bowels of the earth through the fissures created by earthquakes or volcanic action, be correct, then we may assume that the overflow at the time of their upheaval spread out over the surface of the country and left a deep deposit of quartz, the *débris* of which filled the river channels of that period exclusively with gravel of that material. Yet those channels were cut in the slate or other country-rock of the present era—a fact which goes to strengthen the theory of an overflow. Quartz rock being very friable, and yielding rapidly to the action of the elements, would be rapidly broken up and washed into the rivers, during a period of great humidity, such as that must have been which sustained so many large and powerful streams. Large sedimentary deposits of tough clay, overlying a stratum of gravel, occur frequently in these channels, and it often happens that layers of

clay and gravel alternate in forming the deposits which filled them. Their position and characteristics leave no room for doubt that they are of fluvial origin. Other evidence that these gravel ranges were formed by running streams might be furnished if necessary. Some of the more shallow deposits having poorly defined channels, may have been formed by lakes, but most of them have well-defined longitudinal channels, which could be formed only by the persistent action of running water.

The theory advanced by some persons that these extensive deposits of washed gravel were formed while the country was submerged beneath the ocean, is clearly untenable, for the reason that they run in ranges nearly parallel and in the same general course, but with many trivial deviations inconsistent with the course of sea-currents. Again, the multiplication of these ranges, running parallel, and in some instances approaching each other so closely as to form connections by branches running in a course at a sharp angle with the main ranges, and again diverging to a distance of several miles, requires us to suppose a corresponding multiplication of currents and counter-currents in the sea, which is quite improbable, to say the least. We might ask, also, how came immense trees buried deep in the gravel—or how should one deposit of gravel be overlaid with lava following the course of the old channel buried under it, while others have no such covering—if these old channels and deposits were formed by the currents of the ocean?

The system of gravel ranges is probably best exemplified in Sierra County, about half-a-dozen gravel ranges crossing that single county from north to south, and separated from each other by prominent streams. For instance, the Great Blue Range running from the north side of the county at the head of Slate Creek, sweeping around the head

of Cañon Creek, and on south-westerly between the latter and the North Fork of the North Yuba above Downieville; thence following the ridge southerly between said North Fork and Goodyear's Creek, crossing the main North Yuba below Downieville; thence on through Forest City, Chip's Flat, Minnesota, and across the other Yubas. The first distinct range east of this is known as Craycroft's. Some miles farther, and beyond the Sierra Buttes, is the Gold Lake Range, which crosses the Sierra Valley road at Howard's Ranch. The first range west of the Great Blue is the Eureka; and then comes the Brandy City, Camptonville, Scales', and others, which, though not side by side, are probably two or more different ranges. Each range has peculiarities of its own, the Great Blue being the only one capped with lava. All the evidence we can gather tends to the conclusion that a system of rivers must have existed in California, at the period when these deposits were formed, which in the northern half of the State, at least, ran from north to south through a comparatively level country, as shown by the great and uniform depth of the gravel deposits, and the frequent interlacing of the channels, as if formed by sloughs or bayous.

As the overlying lava deposit is more basaltic in character in the northern than in the southern portion of the gold belt, the volcanoes from whence it came must have been located in the extreme northern part of the State, or in Oregon. An immense lava-flow is known to have crossed the Columbia River, forming the far-famed basaltic cañon near the Dalles. Recently, the lava-beds of the Modocs, on the boundary line between California and Oregon, have become famous. It is not improbable that a great lava-stream, originating some distance north of the Columbia River, flowed southward by way of the basaltic cañon and the lava-beds into California,

where it terminated by filling up the river channels and valleys. The series of high mountain peaks near the line of its course from Mount Baker, or perhaps Mount St. Elias in Alaska, southward, including mounts Raniér, Adams, Hood, Jefferson, Pitt, Shasta, and Lassen's Peak, all of which, with others of lesser altitude in their vicinity, were active volcanoes probably at that time, and contributed to swell the tide of that mighty river of molten lava. The fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the more recent exhibitions of volcanic action, when, in 1856, Etna and Mauna Loa each sent out streams of lava which flowed sixty or seventy miles down the mountain sides, destroying every perishable thing, and filling up the valleys for a width of several miles in the line of their terrible progress, teach us that such a lava stream as we have supposed coming from the north, fed by a score of Etnas and Mauna Loas along its route, was quite possible in a period of extraordinary volcanic activity.

In the southern half of the State there is less regularity in the system of gravel ranges. Their course is not so well defined, and is in many instances nearly parallel with that of the present streams, while farther north they uniformly cross them nearly at right angles. One prominent range among them, known as Table Mountain Range, is thirty or forty miles long, and is capped with lava from some extinct volcano located near the summit of the central portion of the Sierra Nevada. This range, where opened, has proved very rich in gold, but is not as favorably situated for easy development as the Great Blue Range. The southern ranges are not as numerous or as extensively worked as the northern; those south of the Tuolumne River having been almost wholly neglected. Yet large tracts are known to exist in the southern and also in the extreme northern counties of the State,

that prospect well, and they will doubtless at some future time be developed. Holcombe Valley and Lytle Creek in San Bernardino County, and San Gabriel in Los Angeles County, are the most southerly points at which any of the gravel ranges have been worked. At the latter point, extensive hydraulic operations have quite recently been commenced with flattering prospects by Messrs. Buel & Bateman, well known for their energy as prospectors. Their claims are the oldest placers in California, having been worked by Mexicans for some years prior to Marshall's discovery at Sutter's Mill. There was a marked difference noticed in the richness of the streams of the southern compared with the northern half of the gold belt—the latter yielding much the largest quantity of gold. This should be attributed rather to the greater number of gravel ranges, and to their being more frequently cut through and washed away by the present streams, than to their greater richness. Some localities upon the southern ranges and present streams were quite as rich as upon any of the northern ones. Another advantage possessed by the latter is in having a greater supply of water for hydraulic operations.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the climate of California is, that the storms of the rainy season come from the north-west and discharge the greater portion of their waters upon the northern portion of the State, yielding but a comparatively small proportion to the southern part. Notwithstanding our winter winds come from the south-east, the rain-storms approach us from the north-west, as shown by the fact that they commence usually (so far as the telegraph informs us) at Portland, in Oregon, a couple of days before they reach San Francisco. A day later, if their force is not previously spent, they reach Los Angeles. Oregon has a much

more humid climate than California, and this humidity diminishes gradually in coming southward. Many of the storms originating in Oregon spend their force before reaching even the latitude of San Francisco. For this peculiarity of our climate we are indebted to the Kuro Siwo, or Japanese Gulf Stream, which reaches our north-western coast after its long journey across the northern Pacific Ocean. The heavy vapors arising from it are condensed into rain on reaching our coast and meeting with the cool breezes from the mountains of the interior, when it descends upon the land in diminished quantities as the clouds advance southward. Thus the mining and agricultural interests of southern California are deprived of an adequate supply of the element so necessary to their successful development, and as a consequence they have not made that progress which is seen in the northern portion. To the same cause undoubtedly may be attributed the marked disparity which we have noticed in the number and size of the ancient streams or gravel ranges of the two sections.

The great gravel ranges we have described were undoubtedly the original placers of the Gold Belt—the fountains which fed the streams of the present day. Wherever one of these old channels was cut away by living streams, its golden sands were washed down by the current, and deposited in the beds and bars of the rivers where it first met the eye of man in his search for the glittering treasure. At these crossings the rivers were found to be richer than elsewhere. Sections of the gravel ranges several miles in length were sometimes thus carried away, and the gold they contained distributed in the flats, bars, and beds of rivers and ravines for a considerable distance below. Hence the early gold-seekers found that river diggings were “spotted” and uncertain, being rich in some places and poor in

others, without apparent cause for the difference. Yet this feature of river mining is now well understood. The rivers are natural sluices, and are richest in gold in the upper riffles, or those nearest the feeding point. Yet only a small portion of the gold of the ancient channel which has disappeared is found in the beds and bars of the present streams. They have been ages in cutting their way down to their present level, and during that time have changed their channels from side to side, leaving the gold in some portions of their beds covered up by slides, or otherwise buried out of sight, never to be resurrected by the hand of man. Thus has this sluicing process been carried on for ages. Each little ravine coming down the side of the mountain brings with it a portion of the old auriferous deposit at its head, or which may have crossed its course, and carries it forward, depositing in its channel a portion of its gold wherever a riffle is formed by Nature to catch it; while the rest is carried along with the lighter material, such as gravel and earth, to the river, which receives it into its current, where it mingles with the contributions from a thousand other similar sources. These voluntary tributes from every side are washed along by the current of the river, which deposits the heavier portions in its bars and beds, and carries forward the lighter portion to the ocean, where its mission ends by depositing in those tranquil depths countless myriads of infinitesimal particles of gold, too light to rest where there is motion, yet too heavy to float about forever in a lighter element. But not long will they remain undisturbed upon the ocean-bed, for man’s insatiable cupidity, not satisfied with the treasure so profusely scattered over the land by bountiful Nature, is already at work getting up cunning devices with which to rob her submerged vaults of their long-hoarded treasure.

The annual gold product from the placers of California has fallen off greatly since the opening of the old river channels, yet there are millions of acres of these rich gravel deposits in this State lying idle for want of capital to develop them. The more accessible and easily worked portions of the gravel-banks in the central portion of the gold belt were worked during the first five or six years after their discovery, but the severe labor, heavy expense, scarcity of water, and the delay incident to the running of long tunnels for drainage, had become so tedious, that upon the breaking out of the Washoe excitement in 1859-60, large numbers of the discouraged miners left their gravel claims and rushed eagerly to the new El Dorado, where it was believed a fortune might be realized more quickly at silver mining. Some of them had penetrated to the deep channel in the ridge, and obtained rich rewards for their labor and perseverance, but the majority either had not then reached the point aimed at, or had encountered obstacles which barred their farther progress without the aid of capital, and were easily persuaded to try their fortune elsewhere. The processes of tunneling and hydraulic washing were then but little understood; and the mode of saving gold was so imperfect that the larger portion was lost. These circumstances taken together sufficed to turn the attention of miners from the gravel ranges, so that for years past many of the best placer mines in California have laid idle, and the towns built up in the days of their prosperity have gone to decay and become almost depopulated, while the great body of the gravel deposits in their vicinity have been scarcely prospected. Not one acre in fifty of the hydraulic and drifting claims located on the old channels of Placer, Nevada, and El Dorado counties, for instance, has been worked out, notwithstanding so many millions of dollars have been taken from

them. In addition to the claims already located and partially worked on the gravel ranges of the central mining counties, there are many similar ones in the northern and southern counties, especially in the latter, which have never been touched by the miner. The Klamath, Trinity, Scott, Salmon, and other streams of the northern counties, have yielded large amounts of gold, proving that the gravel ranges of that region must be rich also, and yet very little has ever been done either in hydraulic mining or tunneling into the deep channels of the dead rivers in that region.

The time can not be far distant when these vast resources will be made available by the judicious investment of capital in their development. In fact, some attention has been given lately by capitalists to this class of investments, and claims of known richness in several localities have been purchased by English capitalists, and are being systematically developed by them. Occasionally we hear of Californians associating themselves together for the same object; but there is far too little attention given to this kind of property by our home capitalists. If there was less disposition toward speculative rather than legitimate mining, we should see more money invested in these neglected placer claims. Ordinarily, the business of mining would be considered sufficiently speculative or hazardous, but in this community it does not seem to offer such inducements in that direction as to satisfy the desires of those who resort to the much more hazardous risks of stock-gambling. Yet most individuals so engaged readily admit that the employment of their capital in legitimate mining enterprises would not only greatly enhance the public interests, but would enrich the aggregate number so engaged more rapidly and surely than if they should continue in the stock business.

The title to old claims now lying idle,

which have yielded in former times hundreds of thousands of dollars, may be acquired at comparatively nominal figures from the owners, who have in most cases become scattered over the country, engaged in other business. Having been compelled to leave their claims for want of capital to open them properly, or been enticed away by the Washoe or other mining excitement, few of them ever return to their old locations, having "settled down" on a farm, or engaged in some business elsewhere. In early days, mining titles were of a precarious character, and claims were located of various sizes and shapes, according to the caprices of the miners of different localities. Now these claims may be consolidated by the purchasers into such size and form as they may find most advantageous; and a perfect title may be acquired thereto, under the recent laws of Congress, on liberal terms, giving to such property a character for permanency equal to any other class of real estate. Under these circumstances, capitalists can safely purchase such property and make all the improvements required for carrying on the business systematically; and, when thus secured and improved, it constitutes a property which, under prudent management, will in most cases yield a princely revenue. The advantages afforded by this new law have already attracted the attention of shrewd operators familiar with the situation of these old claims and their titles, who are engaged in hunting up the scattered owners, securing their titles by purchase, or by "bonding" them—a conditional purchase—perfecting the titles by obtaining United States patents, and re-selling them to capitalists at a large profit. The advantages of a perfect title, cheaper labor and material, and better methods of mining and saving gold, give this class of mines a value they never before possessed.

The improvements made during the

past ten or twelve years in the mode of working such claims by hydraulic power, in saving the gold in the sluices, and in the use of large quantities of powder in blasting the immense banks of gravel before washing, together with the cheaper labor and materials now used, all contribute to enhance the profits of this class of mining operations. When hydraulic mining was in its infancy, a stream from an inch and a half nozzle with seventy-five or one hundred feet pressure was thought to accomplish wonderful results; whereas we now hear of eight hundred inches of water being hurled against a bank of gravel through a seven or eight inch nozzle, under a pressure of three or four hundred feet. The force of such a stream is sufficient to tear the cemented gravel to pieces that formerly had to be put under the stamps of a crushing mill. It will likewise cut a channel in the surface of the bed-rock as a circular saw would cut one in a wooden surface, and will turn over bowlders of several tons weight as easily as we would toss a brick aside with the foot. The quantity of gravel that is washed in a day by such a stream of water is enormous, compared with what was accomplished in early days at hydraulic washing. Then again, to aid even this rapid mode of washing the auriferous gravel, drifts are run into the gravel-bank, and cross-cuts and chambers excavated and stored with hundreds of kegs of powder, after which the outer end of the tunnel is again filled with earth and tamped as hard and tightly as possible, in order to confine the force of the powder. This enormous charge of powder is then fired instantaneously by an electric battery connected by wires with all the kegs; and the result is the loosening up of tens of thousands of tons of gravel at once, which is then washed off through the sluices with astonishing rapidity. Formerly canvas hose was used to convey the water from the pen-stock or reservoir above, down

to the hydraulic pipe and nozzle in front of the claim, while now the strongest iron pipe is required. Formerly sluices one foot in width and two or three hundred feet long were used to wash the gravel in; now they have to be three or four feet wide to carry off the increased quantity of gravel, and as long as the situation of the ground will allow them to be stretched out—a mile or two, if possible—besides having under-currents constructed at intervals to aid in saving the fine gold. Formerly miners' wages were \$5 or \$6 per day; now they are reduced nearly one-half. Lumber, tools, freight, provisions, etc., are likewise much cheaper than formerly. It is not surprising, therefore, that with these advantages in their favor, attention should be again directed to these extensive placer deposits which contributed so largely in the "flush times" of California placer mining to swell the annual gold product to an amount more than double what it is at present.

But with all the improvements made in placer mining, there is reason to believe that a very large percentage of the gold is carried off and lost by the powerful currents of water used in sluicing. Assays of the gravel taken from all parts of a claim invariably show a much larger amount of gold than that saved by washing. A much larger proportion of the gold contained in the gravel consists of very fine particles, such as are usually called "flour-gold," than is generally known, or even suspected; and, as a consequence of such fineness, it is held in suspension by the strong current of water employed in washing, and carried beyond the sluices and lost. Instances are known where assays of thousands of dollars per ton were obtained from cemented gravel that yielded less than \$20 per ton under stamps. Other assays showed, that, in working certain *strata* of gravel in a claim, not one dollar in ten of the gold they contained was saved.

This seems incredible to most persons, and especially so to the miners themselves. Some of the latter are unwilling to believe it, others have never given the subject their attention. Very few miners have ever had the value of the gravel they were washing tested by assay, and hence know nothing of its actual value. They seem content with the results they can see with the naked eye, while the quartz miner relies wholly upon his assays for information as to the quality of his ores. The latter knows that the greater part of the gold in the ore is invisible, on account of its fineness; while the former does not know how much of the gold in the gravel is too fine to be detected by his eye, and makes no effort to save it. Why should not the placer miner assay the different qualities of gravel in his claim, as well as the quartz miner his different ores, to guide him in his operations? It is well known to all that placer gold comes originally from the quartz-veins, and that nine-tenths of that obtained from working the latter is too fine to be seen without the aid of a magnifying glass. This very fine gold, when liberated from the quartz by the decomposition of the latter, is, of course, washed down into the streams with the coarser particles from the same source, and deposited together in the gravel found in their channels. Not only is this so, but the proportion of this very fine gold is greatly increased by the abrasion of the coarser particles during the process of washing or trituration they undergo after leaving their matrices, which rounds them off smoothly as they appear when dug up by the miner from the river-bed. A little reflection must satisfy experienced miners, and all thinking observers, that by far the larger portion of the gold in our placers is of this very fine character, and therefore is not saved by the processes now used in washing. If this is not so, what becomes of the infinitesimal

particles that were associated in the quartz-veins with the coarse gold, before the veins were broken up and disintegrated?

That a great proportion of the gold is thus lost in working our placers is proved by tests that have been made of the muddy water running from quartz-mills, after amalgamating plates, blankets, settlers, and every other modern appliance had been used to save the flour-gold. It will not probably be disputed that the loss in sluicing is much greater than in milling quartz, since the loss in either case results from the extreme fineness of the atoms of gold, causing them to float suspended in the water a long time. The following example will illustrate the truth of the above statement regarding the loss of fine gold: A gentleman engaged in mining at Grass Valley, Nevada County, a few years ago, took up the muddy water running with the tailings, three-fourths of a mile below two quartz-mills working an aggregate of fifty-eight tons in twenty-four hours, and made twelve tests of twenty gallons each time. The result showed an average of \$1.18 in gold to each twenty gallons, and ranging from sixty-three cents up to \$3.12 for each twenty gallons. It was estimated that 576,000 gallons of this muddy water flowed by every twenty-four hours for the 250 days in the year that the mills were running. The annual loss in float gold alone from only two mills, by this calculation, amounts to the very respectable sum of \$84,960, and the loss per ton was \$5.85, or fully twenty per cent. of the assay value of the ore crushed by the mills. This loss is exclusive of that in the tailings deposited in the ravine where this muddy water flowed. Similar tests of the muddy water running below the sluices of some of our prominent hydraulic claims would undoubtedly show a much larger percentage of float gold, carried off by the powerful current of water employed in washing.

An experiment made by the late Dr. Snell, of Tuolumne County, shows how very fine the particles of gold may become by attrition, and how universally they are diffused through the earth in the mining region. He spread a sheet one day in his door-yard, in the town of Sonora, and in this receptacle caught the dust raised in the street by the passing teams. On assaying it, he found it to contain gold in a proportion equal to that of the pulp ordinarily obtained in the quartz-mills. Instances are well known, also, where high assays have been obtained from quartz rock that would not yield a "color" when pulverized and washed with a pan or horn, the particles of gold being too minute in their natural state to be visible to the naked eye.

Enough is positively known to establish the fact that our appliances for saving fine gold, especially in placer mining, are very imperfect, and that the business may be made much more profitable by the adoption of some method that will save all the gold, however fine. Neither amalgamation nor the action of running water will accomplish this result. Run tailings into a reservoir and let them settle, and then draw off the apparently clear water, and a test of the latter will show a surprising quantity of float-gold still held in suspension. A vial of clear water having a precipitate of flour-gold will, on being shaken up, show only a slightly clouded appearance, the fine particles of gold held in suspension being invisible to the naked eye. The only process known to our miners which seems to be suited to the work of saving the flour-gold in our placers is that of chlorination, or dissolving the gold in chlorine gas. In the absence of sulphurets, this process can be applied to alluvial deposits at an expense of three or four dollars per ton, and save ninety-five per cent. of the assay value. By carefully testing the different *strata* of

gravel by assay, and selecting those richest in flour-gold for chlorination, more gold will be obtained from one ton thus worked than from one hundred tons by hydraulic washing. There may yet be discovered other and better methods of saving the fine gold, and doubtless there will be, for the necessity of the case will, according to the maxim, give birth to the needed invention in due time; but without a knowledge of the loss now sustained, the necessity will not be perceived by inventors. Perhaps some chemical precipitant of gold held in solution will be found equally potent in its effect upon float-gold held in suspension, where the water from the sluice is collected in a reservoir. Or, possibly, the vapor of quicksilver may prove subtle enough to detect and embrace all the minute atoms of the precious metal, and bring them together in tangible form, to satisfy man's greed for gold.

When we reflect upon the facts that the same class of gravel ranges, or extinct river channels, is found in all highly metalliferous gold regions known to the civilized world; and that they have been worked much more in California than anywhere else, and have been only

partially prospected, even here; we begin to get some idea of the vast amount of the precious metal which will before many years be turned out annually to swell the volume of the universal circulating medium of the world, and quicken international commerce, as well as the domestic exchanges of all civilized nations, to a degree of prosperity and progress far greater than anything yet seen. California, having been for a quarter of a century a practical training-school for the education of miners and metallurgists, is now sending out her "experts" to South America, Japan, South Africa, Mexico, and all other parts of the world known as gold-producing regions, to teach the American processes, and introduce American machinery and skill in the development of mines and the extraction of the precious metals in the most rapid and economical manner. We shall not have long to wait, in this age of railroads, steamships, and telegraphs, before seeing some of the great moral and physical results which will accrue from the largely increased production of the precious metals which will grow out of such missionary labor abroad, and our rapidly extending operations at home.

THE ROSE OF SIRTEMA.

A FRISIAN LEGEND.

"NEVER shall I surrender, never! The Sirtemas are of older lineage than the Grovestins. What! surrender to the whimsical claims of one who has injured me, who has invaded my lands? Never!"

Thus spoke, with weak but decided voice, the old Baron of Sirtema. Age and illness were doing their work. In a darkened room of his castle he reclined on a bed of sickness. Near him

stood Hilda, his only daughter; Hilda, surnamed the "Rose of Sirtema." And truly she was a rose! The transparent fairness of her skin was enhanced by the bloom on her royal face, and the blue eyes flashed with love, pride, or anger, as the case might be. Her flaxen hair fell in golden ringlets to her waist—by this asserting her nobility above the burgesses' daughters, who, fair and lovely, with the utmost care hide their locks.

"Hilda!" whispered the aged Baron, with a husky voice, "where can Ulric be? Why comes he not to the rescue?"

"Father," said the maiden, "Ulric is sure to come. But why this war—why this breach of peace, for which we may be held accountable to our Sovereign Lord? Why not listen to proposals?"

The old Baron steadied himself with the left arm, and stretching out the right in defiance, said:

"And has it come to that? Has the Rose of Sirtema forgotten even herself? Has Astulf de Grovestins bewitched her?"

Hilda sunk on her knees; she clasped the outstretched hand, and kissed it.

"Thou lovest him," continued the Baron, "yes, thou lovest him! And, what is worse, he is worthy of thy love! I know it, I know it! But, O Hilda! think of thy father's honor!"

At this moment the shrill sounds of a trumpet were heard. All was silent. Another blast; and again, another. Then the herald's voice was heard, clearly and slowly proclaiming:

"I, the Baron of Grovestins, summon thee, the Baron of Sirtema, to surrender thy castle to our loyal knights, within the space of twenty-four hours; failing which, by storm and capture we shall prove to thee the strength of our arms. So help thee God."

"Illustrious is the fame of the Frisians among the nations of Germany." Thus wrote the Roman historian, Tacitus, some eighteen centuries ago. And the fame which they obtained by their noble, independent character, their valiant resistance to oppression, they never lost. Except perhaps the Scottish Highlanders, they are the *only* nation in Europe who kept their own ground, their own traditions—yea, even their own language, during so many centuries. Protected on the east and south by the Ems and the Vecht, on the north

and west by the North Sea, they were always staunch cultivators of their rich soil, and never knew higher authority than that of a "Sovereign Lord."

To this "Sovereign Lord" the Barons yielded faithful obedience. Among themselves feuds were of rare occurrence; their castles were of simple structure, and "robber knights" were unknown among them.

Yet sometimes a family feud would arise. Then Frisian obstinacy would quarrel and fight. Such was the feud that we are recording in this historical legend. The Sirtemas and the Grovestins were powerful Barons. If Sirtema could boast of the Rose of Sirtema, De Grovestins could boast of Astulf, the hero of many tournaments. But for generations they had been hostile, and now, when the heads of both houses were old and infirm, the struggle had come to its climax.

Ulric, the heir of the Sirtemas, was absent, no one knew where; and Astulf, the heir of the Grovestins, was leading the forces of his father against the castle of Sirtema—much against the wish of his heart. For he had seen and loved the Rose, and the fair Hilda had seen and loved the victor in many a tournament.

Father Adhemar was the Baron's chaplain. Beneath his guidance the beautiful Hilda had grown to womanhood. Not only a pious daughter of the Church was she, but to beauty and genuine piety she joined a clear mind, a strong will, and a truthfulness of heart which made the Rose of Sirtema a queen among the noble Frisian ladies.

From her knees she arose when she heard the summons; her rosy cheeks paled a little, then flushed again. With defiant look, and holding her father's hand, she beheld the herald approaching under the guidance of Father Adhemar. He repeated the summons, but

in lower voice, and as one who foresaw the coming storm.

"Ulric!" cried the Baron, hoarsely, and sank back upon the pillow.

The Rose stood erect, her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving, and when the herald, with downcast eye, waited for an answer, she said, slowly, but with the accent of determination:

"And so God *will* help us! Tell thy master that no Sirtema ever surrendered to a Grovestins. We defy his hirelings. Our castle is not built of heavy stones* like his, but our men are fully worth its heavy stones, and the time may come when we shall summon him to surrender to the Sirtemas."

The herald bowed and left. Then Father Adhemar approached the Rose. He knew his pupil. He loved her. He knew the strength of her will. He knew her love for the aged father, whose days seemed numbered. He knew her confidence in Ulric, the absent brother. He knew her silent love for Astulf, and how Astulf worshiped her. He knew it all. Softly placing his hand on her shoulder, he said:

"Thou art the Rose of Sirtema, indeed! Thou art good and brave. But, O Hilda, let us consider! Our castle can not withstand a storm. It is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to those who trust in God," answered Hilda. "Hast thou not taught me so? Where is thy faith, my Father? Wouldst thou tell me to submit, to yield?" And, raising her voice, she almost shrieked, "Harold, Gwan, Fedor—all of you—here!"

They came, the faithful attendants of the old Baron. They knew the voice of the Rose.

"Will you surrender or fight?" said Hilda, in a voice half beseeching, half commanding.

* *Grovestins*, "heavy stones," whence the family name.

"Fight, my lady—fight, to the last of us. Never surrender to a Grovestins!"

Away they hastened, and soon was heard a stir and rush around the castle, and the war-cry of the Sirtemas resounded, "St. Mark and the Cross!" with "The Rose—the Rose!"

"Hearest thou?" said Hilda, with a triumphant smile; "hearest thou, my Father? And shall we surrender, with such brave men as these?" Then, taking her father's hand, she kissed it. But the old Baron was apparently unconscious. Weakened by age, infirmity, and sorrow, he seemed not to hear.

"The Rose—the Rose!" was shouted again, when a sudden trumpet-blast awoke the Baron.

"That is Ulric!" he almost gasped. But Father Adhemar, approaching, said: "Not he, Lord Baron, but thy own men calling for Hilda. What must be done?"

"Fight!" answered the stern old man, relapsing into a state of unconsciousness.

The Rose had already left, and a tremendous shout received her when she appeared in the castle-yard. One of the knights approached her respectfully, and said:

"Give the word, my lady, and the followers of Sirtema will give proof of their devotedness to the Rose."

"The word is given," cried Hilda, with a strong, determined voice: "St. Mark and the Cross!"

A wild "hurrah" broke out from the excited men-at-arms, "The Rose with us—the Rose with us!"

"So it shall be," she said; and, having ordered her favorite charger, went in to equip herself fully for the impending struggle.

In the middle ages not all the noble ladies kept to the strict duties of the household. Many there were who not only delighted in the sometimes dangerous chase of boar and wolf, but even accompanied their husbands in martial ex-

peditions; many who, avenging husband or brother, took up the war-cry, and led their loyal followers to the bloody battle-field. Hilda's Frisian blood was roused. Her father on the bed of sickness, her brother away, she alone was there to vindicate the rights of the Sirtemas. Soon she had crowned her golden locks with the helmet, soon the steel corselet inclosed her waist, soon the broadsword was on her side, soon the lance in her hand; and when she came out to mount her charger, a shout of hundreds of admiring warriors welcomed the Rose of Sirtema. The charger moved under her guidance as if he knew his mistress. She stopped at the draw-bridge. Her eyes glanced at the small but devoted band.

"St. Mark and the Cross!" she cried.

"Hurrah for the Rose of Sirtema!" sounded from a hundred steel-armored warriors.

At this moment a hand was laid on the bridle of Hilda's charger. Father Adhemar stood there, his honest face turned up in a sorrowful manner to the flashing eyes of the Rose. "The priest of God asks pardon, Lady Hilda, if he intrudes," said he, with deeply-moved voice.

"Thou *dost* intrude," exclaimed Hilda, in angry tones. "Go to the chapel and pray—that is thy business; mine is to avenge the honor of my house." And turning her flashing eyes to the warriors, she shouted, "St. Mark and the Cross!"

"The Rose—the Rose forever!" answered the crowd, and began to move.

The priest let go the reins, stepped back a few paces, and, standing in the narrow gate-way, crossed his arms, and said, "In the name of my crucified Master, stop or destroy my life."

It was too late. The charger plunged forward, and the priest fell. A cry of terror arose from the ranks. Soon the priest was surrounded; and Hilda, kneeling beside him, held him in her arms.

Fierce anger was suddenly changed into sorrowing despair; for, next to her father, she almost worshiped the aged priest, the guide of her youth, the counselor of her heart, from whom she had no secret; who knew her love for Astulf, through whom he always hoped an end might come to the fierce feud which had raged so long between the two families.

"Father, Father!" she moaned, "it is thy daughter Hilda—thy own Hilda."

"Hilda, at last," said the priest, mournfully. "Hilda, my child of old, what have I done that thou shouldst not hear my warning voice?"

The proud Rose of Sirtema was overcome with grief. She laid her head on the breast of the venerable priest, and whispered, "I hear it, Father; speak—O speak!"

"Mount thy charger, Hilda," said the priest; "call the knight of Ansmar, order a herald, and with them go to the camp of Grovestins." Father Adhemar kept silence a few moments, then proceeded: "Go to the camp, my child—pray while thou goest, pray for the spirit of peace; and when thou comest before the foe of thy house, pray for words of peace. Bethink thyself, my child; thy father is near his end; his foe is struck with disease; Astulf loves thee. Pray that thou mayst be an angel of mercy, preventing bloodshed, murder, and destruction. Go, and be *my* Hilda."

"I'll go—I'll go!" she said; "give me thy blessing."

The priest put his hand on her bowed head, and said, "God be with thee, my Hilda."

The Rose of Sirtema stood up; the old man was carried to the castle, less hurt than might have been expected; and, in a few minutes, Hilda was on the road to the hostile camp, preceded by the herald, and followed by the knight of Ansmar.

The Baron de Grovestins was old and feeble. Nothing but his inborn hatred of the Sirtemas could have induced him to follow the knights of his domain in this fierce attack upon the Sirtemas. His son Astulf was the real leader, obeying with heartfelt pain the commands of his father.

Great was his wonder when beholding the Rose of Sirtema—the idol of his heart—in warlike apparel, but preceded by the herald of peace. A thrill of joy went through him when he heard the message:

“The Lady Hilda of Sirtema comes with words of peace to the Baron Grovestins.”

Assisting the Rose in her descent from the charger, he could not say a word. In silence he conducted her to the chieftain’s tent. When she entered, the Baron rose from his seat. A tall and powerfully built man, he was a fair representative of the Frisian noble. A wound received in battle had injured him so as to forbid him the use of his war-horse. Yet he was comely to look upon, and his flashing eye had a power which few could resist. How did Hilda feel, when, leaving the arm of her beloved Astulf, she stood alone in the presence of her father’s foe, the unrelenting Baron, whose numerous followers had devastated Sirtema’s domains, and now were ready to make an end to the strife by capturing his last stronghold!

“What may be thy behest, most noble lady?” said the Baron, with kind but slightly ironical voice, at the same time showing her a seat.

But Hilda remained standing. The pallor which for a moment had overspread her face, at once gave way to a flush, which showed the Rose of Sirtema in all her beauty; but the deep-blue eyes had a steel-like expression, the lips slightly quivered, and, raising her right hand, she said:

“Beware, proud Baron—beware!”

Overcome by the entreaties of Father Adhemar, Hilda had gone in a mood of humble submission; but the sight of the enemy’s encampment—yea, the love for Astulf struggling in her maiden heart, and the cold, half-mocking words of the Baron, so strong and healthy in contrast with her infirm, dying father—all this roused the spirit of hatred and revenge. “Beware!” she repeated.

“Of what, most noble lady?” asked the Baron, in the same kind but ironical voice. “Methinks a surrender were the safer way. Thou hast not one man-at-arms to oppose to ten of mine. Thy castle, if castle it may be called, is of no account. But I will deal mercifully with the enemies of my house. Thou shalt always be ‘the Rose,’ if not ‘the Rose of Sirtema.’”

Hilda had left. Her Frisian blood was boiling; and when Astulf, with bended knee, took her hand to kiss it, she withdrew it, lifted it in anger, and exclaimed, “Beware!”

“Hilda,” said the young knight, “remember the crown thou gavest me at the Kasla tournament! Then and there I swore thou and none else should be my queen. Remember the word thou gavest me at Martinsdale, when thou didst accept me as thy knight forever. Hilda, can I disobey my father’s command?”

The Rose of Sirtema blushed, and paled, and blushed again. Her eyes with loving glow looked upon the trusty knight, whose eyes met hers. “Arise, Astulf,” she said; “do thy duty; I shall do mine.” With these words her weary head rested on the manly breast of him she loved, and who loved her so dearly.

“To our duty,” she said, ascending her charger; “God will provide.”

It was near sundown when Hilda entered the castle of Sirtema. Taking off her warlike apparel, she went to see Father Adhemar, whom she found better than she could expect. With sorrow

he heard the issue of her errand. We may suppose that Hilda was hard on the Baron of Grovestins, and said little of her short interview with Astulf.

"The Baron," said Adhemar, "asks all the time after Ulric. He seems to expect him. Dost thou know?"

"Not much," said Hilda. "He left some weeks ago, when trouble was expected from the Grovestins. We have some distant relatives in Martinsdale. May be, he went there to get help. But to-morrow morning we may expect an assault. Shall I go to my father, and ask his wishes?"

"Thou mayst go," said the priest, "but rather to comfort him than to ask his advice."

Hilda went. The first word her father uttered when he saw her was, "Ulric will be here." Then, after a few moments, he added: "Hold out—hold out! Ulric will be here. Don't surrender to a Grovestin!"

Hilda said, "Never, father—never!" But she thought of Astulf. Poor Hilda!

The night wore on. Early, before sunrise, spies were sent out to observe the enemy's movements. In the meantime, the little garrison was distributed, a small force reserved for action in the field. But scarcely had the sun begun to cast its slanting rays, when the sound of trumpet and clarion, and the noise of voices gave sign of life in the hostile camp. The Rose of Sirtema was armed; at the gate of the draw-bridge she stood waiting for the return of the spies.

"The enemy," said they, "is in full march, a small force remaining near the tent of the Baron."

Hearing this, Hilda ordered twelve of the best men, and with them left the castle. Turning to the right, she soon reached a road which led to the enemy's camp. An hour's ride brought them near. They found it deserted; only a few sentinels guarding the Baron's tent.

Slowly and cautiously they approached, surrounded the tent, and the Baron was a captive in their hands; for, in his revengeful mood, the Baron had ordered his son, at sunrise, to take all the men he could muster, leaving only a few attendants to guard his tent. "Take all the men," said he; "make sure work of it. Their garrison is very small; but make sure of it. Take all, and let me see the Grovestins' standard waving from the turret of what they call their castle. Let me see it before the sun stands high." The Baron was overbearing and revengeful by nature, and the sudden appearance of the proud Rose of Sirtema, far from softening his feelings, had, on the contrary, added a sting to his hereditary rancor. He long since suspected the yearnings of Astulf's heart, and with overwhelming authority he gave his orders. But this time the strategy of the Frisian maid had gained the mastery. The sentinels were slain or gagged, and the struggling Baron was bound and laid on a rudely-constructed litter. Slowly the party returned. The time seemed long to Hilda, for she heard the roar of battle, and thought of her infirm father. But the captive Baron was sacred in her eyes; to none would she leave him. Though the sworn enemy of her house, was he not the father of Astulf? On they went. The shouts of fighting men became louder and louder. Anxiously the Rose looked to the castle walls; but the "St. Mark and the Cross" floated on the highest turret. Where she expected to see men climbing the storming ladders, and stones and arrows flying around, there was no one to be seen. The din of battle was *outside* the walls. There the dust rose, the war-cries roared, and the arrows flew. How could it be? Surely the small garrison could not meet the enemy in open field. Was Ulric there? With beating heart, the Rose approached, and, turning round, ordered her men to enter a small gate in

the rear of the castle. Father Adhemar stood waiting for her. To him she gave the care of her prisoner. Her flashing eye questioned him.

"Yes, he *did* come. Thy father was right. The fight is hot. Ulric's men are fresh in the field; they fight like tigers. May God have mercy on the many souls who already have gone to their last account! Where shall we bring thy prisoner?"

"He is my prisoner of war," said Hilda, fiercely—"a hostage for my father's life," she added, more softly—"the father of Astulf," she whispered. "Keep him safely." And off she went to her father's couch. She knelt down at his bedside, and broke down in tears.

"Why these tears, Hilda?" asked the old man. "Dost thou not hear the battle-shout of Ulric? I knew he would come."

"Father," said the Rose, trying to overcome her sorrow, "I have tried to do my duty. Thy enemy is a prisoner in the castle."

The old man rose with the little strength he could command. His eye flashed; his lips quivered.

"What dost thou say?"

"The Baron de Grovestins is a prisoner in thy castle."

"Ha!" was all he could say. Then he joined his hands and exclaimed:

"My children, be blessed! St. Mark and the Cross shall wave as of old."

He sunk back, but a triumphant smile told a tale of revenge.

"*He must die!*" came out, after a few minutes.

"Die, my father!" said Hilda, in tones of mournful reproach; "die—Astulf's father—die!"

"*He must die!*" repeated the obstinate Frisian.

At this moment a shout went up from the fighting warriors, which startled even him.

With the frenzy of hatred and revenge

did Ulric fight. The men he led were of the Martinsdales, a house for years at enmity with the overbearing Grovestins. But Ulric sought the leader; and when he saw, at last, the standard-bearer of the Grovestins, there he directed all his men. "St. Mark and the Cross!" he cried; and, with thundering noise, the knights spurred their chargers on the few who surrounded Astulf. The charge was successful; Astulf was unhorsed. Then the shout went up—the men of Grovestins trying to release their chief; the knights of Ulric pressing, with battle-axe and spear. With raging fury, Ulric went on, until he reached the spot where Astulf lay; but Astulf's squire stood there, handling his battle-axe with the strength of a giant, and the reckless daring of one who knows all is lost. The axe fell as a thunder-bolt upon the steel-clad shoulder of Ulric. Down went the mighty warrior, and while his men dragged him away, the squire took hold of Astulf, who soon was safe among his own.

The battle was at an end. The leaders being struck down, the field was soon cleared; and scarcely an hour had passed, when in the camp of the Grovestins anxious watch was kept over the much beloved Astulf; and in the castle of Sirtema no one was seen but those who kept guard along the walls, and those who carried the fatally wounded Ulric into the presence of his father. Slowly they carried the wounded knight; carefully they took off his heavy armor; sorrowfully they tried to stop the blood which flowed from the ghastly wound. With the smile of thankfulness, he answered their loving care. But when Hilda threw her arms around him with a wail of grief, his deep-blue eye looked steadily at her, and, with weakened voice, he said:

"Rose of Sirtema, take care of our father. I have done my best."

They carried him to his father's bedside. The Baron could only press his hand, and look at him with love and grief. Then he said, "Ulric, thou hast done well." After a pause, he said with commanding voice, "He must die!"

Ulric looked inquiringly at Hilda, who knelt while holding in one hand her father's, in the other Ulric's hand. Overcome with anguish and sorrow, the Rose of Sirtema was roused at once.

"Father," she said, "the Baron is *my* prisoner; not a hair of his head shall be touched without my wish and will."

The Frisian blood had spoken, but the old man's blood was Frisian, too.

"Father Adhemar," said he, "go and prepare the recreant, for before the sun goes down, his head shall be thrown over the castle walls."

Vain were the entreaties of Hilda, and those of Ulric, who gave up his hereditary rancor for the love of his sister. He felt his end was near. He knew her love. And though, in the mad fury of battle strife, he would have slain her lover, now, when he saw her bosom heaving, her eyes weeping, her hand trembling in his, thoughts of peace began to kindle where until now inherited hatred and anger had striven.

An hour passed while the attendants assisted Hilda in relieving the wounded man, when a sudden clarion announced a herald. Soon the message came: "Astulf de Grovestins asks parley."

Stunned, not wounded, when carried to his camp, Astulf soon recovered. Great was his dismay when learning from a surviving guardsman how his father had been carried off. Yet his dismay was tempered with some satisfaction. Weary of this war, so much against his natural disposition, as well as his love for Hilda, he hoped this might lead to peace, and perhaps to more. Judge, then, of his terror, when the herald brought this message:

"No parley with the Baron. Thou

mayst see thy father, who is to die."

When the message came asking a parley, the old Baron uttered a laugh of hatred and derision. "Parley, indeed!" cried he; "blood for blood! He shall die!"

Hilda and Ulric interceded, and, hoping to gain time, they urged him to allow Astulf an interview with his father.

"Let him, at least, receive his father's blessing," pleaded Ulric, "as I hope to receive thine. Thou sayest, 'blood for blood,' but *I* was wounded in honest battle; *him* thou wilt slay—nay, rather murder. O, father, father! bethink thyself! The Sirtemas were always loyal knights. His blood will be a stain on our escutcheon."

"Thou noble son of mine!" said the old Baron, after a long pause. "Couldst thou be spared, thou the only one! May be, God will have mercy."

The old man kept silent; his head sunk back, his eyes closed, the heavy breathing alone gave sign of life. Hilda knelt, and holding his hand, uttered prayer; for though fierce when roused, her inmost heart was tender, and not in vain had Father Adhemar taught her the only means of approach to the throne of God!

The evening shades began to darken the room, when the Baron seemed to wake.

"Where have I been?" he asked, looking inquiringly at Hilda, who anxiously pressed his hand and kissed his brow, now wet as it were with the approaching death-struggle.

"Father, dear father!" she cried, with passion, "thou hast been sleeping."

"No, I did not sleep," he answered, slowly. "I was far away. It was light there. Some one beckoned to me. It was very light. Could it be thy mother?"

He was silent; then folded his hands, and moved his lips as in prayer. "Call Father Adhemar," he said.

Hilda arose, and when turning to go,

he added: "Let De Grovestins come with him."

Hilda was startled. "Whom meanest thou, father—the Baron, or his son?"

There was a moment's suspense; at last he said, "Both."

Hilda's heart throbbed; when in the large hall, her strength gave way. She sunk down on a seat, and made sign to an attendant to come near. "Go," she whispered, "to the prison; tell the jailer I want to see Father Adhemar."

It was some time before the Father came. Knowing the old Baron's revengeful spirit, he had striven to reconcile the doomed nobleman to his impending fate. But when Astulf came, the task became more difficult. The sight of his son roused anew his spirit; he would not hear of Astulf's interceding—die he would, but leaving to his son the task of revenge and utter destruction.

Great was the Father's astonishment when hearing from Hilda the Baron's message. But when she told him of his sleep, his waking, his wandering, his dreaming, the priest lifted up his hand and said: "Our prayers have been heard, Lady Hilda; they have been heard! God be praised! Go thou to thy father—pray, Hilda, pray; tell him we are coming. My task is more difficult than thou knowest. But God is with us, that is certain."

Hilda returned to her father's bedside. The old man looked at her inquiringly.

"They will come, father," she said; "they will soon be here."

He smiled faintly. His stern features had a touch of peaceful rest. Hilda wiped the sweat from his brow. Her tears fell fast.

"Why weepst thou, my Rose?" he said. "Is it because I am leaving thee?" And as Hilda bent over him, he whispered, softly: "Dost thou indeed love him?"

Hilda's blush was the only answer he received. "God's will, not mine, be done!" said he, closing his eyes as if in silent prayer.

At last, approaching steps were heard. Supported by his son and Father Adhemar, the Baron de Grovestins stood before the death-bed of his hereditary foe.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" pronounced the priest in solemn accents, making the sign of the cross. But the captive Baron looked sternly at the invalid. He felt he was a captive, his life in the hand of his sworn enemy. "I am ready to die," said he; "for what dost thou wait?"

The invalid looked long and sternly at him. The hatred which had been fostered from childhood, the many hostile encounters, the final struggle, his son's desperate condition—it all went through his memory. There was a struggle—a struggle between inbred nature and grace received.

"I am ready to die!" repeated the captive.

With an effort the invalid raised himself, and said, slowly, but with contracted brow: "Thou art *not* ready, Baron de Grovestins. Look at me, at the portals of eternity; look at my son, slain by thy wish and will; look at the desolation which thy hatred hast brought upon my house. Thou art *not* ready, Baron de Grovestins."

He sunk back. Hilda was on her knees, and with her knelt Astulf.

Obstinate natures, when giving way, give way at once. The fierce and proud Baron, who would have faced the axe without a shiver, broke down. Here was his enemy's son mortally wounded, but looking at him with feverish eye—his life-long enemy, pale and powerless on his dying bed; the past fled, the present overwhelmed him. Bending over the dying man, he said, with husky voice: "Sirtema, not my life, but thy hand!"

"God's will be done," was the answer, and the hand was grasped. "Sirtema and De Grovestins shall be one forever," he continued, and laying the hand of Hilda into that of Astulf, he said:

"Sirtema de Grovestins shall be their name forever."

Almost a year had gone. The chapel of Sirtema castle was open. The lights burned on the altar. A throng of expecting people stood at the entrance. At last a shout went up—a hearty shout, such as comes from glad and whole-souled hearts:

"Hurrah for Sirtema de Grovestins!"

A marriage procession slowly entered the chapel-gate, and stopped before the altar, where Father Adhemar stood waiting. His deep-toned voice was heard; two hands were joined together; a blessing was pronounced, and when the procession issued from the chapel, the shout went up with joyful acclamation:

"Hurrah for the Rose of Sirtema!"

But the year which we have passed in silence, has been full of sorrow. For the night of the betrothal had been the closing night of Sirtema's life. At peace with God and men, he slept. Soon he was followed by his brave son Ulric, who lingered long enough to love in

Astulf the brother who was to take his place; long enough to forgive and forget; long enough to press the hand of the once hereditary foe, now his almost constant companion, who, with Father Adhemar, watched his dying hours. But when he, too, was gone, the old Baron felt gloomy. The castle of Sirtema, once assailed with so much hatred, had become his dwelling-place. He yearned for Hilda's consoling words. And when his strength began to fail, he asked with urgent entreaty to be laid on the couch where his once so hated foe had died. Many were the nights which Hilda passed at his bed-side, when self-reproach and sorrow made him restless, But at last sounded for him the clarion, not of battle and bloodshed, but of peace and heavenly rest.

"Here be thy castle," said he to Astulf—"here, the castle of Sirtema de Grovestins."

And thus it was. The castle of De Grovestins was deserted; and to this day is a heap of "heavy stones." That of Sirtema de Grovestins yet exists.

Such is the legend of the baronial family of Sirtema de Grovestins, as yet one of the most ancient in the Netherlands, and of which three lineal descendants were once the pupils of the writer.

TEN HOURS IN HOLLAND.

ROTTERDAM is full of curiosities to the American eye. Long, narrow streets, with houses which, from either side, lean forward toward each other, as if engaged in confidential discourse. Some slope backward as though their dignity had been affronted. These angles of inclination are owing to the soft foundation, for Rotterdam is built

as much on, or rather in, water as on land. No two fronts are alike.

When on my first morning in Rotterdam, I looked out of my chamber window, I gazed down a fissure termed a street. The bottom was full of life. On every hand was mopping and scrubbing. Sidewalks and stairways seemed undergoing a general purification. I never

saw so many implements used in the scrubbing process before. There were brooms—long and short—mops, squilgees, and swabs. All of these have their particular use. Scrubbing in Holland is an art, requiring far more than the ordinary brush and rag. Those peasant women engaged in this work with a heartiness which proved that it was to them a labor of love. Even the pails were artistic, being painted a bright green, and their brass hoops shone with a regulation lustre.

I looked down also upon the caps of those scrubbing maids. They were very white, and a perfect shrubbery of frills. Little maids and big maids, all wore caps. All were ruddy and broad—broad everywhere; there is no stinting of proportions in the common Dutch anatomy. They are built like their own galliots, with no disposition to taper off anywhere.

Few drays, carts, or carriages. The universal canal affords the principal means of transportation. Drawbridges are numerous and frequently up, with crowds waiting at either end to pass over. They are patient waiters. By the absence of vehicles, the streets seem strangely silent to one accustomed to the roar and rattle of London. As there is so little on wheels to avoid, most people use the street in preference to the sidewalk. Dogs draw heavy loads, and they are harnessed under the cart. The driver also becomes a beast of burden, and tugs away at the wagon-pole assisting the canine.

Cigars, single and in bundles, are hawked about the streets in hand-carts. The venders are noisy and importunate.

The shops are so neat! In most places, a meal-store is a graniverously dusty and slovenly sort of place. In the Rotterdam meal-shops, not a speck of flour is seen save where it belongs. In the front window are ranged very nicely painted little tubs, full of meal, flour,

and various grains. They do not look as if they had been there for months, to be covered with street dust and specked by flies. Just so with the dried and salt fish shops. Clean as a New England parlor; fresh with flowers; vines clambering over the walls and windows; statues in plaster of Paris tastefully disposed about. Not slovenly, aged, seedy, dirty statues, but clean and white as though fresh from the mold.

Spiral twists of brass wire project forward from many of the women's ears. Their huge wooden shoes are clumsy, but their stockings very clean. Some of these shoes are whitewashed. Apothecary shops are denoted by the ghastly head of a patient putting out his tongue for the doctor's inspection. The laundries bear the sign "*Hier men mangled.*" Such little spoons they use with their coffee-cups! each pointed at the end like a dagger. And the handle of the cup is solid, without an orifice for the finger to twist through.

The decks of the boats in the canals looked clean and domestic—domestic by reason, near the cabin, of signs of female occupation. Ranged near every cabin-door were rows of flowers in pots. Often by them, plying her needle, was the housewife of the craft, and sometimes over her head flapped sundry shirts and broad breeches, washed and hung out to dry. Children toddled about, and no one seemed to fear their falling overboard. I saw a young girl make a hawser fast with nautical dexterity.

There was a square near my hotel, occupied entirely by market-stands for the sale principally of fruit and vegetables. Nearly all the venders were women. Bright yellow squashes, black cherries, and red currants, were piled about, the colors contrasting strongly with each other. Here and there was a booth of children's toys. Fish put in an occasional appearance; among them,

I noticed smoked eels—at least, they looked smoked. Live fish were offered for sale, swimming in tubs of water. Above all towered a bronze ecclesiastic in Lutheran robes, reading from a bronze book. But no one paid any attention to him.

The Rotterdam police are ornamental. They wear clean white-linen trowsers, dark-green tunics, sparkling with brass buttons, and by their sides swords with plenty of well-scoured brass about the sheaths. They look “smart” and soldierly. The English policeman looks clumsy. He can not help it. It is not so much the man as the uniform that is put on him. Next to a suit of submarine armor in general clumsiness, comes the uniform of the English policeman. It lowers him in his own estimation. For purposes of offense and defense, he is armed with a club. This, alone, is ruinous to any man’s self-respect. A club is a low, vulgar weapon. The English policeman would be twice the man he is with a sword and a covering for his head not modeled on the plan of an inverted dinner-pot. There is in England a dread that the police in appearance might too closely resemble the military. The military uniform is largely sacred and exclusive to aristocracy and “*£. s. d.*” So, fearing that constables X, Y, and Z might, by strangers, be mistaken for officers of the Guards, they make guys of them.

“Dutchy” and “Dutch!” These are words which, with many in America, have stood as symbols of everything slow, clumsy, awkward, and ungraceful. Far from this are many of the external indications in Holland. Take the country surrounding Rotterdam. True, the land is level, but not monotonous. A foot—two feet at most—is the average height of the broad green expanse above the ditches. It stretches away on either side for miles and miles. Regularly, at intervals of a few hundred yards, come

the long strips of motionless water, and, as the railway carriage flies along, they seem to be turning on a pivot, and wheeling away behind you like the spokes of an immense horizontal wheel.

Men are seen harvesting in high leather boots, as though the footing were wet and oozy. Their boats lay near by in the artificial lagoons, for the husbandman must go to his field by water. The roadways are indicated by double rows of trees stretching far away in the distance. As the coast is left and you travel farther toward the interior, the country commences very gradually to rise. Sand-dunes succeed the low, flat, ditch intersected meadows. These are covered with young pine forests. They seem untenanted by man. But in traveling by rail there often flash, through rifts in the dark-green foliage, gems of country-homes. One has the merest glimpse of tastefully laid-out grounds; bright circles of flowers; statues and fountains; open parlor windows, and coming from them the sound of music, and then the paradise is out of sight and the unbroken forest succeeds.

The German I had picked up at Vienna was of little use to me in Rotterdam. I found they spoke quite another tongue. German is not Dutch. I began to see the difference by the printed notices at the railway stations as Holland was approached. The German tongue is full of “*isches*,” the Dutch resounds with “*oors*” and “*oons*.” That, to me, seems the main difference. I found it better in Rotterdam to fall back on plain English, than to trust to the unfledged, and, certainly to the Rotterdamites, unintelligible gibberish which I had acquired at Vienna. Europe, in fact, is inhabited by a number of tribes, who cling foolishly and persistently to their own dialects. Civilization has not as yet sufficiently advanced to induce them to break down the old barriers, so long set up between them, and adopt one

common tongue, currency, and free trade. It needs but to travel with two trunks for seventy-two hours on a railway, and be hustled out twice a day to submit to the custom-house examination on the different frontiers, to convert any one from a protectionist to a free-trader.

There is little "Dutchiness" in the features of the better class in Holland, as I saw them. Clearly-cut faces—not too sharp, but giving one the idea of nerve, vigor, and good muscle—the men look manly; the women refined. Three more beautiful girls than those, evidently sisters, who occupied the same breakfast-table with me on my first and last morning in Rotterdam, I never set eyes on. True, they did talk Dutch, but it was low-voiced, pleasant, and melodious Dutch. No pertness, no forwardness, nothing "fast" about them. Their attire was all neatness and good taste. I can not describe it, but it was as "natty" as the plumage of a Java sparrow. They were well bred. They did not stare. My entrance into the apartment caused no more ocular demonstration than would that of an ordinary house-fly. Some—ay, many—people are positively insulting with their eyes. They can in thirty seconds say all manner of mean things through the visual organs. They will turn up their noses at you with their eyes. They will, with a single look at a humbly dressed, modest, unassuming stranger, dance hornpipes of scorn over his great-grandfather's grave. But not so did these beautiful Dutch girls. They won me by their polite indifference; indeed, it was a trifle too indifferent.

The breakfast was a Dutch breakfast—coffee, tea, three or four kinds of bread, three varieties of cheese. My Dutch angels ate slowly and with deliberation. They seemed critical in cheese, and cut thin slices from the various cakes and ate them appreciatively. I admired them all the more for their gastronomical repose. The trio made upon me a

triplicate impression, and I could say (did I but understand Dutch), "How happy I'd be with either, were the other two charmers away."

In the different kinds of cheese were various seeds to me unknown. The fragrance was somewhat more *prononcé* than I like. I think a square inch of some varieties in my bedroom would keep me awake all night. But this is a vulgar prejudice of the nose.

This glimpse of Rotterdam and Holland sent the Dutch up many degrees in my estimation. I saw beyond all the cabbages, and clumsy galliots, and wooden shoes, and waddling rotundity, supposed to be the especial characteristic of the "Dutchman;" I saw in the industrious and persistent reclaimers of this great salt meadow, a life-fire, vigor, daring, and enterprise with which they have not been generally accredited by the world. Clumsy as were their galliots, they were among the first to brave the mysterious terrors of unknown seas and oceans. Centuries ago, this little amphibious nation sent out its adventurous spirits and planted its colonies in Asia, Africa, and America. Hard set they may be in their peculiar fashions, but a "slow people" never! The galliot is not the clipper; but the hardy Dutch skipper, from its high, ungainly stern, swore in deep Holland guttural, many a generation ago, alike at the hurricane off Good Hope, the typhoon of the China seas, and the savage blasts on the coast of Labrador. New Amsterdam did precede New York, and Van Tromp did once sweep the English Channel, and the thunder of his guns was heard at the Tower of London, where never before or since has echoed the artillery of a foreign foe. All honor to the industrious, daring, sturdy, and unboasting Dutch!

When our tule lands are all "reclaimed;" when the Stockton steamer threads its way for miles through a vast and beau-

tiful garden; when on every side elegant cottages peep from a mesh of rose-bowers, ivy-vines, and young pines; when all that great monotony of marshes and reeds is turned into a fruitful park; when at every few hundred yards, as you sail along, the eye glances up the long canals cut for drainage, and sees upon them neat little private steamers and gondolas covered with gay awnings plying along under the shade of the willows which will line these aqueous roads from end to end; when, say a hundred years hence, the delta of the Sacramento or San Joaquin shall contain its two or three millions of inhabitants, and the fierce mosquito shall be exterminated, and the harsh summer sea-breeze of San Francisco shall blow over that expanse, warmed by its land-passage to the temperature of the *boudoir*, and all the people luxuriating in it shall have ceased trying to filch from each other's dinner-pots, and shall have discovered that the surest road to happiness lies in setting an additional dish on the neighbor's table, instead of trying directly or indirectly, legitimately or illegitimately, by fair means or foul, to take one off; then shall be realized the new, the improved, the paradisaical Holland of the Pacific Coast.

 RÉPROOF.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF OSKAR VON REDWITZ.]

The tree to me light whispering says:
 "Why is thy heart so full of grief?
 No lamentings do I utter,
 When the autumn takes my leaf.

"For, at the rightful hour, God
 My foliage takes and lends again.
 His wisdom, too, decrees the time
 To wound thee or to cure thy pain."

I hear a voice from out the brook:
 "Why dost thou weep? Do not repine.
 I, too, must break through cane and thorn
 Before the light upon me shine.

"When forth from caverns dim I come,
 More golden shines on me the light;
 So on thy eyes, which long have wept,
 Will gladness beam more heavenly bright."

O God! how blinded was my heart,
 To be to wild despair thus moved—
 I, child of an Eternal God,
 By Nature's voices am reproved.

O God! Thou art my Father true—
 Thy child before thee lowly stands;
 Whether I weep or I rejoice,
 I am forever in Thy hands.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

No. III.—“WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.”

SACRAMENTO, August 10th, 1850.

Did you receive the paper containing the mournful lament of a gold-hunter, entitled “Adieu, but not forever?” I did not know the author when I read it, but the experience he tells with such touching pathos has been the experience of so many others, that it stirred up a deep sympathy for the writer. Lest the paper may have miscarried, I will quote one or two passages. After describing the farewell scenes on leaving home, he says: “We reached the steamer—her ponderous wheels are in motion—three cheers greet us as we cast off the last rope, and in a few short hours the wild waves roll between me and my native shore. . . . One year and more has passed away. A long year of toil and unrequited labor it has been to that husband, and to his family a year of gloom. One who kissed these lips on that parting day is no more! A sweet, angelic daughter, with fairy form, and cherub eyes, and voice whose melody heaven coveted, Death snatched—snatched in a moment. Alas! who knoweth the agony of bereavement, save the bereaved themselves! There are blighted hopes, and sorrowing spirits, and bitter woes, concealed under calm faces. O! how many in this far-off land are bearing their burden in solitude—how many, whose bones strew these mountain shores, are sorrowed for at home with bitter lamentation!” If you have not seen the article, this extract will give you an interest in the writer. When the last steamer sailed he was well; this mail will carry home to that wife and family the crushing story. I have followed the author

to his grave; his “unrequited toil” is at an end. I never spoke to Weld, but the article quoted made me feel wondrous kind toward him. When I was told that he was dead, I felt that I had lost a brother. I went to see his corpse, and as I gazed upon him alone, I thought it was the saddest case I had yet known. No one of that fond family was there—no hand of affection to put back the locks that fell over that broad forehead—and I venture to say that the only tears shed over his bier were from one who never knew him save by those few lines.

We are in the midst of considerable excitement, and must be until Congress does something for us. The whole country hereabouts seems to be covered with Mexican grants. The site of this city is claimed by General Sutter, and city lots have been sold under his title. The frontiersmen do not seem to understand how one man can lay claim to so much soil, and naturally look to the Government as the rightful owner of the new lands. The grant to Sutter has not been settled by the courts, and in the meantime the settlers take possession of unoccupied grounds, claiming that the grant did not cover the site of the city. Two or three days ago, they tore down a building erected by a man named Murphy on a lot claimed by one of their party, and then they fortified the place, and determined to hold it against all contestants. A writ of ejectment was issued and about to be served. Yesterday, the “squatters,” as the settlers are called, were out in strong force, and declared the city under martial law.

To-day, the sheriff with a small party surprised and took possession of their fortified place, with the garrison of five men and twenty stand of shot-guns. Last month the Common Council passed an order, making it a misdemeanor and imposing a heavy fine for any one, except the city surveyor, to survey within the city limits. This was regarded as a high-handed outrage upon individual rights, and has done much to bring about the collision that is threatened.

August 13th, 1850.—An attempt was made early this morning to fire the town. The county attorney and one or two others are under arrest for treason. It is rather difficult to keep out of the excitement.

August 16th, 1850.—The steamer that sailed yesterday will carry home an account of the events of the two preceding days, that may be exaggerated. About noon, on the 14th, it was rumored that the squatters were about to rescue some persons confined on board the prison-brig lying moored at the mouth of the American River, and a party under the sheriff repaired to the spot to resist them. The squatters, finding that the brig would be an ugly place to carry by assault, drew off and marched through the town, to the number of about fifty. They were in military order, and fully armed. I was standing on the corner of Second and J streets; they were on J Street near Third, and all the men had gone to follow the squatters, leaving me quite alone. Soon Mayor Bigelow rode up, and asked me to join the unarmed citizens and help to disarm the rioters. I told him that it could not be done in that way; that I was acquainted with some of them, and I knew that they would fire. He said they would not, and rode on toward the crowd. About the time that the mayor reached them, I heard a volley, and saw the crowd running in all directions. The mayor's horse came flying back without

a rider. Now, I thought, we are in for it. I ran to my office (about half a block off), got my double-barrel gun, powder-flask, and a handful of balls, and hurried back, loading as I ran. When I got as far as J Street, I could discover no armed men. I waited to see some one in authority, until Lieutenant-Governor McDougal rode up at full speed, his face very pale. Seeing me the only armed man on the street, he asked me to get all the armed men I could, and rendezvous at Fowler's Hotel, on the city front. I went to the place designated, and there found a few men, who had got an old iron ship's-gun, mounted on a wooden truck; to its axles were fastened a long dray-rope, such as you see at home attached to a fire-engine. The gun was loaded with a lot of scrap-iron. It seemed we were expected to make a stand against the army of squatters that was said to be coming upon us. I wanted to know where McDougal was. We expected him to take the command, and die with us. I inquired of Mrs. McDougal, who was stopping at the hotel, what had become of her husband? She said he had gone to San Francisco for assistance. Indeed, he was on his way to the steamer *Senator* when I saw him, and he left his horse on the bank of the river.

Finding that the fighting-men did not rally, and fearing that the squatter force would come and catch us with that old gun, I strolled off up town to the scene of the firing. The mayor had been taken to a house on Second Street. He is badly wounded, and it is thought that he will die. He is shot in three places; one ball went through his right side, another shattered his right hand, and a third grazed his cheek. Mr. Woodland, the assessor, was killed by a ball in the abdomen, and lay dead as he fell. The commander of the squatters (a man named Maloney) had his horse shot under him; he is said to have charged

sword in hand into the crowd, and was killed by a pistol-shot. One other man was killed, who seemed to be an overland man, and was supposed to have belonged to the squatters. Quite a number were wounded.

A rumor soon spread that the squatters were gathering in large force on the outskirts of the town, to renew the fight. The rumor was without foundation, but the excitement was very great. Some one told me Dr. Robinson was wounded, and hidden in a house on Fourth Street. I reported the matter to B. F. Washington, acting-marshal of the city, who directed me to procure what help I could, and take him, dead or alive. Dr. Robinson was the leading rioter, and had done more by his talents than any one among them to bring on the trouble. I took two men, armed like myself with double-barrel guns, and entered the house where he was said to be hidden. The proprietor stood at the head of the stairs leading to the second floor, and, presenting his shot-gun, threatened to shoot if we came up; but one of the men who followed me, seeming to think this was a good chance to kill somebody, "covered" the man with his gun, and told him to lay down his arms, or have a large hole made in his body. He obeyed; when we told him to go into a room, where we shut him up. Then we searched the house, and found the doctor in the back room, lying on a bed. I examined him, and found a bullet-wound of small size in his left side; but it seemed to be superficial, and his pulse was not affected. However, as a matter of precaution, and to avoid any unpleasant consequences to myself, I called in Doctors Birdsall and Riggs to examine him. They reported that his wound was superficial, and gave the opinion that he could be removed without injury. So I pressed a cot and four men, under the war-power conferred upon me (for the city was under martial

law), and compelled the men to carry our prisoner to the prison-brig, while we escorted him to prevent a rescue.

The town was now in undisputed possession of the constituted authorities, and a party set out to pursue the rioters, who had fled up the river. About five miles out, they overtook an Irishman named Caulfield, one of the most desperate men among the squatters. Mr. Latson was with this party, and he told me that he was in advance, and as he rode up he laid hold of Caulfield; but, as they were both going very fast, he slipped his hold, when the fellow attempted to discharge his rifle at Latson. The gun missed fire, and Latson knocked the ruffian off his horse with a pistol. The party came down J Street at a furious rate, with their prisoner tied on the saddle; his feet under the horse's belly, his hat off, arms tied behind him, and his face covered with blood and dust. They swept on down to the levee, and it was said that they were going to hang Caulfield on a tree.

I had no interest in this quarrel, but had taken my gun in defense of law and order, and these men were about to violate both, while professedly acting for both. I determined to have something to say about this, and ran on as fast as I could, following them to the bank of the river, but they took him to the prison-brig. Two or three more men were taken during the day, but no other noteworthy event has happened as yet. I now go to the rendezvous of Capt. Sherwood's company (which is being organized for future emergencies), preparatory to burying the dead.

August 22d, 1850.—The city is now as quiet as though nothing had happened. On Thursday last, the day I closed my last letter, we buried Mr. Woodland under arms—Sherwood's company acting as infantry, followed by many armed citizens on horseback. There was a rumor current that the squatters intended

to bury their dead in the same place and at the same time. We were, therefore, directed to be provided with ten rounds of ammunition to each man. The burial-ground is a sandy hill below the town, a couple of miles distant, where we have buried the most of our dead since the flood. No enemy appeared, and all passed off quietly.

As soon as the funeral services were over, Sheriff McKenney, Dr. Wake Briery, Eugene F. Gillespie, Capt. M. D. Corse, David Milne, John Tracy, Col. Kewen, and J. S. Fowler, with a number of others who were present and mounted, started off at a rapid rate across the plains. It was said they were going to make an arrest of a party in arms on the American River, about seven miles from town. It was nearly night when we reached town and were dismissed.

About nine o'clock that night, while the Common Council was in session, Col. Kewen rushed into the room and announced that the sheriff and ten men were killed, and that reinforcements were needed, as the squatters in force were marching into town. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The alarm was sounded; our company assembled at the drill-room, and then marched to J Street. The force was divided; the most of it was marched out toward Sutter's Fort. I was detailed, with four others, to patrol the south part of the town, to protect it from incendiaries. The mounted men were divided into two squads; one under Councilman J. R. Hardenberg, and the other under Councilman C. A. Tweed; these took stations at the head of J and K streets, beyond the fort. The part of the town to which I was assigned was that occupied by the few families living here, and I could not have had a pleasanter duty if I had been free to have my choice. My knees did not shake half so badly after the order was given. It may

seem strange to you, but I did not like the idea of going out to shoot at squatters in the dark, when a fellow might just as well get shot himself by mistake for some more maliciously disposed person. The ladies were nearly frightened out of their wits, but we assured them that they had nothing to fear—that we were devoted to their service, and were ready to die at their feet; being thus assured, they all retired into their cozy little cottages, and securely bolted the doors. Then we patrolled up and down the lonely streets, with fixed bayonets; stopping every man for the countersign, and if he could not give it, marching him home. About ten o'clock in the morning, soon after the arrival of the steamer at the landing, a man came to me, and said Lieutenant-Governor McDougal wanted to speak to the patrol—that he was sick at a house near by. I was poor McDougal's evil genius. When he arrived from San Francisco, where he had gone for reinforcements, he found us in the midst of our second great scare. It was too much for him; he went right to bed. How strange it was that I should be the man to see him there—I, whom he had denounced as a coward but the day before the outbreak, because I would not be put into a position to engage in an aggressive war. He was not so pale as when I saw him on his way to the boat. He said he was suffering very much from sickness, and wished me to report at headquarters the arrival of the California Guard from below. I did not know where to find the headquarters; but I went to Warbas & Co.'s bank, which was a sort of rendezvous of our folk. The Guard was there before me. Two companies were reported—one under Col. Geary, and the other under Capt. Wm. M. D. Howard. In the rear room I saw Sam Brannan, the only man I knew out of the roomful. All were eager for the fray, and I thought if they fought as well as they swore, the

country would be safe. I heard threats that a young man named McKune, who had been acting as an attorney for the squatters, should hang before sunrise. Here was law and order for you, with a vengeance! I knew where McKune's office was (it was in my beat), and hurried down to give him the alarm. I thumped away at his door, but could get no answer; so I concluded he had left, and that, if he was with the squatter force, the others might go and get him, and bide the fortunes of war.

August 27th, 1850.—I am tired of excitement, and long for the quiet of home.

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be:
O hame, hame, hame, in my ain countree!"

But to get home is almost as difficult as it was to get here. The steamers are all full for months to come.

When I wrote last, I find, I did not complete the history of our night-alarm. It turned out that the sheriff was the only man of his party killed. He rode up to the house of a man named Allen, whom he wanted to arrest. Dr. Brierly, from whom I had an account of the affair, accompanied the sheriff; the rest of the party remained a little way off. The sheriff told Allen who he was, and demanded his surrender. Allen was behind the bar, and replied that he knew him; at the same instant he leveled a heavy duck-gun and fired. The whole charge entered the sheriff's breast, and killed him instantly. Brierly, who is a little, sprightly man, had dodged down,

and instead of going for reinforcements, delivered his revolver several times at Allen, wounding him severely. Notwithstanding the whole party was there, Allen escaped to the river, and concealed himself so well that he has not been caught. A few days after, we were again turned out to bury our brave young sheriff. I had no personal acquaintance with him, but he was a great favorite. His wife was here to follow him to the grave, and it was a circumstance that added much to the sympathy felt for him.

[The letters from which the above are extracts were continued until October, but I find but little that can interest the public, they being devoted almost exclusively to matters of personal concern. In the extracts published in this number of the *OVERLAND*, I have—in view of the fact that there is no connected account, so far as I know, given to the public of what was then known as the "Squatter Riot"—taken the liberty of inserting the names of certain prominent characters, where they were not in the original letters, to add to the historical importance of the record. If any one is disposed to dispute the accuracy of the foregoing, I will state here, that I have no hesitation in saying that I believed them to be true at the time they were written, and that they are as much entitled to credence as any other statements written at the time, if there are such extant, and a great deal more reliable than any that can be made from memory, unless made by men whose memory is better than mine.]

With the approach of autumn, another source of danger and alarm was approaching the California Coast. The Asiatic cholera was following the overland immigration of that year, and it had met the returning gold-hunters at the Isthmus of Panama, where many perished of that disease. To escape that danger lurking at the latter place, the writer embarked on board a sailing-vessel, in October, bound for Real-ejo—the ship *Plymouth*, Capt. Pousland—and reached New York in the following spring, after a journey of almost incredible hardship and danger, during which many of his traveling companions perished.]

AN IMPERIAL SLEIGH-RIDE.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

THE Vienna Congress! "*C'est un tissu politique tout brodé de fêtes,*" said the witty Prince de Ligne, and truly he has by that saying very neatly embodied the character of that famous gathering. What an endless succession of balls, routs, fire-works, concerts, theatrical performances, *corsos* (races), sleighing parties, carousals, *déjeuners*, dinners, suppers, reunions! What hosts of intrigues were then hatched; what piquant adventures were related and experienced; what keen *bons mots* were said and circulated; what rumors were started and believed in; how many romances, gay and sad, were enacted in this curious society of Germans, Frenchmen, English, Russians, Italians, Danes, Swedes, Dutch, and Spaniards. Of the multitude of feasts, I shall attempt to describe only one—that of the great sleigh-ride—which stands prominently out from the mass of *fêtes*, which were the order of the day throughout this gay and famous winter. The imperial court projected the tour, but was obliged to postpone it several times, on account of the weather. At last, an abundant fall of snow was succeeded by a clear, severe frost.

Already, very early in the morning of the auspicious day, a considerable mass of people filled the Joseph Platz, which had been selected as the rendezvous of the sleighs. Those destined for the Emperor and the other sovereigns, which were constructed in the form of a *calèche*, were fitted out with the most lavish luxury, the cushions made of green velvet with gold lace and tassels, and the horses in magnificent harness, displaying the

imperial arms, carried sleigh-bells of various notes, attuned to a harmonious accord. But also the other sleighs for the other members of the Congress and those of the foreign and Austrian nobility, did their utmost to emulate the splendors of royalty.

Two o'clock has struck. The saloons of the Kaiserberg are filled with the *élite* of the party, and a lively conversation in all European languages is in full activity (*gang*). Yonder stands Alexander Ypsilanti, with his dreaming eyes. Perhaps he broods again over the great object of his life, to throw the torch of fire in the midst of the Ottoman empire, and free the classic soil of Greece from its barbarous rulers. The Countess Zichy, near by, relates laughingly, to a prince, an anecdote of the Grand-duke Constantine and Ypsilanti: As the latter once was dancing a *polonaise* with the Princess Jeanette Czerwertinska, his military cap—he held a commission in the Russian army—got a little awry. "Ypsilanti," said Constantine, who noticed him, "this is against orders." Ypsilanti adjusted it accordingly, but the cap, too small, perhaps, got presently out of position again, when the grand-duke again cried out, "Ypsilanti, I have told you once that your cap is not *en règle*." The prince again corrected his error; but for the third time the unlucky head-gear got tilted the wrong way, and was again observed by the imperial martinet. Instantly he directed the prince to leave the saloon, and ordered him three days in arrest, with these words, "Remain there until you learn how a cap must be worn accord-

ing to the regulations of the imperial army." Both ladies laugh, when they are accosted by the prince of gamblers, Mr. Raily, and M. de Zibin, and the latter acquaints them with the last *bon mot*, fresh from the mint of the clever Prince de Ligne: "*Le menuet est une grâce stupide.*" In another circle the Prussian diplomat, Wilhelm von Humboldt, is the subject of conversation. The famous painter, Isabey, who is engaged in painting "The Vienna Congress," has selected for his composition the moment when Metternich enters and presents the Duke of Wellington. All the members had given sittings to him; only Humboldt had refused to do so. Isabey called on the diplomat, who replied to his request thus: "Just look at me, and then confess that Nature has really made me so ugly that I would be a fool to spend a penny on my portrait." The artist regarded the diplomat with astonishment, but, anxious to gain his end, he answered: "It has really never entered my thoughts, your excellency, to present you with any bill for your portrait, which I only desire for my picture. My wish is simply that you may favor me with a few sittings." "Is that all?" replied the statesman. "Well, I will grant your wish, but it is against my principles, as I have said, to pay a single farthing for my ugly counterfeit." Accordingly the baron sat for Isabey as often as he desired. When afterward the great picture was finished, it turned out that Humboldt's portrait resembled him best of all, apropos of which Humboldt remarked, "As I paid nothing for my picture, Isabey has revenged himself upon me by making mine a *likeness.*"

At last the signal sounded for starting, and the illustrious party descended to the Platz, to take their places in the sleighs. As for the reigning sovereigns, a certain order was fixed upon, to avoid all rank contentions. But the rest of the party was arranged according to a

scheme of chance. Each gentleman received for his companion the lady who had fallen to his lot, and not everybody was pleased with the lot accident had bestowed upon him. However, as there was no appeal, everybody had to submit to his fate. A flourish of trumpets resounded lustily. The coachmen cracked their whips, the impatient horses were allowed to start, and the countless sleigh-bells made the frozen air tremulous with music. The train was headed by a party of splendidly mounted court couriers and a detachment of cavalry. Next came a huge sleigh, drawn by six horses, with an orchestra of kettle-drums and trumpets, in the rear of which rode Count Trautmansdorf, the emperor's equerry, with his people. Immediately behind this cavalcade, appeared the sleighs of the sovereigns, the actual gala-train proper. The first contained the Emperor of Austria and the Empress Elizabeth of Russia; the second, the Emperor of all the Russias, Alexander, and the Princess Auersberg; behind which followed the King of Prussia, with the lovely Countess Julia Zichy. Now came the King of Denmark, with the Grand-duchess of Saxe-Weimar; the Grand-duke of Baden, with the Countess Lazansky; in the rear of whom twenty-four pages, in rich middle age costumes, and a squadron of the Hungarian *garde-noble* closed the first division. The Russian Empress was enveloped in an ample ermine cloak, and wore on her head a green velvet cap, ornamented with a heron's plume set in diamonds. In the same manner were the rest of the noble ladies well protected against the cold in precious furs and velvets of the most varied and richest hues, presenting altogether a gorgeous spectacle.

Now appeared the balance of the sleighs, about thirty in number, with the flower of the female aristocracy—their charming faces aglow with the fresh air and the pleasure of the mo-

ment—and with their cavaliers, who exerted themselves to entertain their lovely charges to the best of their abilities. Their efforts in that direction were the easier, as the train, as long as it passed through the streets, moved only at a foot-pace. With the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg rode the beautiful Princess of Lichtenstein; with the Grand-duchess of Oldenburg the Archduke Palatine. The Countess von Fuchs, the queen of the beauties, had fallen by lot to the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Countess Lubomirska to that of Prince Leopold of Silesia. Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the favorite of the Russian Emperor, gallanted Countess Apponyi, as Archduke Carl did Countess Esterhazy. Count Frantz Zichy escorted Lady Castlereagh, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg the superb Rosalia Rzeveruska. Thereupon followed a squadron of *piqueurs*, in imperial liveries, and the procession finally closed with some spare vehicles, and an immense sleigh, drawn by six horses, with a second music-band in Turkish costumes, from which burst at times strains of wild martial music.

In this wise moved the train at a slow pace through the principal streets and public squares of the ancient imperial city, that had perhaps never before witnessed a more gorgeous spectacle. When finally outside of the walls, the sleighs formed two abreast, and the horses, at last given the reins, started in full gallop on the road to Schönbrunn, which was, of course, reached in a short space of time.

The Empress of Austria, the King and Queen of Bavaria, and other exalted personages, whose indifferent healths were not supposed equal to an exposure to the frosty air, had already arrived at Schönbrunn in carriages, where a grand *fête* was prepared, to be followed by a splendid banquet, of which the royal sleighing party were to partake before returning to Vienna in the evening by

torch-light. Besides, a part of *Cendrillon* was to be played by the *personnel* of the Vienna theatre, after which was to follow a brilliant ball. A rare picture of fairy-like splendor the halls of Schönbrunn presented that night. Exotic plants and flowers from the imperial conservatories, myrtles and orange-trees in full bloom, ornamented the stairs, the ante-chambers, and the ball-room, in pleasing contrast to the frost and cold outdoors. After witnessing *Cinderella*, the merry guests proceeded to the magnificent saloon, fragrant with thousands of flowers, to woo for awhile the charming goddess Terpsichore.

The conversation, as may be supposed, was particularly lively. *Bons mots* and repartees sparkled incessantly. Count de Witt drew a crowd of ladies around him, and at the same moment he and his mother were the topics of discussion by another group. It would seem that the old dowager countess had, in her younger days, been exceedingly beautiful, and had been the rage at the French court; her splendid eyes had especially been the object of universal admiration, and the poor lady had been so overwhelmed with compliments about them, that she finally became unable to detach the adjective *beautiful* from the noun *eyes*, which she continually heard together. One day, Marie Antoinette asked the countess, "What is the matter with you, Countess—you seem to suffer?" "Your Majesty," replied the lady, "I have a pain in my *beautiful eyes*." The ladies tittered, and the words of the good lady became immortal.

Meanwhile, the hour for breaking up and returning to Vienna had arrived. A flourish of trumpets gave the noisy signal, and dissolved the gay and laughing groups. It was night; the stars sparkled in the heavens—it was time to think of repose. The servants appeared laden with cloaks and furs; the ladies were carefully enveloped in their

cozy wrappings, and by the lights of torches and flambeaus the party descended to the court of the palace to reach their sleighs, which, two and two abreast, successively received their magnificent freight. The train departed in the same order as it had arrived, the same couples all in high good humor, gay, laughing, chattering, joking; all the horsemen who were to escort the party carrying blazing torches, the red glare of which crimsoned the snow-covered court, dimly revealing every object in their uncertain light. Strains of martial music burst forth, the impatient horses plunged, and shook their melodious bells, and the fantastic train rushed away like a comet's extended and fiery tail in the still, starlit night, till, growing dimmer and dimmer, it finally went out and disappeared beyond the gates of the city.

Next day, the Emperor of Austria made a present to Alexander of Russia, of the sleigh he had occupied the day before. The vehicle was carefully packed up and forwarded to St. Petersburg.

This splendid pageantry, which after all had only furnished the amusement of one day out of the many days devoted to the entertainment of Vienna's illustrious guests, had cost but the trifle of three hundred thousand florins. A few days after, the party repeated the ride;

but this time it was only continued to the Prater. On their return, a peculiar and dismal interruption occurred, which formed an emphatic contrast to the pleasure of the day. As the gay party turned the corner of a narrow street near St. Stephen's Cathedral, all in high glee, laughing and talking, the trumpets blowing a joyous hunting air, and hundreds of torches throwing a magic glare over the whole spectacle, they were met by a funeral procession.

Honor the dead! The crowned potentates, the blooming beauties, and the haughty cavaliers came to a halt in the presence of the dead, and a sacred silence prevailed in the street, until the funeral train slowly and solemnly vanished through the portals of the lofty towers of St. Stephen's.

Only a few weeks later, and the Corsican lion had broken his prison-fetters; from Elba he had stepped on French soil, with the words: "The Vienna Congress is dissolved." In the midst of the revelry at a magnificent ball given by Metternich, the news of the landing of Napoleon at Cannes fell like a bombshell among the assembled guests. The thousands of flambeaus seemed to die out simultaneously of their own accord—the dance ceased. "*He is in France,*" was the cry of terror which lamed every foot, and silenced the joyous strain of the music.

THE HAUNTED ROCK AT SANTA BARBARA.

IMMEDIATELY on the western limit of the town of Santa Barbara, a high, green table-land, or *mesa*, rises from the ocean beach and extends for several miles up the coast. At one point at its foot, near the town, rises a lofty and rugged group of rocks, projecting in huge masses into the ocean. Sea-birds

flit and call about their summits. At their base the waves surge a perpetual harmony, that rolls in heavy cadence, and, like a chorus of receding music, fades slowly away. The sea-breeze blows over them, cool and invigorating, and beyond them, in infinite grandeur, stretches the boundless sea.

The point of the table-land projecting seaward, and below which is piled the group of rocks, is the site of an ancient ruin; but after the rainy season the land is covered with tall weeds, and the visitor passes the spot many times without suspecting that the solitude of the place has ever been broken save by the steps of some wandering traveler like himself, or the call of the sea-bird, or the chirp of the rabbits and squirrels that now dart through the long grasses and burrow in the foundation of the ancient walls.

During one of my rambles, many years ago, I was surprised at the appearance here of a very old man. He stood silent and motionless, and his gaze was fixed on what I now for the first time observed to be a circular rise of land, evidently the remains of a former wall or tower. He was dressed in the Spanish garb—tight breeches fastened with buttons of silver from the ankle to the loins, a scarf crossed over the bosom, and a black silk kerchief bound about the forehead. His hair fell in long white locks upon his shoulders, his form was tall but bent, and except that his eye was bright, I knew him to be very old. I advanced toward him, but he did not move. I accosted him, but he was silent, and I saw that his face wore an expression of deep and absorbing grief.

“Sir,” said I, addressing him in the Spanish language, “you are troubled—or are you ill? Can a stranger do anything to relieve you?”

He raised his head; his lips moved, but, before he had spoken, the words seemed to have passed from his consciousness, and he was oblivious of my presence. Once more I ventured to interrupt his reverie, and, laying my hand on his arm, I repeated my questions.

“My friend,” said he, “my troubles are beyond the power of this world to relieve, and what they are or why they

are is of little moment that any one should know.”

“Nay,” said I, “it is one of the highest offices of man to minister to his brother in misfortune. Would you deny me this privilege?”

“My friend,” he replied, “I suffer no earthly need, nor can sympathy approach me.”

“Sir,” said I, “sometimes to relate a grief is to soften the burden of its recollection.”

“Alas!” he replied, “that, too, is impossible; but I am not ungrateful for your proffered kindness, and, since you persist in your entreaties for my story, I can not deny it to you; and when you meet those who fret under the weight of life’s lesser cares, I ask only in return that you repeat to them the sorrows of Rodrigo de la Guerra.

“These ruins,” continued the old man, “were the foundation of a round tower which formed the extreme northern end of a large castle. Another similar tower, connected with this by a long, low building, bordered upon each side with pillared corridors, stood out toward the sea, on land that was long ago thrown down together with the group of great rocks that you now see beneath the cliff. The castle was originally built for defense; but, after peace with the natives was assured, it became the residence of an old Spanish gentleman and his daughter. The name of the old gentleman was Luis Gonzales. His daughter was Doña Inocencia.

“Doña Inocencia was beautiful, but the chief charms of her nature were the gentle and winning grace of her companionship and the breadth and purity of her mind. Viewing all suffering as the result of man’s ignorance, and all crime as the offspring of weakness rather than of fault, she was active in her efforts to develop the understanding of the young, and merciful in considering the evils related of the old. She adored her

Maker as the author of her own and the world's great happiness, and sought in study and contemplation how to avoid that ignorance whose penalty is misfortune.

"As a child she found in the castle but a dreary home. It had great towers, a plenteous board, a retinue of servants; but Inocencia knew neither mother, nor sister, nor brother, within its walls. Here were the sea, the flowering banks of the *mesa*, the surge, and the sea-birds, but the little child wandering among them was alone. Her days were long days. She had known but one change in all the dreary monotony of her existence. As one day she sat dreamily playing with the white sands by the sea-shore, a ship hove in sight, and in a little boat that swept gaily from its side came a stranger and his son. These new-comers were Don José de la Guerra, the captain of a Spanish merchantman, and his son, Rodrigo. Captain de la Guerra had visited the port to dispose of a cargo of merchandise, and during his stay he and his young son were entertained at the castle. Rodrigo came as new life to Inocencia. He was of a warm and loving disposition, and her childish sympathies, which hitherto she had fretted out upon the cold and unresponsive works of material Nature, now found answer in a young and human bosom like her own. Henceforth she paused in her rambles on the beach, and gazed long and earnestly to see if his vessel were coming from the sea. After the lapse of many months the vessel would come, and for as many more months Rodrigo, at the request of Don Luis Gonzales, would be left at the castle to spend the time of his parent's farther voyage up the coast. On these occasions it was the pleasure of the young voyager to talk to Inocencia of the strange cities and the various peoples he had seen, and to tell her of the wonderful truths he had learned. Views

of life were set forth based on a mutual love of travel and of knowledge, and resolves made promising perpetual friendship to each other. Thus years passed on, and the boy and girl grew in their thoughts as one. As Rodrigo advanced toward manhood, the one care of his affection was the amusement and instruction of Inocencia, and on each voyage with his father, books, curiosities, and articles of rare manufacture were brought her on his return. In time the attachment of the boy became the love of the man, and Inocencia, the fond companion of his youthful years, became the promised helpmate of his maturer life.

"But the years that saw them pass from childhood to maturity brought shipwreck and losses on every sea. The brave and enduring sea-captain battled hard with storm and wave against disaster after disaster; but he lost, and with his son he was now almost poor. Don Luis Gonzales recorded each successive loss with increasing dismay. The first he regretted, the second he deplored, the next filled him with forebodings of coming poverty; but the merchant was brave, one vessel was still left him, and perhaps his fortune might yet be retrieved.

"About this time the vessel with Captain de la Guerra and his son was daily expected at the port of Santa Barbara. It never arrived. The vessel was shipwrecked off the coast of South America. The entire cargo—a very valuable one—was lost, and the captain and his son with the crew barely escaped with their lives. Immediately after this disaster, Rodrigo left his father, who had entered into negotiations for carrying on a trading business between Valparaiso and Lisbon, and, on board a vessel whose trading route lay along the Mexican coast, returned to the pueblo of Santa Barbara. Elated with pleasure at the prospect of beholding Inocencia, from whom he had been so long absent, he

hurried from the beach to the castle. But the news of his disaster had sped on before him; so Don Luis met him, and met him alone. 'I knew,' he said, 'that the lover still lived, but the fortune he should have brought to the maiden was gone.' It was in vain that Rodrigo went from argument to appeal. Turning from the castle he retraced his steps in the direction of the beach, hailed a small boat about pushing off from shore, and returned aboard the vessel on which he had arrived. He was troubled, almost despairing, but yet with a yearning consciousness that Inocencia was still unchanged, and a fixed resolution that before leaving the place of her home he would either see her or hear from her. How to accomplish this he knew not. In a few days a vessel bound for Lisbon would set out, and imperative agreements with respect to business with his father required him to go with her. On what could he base a hope that a message or an interview could be obtained from Inocencia within so limited a period? Plan after plan was conceived and abandoned, when his reflections were interrupted by a boat coming alongside the ship, in which was an old man known as Cervantes, whom Rodrigo remembered as having been formerly employed on his father's vessel, but who, becoming too old and feeble for a voyager's life, was cared for by Inocencia, and retained at the castle. After the usual expressions of friendly greeting, the old man slipped a letter into Rodrigo's hand, and shortly after returned to the shore. Rodrigo opened the letter with trembling hands. It was from Inocencia. She informed him of the cause of her father's refusal to permit her to see him, and that from the moment he had been seen coming toward the castle, she had been locked a prisoner in the highest room of the tower overlooking the bay. She expressed for him the unyielding strength of her affec-

tion, and a hope that he would not be induced to abandon her to the misery of a life-long separation. Cervantes, she said, would be on the beach that night that he might be the bearer of Rodrigo's reply.

"Rodrigo was grieved that there should be an open rupture between himself and Don Luis; but while Inocencia continued faithful in her attachment, it was his hope that parental affection would yet triumph over other considerations, and the few months that would complete his stay in Lisbon would find Don Luis Gonzales reconciled to Doña Inocencia's asserted selfhood in truth and in love.

"In this strain he addressed Inocencia a letter—a letter of greeting and farewell. It was given on the beach that night to Cervantes, and a few days afterward Rodrigo sailed for Lisbon. Doña Inocencia from her castle-window saw him depart. A handkerchief was waved in answering farewell to one from the vessel. A sail slowly moved out of sight, and the lovers were parted.

"Rodrigo had an uncle living in Lisbon, who, by a life of successful adventure, had accumulated great wealth. He was an old man, and had never married. The daughter of a friend being left an orphan, and without means of support, he adopted her as his child, and heir to a portion of his estate. When Rodrigo reached Lisbon he went at once to his uncle's house, where he was welcomed as a son. His uncle was fondly attached to him, and Annette, the adopted child, now a young woman, seemed to spare no pains in bestowing upon him a generous hospitality. In the evenings she entertained him with music and song. If he was weary she read to him. If he was not well, dainties were prepared for him by her own hand.

"For all these kind attentions Rodrigo was warmly grateful, and contributed as he could to the amusement of An-

nette in return. To him it did not occur that the actions of Annette might have a deeper motive than the promptings of hospitality and cousinly interest; but he afterward learned that his uncle had formed the idea of uniting Rodrigo as co-heir to his fortune by a marriage alliance with Annette. The project having been communicated to her, it seems received her approbation, and, having many admirers, and being distinguished as a successful coquette, she accepted the hint, and sought to win from Rodrigo admiration and affection.

"The old gentleman, not having any doubt of her success, and becoming impatient to hear from his nephew the consent that he thought would be gladly forthcoming, called Rodrigo to his side; talked to him of his own extreme old age; of the impossibility of his living more than a few years longer; of his anxiety for the future of his daughter; of her unprotected situation in the event of his sudden death; of the possession of a fortune being only a temptation to bad men to marry her without affection; and, finally, declared his wish that Rodrigo could find it in his heart to love Annette, and become, while yet the old man lived, her protector for life. Half his fortune, he said, should become theirs on their marriage, and the remaining half at his death. Here the uncle paused, looking earnestly for a reply. Rodrigo hesitated, scarcely knowing how to frame his answer. Suddenly the attentions of Doña Annette assumed a new significance in his mind. She, he was sure, was aware of his uncle's designs, and had been acting in support of them. A bare refusal would be wounding to her pride. An explanation, then, as to his circumstances, and the feelings which impelled him to decline his uncle's offer, would be necessary.

"Rodrigo then commenced from his earliest recollection the story of his companionship with Doña Inocencia. The

old gentleman seemed disappointed, almost indignant; but as Rodrigo proceeded, his interest increased, until it assumed an eager, generous intensity, and, as the narrative was drawn to a close, he seemed to have forgotten the object of their conversation, and thought only of sympathy for Inocencia and anxiety to assist Rodrigo.

"After asking various questions of Rodrigo as to his prospects in life, and drawing from him some account of his business circumstances, he for awhile said nothing, but slowly paced the room in studious meditation. By and by he sat down, and turning to Rodrigo, said:

"My boy, Annette has always understood that you, my only nephew, were to receive the larger portion of my estate. I have more than doubled my income by various transactions since the time of my adoption of Annette. After setting aside a portion ample for her use, the remainder must go to my brother's only son. I always intended that it should be yours at my death, but your present unfortunate circumstances induce me to think that your future happiness may more certainly be secured by your having a portion of it now. I shall anticipate my former intentions by a few years. Human happiness, my boy, is cheap at any price; its loss at any price is dear."

"As words best could, Rodrigo acknowledged the generous beneficence of the old man, and, with trembling lips, gave utterance to the gratitude and warmth of his feelings.

"On the morning following, Doña Annette was called by her father, and the account of the friendship and betrothal of Rodrigo and Inocencia, and their present unhappiness, recapitulated, with the expectation that womanly sympathy would cause her to bury all considerations of mortification for self. Doña Annette, however, though she said little, had more sympathy for her

own wounded vanity in failing to engage the affections of Rodrigo, notwithstanding Inocencia, than she had for the misfortunes of one whom she now began to look upon as her rival; and when informed by her father of his intention of anticipating his death a few years in the matter of giving to Rodrigo a portion of his share in the estate, she secretly resolved that Inocencia at least should never enjoy it.

“Not doubting that Inocencia had many admirers, being praised as such a gifted woman, Annette seems to have conceived the idea of bringing some influence upon her to induce her to marry before Rodrigo should return; and, as most of her own actions were regulated by the power of vanity or ill-feeling, she supposed similar motives would determine the conduct of Doña Inocencia. With this view, Doña Annette, under Don Rodrigo’s name, and closely imitating his style and writing, addressed a letter to Inocencia. In this it was stated that Rodrigo, on reflection, had been convinced that a marriage between himself and Inocencia would be forever impossible; and, further, that his reason and his philosophy admonished him of the folly of cherishing a hopeless grief, and that he entreated her to forget, with him, a past, the thought of which could bring them neither joy nor consolation.

“Had Annette directed this letter to Inocencia, the statements it contained would have been received with suspicions of forgery, as it had been arranged between Don Rodrigo and Doña Inocencia that his letters for her should, for greater safety, be inclosed to Cervantes. But Annette was guided by a knowledge of this arrangement, which had been given in the recital of Rodrigo’s story.

“The following day, Rodrigo awoke with low fever and singular symptoms of illness, for which the physician could find no satisfactory explanation. A nurse was called to care for him, but Annette,

with no change in her usual kind demeanor, ministered to his wants, and lingered tenderly about his bedside. He had written on the night previous a long and hopeful letter to Inocencia, and inclosed it, as had been agreed upon, in another directed to Cervantes. Not suspecting duplicity in a being like Annette, apparently so kind and gentle, Rodrigo intrusted his letter to her care. He further impressed upon her his anxiety that it should be forwarded by the first vessel leaving for the Mexican coast, as it inclosed a letter for the unhappy Doña Inocencia, and contained cheering news he was in haste for her to receive. The letter was sealed with wax, but impressed with no stamp or signet, and emboldened by this circumstance, Annette seems to have broken the seal, and finding no word to Cervantes but greeting and kind wishes, removed the inclosed letter to Inocencia, replaced it with her own forgery, renewed the wax, and sent it to a vessel about leaving for the Mexican coast.

“Weeks passed away, and Rodrigo was still unable to be abroad. During this time, Doña Annette seems to have destroyed two letters intended for Doña Inocencia, which on account of Rodrigo’s illness were written by her at his dictation. The promised portion of his uncle’s wealth was formally conveyed to Don Rodrigo; and as soon as his returning strength permitted, he engaged passage on board a vessel bound for the western coast of Mexico, and, with a cheerful promise to his uncle that he would return with Inocencia, that she, too, might thank him for his beneficence, he departed.

“The voyage from Lisbon was favorable, and Rodrigo, under the influence of the invigorating atmosphere of the ocean, and the healthful feelings of hope, recruited rapidly in strength and spirits. As the vessel drew within a few days’ sail of the port of Santa Barbara, his

heart bounded with expectant joy. Every hour left behind was counted as something gained. When but a short time must elapse before the shore would be in sight, he drew to the side of the ship, watching eagerly until the first line of land should appear. At last it came—a view of mountains faintly outlined against the sky. Slowly the gray mists of the distance dissipated and faded. On the undulating foot-hills of the Santa Ynez the white towers of the mission church shone in the crimson hues of the early morning. The humbler outlines of tile-covered houses and the wavy pencilings of umbrageous trees rose slowly to sight. But Rodrigo saw only vacancy. His eye was searching for something, and it was not there. The castle! It was gone! On still came the vessel. The sails were furled. The anchor was cast. Then a pause. A small boat came from the shore; but Rodrigo heeded nothing—his eye was bent in vacancy on this group of strange rocks, and above at these silent ruins. A hand was laid upon his shoulder; some one called him by name. He looked up. Cervantes stood beside him. Rodrigo, grasping the old man's hand, quickly said:

“‘What has happened? Tell me of Inocencia.’ And, pointing to the castle ruins, ‘What does that mean?’

“Cervantes bade him be calm, and begged him to come ashore, where he would tell him all. Rodrigo, perceiving in Cervantes' action that there was nothing for which to hope, silently accompanied him to the shore, and almost unconsciously directed his steps to the spot whereon had stood the castle. Together they sat down on the ruins, and Cervantes, hastened by the anxious impatience of Rodrigo, and often overcome by his own emotion, gave an account of those misfortunes which broke Rodrigo's heart.

“From the reception of the letter for-

ged by Annette, Doña Inocencia, supposing herself deserted by Rodrigo, and oppressed by the apparent hopelessness of her position, had secluded herself from the world. Close confinement to her room, and the constant dwelling of her mind upon the one theme of her unhappiness, were succeeded by fever and delirium, and it seems that during the absence of her attendant she threw herself from the window of the tower overlooking the beach, and was taken up dead. The corpse was exposed with much ceremony in the great hall; a drapery of lace was arranged with flowers as a canopy above the bier, and wax tapers burned day and night around the body in the coffin. The shutters were closed, a temporary altar was erected, the room was brilliantly illuminated, and three gray-gowned friars were employed at the little altar during two days and two nights in prayers for the repose of the dead. On the third night there arose a terrific storm. The shutters of the castle shook and rattled as if demon hands would wrench them from their hold. The wind wailed and moaned, and seemed fairly to shriek when it would come in furious gusts with the roar of fierce and yawning waves, lashing with seemingly resistless force against the shore. Then there would be a lull, and nothing would be heard but the patter of the rain and the sullen moan of the sea. The servants of the castle had built a fire in the dining-hall, and, with friends from the village, had gathered, nervous and trembling, in a group around the flickering flames. Now and then a gust of wind would come through the crevices left uncovered by the worn and ill-fastened shutters, extinguish the lights, and leave the frightened inmates half dumb with terror in almost total darkness. Though all had loved Doña Inocencia, they felt that she had committed self-murder—had gone into eternity unsanctified by the

blessed sacrament—and must, therefore, be suffering such mental torture that her spirit could not rest in peace. It is impossible to account for it, but they all associated the supposed unhappiness of her spirit with the storm. They believed that she wanted them to pray for her, and at every wail of the wind and deafening crash of breaking waves against the cliff, crosses that should protect them from harm were anxiously drawn over their bosoms, and prayers whispered with whitened lips for the repose of the unhappy departed. Don Luis Gonzales had sought the seclusion of his room, which was next to what had been Doña Inocencia's, in the tower overlooking the sea. He knew nothing of the letter which had caused the illness, and, indirectly, the death of Doña Inocencia. He reproached himself as having been the cause of her death, and, seemingly unable to bear the burden of his remorse and the terrible fears that had taken possession of him under the influence of the storm, had benumbed his consciousness with draughts of wine, and was lying oblivious to everything around him, babbling with thick tongue some broken syllables of prayer, and clasping in his fingers a silver crucifix with the beseeching pressure of despair. The countenances even of the friars on this night were remarkable for their exceeding pallor. Great drops of perspiration stood on their foreheads, and they moved anxiously at every sound, their eyes peering excitedly from their sockets into every corner whence it seemed to proceed. Suddenly the great doors of the hall where they were praying with the dead were violently thrown open, a gale of wind swept wildly through the room, flung the light drapery falling from the canopy above the corpse into the flickering tapers, and set it ablaze. The drapery, the muslin flowers, the ribbons, and the white satin pall burned on; but

the tapers went out in the wind. It is whispered by some that the friars were spell-bound with terror, for the servants were not called by them to assist in extinguishing the flames until after the fire had made considerable progress. Heads are shaken wisely, and it is even hinted that they 'must have seen something;' that the doors could not have been opened by the wind. Vague intimations are thrown out about a hand seen waving in the darkness through the open door-way; others speak of a white figure with floating hair and uplifted hands standing off in the black distance; but nothing is known save that the servants, when brought by the alarm of the friars, found the entire tapestry of the room in flames. There were no means of extinguishing the fire except the contents of a cistern, and from this the servants commenced bringing water in buckets. But the process was slow, the flames were spreading rapidly, and the fire having gained the paneled ceiling, it was impossible to reach it. All were exerting themselves to the utmost, and at first they felt hopeful of arresting the conflagration, when it was noticed that the currents of the wind were carrying the long tongues of flame over the partition wall into the store-room adjoining. The rafters also were burning, and the fire was fast eating into the supports of the heavy tile-roof. Suddenly some one remembered that a large quantity of gunpowder had been stored in the adjoining room and also beneath the floor. This powder had been placed there but a short time before, under fear of an attack being made by a large band of Indians from the plains, who were lurking in that neighborhood with seeming warlike intentions, but who finally departed in peace. When, therefore, some one cried, 'The powder—the powder!' there was a panic. The friars, seeing the certain doom of the castle, and that few moments must remain for them to

effect their escape, called to the servants and guests to run for their lives.

"Through all the screaming and noise occasioned by the fire, Don Luis Gonzales heard nothing, and now when the friars were about hastening from his abode, though no one dare venture so far as his room, they called loudly up the stair-way to alarm him; but to rescue him was impossible. It was their last chance to escape; not a moment more remained.

"Three gray gowns flapped in the wind; 'Holy Mary' and 'Jesus save us' floated through the air; a white crucifix gleamed and hurried on through the darkness, and the friars had left the castle and were fleeing on the wings of fear. Suddenly there was a rumbling sound; the earth seemed to tremble under foot; then such a crash! Men stood appalled. In spite of the storm, many of the village people came out of their houses, each one fearing that the place would be overwhelmed in some terrible calamity. Attracted by gleams of lurid light, they moved on in the direction of the castle. They reached where it had once stood, and found, lighted with burning beams and smoldering embers, the present ruins. All else had gone. The great rock that supported the tower that stood over the sea, and on which rested the foundation of the long building connecting it with the more inland tower, was rent asunder, torn from its place, and hurled, as it is now seen, in huge masses on the beach and in the ocean. It had been noticed for a long time that the sea was wearing away the stratum of sandstone underlying the rocks that supported the castle's foundation, and it is probable this storm, unparalleled in its severity on this part of the Pacific Coast, had made heavy inroads, and so destroyed the foundation of the rocks that they were not able to hold their position under the terrible shock to which they were on that night subjected. The

burning buildings and earth that fell were washed away by the waves, and, save this basework of the inland tower, all remains of everything in or about the castle were gathered into the bosom of the ocean.

"The place is regarded with superstition by some, and old sailors and fishermen say that on stormy nights they have seen a figure standing on the topmost peak of the rocks with one hand held up shading her eyes, as if looking for a vessel coming from the sea.

"Rodrigo became a wanderer. Every part of the globe laid before him its peculiar blessings; but he could not remain. He knew that the spot which for so many years was the place of his affections and desires had become a desolate grave; but whether it was the habit of his youth and early manhood continued, of looking constantly to the castle as the eventual goal of his travel, or whether it was because of the sailors' superstition, or perhaps his own fancy that pictured a form watchfully expecting his coming, I know not, but ever he returned, and, though he could not tell why, was ever disappointed, as though he had still expected something he could not find."

The old man's narrative was ended. The moon had risen high in the heavens. Her silvery reflection lay as a gleaming path over the ocean, stretching from the surf-bound rocks to the white vapors of the watery horizon, and I thought had I lost my love I should picture her coming from out those dim and distant portals, so spiritually veiled in white, and mist, and mystery. I turned to speak to the old man, but I had already passed from his recollection. He was looking toward the sea, and crying, "It is she—it is she!" he hurried from beside me, and, taking the path leading from the *mesa* to the beach, he clambered eagerly to the summit of the rocks.

Travelers visiting Santa Barbara have

doubtless noticed and probably wondered that not a single human habitation is to be seen along the whole line of the beautiful table-land in the neighborhood of the group of rocks. The natives are somewhat reticent on the subject, but it is said that it is the strange superstition connected with the spot that has condemned it to almost perpetual solitude. Not the magnificent grandeur of its ocean

prospect, not the measured music of the waters surging along the shore, not all the rapture one feels in the presence of the most beautiful conceptions of God and the most skillful creations of His handiwork, has won the place to human usefulness.

“O'er all there hangs the shadow of a fear,
Which says as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The rock is haunted.'”

TALE OF A TOOTH.

THERE is an old nursery rhyme which says, “We never know what great things from little things may rise,” and if we trace the history of some little things and consider their influence upon the great things of the world, we can easily verify the truth of the adage. A tooth, for instance, is an infinitesimal portion of a man; yet a tooth has figured in the lives of some very ancient kings; influenced—nay, controlled—their history, and played its part in one of the longest dynasties on record. I speak of the tooth of Guatama Buddha, which is considered by some fifty millions of people to be the most sacred and heavenly object left upon the terrestrial globe. His tooth is certainly the oldest in the annals of time, for it dates its existence from six centuries before Christ, having passed ninety years of its infancy in a man's mouth.

The tale of this tooth is a romance of history as marvelous as the story of the great Kohinoor diamond, or the Marie Antoinette necklace, yet far surpassing these in antiquity, episodes, and influence, for the latter had their intrinsic value to aid them, being always convertible into hard cash—an immense advantage to romance now-a-days, for, as the modern world wags, “*£. s. d.*” is the great talis-

man. But this morsel of ivory derives its sole value from its repute of being the tooth, the eye-tooth, of one of the greatest men ever deified—men who have sent their names ringing down to ages and ages, and influenced mankind with their special theories from generation to generation.

The precious ivory is now enshrined with much religious zeal in a temple at Kandy, the late capital of Ceylon. That famous Ceylon—the Taprobane of the Greeks, Serendib of the Arabian Nights—sleeping in the Indian Ocean, south-east of the peninsula of Hindostan, from which it is only separated by the Straits of Manaar, sometimes called “Adam's Bridge,” as he is reputed to have passed over to the Island of Ceylon dry-shod, upon rocks; when driven from Paradise by the flaming sword, and settled upon the great mountain which bears his name.

The sun was just setting over Kandy, as we reached it. We had come from Point de Galle, the stopping-place of most China-bound steamers. Visitors to the far East are usually contented with a drive on shore at Galle, and except officials and planters few Europeans travel in the interior of Ceylon. The sun was setting as only a tropical

sun would dare to set, in splashes of purple, green, amber, and crimson, which described on paper may seem to denote very bad taste on the part of the sun, but in reality was a gorgeous spectacle. The flowery hills around Kandy blushed a pale rose-tint, as though they were not quite satisfied to reflect any of the deeper colors; but the mountains, rearing their heads eight thousand feet, plunged their purple peaks into the azure sky.

Few people would venture to dispute the beauty of Kandy at any time; but, glowing with the brilliant sunset lights, it must win all hearts not utterly callous to beauty. At present, it may be described as a congregation of handsome objects rather than as a city. In the centre is a large artificial lake—one of the famous tanks or reservoirs constructed at various parts of the island, about two thousand years ago, to irrigate the land, forming the glory of king and kingdom. Reflected in its waters stands the Buddhist temple, with numberless colonnades and towers, under which reposes the great *Dalada*, the Tooth of Buddha; enshrined in temples, and altars, and *reliquaires*, of marble, ivory, ebony, silver, and gold; set with precious stones—sapphires, pearls, rubies, topazes—for which the island is renowned. Around the reservoir is a raised wall and promenade, shadowed by tamarind-trees, and the male cotton with its cherry-lipped flowers, which falling carpet the earth in a zone of pinky leaflets. Below is a carriage-drive around the lake, four miles in circumference. On the opposite side is the modern hotel, with its wide verandah covered with creepers of every hue, and tempting long chairs. A little farther on is an old Dutch church, which in its ugly simplicity is a good foil to the graceful and elaborate pagoda opposite; it seems to be sneering in a quiet and phlegmatic way at all the vainglorious

display of form and color which transfigure oriental scenery. A long, narrow, picturesque Chinese street forms the business portion of the town, and all around upon the green hills are the planters' bungalows, climbing higher and higher up the mountains, peeping out from a perfect sea of coffee-trees, whose white blossoms exhale a perfume which hangs as a canopy over the whole country, and whose scarlet berries, when the coffee is ripe, gladden the dark green of the landscape.

To return to the temple, now the resting-place of the ivory trifle whose history I am attempting to write. It is the core or nucleus of a vast establishment of Buddhist priests, who lift their voices in praise, morning, noon, and night, with an accompaniment of drums, tom-toms, and big gongs. There is also a large stable of elephants and horses, and serving-men, to officiate upon grand occasions, when the tooth goes abroad and is exhibited to the faithful. This, however, it very rarely does, for its guardians understand thoroughly that too much familiarity breeds contempt, and fifty years sometimes elapse between its appearances in public.

King Kriti Sri had been the last monarch to worship it in company with his subjects, so that very few persons in the island had actually seen it, though they earnestly believed in the potency of the relic, and that the sight alone would confer prosperity upon the beholder. Great preparations were, therefore, made in the city of Kandy; triumphal arches erected, and whole trees transplanted to form bowers, altars, and avenues for the procession to halt in or pass through. Every creature—man, woman, or child—that could use its own feet, came from all parts of the island to witness the exposition and partake in the consequent benefits, even as Italian peasantry assemble at Easter in the vast amphitheatre of St. Peter's, to catch the small slips of paper

which the Pope trusts to the wind as his messenger to convey pardon for sins and immunity from punishment. But the Cingalese consider that one divine benefit is enough for one life, therefore this festival is not often repeated.

Formerly the high priest and the king were the officials at the ceremony; but since the island and the tooth have fallen into British hands, of course the Governor stands in lieu of the Queen. He and the high priest, with attendant priests, private secretaries, and other assistants, etc., enter the *sanctum sanctorum* where the singularly long tooth dwells in costly obscurity. With the aid of a host of attendants, the various tabernacles, pagodas, and altars are removed, when the sumptuous caskets of gold and jewels are loosed. The tooth then goes into its out-door garment, a pavilion of solid silver with silver ornamented pillars, which covers the *bawsewige*, a small octagonal cupola composed of burnished gold, rows of blue sapphires, and rubies. The *Dalada* reposes in another gold casket, on a velvet cushion fringed with precious pearls, such as would make the fortune of a royal princess. This paraphernalia is placed on the back of a most majestic elephant, richly caparisoned in crimson velvet with gold embroidery. This gentleman, like many high officials, has a complete sinecure, for his exclusive duty is to carry the *Dalada* twice or thrice in his life, for which performance he lives in clover all the rest of his existence, which is longer than that of a man. Upon the occasion of his public appearance he is attended by his *mahouts* and scores of lackeys, any one of whom would hypothecate his head for a situation equal to that of the beast. All the high officials, clerical, civil, and military—the two latter British—join in the procession.

When the elephant carrying the *Dalada* appears at the gate of the temple, a long double line of elephants kneel down

to receive him, while the nobles, priests, and populace bend their bodies at a right angle, lifting their arms above their heads, and joining their fingers. They raise a shout of triumph appalling in its power and vehemence, which is caught up by the multitude, and far and wide from every throat and voice it spreads over the whole city—one mighty, solemn peal of adoration. "Horrible idolatry!" exclaims a prudish Protestant. So it may appear. But what, then, is the "*Fête Dieu*" in France, the "Holy Cross" in Rome? What is our own impassioned embrace of a faded photograph, not seen for years, which rouses the yearning tear? We do not all of us understand our own emotions—can we fathom those of the Cingalese?

The elephant, bearing the sacred *Dalada*, and followed by the whole retinue—civilized, savage, sacred and profane, priest and parson (no doubt the British chaplain would have to be present, politically, of course), richly-robed Cingalese nobles, unclad Malabars, Tamuls, and Madrasmen—proceeds through the leafy avenues made for him, trampling with dignified tread the world of flowers spread for the feet which bear the sacred load, until it reaches the altar or *repositoir*, into which it is lifted by the ancient *Adikar*. Then the British governor, holding back the velvet curtain, displays the relic to the ravished multitude, whose hosannas reach the echoes of the purple mountains, and swim along the valley, waking the nightingales that pipe their exultant song to the heart of every dell.

All that can be effected by means of evergreens and flowers in our own country falls far short in comparison with what is done in the East. The graceful palm-leaves, and waving bananas—the luscious magnolias, gorgeous sunflowers and shoe-blossoms, and the wonderful decorative taste possessed in such an extraordinary degree by savage over

civilized people—the glowing light, and soothing perfume—the yellow-robed monks, and the rich dresses of the nobles—the grand background of purple mountains, and the inner amphitheatre of hills covered with green coffee—the quaint old temple, and the mirror-like lake—produce a combination of scenic effect unparalleled under our duller sky.

The *Dalada*, or Sacred Tooth, is a piece of discolored ivory, over an inch in length, and broad in proportion. The owner must have measured at least from seven to eight feet in height, to have grown such a tooth; and it was declared by the Portuguese, when they conquered the country, to be an ape's tooth. The history of this wonder-working incisor, after it quitted its native jaw-bone, is as follows: The body of Guatama Buddha was burned, according to the Indian custom, but before its entire destruction on the funeral pyre a priest rushed forward and rescued the eye-tooth from the flames. It was at once venerated as miraculous, being the actual part of a body once a man, now a deity—in fine, as a tangible piece of the body of God. This took place five centuries before our Lord's Last Supper, where he gave his flesh to eat and to remain on earth. As in all religions, schisms soon arose, and kings and nations quarreled and went to war over a bit of bone as over a bit of bread or wafer—one side declaring it was infamy to worship an inanimate bit of rubbishy, discolored ivory; the other protesting that it was the actual substance of God the Omnipotent, and a sacrilege to profane it.

The tooth had been kept in great state in a city called Dantapoorā (from *danta*, tooth, and *poora*, city), and the King Kalinga, neglecting Vishnu and Siva, worshiped only the tooth; for which he was called to account by another king, Pandoowai, the chief sovereign of all India, who sent forth a mandate, and is-

sued orders to his generals and his armies to invade that country and stop the idolatry—in the name of the true God to kill and slay, and give no quarter, but to bring back the heretic king and the wretched bit of human bone he was adoring day and night. The great general marched forth, fought and conquered, captured the *Dalada* and the devotee, and reported them to his master. And now commenced the trials of the tooth. The sovereign was resolved to go to extremities, and decided to burn up the piece of bone, and have an end of it. He, therefore, had prepared in the yard of his palace a pit filled with glowing embers, into which the *Dalada* was cast. In the usual course of chemical action, it would have been speedily reduced to powder; but the legend of this relic, like the tales concerning other miraculous objects, proceeds quite differently. The tooth rose from the flames unscathed, emitting from itself a radiance which ascended to the heavens and illumined the universe, or at least as much of it as the writer of that period was acquainted with. Having thus displayed itself fire-proof and non-combustible, the king, being disgusted at the open defiance of his power, forthwith ordered the tooth to be buried deep in the earth and trodden down by elephants; but, spurning the clay above it, it sprang up like the grain sowed by the planter on a lotus-leaf, the emblem of the spouse of the mother of Buddha, who is reported to have conceived as a virgin. Still the king was not satisfied. He naturally imagined some fraud had been practiced, and ordered the tooth to be placed on an anvil. The ponderous hammer was raised to crush it, but the tooth (it must surely have been a wisdom tooth) sagely imbedded itself in the iron, and the hammer fell harmlessly upon it. The priestly enemies then declared that the fraud consisted not in the relic itself, which, no doubt, was part of the god

Vishnu, but in the assertion that it was Guatama's. To prove this, the king ordered them to petition that worthy to release his own tooth from the iron shackles into which he had put it. The priests commenced a series of incantations and supplications, enough to move any god; but the obstinate tooth, like so many of its successors (as dentists will vouch for), refused to be extracted. The king, who appears to have been a practical, logical man, said, "Now you priests have failed, let the Buddhists try"—whereupon great offerings were made to the *Dalada*, and all the saintly deeds and holy acts of Buddha recounted. These exertions were rewarded by the tooth getting up and showing itself again. The king, delighted, placed it in a gold goblet, when it was graciously pleased to float on the water. These miracles confirmed the wavering, and converted the king, though not the priests. Pandoowai, however, discarded the heretics, and loaded the *wihares* (temples) with treasure. He abdicated from the throne, and retired to a Buddhist monastery, where he died in what we should denominate the odor of sanctity. He entreated Buddha's forgiveness for his doubts; not failing judiciously to point out that his sins had, after all, a beneficial result, as proving the authenticity of the relic—that all is well that ends well—and hinted at a dogma, since termed Jesuitical, that evil might be committed that good may result. Here he equivocated a little with Buddha, suggesting that if he had not believed in the happy result, he (King Pandoowai) would never have permitted the indignity." Thus there have been more Davids than one.

The tooth, after this triumph, went back to Dantapoor, to the keeping of Goohasina. In a short time, King Oodaini came to worship at the shrine of the *Dalada*, and made rich offerings. He also adored at another shrine—that

of the fair Ranawale, the King's daughter, whom he married. But scarcely had they outlived that one blissful period of human existence, the "honey-moon," when the wicked nephews of Pandoowai (why are nephews always wicked?) waged war against the tooth, and came down upon the city of Dantapoor to sack and otherwise destroy it. Now, the happy pair were still staunch adherents of the tooth, and, fearful that even ivory could not resist such an army, they disguised themselves in the garb of the despised and inimical priesthood, and carried the treasure away to the sea-coast, where they buried it in the sand. But as the war waged fiercer, Ranawale, with true woman's wit, wove it into her long, luxuriant tresses, and, drawing near to the ships, awaited the result of the battle then raging around the doomed city of Dantapoor. A red flag was to be the signal of defeat and despair, when the fair guardian of the relic was to embark and proceed to Ceylon, which island had been foretold as the future home of the *Dalada*. Thus, when the setting sun cast his last lurid beams upon the bloody signal, and the whole eastern heaven blushed in shame, the devout heroine entered the ship and passed with her sacred burden to the friendly shores of Ceylon, where she was received by the king with royal honors. Every mark of distinction was heaped upon her head, and especially upon her hair, which had performed such a wonderful service.

History does not say so, but I have a shrewd idea that the king married her; her spouse (Oodaini) having been killed in the battle. Not that this fact was material, for a Cingalese woman has from time immemorial been allowed to take two or more husbands. The king also dedicated the island to the *Dalada*, and built for it the richest of shrines. Since that time, A. D. 309, it has shared the fate of the Cingalese, and under-

gone the vicissitudes of that country; sometimes in triumphing over a million of heads bowed in worship or reverence—for I do not believe Buddhists worship the thing they clasp their hands and kneel to, any more than the Catholics worship every wayside cross they bend the knee before—sometimes wandering from place to place for safer keeping and to escape the ferocious onslaught of the Malabar invasion; but wherever its sacred presence beamed, it influenced the destinies of the country, and its history forms a large portion of Cingalese chronicles. The people place infinite confidence in its power to procure peace and prosperity for the nation with whom it dwells. The Portuguese knowing this, sought and obtained possession of it by force, and assert that they ground it up in a mortar and publicly burnt it as an idol and false god; that the *Adikar* Buddhist priests offered for its redemption three hundred thousand ducats, which were refused by Constantine de Braganza, the Portuguese leader. Nevertheless, another tooth is said to have been manufactured so closely resembling the *Dalada*, that the priests were deceived and accepted it. The Cingalese, however, declare that the real Buddha dental was carefully hidden away, and that Constantine de Braganza was deceived by an ape's tooth, palmed off upon him, which he burned. The latter story is much more probable than the former. This was in the sixteenth century.

In 1815, when the British became rulers of the island, they also became guardians of the sacred *Dalada*, which

was held as a sort of insignia of royalty, like the crown jewels or regalia. In the rebellion in 1817, the first act of the Cingalese was to steal the tooth. A priest, one of the guardians of the sanctuary, surreptitiously conveyed it and himself away to the mountains, where he wandered unsuspected. The people, aware of this, considered their triumph over their new lords and masters as a foregone conclusion. But this becoming known, a strict search was made, and the priest was eventually taken with the tooth upon him—his bald pate affording no concealment like the locks of the fair Ranawale. The sacred ivory was restored to its former shrine and temple in Kandy. This being made public, the effect was magical on the people, who became convinced that the guardians and possessors of the tooth must triumph, and that it was the will of Buddha that the British should rule over Ceylon. When peace and tranquillity was restored, the guardianship of the tooth was divided between the governor of the island and the high priest, and the *reliquaire* was so constructed that it required two keys to open it.

In 1828 the *Dalada* was publicly exhibited for the benefit and adoration of the faithful; and the Queen of England, sitting high upon her Protestant throne in the far-advanced nineteenth century, is virtually the showman to a deluded multitude, of a very large-sized tooth—much too monstrous for any human mouth, unless that of a giant—and which they reverence as the actual person of the Deity!

OUR GERMAN COUSIN.

THERE was great excitement in our little household, when Robert came home one evening and announced that Cousin Max was coming to visit us. We girls had never seen him, but Robert and he had spent a year together on the continent, when our father was alive and money was plentiful with us. Since then, our German cousin's name had been almost a household word with us.

Max was quite alone in the world, our aunt and her husband both dying when he was quite young. He was almost Robert's age—was tall and fair, and that was all we knew. Robert—never very good at description—had indeed attempted to give us some idea of his appearance, but was silenced by Claire and Birdie, who both exclaimed that they would rather keep their fancy-picture than the caricature they knew he was drawing. We were very happy together, and contented, generally. We had been able to keep the old house, and Robert's income from his profession—he was a lawyer like our father—supported us very comfortably. The occasional sale of one of my pictures helped us on a little, and altogether we did very well.

Sometimes I caught myself wishing that Claire (Claire was our beauty) could have the "purple and fine linen" which seemed her right, and that Birdie's exquisite voice might be properly trained; but if I hinted this, Claire would kiss me gaily, asking if she wasn't pretty enough to suit me as she was; and Birdie would dash off into a description of the life she would lead as a *prima donna*, and how every night she would see old Rob, and Gracie, looking severe propriety from one of the boxes. And

so my little trouble always ended with a laugh.

I was the old maid in the family. Robert was the only one that knew why, and he kept my secret faithfully. I had got over being unhappy about it, and Robert and I made our plans very contentedly—how we could live on in the old home when the others had flitted, and what a genuine "old maid's castle" it would be. I was to Robert what the others—dearly as he loved them—never quite could be, and we did not think our separation possible.

We had expected Cousin Max for weeks, and yet he came quite unexpectedly at last. We were sitting in the porch—Claire, Birdie, and I—when we saw Robert coming, and with him a stranger, who Birdie declared she was sure was Cousin Max. He was talking and laughing with Robert, but I noticed that, as they came closer, he started violently, and passed his hand over his eyes; but, recovering himself immediately, he greeted us with a genuine warmth of affection, which took all our hearts by storm.

A gay evening we passed! "Coming events" do *not* "cast their shadows before," whatever people may say. I had never known how really beautiful Birdie was, till that night; but as she stood by the piano, in her soft white dress, with the passion-flowers in her hair, I saw Cousin Max gazing at her like one entranced. Claire's beauty did not seem to impress him at all, perhaps because she was so like himself; for indeed they might have been brother and sister. Both had the same regular features, blue eyes and blonde hair. Beside them Birdie looked like some tropical

flower. Max was never tired of watching her quick, graceful motions, and Robert and I had a laugh together over our little pet's conquest.

Cousin Max was soon thoroughly at home with us all, though Birdie still kept her place as chief favorite. They were left much together, for Claire was soon to leave the old home, and our new brother, Alfred, spent most of his time with us. I was very closely occupied with my housekeeping, and with preparations for the wedding, which was to be in August. Robert was away all day, so that Birdie and Max were left to amuse each other. He was quite an artist, and greatly to Birdie's delight had offered to paint her picture. The rest of us were excluded from the studio; for, as it was his first attempt at portrait-painting, we were not to be allowed to judge of his success or failure until the picture was finished. He was also teaching German to Birdie, and every morning found them under the trees in the orchard, Birdie with her work, and Max reclining on the grass beside her, reading in his low, thrilling voice, the legends of his Fatherland.

Blind—blind! Did no one of us ever see that the child-smile had passed away from our darling's face? Did no one ever think that the soft shining in her dark eyes might be the light of a woman's love?

The picture was finished on my birthday, and was the gift of Max to me. We were all taken in to see it, and never since have I beheld so beautiful a picture. Birdie's very self stood before us, dressed as Max had first seen her. But the face—the exquisite dewy softness of her eyes—the lips, just parted in a happy smile! The others were congratulating Max. I could only clasp Birdie in my arms, and hide my foolish tears on her shoulder.

That evening we were all sitting in the moonlight. Max was smoking by

the window, and Birdie in her usual place on a footstool at his side. He was unusually silent, and unless by an occasional word to Birdie took no part in the conversation. The room was flooded with the clear brilliance of the moonlight, and everyone protested against lamps. Robert and Alfred were arguing as to the reality of supernatural manifestations. The possibility of a second self appearing to warn one of approaching death was mentioned, and Claire turned suddenly to Max:

"Max, you are a German, and should know about such things—you tell us." His face was clearly defined by the light streaming through the open window, and I saw his lips compress suddenly; but when he spoke it was in his usual even tone.

"I certainly believe such a thing possible, Claire. Indeed, I may say I *know* it to be so."

"O, a story! Cousin Max, a story! Tell us *how* you know," said Claire, eagerly.

He smiled slightly. "It is strange, but I have been thinking of this very subject. If I tell you, however, you must expect me to be egotistical, for it is a leaf out of my own life I must show you."

Something in his tone impressed us all, and we sat very silent, waiting for him to commence. Birdie's eyes were lifted wistfully to his face, but his were fixed on the stars beyond.

"About four years ago, I was visiting a very intimate friend in the south of Germany. I had never before seen his family, though we had known each other for some time. His father was a strange, fanciful man, knowing every ghost legend and old superstition by heart. My friend laughed at all such, but his sister, Gretta, was a firm believer in all her father's theories. I remained there for some months, and before I left, Gretta had promised to be my wife."

His voice fell, and it was some moments before he continued.

"Four years ago, to-night, I was sitting by an open window, as I am now, when suddenly I was surrounded by an overpowering scent of violets. This was Gretta's favorite flower, and I immediately thought of her. Presently I heard a step, and a rustle of drapery. Right under my window I saw—I could swear to it—Gretta's face and figure. I sprang to my feet, ran down the stairs and out into the street, but she was gone, nor was there any other person in sight. I returned to my room baffled and wondering.

"A few days after, I heard from Gretta; she begged me to come to her at once. I found her suffering from great nervous excitement, which she bravely attempted to control in the presence of her father and brother; but the evening of my arrival, as we were all sitting together, she left the room, making a sign to me to follow her. I found her on the terrace. She was standing with her hands clasped loosely before her, her eyes fixed on something in the distance, and such a weird, unearthly look upon her face, that I hastened to arouse her. Laying my hand upon her arm, I spoke her name. She started, then clung to me, trembling violently. When I attempted to soothe her, she burst into tears. When she could speak, she told me, that one evening she was standing where we then stood, when she saw a figure coming up the steps from the lower terrace. Thinking it some visitor, she went slowly forward. As they came face to face, the figure raised its head, and she saw—herself!

"I stood quite still," Gretta said to me, "and the *thing* came nearer, looking at me with awful eyes. I tried to speak—to move—but I was held as if by chains. Then something—whether it was my double or not, I can not tell, but I heard the words—said '*A year!*'

The tower-clock struck seven, and then I fainted."

"That was the day on which I, too, had seen the apparition. Gretta had spoken of this to no one, but the impression that her coming death had been foretold was firmly seated in her mind. In vain I argued against this idea; she would only shake her head, and smile.

"The day on which the apparition first manifested itself was Gretta's birthday, and that day in the coming year was fixed upon for our marriage. Thinking that change of scene would restore my Gretta's failing health, I urged that an earlier day might be fixed, but her father was obstinate. 'The stars had told him that day would be a fateful one in her life,' and nothing would induce him to change it. When I told Gretta of my failure, she said gently, 'You must not be vexed about it, Max. If I can not be your wife on earth, I will be in heaven.'"

Our cousin paused as he uttered these words, and sat leaning his head back against the curtain. He had used no word of endearment in speaking of his promised wife, but the tone of suppressed passion told us how dearly he had loved her.

Claire broke the silence: "Was she very beautiful, cousin Max?"

"You have her living image there before you," he said, looking down at Birdie's averted face.

I saw my pet change color, and presently she arose, and moved quietly away to one of the windows opening on the garden. Max did not seem to notice the movement, and soon went on with his story:

"The time for our marriage was very near when I again saw Gretta. Business had kept me from her much longer than I had intended. I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the preceding year, and I hoped Gretta had also. I can not speak of those few weeks of

happiness, all too short as they were. The day came. We were to have been married early in the day, but the pastor suddenly fell down in strong convulsions, and one at some distance was sent for. When Gretta was told of the delay, she said quietly, 'I knew it would be evening.' The wedding was to be as quiet as possible, on account of Gretta's health, which, shut our eyes as we would, we could not avoid seeing was failing rapidly.

"The pastor arrived, and the hour approached. The air was very heavy, and, opening one of the windows, I went out upon the terrace. Walking slowly forward, I saw a figure in white cross the lower terrace and come slowly up the steps, near which I was standing. The form and carriage assured me that it was Gretta, and, calling her name, I went to meet her, but the figure passed quickly on, and vanished in the shrubbery. Turning, I saw Gretta at my side.

"'You have seen it, Max!' she said, in answer to my look of amazed inquiry. 'The time has come, Max. They do not know that I am here,' she said, with a glance toward the house, 'but I wanted to see you again. Don't forget me, Max. I will wait for you.'

"We entered the house by different ways, and in a few minutes her brother came to call me. The service was commenced. My eyes were fixed on Gretta, who was growing paler and paler at every moment. Suddenly the tower-clock struck *seven*; she raised her eyes to mine. I caught her in my arms, but she never breathed again. And that is the reason," said Cousin Max, quietly, "why I shall never marry."

The silence was oppressive. Presently Claire and Alfred left the room, and soon we heard the piano. Max looked around with a smile. "Claire is calling us—where is Birdie?" I pointed to the window. He crossed over to

her, and, laying his hand on her hair, said coaxingly, "Come, song-bird, they want us." But Birdie drew back from his caressing hand with a quiet dignity that sat strangely on her, and, excusing herself, ran up to her own room.

Max rejoined us with a sorely puzzled face, but, though he watched the door all the evening, Birdie did not re-appear. I always went to her room at night, and while Claire, Alfred, and Robert were still chatting in the hall, I went up-stairs. Hearing no sound from Birdie's room, I opened the door softly, and went in. She was kneeling by the open window, gazing out upon the winding river just visible through the trees, and the gleaming of the white stones in the little church-yard on its banks. I called her, but she made no answer. Sitting down beside her, I lifted her on my lap. Her hands were cold, and she was shaking from head to foot.

"My poor little pet, what is it?" I asked anxiously. Never shall I forget the piteous eyes she turned on me.

"Gracie—Gracie, he only liked me because I resembled *her*!"

O, my darling! a mother's eyes might have seen the truth and saved you, but I let you drift into this bitter love without one word of warning.

The next day Birdie never left my side, refusing, greatly to the astonishment of Max, all his invitations to walk or read with him. To do him justice, I do not think he guessed the mischief he had done. Birdie had seemed to us such a child, we never thought of the strength and depth of her character. Her sunny, happy nature had been enough for us, and we looked no further.

Robert and Max went away for a few days together, and when they returned Max seemed feverish and excitable. By night he was much worse, and the doctor very soon pronounced his disease typhus fever. When Birdie heard

that he was in danger, she insisted upon seeing him, and after that he would not let her out of his sight. He would call her "Gretta," his "darling," his "wife," and beg her never to leave him again; and Birdie would sit with her hand in his, soothing him, humoring his fancies, and growing paler and paler at every word he uttered. In the early morning, about two or three o'clock, he would become more quiet, and then, leaving the nurse with him, she would come to me. It was only at such times she rested at all, and often she would not sleep, but would lie watching the color creeping into the eastern sky, with a quiet look of expectation on her face, which filled me with an indefinable sense of dread. In vain we begged her to give up her care of Max; in that she was determined—nothing could shake her resolution. "While he wants me I shall stay," she would say decidedly.

The time for Claire's marriage approached. We had decided to put it off another month; but, greatly to our astonishment, Birdie argued against this. When the doctor came she saw him alone, and he, too, advised us to have the wedding. Max might be ill a long time, he said, and it was better to have as small a family in the house as possible. So, a week later, Claire was married. Birdie was there, pale and still, but with a smile on her face, and with loving words and kisses for our poor beauty, whose wedding had proved so sad, after all. Alfred and Claire were to leave immediately; so our good-byes were hurried.

"I am coming back in a week," Claire said to Birdie, "and then I am going to take you away with me."

Birdie did not speak for a minute, and when she did, she only said softly, "Good-by, pretty Claire—good-by."

That night Birdie told me the truth. She was taking the fever, and the doctor had said there was no chance of her

living through it. He had told her, a week ago, that, by nursing Max, she *might* save his life, but she would certainly lose her own; and our Birdie had answered, "I will save him if I can."

"I am so glad Claire is married; I was afraid she would have to wait," Birdie said to me, O! so quietly.

I begged the doctor to forbid her watching Max, but he shook his head: "It would do no good; she wouldn't live any longer for it." So, for a little while longer, I sat waiting every night for my darling, outside the door of her *murderer*, as I called him in my wretched heart. One morning she was later than usual. The doctor had been with Max all night; he left about three, telling me, as he passed me on the stair, that Max was better, was sleeping quietly, and must not be disturbed.

Four struck, and yet Birdie did not come. I was afraid to open the door, so sat leaning my head on my hand, counting the minutes as they passed. The birds were beginning to sing in the chestnut-tree outside. I sprang to my feet as the door creaked slightly. The nurse was holding it open, and I fancied I saw tears on her wrinkled cheeks. Birdie was standing in the door-way. "It's come now, Gracie," she said softly, as she clasped her arms about my neck.

The cool September winds were blowing, and yet Max had not left his room. He was able to sit up all the morning, and I used to bring my work and sit beside him. One clear, bright day he was sitting by the open window watching the lazily moving clouds, and the fleeting shadows on the grass. Across the fields I could see the willows in the church-yard tossing their long arms above the gleaming river, and my heart hardened toward the pale, languid figure opposite me. We did not speak much to each other. He was too weak, and I—what could I

say? That morning Max seemed rest-
less; at every sound he would glance
toward the door, and then turn away
with a look of pained surprise. At last
he said, abruptly: "Grace, why does
Birdie never come to see me? Has she
quite forgotten me?"

I was prepared for this. They had
told me I must tell him. I had thought
and planned what I should say, and now
I could think of nothing. I took the
little packet which my darling had given
me, and placed it in his hand. "She
nursed you through the fever, and she
told me to give you this." And so I
left him. Had I told him too abruptly?
Had I told him at all? Dare I go
back?

I tried the door when two hours had
passed, but it was locked. When Robert
came in, I begged him to go and
speak to Max, but before he could obey
me, Max entered the room where we
were. He looked ten years older, and
his face was inexpressibly sad. Robert
held out his hand to him with a few

kindly words of congratulation upon his
recovery.

"I *must* be well," Max said, gravely.
"I leave to-morrow, and I want to thank
you now for all your kindness, when you
had such reason to hate me. But, be-
lieve me, I never dreamed that..."
His voice failed him, as Birdie's canary,
hanging in the window, just then trilled
forth its joyous song. Covering his face
with his hands, he hurried out of the
room.

I am glad that, while he stayed, we
were able to be kind to him. Before he
left, he came to me:

"Gracie, forgive me, if you can. Be-
lieve me, your angel is avenged."

I kissed his forehead, and bade him
"God-speed." And so our Cousin Max
dropped out of our lives forever, leaving
no memento of his visit, save the pic-
ture that hangs before me as I write—
Birdie in her youth and beauty, with the
passion-flowers in her hair—only that,
and a grave in the little church-yard by
the river.

ZANIE.

WAS it a female figure dimly out-
lined in the darkness, or was it
the shadow of a mast or spar projected
upon the verge of the wharf, and brought
into bolder relief by an occasional pause
in the brawling storm?

Ralph Kingsbury had been puzzling
over the matter for some time, as he
sat in his light wagon, under cover of
an old shed, awaiting the arrival of a
schooner which had been telegraphed
three hours before. When his eye first
caught a glimpse of the shadowy form,
he thought it moved toward the brink of
the wharf, but this was doubtless fancy,
for he had watched it intently during the
past five minutes, and had failed to de-

tect even the slightest motion. Ralph
was not given to any dalliance, and the
question could be easily settled. He
bounded through the rubbish, and was
close upon the figure, when with a half-
articulate cry, a spring, and a splash, she
sunk beneath the waters of the bay.

There was a world of anguish in that
smothered womanly cry, that moved the
heart of the rugged, generous Ralph,
whose own soul had been "plowed with
years, and sown with cares," and the
next instant he was grappling with his
unconscious burden in the struggle to
make shore. His rude, well-disciplined
strength sufficed to bring her up from
the grave she had sought in her wretch-

edness; his fertility in expedients must devise help for the days to come, else it were better that her first audible plaint had been realized: "O, why did you bring me back to life and misery? Better had you left me to die, for I am alone in the world, and lost."

Poor Zanie! She was right. It is only successful sin that may wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. But just let infirmity meet disaster in mid career, then woe to the transgressors—sackcloth and ashes is the befitting garb; let them never dare to look up, but go bowed down like a bulrush; and out of proper deference to prim, sanctimonious souls, they should doubtless die.

Ralph Kingsbury had not lived in California for fifteen years without learning many a sad lesson of human experience. This was by no means the first poor, stranded spirit he had put out his arm to save. He was no saint—a resolute, rugged, brawny man, who had been well brayed with the pestle of misfortune, and who seemed to have a wonderful knack of falling upon wretchedness, without any wearisome quest after it. The magnetism of an active, vibrant sympathy exhaled from his royal nature, and the suffering soul turned to him as naturally as the wounded fawn to the mountain spring.

Tradition had it, that in early California times, Ralph Kingsbury, on his return from a visit to "the States," had brought back with him a youthful sister, remarkable for beauty and vivacity, on whom he lavished the wealth of a brother's love, and for whom he toiled with eager activity. But in the course of a few years the beautiful girl—ah, well! it was the old story over again, of misplaced affection, what the world calls irredeemable disgrace, a broken heart, an early death, a murderous stroke from a brother's avenging hand, a seven days' wonder, and then there was left only the

green mound of earth at Lone Mountain, decked with fresh flowers every Sabbath morning by the rough, bronzed hands of Ralph Kingsbury, whose lips were sealed with savage silence, but whose heart vowed eternal vengeance upon all wanton despoilers of womanly purity and peace.

"Just trust to me, poor child, and I will see you safely through. I understand the whole thing—let me manage it; there sha'n't a hair of your head be harmed!" And Ralph caught her up in his sturdy arms as though she had been a child, and lifted her, dripping and drenched, into his waiting vehicle. Wrapping her tightly in the blankets, and throwing his arm about her, he drove with steady pace through one of the public thoroughfares of the city, his well-known establishment eliciting no attention from the few half-asleep policemen who, on their midnight beats, were seeking temporary shelter from the driving storm.

There were no impertinent, curious questionings; only a few brief interrogatories in regard to name and relatives, and her wishes in reference to the latter, a pledge of utter silence, and nothing more. Ralph had taken in the whole situation, very much as a strategic commander deduces from a single movement the entire plan of the enemy. Provision must be made as quietly as possible for the future; exposure must be avoided, or the rescued from drowning would be ransomed to a misery far worse than death. She would only have escaped one death at the postern gate of another infinitely more cruel—the lingering, agonizing torture inflicted by the bastinado of decorous society, and too often swung most lustily by those whose stealthy, artful machinations have lured the unwary victim to the slaughter.

Ralph's mind darted at once to the best mode of procedure. Old Dr. P——, of the —— Hospital, had proved him-

self aforetime worthy of all trust; he would drive directly to the door, and leave his ward in the doctor's charge. For the first time in her cheerless, ill-starred life, Zanie Vincent felt that blessed sense of a protecting power, unselfish, pure, and chivalrous, that left her no choice but to obey. The sovereignty of such exalted souls is redemptive, not perilous. The more utterly they are trusted, the more regal their benignant care. The danger lies in mistaking the counterfeit for the genuine.

The story was quickly told, perfect secrecy pledged, the best of care promised, generous provision made by Ralph, and with a "Now, Zanie, be brave and cheery; it will all come out right!" he pushed out into the darkness and storm.

It is wonderful how the divine principle of love, aflame in the soul, can transform dreary toil into dear delight, and enkindle the cold aspect of duty into the sunlit radiance of joyful privilege! Ralph Kingsbury's heart was too old and stiff to do anything very brisk in the romantic line at any time; yet, now, he found himself querying why it was, that in the rush and drive of daily work, he could not pass a comfortless-looking straggler, or even a crying child, without stopping to hear the story of infelicity. And it never seemed to hinder or put him back in his plans. Indeed, his schemes never before pressed so eagerly forward toward fulfillment. Thus do we sometimes tread nimbly the golden step-stones of love all unawares. And the blessed exultation that comes from acts of disinterested love, what is it but the reward and pledge of divine favor, the glad warrant of assurance that it is more blessed to give than to receive? It was not to be disguised, that poignant pain mingled with the pleasure he experienced in the consciousness of being able to open the lattice in the soul of one whose light had gone out in black-

ness of darkness. There were now fresher and rarer flowers on the grassy mound at Lone Mountain, and there were brief petitions, not finely phrased, that found voice under the shade that his own hands had planted.

Zanie Vincent had been born in bitterness, cradled in anguish, and driven forth to tussle with the world, while yet a mere child, although the blustering blasts of home wretchedness had faded the vivid verdure of life's young spring, and the frosts of nipping want had thrown autumnal shadows over her sadly beautiful face, until she seemed years older than she really was. Nature had endowed her with a mind of crystalline clearness, a brain too finely wrought for one doomed to toil, and an organization of exquisite mold—sensitive to influences that must vibrate to joy, or thrill to woe. Orphaned by death of a mother who had loved her with a love that had struggled to the last in shielding her from the brutal cruelty of a drunken father, she was not unwilling to obey the pitiless edict that drove her from the mockery of a home, whose only light had been the radiance of a mother's affection.

When sharpness and abuse leave nothing but dead ashes on the hearthstone of the wifely heart; when the throne is left vacant, and no incense rises from the altar of the soul, then the love that should have held empire even down to the gateway of the tomb, is often transferred from recreant husband to filial child, and thus, in its cruel bereavement, finds sadly grateful recompense. Happy if it be no worse; happy if no alien claimant step in, to add wifely guilt to wifely woe.

"It's high time you begun to shirk for yourself! These traps have got to be sold, and the sooner you find a place for yourself the better."

It was not a dim delirium with the

harsh, unfeeling monster to whom Nature in some wild freak of rash experiment had delegated the husbandhood of such a wife and the fatherhood of such a child, but his heart had become ossified from perpetual debauch.

The "traps," of little value in themselves, were sacred to Zanie; the wretched remnants linked her to the only being who had ever loved her. There was a well-thumbed volume of ancient annals, with scraps of hymn and song between its yellow leaves, that Zanie had read and sung over and over again, as the light slowly faded from soft eyes that were closing to earth. There was therein sweet promise of legacy to drooping children who in their life-time had no "good things." The mother-heart grasped the title to inheritance, which poor Zanie as yet but dimly comprehended; but the musty old book was hidden among the scanty contents of her satchel, a golden link to bind her to the mournfully sacred past. She stepped across the threshold, plucked a stray rose-bud from a bush that was withering like the hand that had nursed it, and in dumb agony went out—she knew not whither.

A deserted mining town afforded little chance of remunerative employment for men, still less for a young woman whom the poverty of early advantages had left quite unprepared for struggle. The consciousness of utter desolation, the memory of a past forever gone, stole over her with a pang. The mosses of time might kindly soften the hard outlines of her grief, but whence was she to seek help and counsel, just now, in pressing necessities? There had always been a dense atmosphere of uncongeniality between Mrs. Vincent and the few rude people in nearest neighborhood. Misfortune has the right to wrap the mantle of retiracy around an inevitable grief, and consign it to the quiet attic of silence. Coarser natures, who

disguise curiosity under the name of piety, feel themselves aggrieved at the delicacy that declines confiding disclosure. And so it was, that when "Lady Vincent" (as the chatty women-folk of the neighborhood had been wont to call her, in their gossipy moods) was laid to rest, there was a sort of savage relish in the thought that Zanie Vincent would now be obliged to shuffle for herself, and she might for all they cared.

However, not more than a mile away, just over the crest of the hill, there lived the only real friend that Mrs. Vincent had known since her husband came to try his fortune five years before. Mrs. Bliss, too, had seen better days, although now reduced to direst straits. There was a tender, discriminating sympathy between these struggling souls, and the heart recognized the bond. It was here that Zanie found welcome shelter for a few days, until opportunity offered for permanent employment as companion and nurse to the invalid wife of a mining superintendent from an adjacent town, who chanced to be making inquiry at the village grocery, where Mr. Bliss not infrequently loitered, "to pick up any news that might be a-going," as he meekly declared.

Mr. Farrington, the applicant, was well known in the country round about. A man of few words; brusque, but kindly; of high-pressure energy; fond of an occasional game of poker and a friendly glass; of generous tendencies, though somewhat rude of speech and gesture. A tinge of moroseness shadowed what seemed to have been a naturally genial sunny nature, as if some latent, vexatious grievance imbittered his life. Even with all this, had his life been swayed by the impulse of lofty principle, he would have been a king among men. There might have been a revelation embodied in his emphatic query to Zanie, as she stood, quiet and motionless as a statue, before him, shivering

with dread and fear of a future all untried before her :

"Have you got the patience of Job, young woman; you know sick folks are devilish hard to get along with, sometimes?" And then, fearing lest in his excess of frank avowal he might run the risk of defeating his purpose—for he was well pleased with the girl's face and manner—he cautiously added, "But I shall be on hand to help you out, and you needn't fear; I'm used to nursing."

Zanie accepted the situation—what else could she do? And Mrs. Bliss, as she tucked her into the stage, whispered assuringly, that she verily believed Providence had come to the rescue, for once. Perhaps it was so! When we want a thing badly, we are very apt to see the hand of Providence wonderfully stretched out in our behalf, if only it come at the opportune moment.

When Frank Farrington led Linda Moore to the altar, those best acquainted with the bride resolutely averred that he had caught a Tartar. This was an unworthy aspersion on the much-belabored residents of that remote clime. It would seem, too, from the vast number of uxorious huntsmen that are successful in bringing down similar game, that Tartarean stock must be eventually exterminated, unless considerate protective enactment interpose to prevent so disastrous a result. So far as the case in question is concerned, it was not Frank Farrington who caught the Tartar, but the Tartar who caught Frank Farrington. The wily Miss Moore was more than he bargained for. Before the honeymoon waned, the little sprite had generously initiated her long-suffering spouse into the mysteries of first-class tantrums, double and twisted hysterics, and the pouts *ad infinitum*. The wedding had been prefaced by an elopement; a man less loyal to pledges than he, would doubtless have epilogued it with a divorce. His dear little wife was so very

ingenious in tormenting; she had such wonderful *finesse* in devising "scenes!" Plain-spoken old women declared she was possessed with the devil; others, more discreet, suggested mental derangement; but well-paid doctors, whose visits and bills were perennial, thought otherwise. A pompous fledgeling of recent importation, who had been called in for consultation, told Mr. Farrington confidentially, when the attending physician was out of ear-shot, that the case was exceedingly complicated, and only the latest discoveries in *Materia Medica* would avail to reach it. There was acute Hypochondriasis resulting from Helminthiasis, with Urticaria, and a tendency to reperussed Exanthemata.

"Ah! indeed!" This was the only response of the apparently dismayed husband, to whom diagnostics had come to be a species of periodical recreation; but the inquisitive old housekeeper, who had been stealthily listening behind the hall-door, turned nimbly on her heel, and snappishly informed herself, that "the new doctor was up to snuff, for she alwus know'd 'twas a dratted mess of 'hypo,' 'helment,' and other 'cus-sed' matters."

But the fact of the case was, Miss Linda Moore was one of those unfortunate beings, an only child, spoiled as a consequence, and brimful of the littleness of herself. High-tempered, exacting, and capricious, she never attempted to grasp the rudder of self-control, and for any one else to essay to act as helmsman in the tempest was a dubious experiment. She fairly exulted in her turbulence and reveled in her miseries, and nothing could have induced her to part with her plagues. She cuddled and nursed, catalogued and exhibited them, with all the fond eagerness of a pride-inflated mamma with her first precocious, pranky baby-boy. And there were so many fresh little subtleties of spasms, and twitches, and cramps perpetually

disclosing themselves. There was a grotesque and melancholy interest attaching to the erratic phenomena, provided one could be a meek observer only. Mrs. Farrington, with all her quirks, had one redeeming eccentricity, and it was so paradoxical as to seem absurd. Her love for little children, at times, amounted to an all-engrossing passion, and a borrowed baby had been known to hold all tantrums in check for a whole day at a time. But well-disposed neighbors had come to understand that this baby-loaning business was as perilous as the depositing of frugal accumulations in wild-cat banks. There was no telling what might happen. Aversion might speedily follow caress.

When Zanie Vincent was first installed nurse in the Farrington domicile, the prospect, for a few days, was not reassuring. The invalid regarded the young woman with undisguised disdain. Hers was a nature to oppress the weak, to scorn the friendless, and to insult calamity. It might have been a peculiarity of her disease—a disease, unfortunately, both infectious and contagious. Zanie was so child-like in aspect, yet so quiet and self-contained, as if childhood, with sudden spring, had leaped the bounds of youth into sedate womanhood. Her shifting lineaments, now so shadowed and now so irradiated, mirrored a soul alike changeful. Her dark, pensive eye had such a sad, far-away look, as if catching glimpses of bright prospects never to be realized. There was something of firmness in those full, red lips, that stood heroic guard over aggressive or resentful speech, compelling the soul to possess itself in patient silence. But slowly the hateful prejudice of the capricious hypochondriac gave way before the unvarying kindness, and the honest, open-eyed faithfulness of the young nurse. Her native good sense, her exhaustless patience and charity, her utter self-abnegation, her fidelity to instant

duty, and her quiet self-poise, won for her the victory. But not these alone; for Zanie by natural endowment and organization exerted a sanative, restorative power, all unconsciously to herself. By that mysterious law of sympathy, so dimly understood, she diffused a secret but powerful influence, that soothed and refreshed the patient, while it left herself enfeebled and robbed of vital force. It was no wonder that the girl drooped and faded; she was daily giving of her own vigor to maintain a selfish, parasitic existence. Zanie wore no garb of feigned sanctity, but by nature she was good and true. Her faults leaned to virtue's side. Her disposition was too facile, she was too compliant and easy to be entreated. The tepid kindness of a constitutional good-nature has made shipwreck of many a pure and trustful soul. It is no mean accomplishment to be able to say, "No!" with a mental shrug and grimace. Poverty and dependence, with hateful menace, can never wrest from the heroic spirit its birth-right to freedom.

Zanie had been with the Farringtons for more than two years. There was the tonic of a different atmosphere all about the house. The neighbors said Mr. Farrington was like a new man, and they were glad of it, for the Lord knew he had suffered enough. Mrs. Farrington, though still petulant and unreasonable, had not had one of her "spells" for nearly a year, and physicians had been dispensed with, long since. As for Zanie, the old housekeeper best told the story, in her garrulous way, to Jake, the gardener:

"Well! the fact of the matter is, if that poor girl don't get rest afore long, she'll go stark mad, and that's all there is about it. It's a strange way things go in this world, anyhow. That girl's fit to be a queen any day, an' yet the good Lord don't pay no more 'tention to her than's if she was one o' them moles

that's a-burrowin' under the roots o' them raspberry bushes there!" And with the next breath the erratic maid of all work was devising a plan to "ketch the dratted underground miners!"

It was no surprising thing that Zanie should finally seek relief from the depressing uniformity of labor and the sad variety of woe that had fallen to her lot for two dreary years. From the long columns of "Wanted," in the San Francisco dailies, it would be but the quest of an hour to find a home there. A weary, despairing discouragement was kindled into hope; but in the oblique line of human career, experience too often proves the grave of hope. But she would try what she could do. Zanie was half-crazed with the din and whirl of the great, bustling city. Loneliness and discouragement enveloped her as with a mantle. Her efforts to secure a home were vigorous, but unsuccessful. Persistence, however, at last triumphed, and the lofty, punctilious, high-bred Mrs. A. told her starchy neighbor Mrs. B. that she had a perfect treasure in her new girl. She was so reliable and respectful, and took hold of the work so well. She could go out now as much as she pleased, for everything went on in apple-pie order at home. And it pleased good Mrs. A. to go out with diurnal regularity, and there was a fierce flutter of display in enforced attendance upon dorcas meetings, rescue missions, and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, for Mrs. A.'s *imprimatur* carried weight and dignity with it. There was, also, a great stroke of business done among the poor, who lived not too remote from public observation, for Mrs. A.'s garish livery needed ample space to turn round in. Mrs. A. averred that Zanie's frugality was something wonderful; she had never found her purse so well stocked with pin-money as now, and yet Mr. A. had never been heard to growl since the new girl came to the

house. It was astonishing, too, how quietly she moved along. She seemed to shrink from companionship, and when her work was done, she was always to be found in her little attic bedroom. Zanie had occupied her new position for months with ever-increasing satisfaction. Her fidelity was the theme of wifely song, and Mr. A. caught the first flush of millennial dawn. Pæans are more welcome to masculine ears than complaints.

But in the course of time there began to be serious feminine consultations between Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. There were grave surmises concerning the quiet, patient, plodding Zanie. What if their suspicions should be true? Conjecture quickly crystallized to certainty. Something must be done at once. Mr. A., with laconic directness, counseled kindness and silence; but the abashed and proper Mrs. A. could not think of having her in the house another minute. She would, however, permit her to stay until she had asked advice of everybody she knew as to her duty in the matter, exacting pledges of strict-secrecy from the scores of decorous souls interviewed. One kindly old lady, with a rooted sorrow in her own heart, ventured to suggest that perhaps Providence had ordered the whole thing, in order to give to Mrs. A. opportunity for developing her charitable tendencies. Mrs. A. protested. Rescue missions were all well enough in the abstract, but in the concrete they were disgustingly disagreeable. Mrs. A. herself, with all her sanctity, was deliciously inconsequent at times, as flippant housemaids, who had fallen under her displeasure, were wont to aver; but Zanie, however rigorous toward herself, was tolerant of others, and Mrs. A. would never suffer from any disclosures she might have made in regard to her attacks of "moral vertigo." Those who have trodden the perilous edge of temptation, on which angel eyes

may have bent luminous with tender pity, are often readiest to throw the mantle of loving sympathy around such as slip quite over the brink. But where now were the meek disciples of Him who said to the trembling woman, "Go, and sin no more?" Not one appeared for the rescue of Zanie. Mrs. A., with a critical look of inspection, and bitter coldness of speech and manner, had curtly informed her she must find a new place. Zanie bowed in silent, shivering assent. Midnight found the little attic chamber deserted, and the following morning found a feverish, delirious dreamer in the hospital ward, who, but for Ralph Kingsbury's strong arm, might have been safely anchored where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Months had passed, and the young woman Zanie was still too feeble to leave her bed. Her thin, sad face was as limp and white as the pillow on which rested her throbbing head. The little table at her bedside was laden with delicate flowers and fruits, the choicest and the best. There were illustrated periodicals and papers, and scraps of half-finished work—a baby's tiny slip, a dainty knitted sock, with the needles still in working position, as if weary hands had just put them aside. And within easy reaching distance was the old, well-thumbed book, with its bits of hymn and song. Tender nursing was doing its best to bring back physical strength and vigor, but her own dreadful mistake was the rude nurse that was ministering to the soul's healing.

Zanie's head tossed wearily. The old clock on the wall ticked with awful accuracy; the sensitive soul, working through the memory and the imagination, was writing bitter things against itself; and life, with its crushing burden of care and misery, was rasping the heart of one so delicately made, and "touched

to finer issues." Ever since being in the hospital she had maintained a studied but kindly reticence, and her blanched face was never lighted with a smile, although a flush of momentary joy would kindle the thoughtful countenance to beauty indescribable, as she turned tenderly to the burden of love that lay at her heart—at once her treasure and her humiliation. Life could be tolerated, with all its shame and woe, if only to save the darling from the fate she suffered. She could brook the scorn of mankind, if only to shield the luckless baby girl from the contemptuous disdain of a pitiless world. She knew full well that for her crime society granted no pardons, however full the meek repentance. She must be willing to stand alone and suffer, for every to-morrow must be the logical sequence of to-day, and the yesterdays of the past had bitter memories.

Scarcely a day that Ralph Kingsbury did not call with kind inquiry after the drooping invalid, and there was always left some little parcel of dainty comfort, to gladden and refresh the smitten life he so tenderly and chivalrously cherished. He had seen Zanie but once since the night of his fearful introduction, and then she was too prostrate and feeble to give more than a grateful look of recognition, but a life-time of pledge and avowal could not have revealed more. There is a language more emphatic than is voiced from human lip; there are revelations which the eye makes more tender and true than are known to language; there are affinities of soul which the heart recognizes, that require no effort of clumsy speech for disclosure; there are titles to birthright inheritance that need no will or codicil to establish their validity; there are spirit-alliances dependent upon no treaties signed and sealed; there are soul-partnerships that need no well-drawn instruments of compact or stipulation to insure fidelity;

there are covenants too sacred to be ratified by verbal asseveration and pledge; there are rights and privileges guaranteed by *magna charta* from God—the sure test of the genuineness of which are the fruits of purity, blessedness, peace, and joy.

There was no need for Ralph Kingsbury to unfold to the sagacious, kind, old doctor his future plans in regard to Zanie and the child, nor to insist that he should drive round with him to inspect the snug little home he was daily shaping into readiness for her, so soon as she should be well enough to become his wife. There was no peradventure about it; he felt sure she was his, although there had never been the faintest breath of pledge or promise. There was so much of sanguine fervor, of sober, sedate strength of assurance in all his hopes and plans, that old Doctor P. could not find it in his heart to even hint his grave fears concerning Zanie. There was far too much of sad, prophetic import in her oft-repeated declaration and query, "Something tells me I shall never be well again; then what will become of my precious baby?"

Zanie's love for her child was something worshipful and holy. She would lie for hours watching the tiny scrap of baby-life, mingling alternate tears and caresses with her patient ministries. It was no passion's vice that had culminated in Zanie's ruinous fall, no native tendency to evil; but with the maternal instincts well developed and active, and a love-nature rich and full, she was easily assailable by temptation from that side of womanly nature, which is at once her glory and her peril. Affection, as well as gold, may, with plausible plea, offer tempting bribe to the unwary soul. Unhappy they, who, in weak dalliance or latent longing, temporize for one moment, or hesitate resolutely to reject every proffered compromise with rectitude and virtue.

Old Doctor P. had said more recently, to the nurse, that he believed there was a meagre chance for the girl Zanie to get well, after all. She had rallied a little, took food with some apparent relish, and manifested some interest in reading of the stirring world outside. A pity that she did. There was a sort of grim fatality about the whole thing. It was the first day that Zanie had been able to sit up—a dark and dismal day, as though Nature, with prophetic sympathy, had befittingly draped herself. The nurse, after a brief absence, returned to the room to find Zanie in a state of insensibility—cold and pale as marble. The morning paper, which had dropped from her hand, told the story:

"SUDDEN AND FEARFUL DEATH.—About three o'clock yesterday afternoon, a young man by the name of Ralph Kingsbury, connected with the lumber mills in the southern part of the city, in attempting to adjust some machinery, was caught in the band of a large wheel and instantly killed. He was an active, energetic young man, greatly respected and beloved, and leaves a large circle of friends who mourn his untimely end."

The one light that illumined the chilly vault of Zanie Vincent's life had gone out. Hope turned her face away, and midnight, deep and dark, settled down upon the soul. Life came pulsing slowly back. Better had it never come, for the slackened fibres of the withered heart had at last given way; reason was dethroned, and poor Zanie, like a vessel tempest-tossed and doomed, without pilot or helm, was drifting out into the breakers of an unknown sea.

Individual career! how it goes spinning down "the ringing grooves of change!" And nowhere are these grooves more resonant and abundant than in California. Changes had come over the Farrington family since Zanie Vincent first found shelter under their roof, now, more than five years ago. The old housekeeper said that Mrs. Farrington had been a different woman

from the day Zanie came, and she had never had one of her "spells" since the girl left. She was a perfect witch, that Zanie, for somehow she had done more toward curing her than all the doctors and nurses put together.

Fortune, too, had shaken hands with them. Farrington had "struck it rich," and had bought an elegant home in San Francisco. Humoring a caprice of his still restive and whimsical wife, they had been traveling abroad, and after an absence of three years, had returned to their palatial city home with a treasure far more precious to them than all the gold he had quarried from his mine—a lovely little daughter, whose rare and delicate beauty was the pride of doting parents, and the admiration of all who saw her. But Mrs. Farrington's fondness for the beautiful child could not interpose between herself and death. She lived but a few months after their return. Dearer than ever was the sunny-haired, sensitive little Mabel to her fond father, now that she was all he had to care for and to love. She would lack nothing of attention, tenderness, or training, for the well-bred, sensible, and staid old German nurse, Paulina, who had been in the family ever since Zanie left, had entire charge of the child. If there was a being in the wide world who possessed in generous measure the invaluable trait of dependableness, it was Paulina—a woman well on in the forties, who, from variety and intensity of life experience, had wisely learned to keep her own counsels. The care of Mabel was all that was required of Paulina. Every day she must have her airing in the park and her frolics in the sunshine.

It was the afternoon of a lovely day in early autumn. Paulina had been loitering indulgently about the park, in gentle concession to the imperious little princess, Mabel, who had conceived an unaccountable fancy for a pale, fra-

gile-looking woman having in charge a riotous young boy, who manifested a curious ingenuity of torment. What wonder that the nurse of such a little inquisitor should look jaded, fagged, and worn? What wonder that she should turn tenderly to the gentle child Mabel, with delightful zest of contrast? And the preference shown was warmly reciprocated. Mabel had, by turns, been capering about her feet, clambering into her lap, peering into her face wonderingly, and toying with her long flowing hair the entire afternoon. She would occasionally dart away toward her old nurse, whose eye with jealous, omniscient care momentarily watched her every movement, but only to bound back again, as if some invisible cord linked her to her new enchantress. This strange freak on the part of the child was all the more remarkable, as Mabel's friendships were dainty and of tardy growth. Her native timidity was absolutely painful, and she shivered and shrunk from stranger eyes as one who had caught the trick of fear while yet unborn. And, then, a double divinity seemed to hedge about the pale, quiet woman; she seemed set apart for reverence and for worship. Her face, so gentle in aspect, was one over which storms had passed, and the smile which now and then lighted it was inexpressibly sweet, and tender. Was it the sympathy, kindness, patience, and forbearance which she radiated that so magnetized and charmed the child Mabel? The subtle laws of soul-fellowship are but dimly understood. There are endless harmonies and concords which the spirit fails to recognize, while shut in and trammelled by this "muddy vesture of decay." But when the flesh, less clamorous, consents to be dominated by diviner powers, it often catches wondrous glimpses of capacities and capabilities undreamed of before. Love is the law and light, and the soul, in its clearness

of vision, detects with unerring accuracy its kinships and affiliations. The law of sympathetic attraction may bind more closely than all alien ties of consanguinity.

Night drew on, and the child Mabel still lingered lovingly about her charmer.

"Excuse me, madam," Paulina prefaced apologetically, insisting, at last, on a truce with the persistent child; "excuse me, but the little miss pays you a high compliment. I never before saw her in love with a stranger; she is naturally so timid."

At the sound of Paulina's voice, the woman gave an involuntary start, but, quickly recovering herself, responded:

"Yes; I think we should be fast friends very soon. We seem to have known each other always; and then, you know, perfect love casts out all fear. Harry"—turning to the child she had in charge—"is a hard boy to look after, but his mother is dead, poor child, and I try to remember how she would have loved and cared for him, and it makes me patient and tender."

A tear stole down her white cheek, flushed now a little with repressed emotion, and, lifting Mabel to her heart, she drew her eagerly to her breast in one long clasp of irresistible feeling, and turned hastily away, with an agonized sigh, heavy with heart-ache, as if smothering memories of buried children came over her like a pain. What fate had doomed her to a life of weariness? What eating canker was at her heart? Was there nothing of warmth or light to be kindled from the ashes of a dead past?

The elegant parlors of the Farrington mansion were brilliantly lighted; the master of the house was dining distinguished guests from a distance. With what a thrill of ecstatic pride did he listen to the rapturous expressions of

admiration concerning his beautiful daughter, and the implied compliment in the assertion of a marked resemblance to himself was not distasteful, although it might justly have provoked wondering query in his mind. Could it be possible that Mabel really did look like him? It must be so, else why should so many trace the likeness. Love was no mean photographer—it might be so, after all. The thought was pleasant to him.

The guests had retired. The house had relapsed into its usual stillness. Mr. Farrington, still lending hospitable regard to the emphatic suggestions concerning little Mabel's resemblance to himself, slipped noiselessly up to the luxurious bed where she lay sleeping, and, gently folding back the covering, he gazed intently upon the lovely face of the unconscious dreamer.

"Yes, it is so! They are right—she *is* like me; the features are my own in miniature. There's something very strange about it;" and, bending over, he pressed his lips to the velvety cheek, all aglow with fresh, young life, withdrew to the library, and was soon lost in the stock review of his evening paper.

Meantime the vigilant Paulina was making her nightly tour of inspection, to assure herself that all things about the house had been done decently and in order. Had the side entrance, leading out from the back-parlor upon the balcony, been properly secured? She would see. In threading the passage, which was dark, she stumbled over something upon the floor, and fell with a heavy thud. Mr. Farrington heard the fall, and came quickly with a light, when they discovered the apparently lifeless form of a woman stretched upon the floor of the balcony.

"As I live!" exclaimed Paulina, excitedly, "it's the woman I told you about, that Mabel was so crazy after in the

park;" and they lifted her to the sofa in the library.

It was something more than poetic justice that permitted Zanie Vincent to take leave of a troubled life under the roof that sheltered her child; under the roof that sheltered, too, the father of that child—the father by birthright, as well as by adoption. It was mercy that devised the way by which the mother herself should become the peaceful revealer of a fact all unknown to him before. Like the far-off memories of some long-forgotten dream, the likeness of Zanie Vincent, in the pallid face before him, stole over the consciousness of the stricken man, thrilling him with an agonizing remembrance of a love unlawfully evoked in the years gone by, the bitter fruits of which he saw in the wrecked life before him. How doth experience ever sadly prove that

"God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor—misery!"

With the dawn, Zanie's spirit took its flight; but in that moment of sweeping retrospect and forecast that precedes departure, the inspiration of disclosure came. Paulina had gone from the room on some brief errand, leaving Mr. Farrington alone with the sufferer, when, as if with intuitive sense of fitness, the dying woman took from her bosom a crumpled letter, and whispered faintly: "It will tell you everything you need to know. I watched the darling from the window of the balcony to-night, until I heard them calling me, and I hear them

again. Yes; I come—I come!" and, with angelic smile and gesture, she departed. The letter, scarcely legible, ran thus:

"I have found my child at last. Something told me, when I first saw her in the park, that she was my own lost darling. I have watched and followed her ever since. Judge of my anguish and joy when I saw her in *your* arms—her own father! Through old Doctor P. in the hospital where she was born, I have been able to solve the mystery. During my temporary insanity, which was deemed incurable, my babe had been adopted by wealthy persons about leaving for Europe, who were childless, and who, wishing the matter kept a profound secret, had negotiated through other parties, who were to deliver the child to a certain address in the city of London, thus preventing any clue to the child's adoption. When they returned to America no one should know but that it was their own. Since reason came back to me, I have agonized for my child. No one could help me; no one knew where she was. I have implored heaven to reveal her to me. I need not tell you more. The good spirits above, who thus in pitying love gave my babe into the hands of her own father, have also kindly led me to my child, that I might die in peace. The strange secret is yours alone; it is my legacy to you in death. There are angelic revelations yet made to us, if we but listen well.

"Shield the darling from temptation and the world's bitter scorn! When you look upon her, in her sweet innocence and beauty, you will sometimes think of one whose affection for you swayed to weakness that has been bitterly repented, but has found at last that the Cross of Love is close beside the Cross of Sin.

"My babe—my darling! She can never know the secret here; but a mother's arms shall be the first to unfold her, when she comes to the other side. I charge you to bring her safely thither. Farewell!
"ZANIE."

The struggle was over, and Zanie Vincent was at rest. That "blessed invention," which we call Death, had unravelled the tangled web of her earthly career, and set all things right at last.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

A lark's song dropped from heaven,
 A rose's breath at noon;
 A still, sweet stream that flows and flows
 Beneath a still, sweet moon:

A little way-side flower
 Plucked from the grasses, thus—
 A sound, a breath, a glance—and yet
 What is it they bring to us?

For the world grows far too wise,
 And wisdom is but grief;
 Much thought makes but a weary way,
 And question, unbelief.

Thank God for the bird's song,
 And for the flower's breath!
 Thank God for any voice to wake
 The old sweet hymn of faith!

For a world grown all too wise,
 (Or is it not wise enough?)
 Thank God for anything that makes
 The path less dark and rough!

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

"I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but still the man should not have been punished—he should have been acquitted."

With these words the Judge awoke to the consciousness that he had a fellow-traveler; and then, as if some explanation of his remark would be in order, he went on:

"We had a very interesting trial in Austin last week. Tom Carberry—Irish Tom, he is called—was tried for murder. I defended him, and never struggled harder for a client in my life. For a week before, and throughout the trial,

I worked night and day to look up testimony, and to present the case to the jury in the best possible light. I consulted with all the attorneys not engaged for the prosecution. We got him off with three years in the penitentiary; but he ought not to have been punished—he should have been acquitted."

The fellow-passenger queried as to the circumstances attending the alleged murder, and the Judge answered:

"They were very peculiar, and that is the reason why the trial was so very interesting. A woman up in Montana, who never saw Tom Carberry, thought

that he had done her great wrong; and so, when she was asked, as the phrase is, to 'take up with a new man,' she named her terms:

"Kill Tom Carberry, of Austin, Nevada."

"But I never saw nor heard of the man," said the Montana aspirant.

"Nevertheless," said she, "kill Tom Carberry."

"It is the depth of winter," was objected, "and we are hundreds of miles from Austin. The journey can not now be made."

"Kill him in the spring," said the unrelenting woman.

"Yes," said he, and the compact was sealed.

"With the opening of travel in the spring there arrived at Salt Lake City, by the Montana stage, an individual who freely announced that he was on his way to kill Carberry. Salt Lake City is a long way from Austin, but the friendships of border men span much greater distances. Tom was quickly advised of the approach of his visitor, but he took no steps either to get out of the way or to be specially prepared to see company. He was then employed at the Keystone Mill, nine miles from town, and he staid there nearly a whole week after he knew that the Montana chap was in Austin. You see, Tom is a peaceable man, and he didn't want any difficulty. Most men would have come in at once, and got the affair off their hands!"

The listener entertained doubts at this point, but saying nothing, the Judge proceeded:

"Saturday evening, just as usual with him, Tom came into the city, and after getting shaved and fixed-up for his holiday, he went around to the saloons, where many of the people of mining towns spend their leisure, to meet his friends. It wasn't long before he encountered the Montana fellow, who be-

gan at once, in Tom's hearing, to make insulting remarks."

Here the listener interrupted with—"Why did he make insulting remarks? If he had made a long journey solely for the purpose of killing Tom, why didn't he shoot him off-hand?"

"Because," said the Judge, "that would have been murder. The community is down on murder, and he would have been dangling from an awning-beam in fifteen minutes. Killing is a very different matter. When two men get into a fight, and all is fair between them, and one kills the other, community don't ordinarily seem to feel much concern on the subject. Under such circumstances, the only way for Montana was to provoke Tom to a quarrel, and lead up to a fight. But Tom wasn't disposed to gratify him—he wouldn't take any notice—didn't seem to hear; but repeatedly left one saloon to go to another, just to keep out of the way. Montana followed him up, until, at last, standing right before Tom, he jumped up about two feet from the floor, and came down with a heavy jar, and said, 'I'm Chief!' Even this Tom didn't resent—he only put his hands over his face and wept! Fact, sir, the tears actually flowed, until his best friends thought he was an arrant coward; and when he got up and went away to his room to bed, there wasn't one of them to say a good word for him.

"Montana enjoyed a season of glory. He had said, 'I'm Chief!' in a public place, and no man had dared accept the challenge.

"The next morning Tom was standing on the sidewalk, when Montana came along, and they met face to face. Tom spoke to him in a very quiet, low tone, saying:

"Stranger, you used me pretty rough last night, but I don't bear malice. Jest say that you'd been drinkin' and didn't mean it, and we'll say no more about it."

"Montana answered, 'No apologies in mine.'

"'Well,' said Tom, 'you needn't apologize. Come into the saloon and chink glasses with me, and we'll let the matter drop.'

"Then Montana said, 'Tom Carberry, either you're generous, or else you're a coward. I don't think you're cowardly, an' if I'd known you at the start, it's most likely I wouldn't ha' waded in. But the matter can't be let drop, for there's hundreds o' people in my section an' between here and there who know that I came here to kill you; so there's but two ways—we must fight, or you must run. If you'll run, it'll be jest as good to me as to fight.'

"Tom's almost suppliant bearing disappeared on the instant, and he said: 'Stranger, I aint much in the habit o' runnin', an' if we're to fight, we may as well have it out now, as any time. Are you heeled?'

"Tom asked this question, because we have a law against carrying concealed weapons, which is regarded at such hours as people think they will have no use for their arms, and disregarded at all others.

"The answer was, 'No; I left my revolver with the bar-keeper o' the Exchange.'

"'Get it,' said Tom; 'I'll wait for you here.'

"The Exchange was in a corner building across a street which came in at right angles to the sidewalk where they were standing. Montana went in at the front door, but came out at the side on the cross street, hoping to steal up and 'get the drop' on Tom, but this was not

so easy. Tom was wide-awake—he had crossed the main street to guard against surprise; so, when Montana poked his pistol round the corner and followed it with just enough of his head to take sight, Carberry was not in range. In a moment their eyes met, and the shooting began. Tom curled down close to the road-bed, to present the smallest possible area as a mark, and because it is comparatively difficult to hit an object lying on the ground. Montana sheltered himself somewhat behind a low row of sacks of potatoes lying on the edge of the sidewalk, and partly behind a small awning-post. This last was a fatal error, for with a tall post for a mark it is the easiest thing in the world to make a line-shot.

"I am making a long story of the shooting, which in reality was very soon over. They fired three shots apiece in as many seconds. Tom's third ball passed through Montana's heart, and he was dead before his head rebounded on the brick pavement. Carberry surrendered himself at once, and was kept in jail until his trial came off, although bail to any amount was offered."

After a pause, the Judge added, "I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but the man should not have been punished—he should have been acquitted; and he would have been but for one circumstance, which prejudiced the court and jury against him."

"What was the circumstance so prejudicial?" questioned the listener.

"The Montana chap was the fourth man Tom had killed in Austin," answered the Judge, innocently.

MOUNT WHITNEY.

PARSON BROWNLOW, in some of his political speeches made during the war, used to refer with pleasure to the fact that "more than 1,800 years ago the distinguished founder of the Democratic party led our Lord and Saviour up into an exceeding high mountain." To those who believe that the mischievous influence of this tricky and deceitful leader has survived the party referred to, it might appear that he had more or less to do in directing the steps of Mr. Clarence King, about two years ago, to the top of one of our own high mountains; so completely was that clever mountaineer mistaken as to his whereabouts when he got there.

In his very entertaining book, entitled *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, Mr. King, among many capital narrations of mountain climbing and adventure, has given a graphic description of his ascent of Mount Whitney in 1871.

The mountain to which this name belongs has been regarded with special interest among all, at home and abroad, who pay any attention to geographical exploration in this country, since in 1864 it was reported to be the highest known point of land within the boundaries of the United States.

Among the personal friends of the California State Geological Survey, and especially of Mr. King, the mountain has, moreover, possessed an additional interest on account of the unsuccessful attempt made by that gentleman in 1864 to climb the peak. On that occasion, Mr. King, who was then a member of the Geological Survey corps, attacked the mountain from the southern side, and after a hard climb, full of adventure, which brought him, as he then estimat-

ed, to within 300 or 400 feet of the crest, he was compelled to abandon the hope of reaching the summit, on account of its inaccessibility from the side he had chosen. When, therefore, he renewed the attempt from the eastern side in 1871, there were many friends who waited impatiently to hear the result, and who afterward read with eager interest the story of the climb, as recorded in his *Mountaineering*.

And now it turns out that the mountain he climbed then, although clearly designated on the maps of the State Geological Survey as Mount Whitney, was not the mountain he tried to climb seven years before, to which the name of Mount Whitney was originally given; and that when Mr. King, on the occasion referred to in his book, finally reached the summit he had toiled so long to gain, and, planting his foot in supposed triumph upon its topmost rock, surveyed the sea of cloud whose billows rolled and surged below and around him, he was in reality about six miles from where he thought he was.

The discovery of this fact was recently made by Mr. W. A. Goodyear, formerly a member of the Geological Survey corps, and Mr. M. W. Belshaw, of Cerro Gordo. These gentlemen, on the 27th day of last July, ascended the peak which is described on the maps of the State Survey as Mount Whitney, and which Mr. King ascended in 1871. They rode their mules without difficulty to the top; and, having gained the summit, observed a peak, bearing north 67° west from their point of observation, and distant five or six miles, which was unquestionably several hundred feet higher than the one on which they stood. That

this higher peak is the veritable Mount Whitney was made obvious not only by its greater altitude, but by its relations to other topographical features of the surrounding country; since the observations recorded by Mr. King, on the occasion of his climb in 1864, and printed in the first volume of the Survey Report, could (according to Mr. Goodyear) be readily verified when referred to the higher peak, but could not be made to apply to the vicinity of the peak which is now shown to be the lower one.

Mr. Goodyear has set forth these observations in a paper presented to the California Academy of Sciences, with a degree of detail which leaves no doubt that the name of Mount Whitney has been erroneously applied to another mountain than that to which it was originally given. As this fact has excited a good deal of comment, and perhaps some unsatisfied inquiry as to the origin of the error, a brief statement of the history of the matter, so far as it is known to the writer, may serve a useful purpose.

The name of Mount Whitney was given, in 1864, to the highest of a noble cluster of high peaks which form the double crest of that portion of the Sierra Nevada whence flow the head-waters of the Kern and King's rivers. During the summer of that year, a party of the State Geological Survey, under the direction of Professor W. H. Brewer, and comprising among its members Mr. C. F. Hoffmann, Chief Topographer, and Mr. Clarence King, Assistant Geologist, were engaged in the exploration and mapping of this rugged and little-known region. It was then that King, accompanied by Cotter, made the ascent, so vividly described in his book, of the peak which they named Mount Tyndall, and from whose summit they perceived two peaks still higher than that on which they stood. To the highest of these the party gave the name of Mount Whitney, in honor

of the distinguished chief of the Geological Survey. During the same season, after the main party had withdrawn from that region, Mr. King—determined, if possible, to reach the highest point of the range—returned from Visalia, and attempted to climb Mount Whitney. After an adventurous effort, he arrived at a point where his farther progress was rendered impossible by a precipitous wall of rock. His barometer there indicated an altitude of 14,740 feet, and, as the summit was estimated to be 300 or 400 feet higher than the point observed, the total altitude of the peak was reported as not less than 15,000 feet, thus exceeding by about 550 feet the height of Mount Shasta, until then the highest known point in the United States. Prevented thus from completing the ascent on the side which he had chosen for the attack, and being then under orders to report at Mariposa at a fixed date, Mr. King abandoned the attempt for that season, intending, however, to try it again from the eastern side at some later day.

It was also in the same summer (1864) that Mr. Hoffmann, Chief Topographer of the Survey, first located on his map the position of Mount Whitney, having determined its bearing (S. 65° E.) from the summit of Mount Brewer, one of his principal geodetic stations. Recent events have shown that the position then assigned on the map to Mount Whitney was nearly if not quite correct; but the error in location which is now the subject of discussion was the result of observations made by Mr. Hoffmann and party several years later. In the summer of 1870, that gentleman, accompanied by Mr. Goodyear, was engaged in field-work in Owen's Valley, toward which descend the eastern slopes of the ridge of which Mount Whitney is the culminating point.

The misnamed peak rises in full view from Lone Pine, and as described by

Mr. Goodyear, appears from that point the most prominent peak in the whole Sierra. As seen from Lone Pine, its prominence, when compared with what is now known to be the real Mount Whitney, several miles more remote, is quite marked. Impressed by the imposing appearance of the mountain, Mr. Hoffmann concluded that it could be no other than Mount Whitney; and although its position did not accord with that determined in 1864, he was led to mistrust the correctness of the earlier observation, especially as in that case he had obtained the bearing of the peak from only a single point (Mount Brewer).

Had Mr. Hoffmann been able to test his work from the summit of the mountain, the error could hardly have been made; but acting under the impression produced by the view from Owen's Valley, he changed the former location on the map, and thus erroneously applied the name of Mount Whitney to quite a different peak from that to which it was first given; and since that summer, the mistaken mountain has been known by that name to all those who dwell or who have journeyed within sight of it.

It was in the summer following this (1871), that Mr. King, then no longer connected with the Geological Survey of California, made the ascent of which he has given an account in his book. For that purpose, he determined to go to Lone Pine in Owen's Valley, which lies at the eastern base of the range. Knowing the difficulty of recognizing a mountain peak from an unaccustomed point of view, and aware of the fact that the topographers of the State Geological Survey had located Mount Whitney on their map the previous summer, he called at the office of the Survey before setting out, in order to obtain the information necessary for identifying the mountain after reaching Lone Pine. For this purpose he traced a copy of the map and an outline sketch of the peak itself.

Guided by these data, he naturally accepted as Mount Whitney the mountain thus designated; and nothing in its appearance or surroundings gave cause for any suspicion that it was not the same which he had before attempted on the western slope. Taking a companion from the neighborhood, he climbed the peak, gaining the summit without the difficulty which his former experience had led him to expect. That he did not then discover the error in the location of the peak would be indeed remarkable, were it not for the facts set forth in his own narration, written soon after, and published in *Mountaineering*.

On reaching the summit, he found himself "closed in by dense, impenetrable clouds," through which no straining of the eyes revealed surrounding objects. With the exception of a brief interval—when for a moment there appeared spots of blue sky, and the sun streaming through "one of these windows in the storm," lighted up the range of western peaks from Kaweah to Mount Brewer, and revealed the scenes of the struggles of seven years before—the whole region was obscured. "Sombre storm-clouds and their even gloomier shadows darkened the northern sea of peaks. Only a few slant bars of sudden light flashed in upon purple granite and fields of ice. The rocky tower of Mount Tyn-dall thrust up through rolling billows, caught for a moment the full light, and then sunk into darkness and mist. When all else was buried in cloud, we watched the great west range. Weird and strange, it seemed shaded by some dark eclipse. Here and there through its gaps and passes, serpent-like streams of mist floated in and crept slowly down the cañons of the hither slope; then all along the crest torn and rushing spray of clouds whirled about the peaks, and in a moment a vast gray wave reared high and broke, overwhelming all." (*Mountaineering*, pages 278, 279.)

So dense had the clouds and storm of snow become before their descent, that they "could not see a hundred feet." Under these circumstances, any such observation of the surrounding country as might have led to the discovery of the already existing error was of course impossible.

The barometrical measurement of the peak indicated an altitude of 14,612 feet—considerably less even than that obtained in 1864, at the point reached on the real Mount Whitney; but as there was no doubt or question then existing as to the identity of the peak, this discrepancy was more readily attributed to some unexplained condition of the air, or irregularity in the instrument or the observation of it, rather than to the cause now known to be the real one; and for this reason he refrained from publishing the figures. It will thus appear that the original mistake in the location of Mount Whitney was in no way due to Mr. King; but that, under the conditions just described, he failed to discover the error, and so confirmed it.

Since 1871, the same mountain has been ascended by a number of persons, including ladies, who have found no difficulty in riding to the top; but none of these, prior to the visit of Messrs. Goodyear and Belshaw, reported the existence of the higher peak. This last announcement has stimulated the ambition of mountain climbers in that vicinity and elsewhere, and several parties have already climbed to the summit of the original and veritable Mount Whitney.

The first ascent is claimed by Mr. William Crapo and a companion, residents of Cerro Gordo, on the 15th of last August. His narrative states that he reached the peak after a steep but not dangerous climb. His observations from the summit, compared with those made from the point reached by Mr. King in 1864, are said to clearly iden-

tify the mountain as the same that was then named Mount Whitney. The bearing of Mount Brewer from Mount Whitney he found to be north 65° west, which corresponds exactly with the bearing of Whitney from Brewer as obtained by Mr. Hoffmann in 1864. He claims to be the first who has set foot on the highest point in the United States.

This eminent distinction, however, appears to be also sought by a party, who, according to an account lately published in the *Inyo Independent*, climbed the mountain on the 17th of August. This party comprised three men, who, having first been on the mistaken Mount Whitney, observed the higher peak, and succeeded in reaching it after a rough climb. According to the published story, they believed themselves to be the first who had gained the summit, and, exercising the privilege claimed by virtue of such priority, and being either unaware of or not content with the honored name given to the mountain in 1864, they forthwith proceeded to a new christening, and called it "Fisherman's Peak." The distance between the sublime and the ridiculous has long been proverbially measured by a single step; but in bringing this peak and name together, it is reduced to a fine point. Happily, no new name, however well chosen, will be likely to displace the old and most acceptable one, which has already become familiar to thousands in this country and abroad, and is alike suggestive of pre-eminent rank among men as well as mountains.

On the 6th of September, a third ascent was made—on this occasion by Mr. Carl Rabe, an *attaché* of the State Geological Survey. He was accompanied by three others, including Mr. Crapo, who repeated his visit. Mr. Rabe carried a Green barometer to the summit, having made arrangements for simultaneous observation of another barometer at Lone Pine. They reached the

summit early in the forenoon of the third day after setting out from Lone Pine, and remained on it long enough for ten observations of the barometer at half-hourly intervals. The altitude of the peak, computed from the mean of these observations, according to a statement published by Mr. Goodyear, is nearly 11,000 feet above Lone Pine, or 14,898½ feet above the level of the sea. This, though falling a little short of the reputed 15,000 feet, is still the greatest altitude of which reliable measurement has yet been announced within the United States.

Later in point of time than all these aspirants for mountaineering honors, but with a zeal which should have made him first had not his competitors had 3,000 miles the start of him, is Mr. King himself, who was in New York when he heard of Mr. Goodyear's discovery. By this announcement, the topmost stone of the Sierra—which, after his attempt to reach it in 1864, had stood like a chip upon the continent's shoulder, a lofty challenge to his geological hammer, until he supposed that he had successfully knocked it off in 1871—now suddenly appeared in a fresh place. Recognizing directly the correctness of Mr. Goodyear's observation, but wishing to verify

it with his own eyes, as well as to accomplish beyond any question his long-cherished purpose, he set out immediately across the country, passing through San Francisco and Visalia without a moment's delay.* Having provided for the simultaneous observation of two barometers—one at Visalia, and the second at a station on Kern River about 10,000 feet high—he pushed on with a third to the mountain. Detained a few days by a sudden illness, he afterward reached the summit without difficulty, choosing the western slope for the point of his attack. The day was fine, and the opportunity for barometrical work most excellent. The readings of the barometer are not yet computed, but agree nearly with those made by Mr. Rabe; indicating, however, an altitude greater by about fifty or perhaps one hundred feet, than that above quoted. The full details of his ascent will be published in the new edition of *Mountaineering*.

*The *Tulare Times*, a paper published in Visalia, noticing in a brief paragraph the visit of Mr. King, *en route* for Mount Whitney, gives the following interesting item of misinformation: "Since Professor King was here last May he has visited the Pyramids of Egypt, under instructions from the United States Government, for the purpose of making accurate measurements of those stupendous remains of ancient architecture."

ULTRAWA.—No. XII.

VANISHINGS.

AUF is a Swiss village, nestling in a cleft of the Alps. The town is picturesquely pitched upon the mountain-side; and, jutting just above it, at one angle, on a shelf or platform of its own, projects a spur of land which overlooks the valleys and the lower ranges that bisect them, ruffling the surface into sublime confusion, far and wide. The

village of Auf crouches directly under this plateau, as under some protecting wing. The spreading platform, with its broad acres, is styled "The Lookout Rest." The mansion, which has some pretensions to be regarded as a castle, is known as "The Senior Lodge." It was bequeathed to the Ultrawan Society as a home for their retiring Seniors, by

their founder, Andreas, who had himself acquired it through his mother, Celeste Ranier Monard. This was the home where, in the years long ago, the sad fratricide took place, and where Celeste uttered her prophecy when she breathed her last. The spot is reached from the town below, by careful terraces of easy steps, overhung by pendent vines, while outward and upward lonely bridle-paths track the mountain's side.

At present, the Senior Victor Arnulf dwells here, in serene old age. His household comprises a few grave domestics—who are volunteer servants, proud of their position—and a couple of old hounds, still prouder, and more grave and staid. Around the house a large meadow, bordered with ash and chestnut trees, is coursed by a babbling brook, which feeds a spacious pool, and furnishes a snug retreat for a few pensioned horses, mules, and oxen, that have their choice between the warm barns upon the other side of the inclosure and the open field. In one way and another, these have done signal service in their day, and now graze contentedly, or gaze in their mute meekness upon the mystery of the world about them; never to hear again the whip-crack or the driver's oath—never to wear a yoke, to bear a burden, or to tug and pant in slavery and struggle. Their eyes are humid with an almost human reverie of repose. Farther up, among the undulating crags, sheep browse, shepherded by a couple of sagacious dogs, between whom and themselves a perfect understanding is established; and the tinkling bells on their necks impart a cheery animation to the picture, which otherwise would be a trifle sombre.

Within the Senior Lodge there is something going on to-day, which stirs its placid in-door life to such unusual zest as apparently to deepen the outside tranquillity by very contrast—where the rushing brook muffles the almost metal-

lic clinking of its leap from rock to rock, lipping closely the moss-patches and the mallow leaves, that cushion it here and there, and coax it to a gentler gliding, lest its brawling turbulence should jar the meadow-peace or disturb the slumber of the landscape—even as a voice, raised to a harsh key in scenes of eager chatter, lowers its tone when surrounding sounds are laid to rest. The Senior Lodge is eagerly waiting the arrival of fresh guests. Upon the porch, Victor Arnulf wears his white hair for a crown; while Emil and Rudolph—domestics almost as venerable as himself—are vying with one another and their master in adjusting the spy-glass so as to see clearly from the terrace, over the valley, far down within the Alpine pass, which opens—like a mouth about to say good things—just where the stage-road, brushing the environs of Auf, curves round an angle of the mountain's base, and leaves the hamlet lying in its nook outside, like a parcel which the rugged range has dropped by the way, and will come back to fetch. Presently, Emil, who never speaks without hallooing, shouts with joy:

“Senior, I see them!—they have come!”

“Let the Senior look for himself,” retorts Rudolph, a little miffed that his comrade's eyes prove sharper than his own; adding, “One would think, Emil, that such a sight should make thee hasten the servants to prepare the supper.”

The group of new-comers turn the corner of the pass, conducted by a lad who has been on the watch for them, and wend their way up the terrace steps. Victor Arnulf soon clasps once more the hand of his old comrade, Gabriel Ambrose, who has come all the way from America to the Lookout Rest, to share with him the evening of his days. And here are the aged Janschill and his wife, come back, radiant at being recognized by all the boys and girls of Auf,

who make a great ado, and troop in a procession; for, to the minds of such simple peasantry as have never traveled beyond their own cliff-slopes, for any one to come safely home from the *terra incognita* of the New World, is as much miraculous as to us it were to have one coming back from the world that we call "another," and "spiritual," and "supernatural"—the only question being why it should not be still more significant to the philosopher.

There is also present, in this group of fresh arrivals, the Lady Triddles, talking in a style most grandiose, and walking with the gait of a duchess, apparently as proud now in the Old World of the New, as in the New she had been of the Old; like most of us, displeased with the spot in which we chance to be—at home, so fond and proud of foreign lands; in foreign lands, so proud and fond of home. With all her consequential attitude, however, the Lady Triddles is obsequious enough in her devotion to the other lady in the group, a rare pale girl of *petite* proportions. Can this be Viva? This is Viva herself. How changed she is! The downy auburn locks lie closer, and somewhat more smoothly tamed, upon her shapely little head; and the deeply pondering, distance-seeing eyes, if somewhat tenderer in their expression, are no less vivid in their flashing. But there has come a whiteness, as of wax, in the complexion—an ethereal attenuation in the features that used to be so mobile—and the blue veins in face and hands are so tense, beneath the transparent skin, that one can fancy the swift, low pulsing of the blood to be both visible and audible. To a close observer, the fairy countenance might seem to have grown old, and taken on an air of weariness; not, however, the weariness of feebleness, but a delicious presentiment of approaching rest, such as overspreads the features of a traveler just when he

settles back in his arm-chair, or such as creeps upon a child's limbs when it drops suddenly asleep in the very zest of play.

This child-seeress has fulfilled her mission in the Western Hemisphere, and comes to Auf, to find rest in the Lodge. She seems to recognize the venerable Arnulf instinctively, and kisses him affectionately. The deference shown her amounts to reverence. The noble suite of apartments, looking forth across the valley, which, in the days gone by, had been the favorite rooms of Celeste Monard, have been kept in readiness for her; and, in addition to the assiduous attentions of the Lady Triddles, who is regarded as a kind of foster-mother—a trifle dazed, as is supposed, under the shock of strange phenomena that transpired at the child's nativity—there comes to greet her, and wait upon her with fondest smiles and tears, a young maiden of the village, who has won the privilege by some special service elsewhere rendered.

Here, then, reclining in the very room whence the spirit of Celeste had taken flight so many years ago, or pacing the very path where the lovers walked, and where the twin-brothers, in the clash of jealous love, had broken the three hearts at once—even as now those lenses combined in the spy-glass, which Emil carelessly lets fall, crush and crumble one another with one crash—here the pale child dreams away hour by hour through weeks of sweet repose; each day, as it floats by, making her complexion more purely, pearly pale, and her form more slender; nevertheless, with no ravage of decay, or trace or token of disease. A certain dimness overtakes the outlines of her figure, as it droops into postures not previously characteristic; but at the same time her form takes on a new significance, as a picture upon the easel brings out fresh points when a peculiar light is brought to bear upon it.

Is this the same little fairy that queened it so in Ultrawa? The same—and not the same. Is it not thus with each of us? Is not life itself mere change? Is not change itself just pulsing, passing life? How, then, can we give to any ulterior phase of change the ugly name “death?” The more radical the change, is it not the more absolute scope and sway of life? Is there a richer promise of life everlasting among the syllables of Holy Writ than this, “And we shall be changed?”

The maiden retains such sublimations of her childhood. Her sibyl song becomes a silence that is sibylline—speaking less with the voice, speaking more with the glance. Inspirations are just transits of truth upon those who are inspired, and by no means attainments which they make, stations which they reach, or attributes of genius, or properties of force with which they are invested. This is alike true of prophet, poet, seer, and sage. The magnetic billow swells, dashes, and then subsides. The spirit is poured out, not to be dispersed, “like water spilled upon the ground, which can not be gathered,” but like the flooding sunlight, through which a passing mist, lingering, arches to a rainbow.

Sometimes the child halts suddenly in her slow walks along the slopes, and stands motionless for hours at a time, and leaning pensively against a rock, fastens her eyes upon the limpid pool below, or peers into a cloud-shape skirting the horizon—not listlessly, but wistfully, like one reading something there, while her willow frame trembles as lightly as a wand.

At other times, when she stands with her face compressed upon the window, as though her form were set in the very pane, which reaches to the floor of her apartment, whence Celeste had caught her latest lingering look of the lovely lawn and landscape; she becomes a pic-

ture of still life—a photograph of beauty in the act of vanishing.

The hour of vanishing does in fact approach.

“Wilt sing again? Wilt sing to us?” the patriarch Arnulf gently asked upon her first arrival.

“Once more, only once, out of Ultrawa,” she answered, with a beaming smile. “Once, and soon.”

“Once, and forever,” said Ambrose. No more was spoken at the time.

At length the hour comes for the last song. As the sun begins to settle in the west, the child steps quietly to the extreme edge of the plateau upon which the lodge is reared, and the white-haired Seniors seat themselves, as usual, upon the piazza, to enjoy the evening quiet. The ridgy, rolling valley, with its ravines and mounds so tossed and piled, tumbling from the craggy cliffs above, emblem the wild, wide world of perplexity and care, which these natures have surmounted; while in the background, two twin peaks, standing side by side—capped with the snow that gleams like polished metal in the lustre reflected from the refracting clouds above and the dark foliage beneath—remind them of the heights of mystery still unscaled, and stand, like lofty towers of truth, or sentinels, to guard the destiny of all the beauty and the peace below.

Suddenly, Viva's pallid temples flush once again, as they flushed in Ultrawa. Her eyes flash, and her lithe frame seems to round exuberantly with an electric vigor that suffuses it. Her cheeks crimson, her throat throbs within the arching neck, while her lips alternately part and are compressed again, like the lips of one who tries in vain to speak. Her whole chest heaves with an uncontrollable emotion. All this subsides to poise of perfect calm once more, as though utterance were denied her; and, motionless again, she poises herself in attitude of graceful ease upon

the very verge of the rock-shelf—so closely on the edge, that one might fear lest she should lose her balance, and fall headlong from the brink, were it not for the firm grace of her posture, standing so at ease as to lay one hand lightly on an overhanging bough that bends its twigs close to her side, without displacing it.

Now it is that the clear cadence thrills the air, which had so vibrated upon the forest arches of Ultrawa; at first a liquid rippling, that gently cleaves the spaces; then a clarion appeal, that breaks its way farther and farther, threading the utmost angles of the gorges, swelling until it seems to beat upon the crests above, and burst into bubbles on the lower ridges—a volume of song, compelling all about it to unison, pervading every nook of rock, thrilling the trackless glades and glens; at length ebbing out in untold distances, and subsidence of final satisfaction.

The little prophetess stands and sings, catching up the refrain again and still again, as it floats away, and, as it were, unfurling it, once more, like a scarf flung out upon the breezy sunshine, until surrounding Nature seems to listen with a very look, shifting its fleece of cloud and folding its festoon of shadow; even as, roused by a serenade, in the depth of night, a lady-love instinctively divines her lover's presence, and standing hidden, suffers one fair hand to open the casement and put back the curtains, in token of her modest joy.

There is a stir in the animate creation also. The Ultrawan opinion—one can scarcely call it a theory or tenet—is, that all living creatures had originally one language in common, articulate in each to all. They allege that by this, however diversified the dialect or tone, the very brutes understood each other's language, and could converse with man. They believe that such references as are made in ancient literature and in

Scripture, to the speech of lesser creatures, are not fabulous nor of the miraculous, however legendary now; that the calls and the cries, the cooings and the crowings, the song-birds' twitter and the wild beasts' roar, are relics of this original and universal speech, as the jargons of men are fragments dispersed abroad by some confusion of tongues.

They aver that the air and earth are full of "groanings which can not be uttered," because "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." But they claim that there are certain syllables, or key-notes, which are common to all these broken sentences of the animal language, which, once revealed, are intelligible to each creature in its own dialect, and that upon hearing that single strain, all listen and understand; that when ultimately brought together, the lower creatures will again commune with one another and with mankind in such eloquence of harmony as shall quench cruelty and strife among them, and exalt them in the scale of beings. These accents, they claim, are the key-notes in Viva's stanza, who warbles them and circulates them, like an aria, in countless variations. This is an odd fancy on their part, for which they furnish hitherto little scientific proof. Assuredly, however, at this instant, and in this scene, there is a color of the quaint conceit. More flocks than are usually observed from "Outlook Rest," come winging their course in this direction, their aerial lines intersecting one another placidly, and as with a preconcerted motion, or under common attraction. The woods are full of lesser wing-whirls in the lower ranges, of quivering dart and timid rustle. There is everywhere the crackling snap of trodden twigs, and the crisp, brushing sound of scurrying over and under the dry leaves. Animate life of every grade is more briskly animated at the moment, although it is the hour of parting day,

usually hushed to such secretiveness.

The old pensioners, in their adjacent coppice, of whom mention was just made, crane their necks toward each other, in a kindly way; and those who stand next to one another are inclined to caress each other with their tongues, as is the wont of many dumb beasts when they are best pleased.

The pulsating measures of the song, so readily revived, might almost promise to renew themselves in all coming time. Alas! presently, with one piercing peal, the voice quivers and breaks; the last coucussion of the stanza showering the atmosphere, so to speak, with musical scintillations that spread into a spray of harmony as sibillant and soft as veriest whispers.

Straitway all is at an end. The strain is spent. The child is still. How spent—how still! As Viva's arm softly relaxes, and glides slowly down from the outstretched bough, the white drapery she wears flutters to the ground, sinking more slowly still. For an instant she appears to be seating herself upon the green sward, with her usual *naïveté*. Presently, however, gently sinking, she stretches herself at full length, with her head on her arm, her cheek in her palm, both pillowed in a little mass of moss that might almost seem to have been placed there for the purpose. The eyes are once more riveted in tranquil revery. This time, however, in revery of their eternal rest. It is the sleep of God's serene eternity into which the child has entered, and that is the awakening song that soars with undying accent, the "song and everlasting joy upon their heads;" the voice of harpers harping with their harps; the voice of many waters, lightnings, and thunderings, and voices. "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and

power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

Ambrose and Arnulf rise to their feet with deep emotion, but yet in solemn quiet, like those who are well prepared for this event, and reverently approach the spot. Kneeling silently on either side of the limp form, which resembles now a waxen image rather than a corpse, they carry it with their own hands to the house.

Next day the assembled household, treading reverently, and with silent tears, bear it forth and deposit it within a grotto of the mountain cavern, which seems to have been long since chiseled and beveled for this purpose. Here, in a carved casket of the stone awaiting it, with lid that slides softly in its groove—a casket carved in the rock itself—they lay to rest the white framework of the vanished life. No fading flowers are strown on such remains, nor do any funeral rites require a delay. But at the foot of the little mound in which this crystal bed is found, a single lonely fir-tree stands, spreading its fragrance; while upon the other side of it, another mound shows where Celeste Ranier Monard long since laid down to sleep. They give no heed to further burial, for they are well persuaded that neither will any living creature trespass on the spot, nor any trace of corrupt decay taint the pellucid shape that shall soon melt like a mist, and mingle with the mountain haze.

Such is the vanishing of Viva.

Now, at the very instant when all this occurs, it happens that Arthur Ranier and his bride, Calla—six thousand miles away—are just opening their cottage in New Ultrawa. Sunset in Auf is sunrise in the far-off colony; and it chances that as the night drops its curtain upon Lookout Rest, the happy pair are standing in their door-way to inhale the ex-

hilarating morning, and by an impulse unexplained, both begin to speak at once of Viva, and call to mind reminiscences of the Ultrawa which they have left behind.

New Ultrawa—in its configuration a counterpart of Auf as exact as if it had been a twin landscape snatched from its side—covers a large territory amid the crags and gorges of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Fierce peaks hem it in on all sides, except one. Upon that side, it would seem, at first glance, to be most of all inaccessible. The wide cañon which approaches it, inviting the traveler for a few miles, as it does, finds itself checked, all at once, by a wall of rock, which presents a steep, forbidding front, and commands an unexpected halt. One coming upon this wall scarcely knows whether to compare it to a sentinel suddenly challenging for a countersign which cannot be remembered, and turning back the intruder with gleam of bayonet and scowl of visage; or to a highwayman demanding your money or your life; or to a veto in the path of a popular vote; or to a peremptory refusal, blocking a lover's errand, and barring out his meandering day-dreams. But, whichever of these comparisons you may select, you shall find here an emblem for encouragement, to the effect that where the way is most shut in, there, still, "where there's a will, there's a way."

For, whereas nine travelers out of ten would here turn back, declaring that what had seemed to be a cañon proves to be a *cul-de-sac*—and perchance a tenth traveler there might be found willing to flatten himself between the interspaces for a few hours, like a human toad, or to coil and wriggle like a human snake through the crooks and turnings of the fissures—the colonial detachment from Ultrawa, not having come as tourists, or explorers, but by the calculation of Lonbergh's definite survey, have forced the intricate defile, and found be-

yond it the gorge re-opened and expanded to a grand champagne—a meadowy sweep, ample, affluent, voluptuous, and set round about by brilliance of metallic rocks. Upon this plain, which is a virtual valley, the emigrants have formed their Ultrawan semicircle, and proceed in their advances of life and learning.

Meantime, the progress of affairs may be traced by fragments of the correspondence. Between such a retreat, and the distant East, letters can pass but seldom, it is true. Ranier has, however, made such arrangements, at a remote mountain town, as secure their delivery. An Ultrawan *employé* is detailed in that town, where he is reported of as an eccentric man—all his neighbors querying how he makes enough to live on, "a-knocking about among the rocks, like a stupid." But the shaggy mule which he bestrides meets the messenger from the colony once a month, at the outer edge of the cañon, with tidings and love messages.

LETTER I.

Jenny Bendleton to Calla Ranier.

"BAY COAST, June.

"*My Darling:* By this time you have got there safely. Ah, indeed, have you? I always announce my wishes in the shape of facts. John is very absurd about it, and is forever taking me up so short, with his disrespectful ways. I said, at breakfast, 'By this time, they have all got settled there.' 'Ah, indeed! have they?' says John, and, 'Thank you.' But I am sure about it, and I think that to pronounce your prayers as prophecies, is pretty sure to make prophecies out of your prayers. Calla, dear, I've got so much to tell you! I send you a copy of that bombastic *Herald* with full accounts of your wedding by an 'eye-witness.' It contains, as you see, 'An Ode to Vanishing Beauty and Departing Manliness—Fondly Inscribed to those Charming Ones, A. R., the

Brave, and C. C., the Fair. By their dear friend, G—a P—k.' In the adjoining column, Algernon Alexander Stock seems to issue a card of defiance, in the shape of blank verse; regarding Arthur, apparently, as some voracious monster, who has carried you off against your will, and bidding him, 'Unsatiab!e Devourer—cease!'

"You will also see what a severe time the editor had, with a wild horse, driving Miss Charger home from the church. They were found floundering in the snow, and unable to get from under the overturned sleigh, until the little black boy, Si, came along, and, as he says, 'done scooped 'em out, dey was dat all-fired cold.' The 'Ass. Ed.,' as he calls himself, appears to regard his tumble as a tragedy and an evil omen for your marriage, but rumor says it is likely to end in breaking off his own. It is said that upon their reaching the homestead, Mr. Charger broke through his usual taciturnity, and, meeting them at the door, stared at Mr. Nimmins, saying with malicious joy, 'You've got to go home, an' hev clean things put upon you. Bodder to it. Bodder to you.' John, who never can stop punning, says it's no wonder, for a 'man who can't manage a pony, can't be expected to manage a Charger.'

"But O, Calla, darling—I've got real news to tell you. It's all about your old suitor. ('Law - suitor, or love - suitor?') says John. 'Both,' I answer. John puts in once more, 'There, you're wrong. It's neither—because he is a don't-suit-her.' I say, 'John, haven't you got a sermon to write, or something, this evening? And you know what Mrs. Caddington said last Sunday, about your never coming to see her, all the time she had 'that there influence cold onto her so she could hardly speak?' To which John answers that he 'regards that "influence cold" as better than her usual hot influence.' John teases so, that I have

had to go away, to finish my letter in peace.)

"But about your suitor, Mr. Whample, and the DeLissey Place. You know that your father only staid in the house until we could all see the last of Senior Ambrose and that angel child. Calla, dear, I am afraid she is going to be a child-angel, before long; you have no idea how changed she was. She did not sing; indeed, she seldom spoke, but always smiled her replies to us, like one in a fair dream who could not be disturbed. They went away in the steamer. Old 'Lady Triddles' went along, in a high-stepping manner, apparently expecting to be crowned queen of the 'Geonane,' and her latest good-by was a hearty 'Aftanishl.'

"Your father soon made arrangements to close the house, as he had proposed. Ambrose had brought old Ben, who, it seems, was born here, and old as he is, is a nephew of 'ole uncle Franz.' They two have gone to live together, now, in the way negroes like to live—in the little hut, which had been the servants' cabin, in the years gone by; and what with fishing, clamming, crabbing, and a garden-patch, appear, like true Africans, to be in a kind of paradise—Franz lord-ing it over Ben, and Ben soliloquizing in his mongrel verse, about 'de promus lan'.

"But concerning Mr. Whample. As soon as the old place was closed, your father went to Morford, as he intended—no doubt you have heard from him—in order to live near Ultrawa. Now, it seems he had never taken any pains about that deed which Mr. Cham discovered, establishing your claims to the estate, and had never answered Mr. Whample's letter threatening suit of either kind, but just left the papers with the lawyer. Well, as soon as the old place was shut up, Whample seemed to think the property abandoned, and, by way of putting on a bold front, he came

down here and took possession. He staid in the house two days and nights, and came away looking so ghastly that everybody noticed it. He said very little to the people, but called on John, and declared that there was somebody hiding in the house, who had a visitor from outside. It was either a woman, he said, or a man of very light step, who went up and down the stairs, singing in a faint voice, that would be sweet if it were not so scary; and that, just after midnight, he could distinctly hear some person out of doors, creeping up the side of the house, and tapping on the window blinds, which were opened softly, and he heard whispers; that, supposing they might be burglars—of whom he seems to have especial horror—he advanced to the window, and found nobody, but, almost at the same moment, saw a fragile figure at an opposite window of the old house of Mrs. Stewart, and a bright light, suddenly extinguished.

“John, in his phlegmatic way, came to the conclusion that Whample was a little out of his head—after ‘having been out of his heart for some time, and out of pocket.’ But Whample retired from the premises; and shortly afterward, your father’s lawyer, hearing of the visit, sent him a notice of the title-deed, which led him to abandon the suit. We have not seen him since; but John learns that he has gone out to California, and proposes to become a land speculator there—a reformer, and a political orator against the corruption of the times.

“Now, there stands all your property, and what is going to be done about it? Your father declares that there will yet rise an Ultrawa even in Bay Coast, and that meantime the old DeLissey Place can stand as a sign; and old Franz declares, ‘Nobody aint gwine to cum an’ lib down dere no more, now den.’ What does it all mean?

“But I must stop writing, for John

says, that, just *now*, I must not use my eyes so much, nor sit up late.

“O, Calla, darling, I forgot to tell you that good, brave Cham has gone to be a miner out in Colorado. When he bade us good-by, he blushed like a boy, and I thought there was a huskiness in his voice, as he said, ‘Now, dominie and his mite of wife, this here Bay Coast’s a kind of foolishness without them Conrads. I’m a-goin’ west to get rich; then I’ll send for you.’ And he went off, whistling ‘Home, sweet home.’ What a contradiction! But that is the way we emigrate, singing or whistling our return. Now, isn’t it, Calla, darling?

“Ever, ever lovingly,

“Your JENNY.”

[Added, in a big hand, “Then I’m your John.”]

LETTER II.

Calla Ranier to Mrs. Rev. J. Bendleton.

“*My faithful Friend*:—We are here under full Ultrawan headway. We found this noble valley just where Lonbergh had located it. Already the tablet has touched the magnetic mountain. It is about a mile from where I sit, on the north-east. It is not very large, but its attractive force is overpowering. Not far off, Arthur has discovered another wonder: One of the scouting parties came home with the report that there was a cave in the neighborhood, lined with rarest gems. I hear your dear John saying that scouting parties ought to scout that or be themselves scouted. But we have visited the spot, and found a cavern, or huge mineral bowl, which does, indeed, contain the jewels, near to the crater of an extinct volcano. If the interior of the earth be thus composed, what a splendor will the new creation show, when it shall come forth in its crystalline completeness. Here, almost within hearing of the railway trains—which we imagine

at least that we hear in a still night, like the sound of a mill-wheel, or the humming of a distant factory—lies all this beauty, utterly unknown.

“How peerless is this Eden spot! The climate is perfection, or rather, I should say, the climates are; for there are all climatic varieties, on the hills and in the valley. Here one can live and love forever. And we are all so happy. If we could only have you all with us. Love to your clergyman. Darling, good-by. Your CALLA.”

LETTER III.

Thurwaldsen Conrad to Arthur and Calla Ranier.

“MORFORD, July.

“*Beloved Children*:—All is well. Ultrawa has subsided here to a quiet lowliness, while the new Ultrawa arises. The occurrences are not eventful. The people revert readily to their agricultural pursuits. You wished me to inform you about sundry persons, here and in Haldon, several of whom are wholly unknown to myself. Your friends from Bay Coast will arrive here, by and by, if Bendleton succeeds in getting a vacation, and Jenny will doubtless replenish you with gossip.

“I only learn as follows: The ‘Stout girls,’ I am told, have both married store-keepers of their village. Old Mrs. Berumpt, concerning whom you inquire, died quite suddenly, as it appears. She started up out of a heavy after-dinner sleep in her arm-chair, and cried out sharply, ‘It aint so!’ then moaned to herself, once or twice, like one complaining or protesting—‘How should I know,’ ‘How should I ever know’—and presently, falling back, expired.

“I can tell you more fully about Mrs. Sally Veck. She lives alone in her cabin, as of yore; at least, it is commonly supposed that she lives alone. But from sundry indications which I observed, when I chanced upon her cottage, I was

led to believe that she nurses there a helpless cripple, who never leaves his couch. I judged this to be so, not only from some of the questions that she put, and some of the articles she asked for, but from her secret ways.

“Upon inquiry of Peter Hunter, who had aided her, and kept her secret until he saw that I suspected it, I found out that she is really sheltering her renegade old husband, who has turned up, at length, a wreck—paralyzed in body and in mind. It is said by Hunter that this Case Veck was stunned by a blow at the time of the robbery at Bay Coast. Hunter said to me: ‘You’ve got at—that is—the—that is—actual fact and truth. Sel Vick—that is—she that was—that is—Sare Etten, hes gone and took care of that there—that is—penitential thief, Case—that is—Vick. She’s hed him hid, along of a—that is—year. But she don’t want no person to—that is—know on it—she’s that there—that is—high and mighty proud, Sare Etten—that is—is, and always—that is—was.’ Blessed, benignant pride!

“But the rough old woman is completely changed. Shaggier than ever, and somewhat more shriveled now with tawny wrinkles, her bluff, bass voice fairly softened by increased huskiness, but deeper in her chest, her wild eye sometimes dim with a kind of tenderness, she does not scold so often as she used to do. Her ‘wite blue-b’ries’ have become to her, more than ever, the symbol of all excellence and the talisman of mystery. She regards them as a votive link between herself and our institutions; and, beyond regaling her hapless husband with them, as with some elixir, or specific, she offers them to no one outside of Ultrawa, and scorns being paid for them. ‘Pay!’ she exclaims, indignantly, ‘for them there common blue-b’ries; but don’t go to be wicked, nuther.’ Her pet specimens are certainly delicious; and sometimes, when

tasting them, I have fancied that they must be the fruit of the ordinary whortleberry-bush, in some way electrified.

"Mrs. Sally has spoken several times of you, Calla, and of Jenny, incidentally inquiring for 'that one that the little Viffer called her beauty,' and for 'that there little busy bumble-bee that used to trot about with her'—meaning Mrs. Bendleton. But it is always Viva that she worships and appears to be waiting for. One day, after presenting me a basketful of the plump, crisp fruit, she was going away with her usual stoical demeanor, when she suddenly flung herself into a seat, and sat rocking to and fro, holding her hollow temples in her brawny hands, and moaning, 'O, that little Viffer—O, that there little queen! That was God's own little child. I hev ben bad—I hev ben bad! I'm a-doin' kind o' better. I sense better! But, mister, where's that little Viffer?' The hot tears trickled from between her bony fingers.

"But yesterday she came to me in a great calm, and said: 'Mister, I seen the little Viffer in my dream last night. 'Twant no dream, nuther,' she said, with an instant resumption of her old man-

ner; 'twant no dream, nuther. I tell you, I seen the little Viffer! She was all wite, and spangles on her head. I thought she was a-goin' to sing. But she jist put her head down to mine and brushed this here blame old forrid with that there golden hair o' hern, an' she sed: "Sel Vick," says she—she says, "Sel Vick, I'm the one that's a-comin' for to take you home. You sha'n't be forsook, Sel Vick," says she. That's wot she sed, "Sel Vick, you sha'n't; you shell come home!" I tell you, I seen the little Viffer. I want you to tell that there beauty and the little bumble-bee that trotted round. I'm a-goin' where the little Viffer is. The blue-b'ries is all wite there, I do b'lieve.' And the old woman smiled through her tears.

"She was very pale, and I doubt not that the dream was sent, and that it will soon turn out true. Joy of your success. Go on. The time is ripening now. The hamlet settles, as I said. But still the people chant so cheerily: 'Amban! Amban! Aschremaddelinden! Amban! The light shine always upon Ultrawa.' So no good-byes! But, darling children, good-morning. Lovingly,
CONRAD."

ETC.

Contributions to Physical Geography.

The American Geographical Society of New York announces its desire to devote more attention to American exploration, and to become the active agent in collecting and diffusing geographical information of a domestic character. As one means to this end, it courts the aid of all naval and military officers and civilians engaged in explorations. The Secretary of the Society has sought the aid on this coast of a gentleman prominent in scientific and educational circles, and the OVERLAND is glad to promote his object by calling attention to the wish of the Society.

There are many energetic and intelligent travelers on the Pacific Coast, unconnected with scientific exploration, whose observations, if recorded, would yet be of great value, and who would be adding to the sum of scientific knowledge by sending notes of the same to the American Geographical Society. It has always been the aim of the OVERLAND to make the publication of fresh researches and explorations on the Pacific Coast one of its distinctive features, and it has given to its readers much matter of this kind which has a standard value. It is still the aim of the publishers to do this, and they would be glad,

with the aid of those who can supply fresh and original information, to give every month the current scientific news of every class for this coast. The notes of this character which are given in the current number will be found especially interesting and quite new.

Geology of the Cascade Range.—Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the State University, has returned from a geological tour through central and eastern Oregon, the principal object of which was to examine the extent and age of the great lava-flood which covers that region, and which forms the whole mass of the Cascade Range. The Columbia River and its tributaries cut through the Cascade Range to its very base, giving magnificent sections of nearly 4,000 feet perpendicular. Here, underlying the whole range, and covered by nearly 4,000 feet of lava, was found a stratum containing petrified stumps and leaves of trees which grew on the spot before the outflow of the lava, and therefore before the formation of the Cascade Range. There has been much doubt as to the age of this range, and whether it belongs to the Sierra system or the Coast Range system. The examination of these leaves by an expert will settle this question forever. We look forward, therefore, with much interest to the publication of the results of this tour.

California Maps.—The map of the region adjacent to the Bay of San Francisco, by the Geological Survey of California, has been revised, and a new edition published, including all changes in municipal township lines, rancho boundaries, additional subdivisions of public lands, new post-offices, and railroad lines, additional surveys in swamp lands, and enlarged plats of San Francisco, Oakland, and Vallejo. The soundings indicating fathoms have been inclosed in small circles, so as to make them more prominent. The price of the map mounted on rollers is \$3.50; folded in cases, \$2.50. It can only be obtained from the canvassing agent, E. M. Sleator. Of the map of central California, two sheets, forming the south half, have been published, and can be obtained as above, price \$1.50 a sheet. A third sheet, the north-east quarter, will be ready by November; so will the map of the entire States of California and Nevada. It is gratifying to notice the progress made in these important topographical publications.

Lake Tahoe.

During his summer vacation, Professor John LeConte, of the University of California, has been engaged in some physical studies in relation to this "Gem of the Sierra." Through the kindness of the Chief of the Coast Survey for the Pacific Coast, he was furnished with a good sounding-line and a self-registering thermometer, which enabled him to secure some interesting physical results in regard to this beautiful lake. In advance of the more detailed report to be made to Professor Davidson, we have been favored with a brief summary of some of the results of these studies.

Depth.—It is well known that considerable diversity of opinion has prevailed in relation to the actual depth of this lake. It has been asserted by some that it is unfathomable in some portions. The soundings indicate that there is a deep subaqueous channel traversing the whole lake in its greatest dimension, or north and south. At several points in this channel the depth exceeds 1,500 feet. The greatest depth actually found was 1,540 feet. Of course, there may be some places in which this depth may be exceeded. Unfortunately the time of the small steamers on the lake could not be controlled; and, consequently, systematic soundings, such as would be required to furnish contour sections of the bed of the lake along various lines, could not be executed. It may be well to mention that it requires from thirty to forty minutes to execute a sounding of 1,500 feet. Some specimens of the bottom were secured; but these have not, as yet, been submitted to microscopical examination.

Relation of Temperature to Depth.—By means of a self-registering thermometer secured to the sounding-line, a great number of observations were made on the temperature of the water of the lake at various depths. The same general results were obtained in all parts of the lake. The following table contains an abstract of the average results:

Depth in Ft.	Temp. in F.°	Depth in Ft.	Temp. in F.°
0	67 ⁰	330	45½ ⁰
50	63	400	45
100	55	480	44½
150	50	500	44
200	48	600	43
250	47	772	41
300	46	1,506	39

It will be seen from the foregoing table of

results, that the temperature of the water decreases with increasing depth to about 700 or 800 feet, and below this depth it remains sensibly the same down to 1,500 feet. This constant temperature which prevails at all depths below 700 or 800 feet, is about 39° Fahrenheit (4° Cent.) This is precisely what might have been expected; for it is a well-established physical property of fresh water that it attains its maximum density at the above indicated temperature. In other words, a mass of fresh water at the temperature of 39° Fahrenheit, has the greater weight under a given volume—that is, a cubic foot of fresh water is heavier at this temperature than it is at any temperature either higher or lower. Hence, when the ice-cold water of the snow-fed streams of spring and summer reaches the lake, it naturally tends to sink to the bottom as soon as its temperature rises to 39°; and, conversely, during winter, as soon as the warmer surface-water is cooled to 39°, it sinks to the bottom. Any further rise of temperature during the warm season, or fall of temperature during the cold season, produces expansion; so that water at 39° Fahrenheit perpetually remains at the bottom, while the varying temperature of the seasons and the penetration of the solar heat only influence a surface stratum of about 700 or 800 feet in thickness. It is evident that the continual outflow of water from its shallow outlet can not disturb the water in the deeper portions of the lake.

Why Bodies of the Drowned do not Rise.—A good many persons have been drowned in the lake—some thirteen since 1860; and it is the uniform testimony of the residents that in no case where the accident occurred in deep water were the bodies ever recovered. The distribution of temperature with depth affords a satisfactory explanation of this fact, and subverts the opinion which ascribes it to the extraordinary lightness of the water. It is scarcely necessary to remark that it is impossible that the diminution of atmospheric pressure due to an elevation of 6,300 feet above the sea-level, could sensibly affect the density of the water. The specific gravity of the water of this lake is not lower than that of any other fresh water of equal purity and corresponding temperature. The reason why the bodies do not rise is evidently owing to

the fact that when they sink into water which is only 7° Fahrenheit above the freezing temperature, the gases generated by decomposition are not produced in the intestines; they do not become inflated, and therefore the bodies do not rise to the surface. The same phenomenon would, doubtless, occur in any other fresh water, under similar circumstances.

Why the Water does not Freeze in Winter.—Persons residing on the shores of the lake testify that, with the exception of shallow and detached portions, the water of the lake *never freezes* in winter. Some persons imagine that this may be due to the existence of subaqueous hot springs in the bed of the lake; an opinion which may seem to be fortified by the fact that hot springs occur at the northern extremity of the lake. But there is no evidence that the temperature of any considerable body of water in the lake is sensibly increased by such springs. Even in the vicinity of the hot springs, the supply of hot water is so limited that it exercises no appreciable influence on the temperature of that portion of the lake. This is further corroborated by the fact that no local fog hangs over this or any other portion of the lake during winter; which would certainly be the case, if any considerable body of hot water found its way into the lake. The true explanation of the phenomenon will be found in the great depth of the lake, and in the agitation of its waters by the strong winds of winter. In relation to the influence of depth, it is sufficient to remark, that before the conditions preceding freezing can occur, the whole water—embracing a thickness of 800 feet—must be cooled down to 39° Fahrenheit; for this must occur before the colder water will float on the surface. To cool such a mass of water through an average temperature of 14° requires a long time, and the cold weather is over before it is accomplished. In shallow and detached portions of the lake, as in Emerald Bay, ice several inches thick is sometimes formed.

Transparency of the Water.—All visitors to this beautiful lake are struck with the extraordinary transparency of the water. At a depth of fifty or sixty feet, every object on the bottom (on a calm day) is seen with the greatest distinctness. By securing a white

object of considerable size, as a plate, to the sounding-line, it was ascertained, that at noon, on the 6th day of September last, it was plainly visible at a depth of 108 feet. At the summer solstice, the greater altitude of the sun would doubtless enable us to see white objects at a somewhat greater depth. It must be recollected that the light reaching the eye from such submerged objects, must have traversed a thickness of water, at least equal to twice the measured depth. It may be remarked, however, that in limestone districts, the transparency of the water surpasses that of Lake Tahoe.

Color of the Water.—Whenever the depth exceeds 200 feet, the water assumes a beautiful shade (as the ladies say) of “Marie Louise blue.” Where the water is shallow and the bottom is white, it assumes an exquisite emerald green color. Near the southern and eastern shores, the white sandy bottom brings out the green color very strikingly. In Emerald Bay it is very conspicuous and beautiful. The experiments with the white plate, in testing the transparency of the water, exhibited the influence of depth on the color of the water. The plate presented a greenish tint at the depth of thirty to forty feet; at fifty feet it assumed a bluish tint, which increased in distinctness until the object became invisible, or undistinguishable, in the surrounding blue water. The physical cause of these phenomena can not be discussed at this time.

The shores of this lake afford the most beautiful sites for summer residences. When California becomes more populous, the delicious summer climate of this elevated region, the exquisite beauty of surrounding scenery, and the admirable facilities afforded for fishing, and other aquatic sports, must dot the shores of this mountain lake with the cottages of those who are able to combine health with pleasure.

Art Notes.

The San Francisco Art Association will hold its next reception on Tuesday night, December 2d. As all the best resident artists have been sketching in the country during the past summer, and are now engaged working up some of the material thus obtain-

ed, we may expect an unusually fresh and meritorious display of local pictorial talent.

Bierstadt, who has always been a liberal exhibitor at the gallery of the Association, has just returned East, after a nearly continuous residence here of two years. During this time he made repeated trips to the most remarkable portions of the high Sierra, including the Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy valleys, the King's River country, Mount Whitney, and other remarkable points, making hundreds of elaborate studies, and painting, on his return to this city, some of his most truthful and effective pictures. We predict for him a career of renewed success in the scenes of his earlier triumphs. He has never studied nor painted Nature more closely than during his last prolonged visit to this coast. His “Donner Lake,” both for the difficulties he has overcome in it, and its refined treatment of a rather panoramic scene, is a work of very great merit, and alone sufficient to found a reputation.

Thomas Hill, who is again a resident here, has also accumulated a wealth of original material in the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada. His studies of high mountain scenery—of lakes, and snow-peaks, and cañons—especially those along the crest of the Sierra from Lake Tahoe to the head-waters of the Tuolumne, are remarkably fresh, vigorous, and honest; such pictures, in short, as any collector would covet, without another touch. He made studies for a large picture of Donner Lake, destined for one of the largest private collections in California. He has lately finished a charming Yosemite camp-scene for a Russian tourist, who figures in the group. The campers are just preparing to mount their horses, and the morning sun, visible over a tall cliff, shoots his arrows through the splendid grove of firs behind the party. For vivid realization and beauty of effect this little upright picture is perfect, and it is further notable for its fine tree-drawing, the tall firs having all their height and beauty.

Mr. Marple, who was with Hill's party, has in his studio the best Nature studies he ever made; and a little sunset scene on the bay, which he has just finished, is the prettiest thing in color and effect he has produced; while, for quiet poetry of sentiment and tenderness of treatment, his “Sunset View on

the Sacramento" is very pleasing. His late work shows a decided advance in quality of execution and truth of conception.

William Keith has made some delightful studies of Russian River scenery since his return from a dangerous and painful trip to the Tuolumne Cañon. From one of these, he has painted a large scene near the mouth of the river, where it breaks through purple and hazy ridges and low golden foot-hills into the ocean, whose mists are rolling up in the distance. This is a strikingly faithful transcript of one of the most lovely bits of Coast Range scenery. Rich in color, harmonious in composition, and poetical in sentiment, it excites the imagination while it satisfies the judgment. It is one of this talented artist's very best efforts.

Virgil Williams has enriched his studio walls with a large number of the most carefully and beautifully painted studies—not hasty sketches—of the exquisite scenery on and about Mount St. Helena. With the nicest manipulation of detail they combine sufficient breadth of effect, and as studies of local color, of warm summer lights and transparent shadow tones, they are quite admirable. Mr. Williams has also some spirited and accurate animal and bird studies. He is engaged upon a large picture (for him) illustrating Italian harvest life, the figures in which are finely grouped and drawn and full of character. The work promises to be one of his best in this line of subjects.

Messrs. Bloomer, Deakin, Frost, Bush, and others of our local artists, have also good results to show for their summer sketching tours, and will doubtless be among the exhibitors at the next reception.

The organization of the Graphic Club, whose members meet weekly to sketch on impromptu themes and exchange art ideas, has done much to stimulate a wholesome competition among our painters, and to cultivate among them that *esprit de corps* which is so conducive to the elevation of their profession. The Club and the Association together, are doing a fine work in this community, and promise to be permanent institutions.

A Song in the Play.

It was a gala-night in truth,
The master's play was on ;
O'er beauty, wealth, and wit, and youth,
A brilliant halo shone.

A very queen the chief part played,
With such a studied grace ;
The meaning of each word was weighed,
Each tone, and glance of face.

A song's sung by the heroine,
But as this tragic dame
Sung not, to take her place, a thin
And frightened girl there came.

A girl in faded muslin dress
Stood scared and trembling there,
Without an ornament, unless
A flower twined in her hair ;

While, fearful that the song might fail,
There stood, revealed to all,
Beside the wing, a mother pale,
With her girl's tattered shawl.

The poor girl sang quite tenderly—
Hers was no trick of art,
Its soft sweet tones appeared to be
Up-welling from the heart.

A simple song, and yet it seemed
The hearts of all to stir,
And rough men hid their eyes and dreamed
Of happy times that were.

Ah, yes ! and when the song was done,
Sobs mingled with their cheers ;
The sweetest singer is the one
That moves us most to tears.

She bowed, and to her cheek there came
A blush that made her fair—
A bright, warm blush, that put to shame
The rouge and powder there.

And sweeter than before she sung
The same sad, simple lay ;
While with applause the whole house rung,
The poor girl swooned away.

Not over-pleased the tragic queen
Again came on the stage ;
Her studied walk and sombre mien
Did now small thought engage ;

Or seemed but only to recall
To that excited throng
The mother with the tattered shawl,
The poor girl's touching song.

R. E. W.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FAIR GOD; OR THE LAST OF THE 'TZINS. A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By Lew. Wallace. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It is but rarely that any novel comes from the American or other press concerning which any one raises the question of its possible immortality in literature, or such a permanency therein as, being certain to be read by a succeeding generation, justifies that phrase in any allusion to it. Almost every book is but for a day, and it generally turns out that the new literary offering of one day is but lumber on the otherwise vacant shelves of to-morrow. It is hard, if not impossible, for any man to write a correct history and interpretation of his own deeds and days; it is almost equally difficult to foretell the literary judgment which our children will pass upon the stories that we may tell. Merely that we are amazed at any man's new work is not of itself proof that to another it may not appear commonplace, but the pleasure of a genuine sensation, and the excitement of our personal admiration, will justify us in breaking from the ordinary course of condemnation, and giving expression to some heartiness of praise.

We do not think it over-bold to say of *The Fair God*, that, considering it as a production of to-day, and of an American, it is certain to be an agreeable surprise to every reader of good literature, and a puzzle and a wonder to every observer of the development of any literature in our country. We are accustomed to the regular issues of poetic contributions from our recognized sweet singers; to the usual offerings of the new but vain aspirants for the poet's crown; to the work of the story-tellers of the magazines, who, doing excellent service as monthly entertainers, are not sensitive concerning their future fate; to the occasional worthy additions to scientific literature, which we do not give our time to read, trusting for fullness of wisdom in the later generalizations of all these special scientific essays; but we are not accustomed to

being startled by a sudden voice from obscurity that seems to ask a listening ear of posterity. The author of this new volume does not ask our praise without claims, and they are evident to every thoughtful reader.

The Fair God is plainly the result of a careful and loving study of the Aztec civilization. Possessed with a glowing interest in the features of the Aztecs' life, their religion and religious rites, government, manners, methods, and character; with a generous wealth of imagination and a sensitive knowledge of the vital interest of romance; executing his task with a careful unfolding and development of a plot of various complications; with a singular appreciation of the dramatic requirements of the story; with a scholarly recognition of the necessities of a most varied expression in the nice interpretation of Aztec life in its equally varied phases; imbibing most deeply the spirit of that peculiar time and people—the author has achieved a work of extraordinary worth. It is a romance in the best and amplest meaning of that word, full of marvel, of human interest, of instruction, of thoughtful suggestion. It is a historical novel of the time of Cortez, giving a view of life among a people of whom but few monuments remain to-day; showing the romantic side of the history of that early time, and claiming our interest by its apparent truth thereto—by the vivid pictures of the Aztec people in peace, in war, in love, and the manifold expressions of human life. To the lover of romances, we believe, there has been no equal offering in all our literature. And yet, absorbed as it is probable every reader will become therein—fascinated and carried on as many will certainly be from beginning to end of the somewhat unusually long story—the second sober reflection and conclusion, after its close, must be that it is a romance, after all. If there are, here and there, incongruities of character, the romance reader is not likely to prove a very acute psychologist, and such defects are pretty safe from detection. If there are a few anachronisms

that occasionally intrude themselves upon the attention of the infrequent romance reader, who turns these pages, he will excuse them with a pardonable liberality for the sake of the easier response to the requirements of human interest, while others may never be conscious of them. If historical accuracy has in trifling circumstances to succumb to the exigencies of romance, the historical student will not expect to cite this as authority, and the less scholarly will be innocently glad that a little learning is thus made such an easy—without ever knowing that it may be a dangerous—thing.

We do not propose to attempt to define the exact comparative worth of romances—historical, moral, or religious—by the side of other imaginative literature. There is a great multitude of people who make no moral estimate of literature, yet who read romances, and get therefrom much instruction, intellectual aid, hints of wisdom, entertainment, and helps to moral development, and for them it is doubtless true that such works have a value proportionally great with the more substantial aids to other minds. To many a man and woman the reading of history is a toil and a despair; and many have learned their history from the novels of Scott and the plays of Shakspeare, who would else have had to plead greater ignorance than they have now, and it may be that a good many people may hereafter feel a strange familiarity with the characteristics of the earlier inhabitants of Mexico, who will have to confess their obligations to the author of *The Fair God*.

There is one reflection that we believe must pass through many minds, as they run over the pages of this work, and that is the inevitable conclusion, that, in his earlier days, this author must have read and re-read with thrilling delight the historical novels of Walter Scott. We suggest no charge of plagiarism, of course; but in the progress of this story, in the general method of the writer, the treatment of its various personages, there is constant evidence of a possibly unconscious following of the style of the Scotch writer. The tone of its characters has a singular suggestion of that of those in the earlier novel. Its persons in high place speak always with a similar loftiness of spirit and consciousness of superior elevation, in constant keeping

with their worldly height, and are now in keeping, as to our younger minds the words of kings, and lairds, and warriors were in accord, with their relative greatness of station. And those of priestly or of inferior position keep always, in their expression, at such a level as indicates their peculiar place. Is this only incidental, and is it noticeable only because each writer thus proves true to life? We confess to little experience with crowned kings, or chieftains, warriors, priests, or peasants; but we are constantly coming across real human chieftains—crownless, perhaps, but natural—and real persons of low degree. It is true in life that temporary dignities are made manifest and disagreeable in a temporarily peculiar loftiness of speech and accompanying strut; but, as interesting as it is to find in romance utterances always in keeping with height of place, we find in reality even our uncrowned royalty, though always high of moral tone, yet singularly unstilted, and agreeably ordinary in their intercourse with mankind. The great in romance speak only wise, and great, and fitting words, and are never at a loss for wisdom, and meet all the exigencies of life unembarrassed. They do not in real life; and if they would always speak and act with great discretion and fitness, they have frequently to adjourn their utterances until their experience of a second thought.

To many it might appear, that we should designate as the faults of this romance what may not seem so to others. The opening is made a little difficult, to a careless and hasty reader, by a perhaps too frequent introduction of words of a foreign tongue. Most of them are mere substantives and designations of objects often met with in the course of the narrative, and their introduction and repetition pre-suppose a knowledge on the part of the reader of romances which may flatter him, but certainly temporarily interfere with his speed. Then there appears no kind of narration for which the author's powers seem better adapted than that of the description of battle-scenes; but there comes upon one, before the close of the volume, a feeling that somehow the bloody work of the romance might have been condensed. And of a part with the latter criticism, is that which to us seems perhaps its greatest fault, and that is

the length of the story; but this is an amiable weakness in a good book, and one which probably the leisurely romance reader—and few are romance readers who have not considerable leisure—will not fully indorse.

Because we have been bold enough to hint that the next generation may ask for this volume, perhaps some may ask if we are to call this a great novel, and if this writer is to be placed with Thackeray and Dickens as a great novelist. The asking of such a question is startling. It drives us back again to the question of the value of romances, and makes us express a doubt whether it is the peculiar act of a great mind to write a romance, though it might do so. Yet its greatness would not be so indicated, for a great mind is not always doing great things. It is only the accidental, or peculiar, or infrequent resultant that gets greatness a recognition. When, as children, we read the romances of Walter Scott, we knew they were the literature of a previous generation, and, though captivated by them, we always kept wondering—since, in their most charming expression, their incidents and conversations were often absurd—whether any one would ever again write romances. And when we read this new book, while there was much of the same fascination and charm with Scott, we kept wondering if this did not really belong to the writers of a former generation, and, as good as it was, whether it was quite worthy for a writer to be fascinating. But fascination and charm are qualities peculiar to the romance, and do not, we believe, belong to anything or anyone that is great. One who is great is wise, and suggestive, and original;

but we think that even the enthusiastic reviewer who called this “the great American novel,” will not thoughtfully say so of this writer, and, if pressed hard, might substitute some other expletive in place of “great.”

We have not said anything of originality in the work, because we do not think it is there. We do say it is singularly and intensely interesting; that one is carried along the pleasant current of its diction with unhesitating trust, and constant, abiding pleasure; that newness of incident is repeated with wonderful and unexpected rapidity, and the reader follows the directing wand of the magician with scarcely a thought of the possible *dé-*

nouement, or a conjecture as to the subsequent or final development of the story; that nowhere does the interest of the reader fail or flag, and climax follows climax, catastrophe new and strange follows catastrophe, until one reaches the goal, the tale is told, and the candles are put out, while but the memory of its music still lingers. You would scarcely say at any point of the story, that, from so much hope, and love, and promised accomplishment of happiness, there should, in the end, be such a meagre summing up. Hypercriticism might say it is easy to bring Death into the scene, for his scythe cuts away many a difficulty of *dénouement*; but we remember that the greatest of the dramatists called in that great personator into the greatest of dramas, and when the curtain falls upon the last scene of *Hamlet* not even one essential character is saved from the general doom of death.

If we think enough about comparative estimates, we are likely, at last, to conclude that at best comparisons are always odious, and that each work and man had better be estimated at its or his intrinsic worth. Then we may be content to take such joy as each can give. With such wisdom, we can read *The Fair God*, and feel not ashamed to say that, as it was written chiefly to entertain, its author has achieved that happy result; and we can hold it, to his and our own satisfaction, as full of interest, a marvel of patient, scholarly achievement, and worthy a place among the worthiest of modern romances.

AFTERMATH. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is the third and concluding series of the “Tales of a Wayside Inn,” and will be accorded a grateful welcome by the old and new friends of the poet. Taking the idea originally from the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, the earliest of the English poets, he has shown himself a worthy follower in the footsteps of that great singer; for while his method can not but remind us of that of the first poet, we are constantly surprised and delighted by the elegant simplicity and beauty of the narration into a glowing confession that this latest as well as the earlier

Chaucer drew only from the "sweet well of English undefiled." During the past few years, Mr. Longfellow, making essays in other and different fields of poetry, has not met the especial favor of many friends, whose expectations, resting upon his efforts of a quarter of a century ago, were not realized. But this last volume will tend to make false the prediction that the poet's powers were in any way failing, or that we may not reasonably hope that his touch of the lyre in his later years will be as gentle, and the strains he brings forth as musical, sweet, and full of rich harmony, as in the days of his first singing.

The little group of tale-tellers are once more assembled at the Red Horse Inn at Sudbury, where,

"Amid the hospitable glow
* * * * *
The singing chimney chanted low,
The homely songs of long ago."

There sat the "gay Sicilian," and the Spanish Jew, who believed that

"Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry,
From death there can be no escape,
And no escape from life, alas!
Because we can not die, but pass
From one into another shape:
It is but into life we die;"

and by the latter is told the first tale, that of Rajah Runjeet-Sing, of Hindostan, who vainly hoped, with the help of King Solomon, to be saved from Azrael, the Angel of Death. Following him, the Poet told of the might of Charlemagne, the "Man of Iron," whose

"Whole host
Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them
Were stronger than the armor that they wore."

And the Student, after listening to the other, said he also had

"A tale to tell
Of Charlemagne; a tale that throws
A softer light, more tinged with rose,
Than your grim apparition cast
Upon the darkness of the past;"

and then told the story called in this volume "Emma and Eginhard," which, of itself and in the hardest prose, would be but the old, old commonplace one of love and its natural but unfortunate entanglements; but in the chaste and simple language of the poet, is singularly attractive, and will be remembered

as one of the most exquisite of love stories. Only the volume can give it in its complete beauty, but we trust to abate no one's enjoyment of it by a brief outline. The learned Alcuin, who taught the sons of Charlemagne, taught also with them the children of the poor. Among the latter

"Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,"
who showed such wit and aptness in learning, that

"Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,
With many a shrug and shaking of the head,
Surely some demon must possess the lad,
Who showed more wit than ever school-boy had,
And learned his Trivium thus without the rod;
But Alcuin said it was the grace of God."

His attainments soon gained for him the place of scribe to Charlemagne, and soon

"Home from her convent to the palace came
The lovely princess Emma,"

whose coming was noted by the scribe. Already prejudiced in her favor by the gossip of the court, her presence more than gained his favor, and in turn also

"The Princess Emma had no words nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of thought and books."

The summer and the autumn were gone, but

"No more the garden lessons, nor the dark
And hurried meetings in the twilight park."

At intervals of study, Eginhard sat watching

"Hour by hour
The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower."

It would not be quite fair to attribute, as Alcuin did, all the student's progress to the "grace of God," but the Poet sings pleasantly how one evening Eginhard crossed the court to Emma's presence, where, haply, he lingered till the crowing of the cock,

"And then they parted; but at parting, lo!
They saw the palace court-yard white with snow,
And, placid as a nun, the moon on high
Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.
'Alas!' he said, 'how hide the fatal line
Of foot-prints leading from thy door to mine,
And none returning!' Ah! he little knew
What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!"

And the tale tells how the Emperor, troubled with many cares, had risen and was looking into the silent night,

"And he beheld a form that seemed to cower
Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower—

A woman, who upon her shoulders bore
Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,"

and who returned, retreading the footsteps
she herself had made, and in the moonlight
unconsciously revealed to the Emperor her
face. Then the tale, better read than written
of, shows how the Emperor's wit could and
did save his good fame,

"And covered up the foot - prints in the snow."

And the interlude following it, taking up
the course of the narration, continues,

"Thus ran the student's pleasant rhyme,
Of Eginhard and love and youth ;
Some doubted its historic truth,
But while they doubted, nevertheless
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness.

The Theologian proposed

"To tell a tale world - wide apart.
From that the student had just told—"

the story of Elizabeth, a Quaker love - story,
who lived long by herself with memories and
visions of John Estaugh, who from across the
sea came to her apparently quite accidentally,
certainly unexpectedly, saying,

"Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to
thy household."

There can scarcely be a diction more fitly
adapted to such a pleasant tale, than the
quaint simplicity of the poet, picturing the
love that filled a very quiet Quaker heart,
so that in the fullness of time,

"Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have
guarded:

"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell
thee ;

I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee,
John Estaugh."

"And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the
words she had spoken,

"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy
meekness of spirit ;
Pleasant the frankness of speech, and thy soul's im-
maculate whiteness,

Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorn-
ing.

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct
me.

When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and labor
completed

He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the still-
ness

Of my own heart awhile and listen and wait for His
guidance."

And John Estaugh, waiting on the Lord,
and not trusting to his own unassisted weak-
ness and humanity, went away, but in de-
parting,

"Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and pre-
cious,

Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to
him in its sweetness

Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house
with its odor.

O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting
and waiting !

O lost days and hours in which we might have been
happy !

But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering
footsteps,

And at last came the voice imperative, questionless,
certain.

"Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the
gift that was offered,

Better than houses and lands — the gift of a woman's
affection,"

The Sicilian then tells the tale of the de-
ceitful Monk of Casal - Maggiore, wherein he
steals an ass, and then stands tethered in its
place, making Farmer Gilbert, the owner, be-
lieve that he had been the ass—having been so
changed from his first condition of manhood,

"All for the deadly sin of gluttony."

This series of tales closes with one from
the Landlord, with many apologies, and is
called "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher,"
which those who read it in a late number of
the *Atlantic Monthly* will be glad to have in
this more acceptable form.

The volume closes with a third flight of
"Birds of Passage," composed in a like tone
and grace of expression with the short poems
of the poet's earlier volumes. Commend-
ing them all as fit companions of the former
flights, we give place alone to

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

"A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes.

A castle - builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

"A fearless rider on his father's knee ;
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

"There will be other towers for thee to build ;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride ;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels, and more glorified.

"Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries."

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE. By J. G. Holland.
New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

To essay to introduce to the literary world the author of *Bitter-Sweet*, *Kathrina*, *Letters to Young People*, *Gold Foil*, and other works, more or less popular, would be justly deemed a work of supererogation; to attempt to outline in brief the story of *Arthur Bonnicastle* to readers of *Scribner's Monthly* would be alike gratuitous.

The hero Arthur tells his story in an autobiographical way, by no means an easy thing to do without flavor of egotism or suggestion of conceit. Peter Bonnicastle, the father, who is described as a plain, ingenious, industrious craftsman, and a modest and thoroughly earnest Christian, is living, at the opening of the story, with his family, among the New Hampshire hills, in a seclusion very like that in which "a family of squirrels lives in a forest." The mother—a weary, worn woman, not unlike honest Mrs. Poser, in *Adam Bede*—"went astonishingly away to milk," and parted with her vitality in the bearing and rearing of children, and in hard and constant work. "Life had gone wrong with her. She had a profound respect for practical gifts, and her husband did not possess them." And so it came to pass that the abounding hopefulness of the father was held in decent check by the obstinate hopelessness of the mother. To give their children a better chance to make their way in the world, they migrate to a pretty New England village when Arthur is but ten years of age. He becomes the tenant of a certain Mrs. Ruth Sanderson, concerning whom her neighbor, Bradford, makes the following axiomatic statement: "I have nothing against the lady, though she is a little odd in her ways; but I am sorry you have a woman to deal with, for, so far as I have observed, a business woman is a screw by rule, and a woman without a business faculty and with business to do is a screw without rule."

Arthur soon visits "the ogress" in her enchanted castle, who studies him thoroughly, learns the secret of managing him, seeks to

expose the short-comings of his parents, undermine his confidence in friends, and absorb him to herself. Speedily thereafter she assumes the guardianship of the lad, and sends him to "The Bird's-Nest"—a famous family school in a country village, some thirty miles away. Thither the father takes him in Mrs. Sanderson's old chaise, after receiving clandestine instructions from Jenks—the old lady's factotum—as to just where, under the shoulder of the old black horse, he could make a whip most effective without betraying the marks to the irate owner. Then follow the usual school-boy experiences, ample and tedious, which the reader may clear at a bound, if he so elects, by simply picking up steady, quiet Henry Hulm, the chum of "Mother Sanderson's baby," as some of the irreverent little democrats of the street were wont to dub the self-conscious heir-apparent. As said Henry is destined to figure extensively in the future, in connection with our hero, his acquaintance is indispensable even at this early stage of the drama.

Five years at "The Bird's-Nest" is supervened by several chapters of experience that staid philosophical minds, not given to sentiment, will undoubtedly pronounce "elaborately goodish without point." The moral is well pointed therein, but conventional verbiage, threadbare platitudes, feeble clatter, and decorous inanity are wont to be resented by resolute, impetuous souls that are eager for the retarded *dénouement*. A genial writer may venture occasionally to "pull up" the patient reader with a well-timed moral, but just let him persist in tripping him perpetually, or bringing him to a dead halt, and the most amiable will indulge in mental grimaces, if, indeed, they do nothing worse. That we plead not guilty to a like offense, we scud on, drawing over Arthur's convulsive soul-experiences the ever-becoming mantle of silence.

The subsequent career of Arthur and Henry at Yale College is nicely traced, from which healthful, wholesome lessons may be drawn, with little dreary admixture of sapient sentimentality. The ultimate unfolding of the plot—if plot it may be called—it were better, perhaps, to leave to the discovery of the reader. We have traced but the general course of the parent stream, with casual

glimpse of a single tributary ; but there are sparkling little rivulets that come dancing down the hill-sides, some of which eventually merge in the somewhat sluggishly winding stream.

Schiller declares it to be the artist's business to blend the real with the ideal, and the ideal with the real. In this the author of *Arthur Bonnicastle* has signally failed. Doctor Holland does not deem it expedient to gorge his readers with "the lotus fruits" that imagination yields. He is doubtless right, for the immortal bard assures us that

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

And what if one were neither lover nor poet ?

Whatever be the verdict in regard to the literary merit of *Arthur Bonnicastle*, it is safe to predict for it a genial, generous reception from those who entertain a harmless, enthusiastic sort of respect for florid simplicity, almost suffocating propriety, and the most patient and faithful indoctrination of moral lessons. Over such the work will diffuse a cheering caloric, and a mildly pleasant radiance. If it lack the masterly power of George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, it may claim much of the calm intensity of Edward Garrett's *Barriers Burned Away*. *Arthur Bonnicastle* has its mission for good, which it is bound to fulfill.

DIMITRI ROUDINE. A Novel. By Ivan Turgéniéff. New York: Holt & Williams.

The story of *Dimitri Roudine* consists of a series of character sketches, woven into a simple narrative of Russian life, which moves easily and uneventfully on to its rather pathetic close. Unlike the sensational novel of the present day, it presents no strong lights or shades, and hints at no dramatic effects. To many persons it would appear tame and uninteresting, from the absence of exciting incident or stirring emotion. The sentiment is unstudied and natural, and one instinctively feels, that, however unfamiliar to American readers, the author is dealing with real characters, and picturing real life, rather than drawing largely on his imagination.

There is no advantage of ingenious plot, no startling surprises or unexpected *dénouements*. But the interest of the reader does not abate as the story progresses. He believes in the vitality of Natalie, and reads almost as one would a biography, the records of a struggle, long continued, between the higher and baser nature of the unhappy Roudine, who is the hero of the story, and who wins to himself the passionate love of Natalie almost against his own will, and whose nature is depicted as one of contradictions throughout—of great aspirations and small meannesses ; of intense selfishness and seeming generosity—an originally lofty spirit perverted by inactivity and want of persistence. It might seem, in describing Roudine's conversational acquirements, as though Turgéniéff had given us a portraiture of his own capabilities in that respect, since he is said to be one of the best conversationalists of the age, holding every one in his presence spell-bound by the magic of his wonderful fluency. The suggestive passage alluded to occurs in a conversation with Daria Michaelovna, the mother of Natalie :

"At first Roudine seemed to hesitate, as if he could not find words to express his thoughts, but gradually he became excited and eloquent. In a quarter of an hour his voice alone was to be heard. They all collected round him. Pigasoff remained, however, in a corner near the fire-place. Roudine talked intelligently, with enthusiasm, and good sense. He showed much knowledge and wide reading. . . . Basistoff scarcely breathed. He sat the whole time with open mouth and staring eyes, listening as he had never listened before in his life. As for Natalie, her face was flushed, and her look, which was fastened on Roudine, had become darker and more glowing at the same time. . . . Tea was brought in. The conversation became more general, but from the sudden silence of everyone the moment that Roudine opened his lips, it was easy to judge of the impression he had produced."

In the cynical Pigasoff, the author reproduces a type of the man who looks at the world from an invariably objective standpoint, and consequently sees no higher than his eyes can reach, oblivious of the excellencies which the heart descries even under the most uncompromising circumstances. He is represented as too good-natured to be wholly misanthropic ; yet, desiring social prominence, he attains a certain consideration by making himself disagreeable, and thrusting

his stings hither and thither with a reckless disregard of the feelings of his auditors. An under-current of bitterness, however, discloses the fact that repeated disappointments have been the sources of his cynicism. "There is nothing more disagreeable in the world," said Pigasoff, "than a piece of good fortune which comes too late. It can't give you any pleasure, and it deprives you of the right, which is so precious, of abusing your fate. Yes, I repeat it, a tardy good fortune is a bitter and insulting jest."

Turgéniéff does not follow the modern precedent of attributing moral defects to physical derangement. His range is more with mental than bodily forces. He is keen, subtle, analytical, yet, with an odd kind of humor, he relieves the sombre shades he evidently takes pleasure in delineating. In descriptive passages he seldom rises above mediocrity. The dialogues between his personages are his strong points, and are, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the volume, although in many of them he avoids making too liberal a display of eloquence; and we recognize a good many familiar thoughts divested of their verbiage, and reproduced in new and simple forms, which render them all the more attractive. The wide field of literature open to our author, through his attainments as a linguist, renders it scarcely possible for him to avoid incorporating the thoughts of others with his own; but this can scarcely be considered a defect, since he brings them into such new relations that they are as fresh as though coined from his own fertile brain. Translating his works from the Russian into French and German, he has the opportunity of a more thorough revision of them than most writers possess, and they are remarkable for the absence of redundancy and repetition, and that showy effulgence of words, alike aimless and unmeaning, which so often render ideas confused and unintelligible. He employs simple and popular expressions with an easy aptitude, which makes his fluency less conspicuous than it really is. The sentences seem to work smoothly into each other, and advance the story with an effortless grace almost imperceptible to the charmed reader, who surrenders himself to the course of the little romance with an idle acquiescence, more in-

terested in its characters than in its sequences.

To be thoroughly appreciative of an author who introduces us to local scenes, manners and customs, some familiarity with them is necessary, and the translator, in opening up a new field of romance and introducing us to the social habits prevailing in the domains of the Czar, is inciting us to a more intelligent study of the principles which establish universal brotherhood. There is scarcely a feeble sketch in the volume, even where the characters are unmarked by strong passions. The contrast between Roudine and Pokorsky is masterful and finely drawn, and we can not forbear quoting this passage, which closes it, and which will recall the aspirations and enthusiasms of youth to many a student who looked into a future equally hopeful and brilliant with anticipations—alas! how seldom realized:

"Imagine about five or six young men sitting together, only one candle lighting them, they drinking wretched tea and eating some stale cake; but look at our faces, listen to our talk! In everyone's face there is enthusiasm, and our cheeks are aglow, our hearts are beating. We are talking of truth, of humanity, of God, of poetry, at times a good deal of nonsense and crudity, but what is the harm? Pokorsky is sitting there with his legs under his chair, resting his pale cheek on his hand, but how his eyes are sparkling! Roudine is in the middle of the room; he talks admirably, like the young Demosthenes on the seashore. Subotine, the long-haired poet, from time to time ejaculates broken sentences, as if he were dreaming. Scheller, the son of a German clergyman, who is forty years old, and who, thanks to his unbroken silence, passes for a very profound thinker, is now more solemnly silent than ever. The jolly Schitow himself, the Aristophanes of the company, grows still and only smiles. Two or three novices are listening in a sort of ecstasy, and the night passes with its flight unnoticed. Then the gray dawn appears, and we separate, joyous, sober, for we never thought then of wine—with a certain lassitude, but with contented hearts. I remember it well, how, all aglow with excitement, I walked through the deserted streets, and even gazed up at the stars with a certain confidence, as if they had come nearer, and we could understand them better. Ah! that was a happy time, and I can not believe it was wholly wasted. No, it was not lost, even for those who have sunk into the dreariest monotony of life."

And so we lay *Dimitri Roudine* aside, not as one of the ephemeral trifles which bear no second perusal, but feeling that we can take it up again, and on almost any page find some short and pithy scrap of wisdom to fit the mood of the hour.

THOREAU, THE POET-NATURALIST. By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It has been said that the primal necessity of life is the ability to live, and experience proves the declaration, that "who lives to nature rarely can be poor," to be something more than a mere poetic fancy. In the divine soul of Thoreau, all things in Nature found sweetest echo. A chosen favorite of the patient teacher, she initiated him into her choicest secrets, interpreted to him her hidden language, and resolved for him her most intricate harmonies. Inhaling an atmosphere of idyllic simplicity, treating his great soul to the luxury of contemplative leisure, living rationally and humanely, what wonder that Nature anointed him as high-priest at her altar? Like Cato, he followed her with loving docility, and plead for intimate companionship. A modern writer, of rare satirical powers, says: "Great souls like Cato and Thoreau may rise superior to poverty, but then, how few of us are great souls, and what a mistake most of us would make, if we essayed the *rôle* without a complete balance at our bankers!"

His biographer is no dull, heavy-footed cicerone, dragging weary, loitering tourists through the more secluded and mysterious avenues of his inexplicable career, but an eager, loving enthusiast and friend, who with an instinctive sympathy, delights to exhibit the intricate beauties that only intimate fellowship can ever reveal.

He starts out with a clear, succinct history of Thoreau's early life and career, and with dainty, poetic nicety, selects the incidents most relevant and picturesque in his childhood, even from his birth in "the old-fashioned house on the Virginia road, with its roof nearly reaching to the ground in the rear, which still remains as it was when Henry David Thoreau first saw the light in the easternmost of its upper chambers." . . . "He drove his cow to pasture barefoot, like other village boys, and was known among the lads of his age as one who did not fear mud or water, nor paused to lift his followers over the ditch." Further on, in young manhood, it is said of him: "He did not live to health, or exercise, or dissipation, but to work; his diet spare, his vigor supreme, his toil incessant.

Not one man in a million loses so few of the hours of his life. . . . It was from out the shadow of his toil he looked into light . . . on his return from a journey, he not only completed his pack of flowers, shells, seeds, and other treasures, but liberally contributed every fine or pleasant or desirable experience to those who needed, as the milkweed distributes its lustrous silken seeds."

The author discriminates with great clearness; his style is pleasing and accessible, and harmonizes well with the freshness and vigor of the writer of whom he treats. His work is the study of the man, rather than a biography, and he prefers to exhibit the striking peculiarities of character, by incident and anecdote, rather than by cold, steady-faced summarizing. As, for instance, where he says: "An early anecdote remains of his being told at three years that he must die, as well as the men in the catechism. He said he did not want to die, but was reconciled; yet, coming in from coasting, he said 'he did not want to die and go to heaven, because he could not carry his sled with him; for the boys said, as it was not shod with iron, it was not worth a cent.' This answer prophesied the future man, who never could, nor did believe in a heaven to which he could not carry his views and principles, some of which were not shod with the vanity of this world, and pronounced worthless. In his later life, on being conversed with about leaving here as a finality, he replied that 'he thought he should not go away from here.'"

Mr. Channing evinces the warmest and broadest sympathy with the great poet-naturalist. Enthusiastic admiration is apt to stretch accuracy to a dangerous tension, but in the work before us, we have evidently a genuine portrait and no mere fancy sketch. The lines are life-like and natural, the deductions reasonable and philosophical.

"Thoreau," says the author, "lived a true life in having his own belief in it. We may profitably distinguish between that sham egotism which sets itself above all other values, and that loyal faith in our instincts on which all sincere living rests. His life was a healthy utterance, a free and vital progress, joyous and serene, and thus proving its value. If he passed by forms that others hold, it was because his time and means were in-

vested elsewhere. To do one thing well, to persevere, and accomplish one thing perfectly, was his faith; and he said that fame was sweet, 'as the evidence that the effort was a success.' "

Speaking of his loyalty to professed friendships, the author thus beautifully writes: "He meant friendship, and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement; not veering as a weathercock with each shift of a friend's fortune, or like those who bury their early friendships in order to gain room for fresh corpses."

In reading the exquisite extracts from Thoreau, which Channing has deftly interwoven throughout the volume, the impulse to quote is almost irresistible. Prose was never draped in more dainty poetic garb: "What a world we live in! Where are the jewelers' shops? There is nothing handsomer than a snow-flake and a dew-drop. I may say that

the Maker of the world exhausts his skill with each snow-flake and dew-drop that he sends down. We think that the one mechanically coheres, and that the other simply flows together and falls; but in truth they are the product of *enthusiasm*, the children of an ecstasy, finished with the artist's utmost skill."

Again, in speaking of a class of writers, Thoreau says: "Their sentences are not concentrated and nutty—sentences which suggest far more than they say, which have an atmosphere about them, which do not report an old, but make a new impression; sentences which suggest on many things, and are as durable as a Roman aqueduct; to frame these—that is the *art* of writing."

Mr. Channing has done rich service to literature and to mankind, both in the matter and manner of this most interesting and charming work.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Anecdotes of Public Men. By John W. Forney.
Old Rome and New Italy. By Emilio Castelar.
 Translated by Mrs. Arthur Arnold.
The Bazar Book of Health.
A Simpleton. By Charles Reade.
Miss Dorothy's Charge. A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict.
Strangers and Pilgrims. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon.

From A. L. BANCROFT & Co., San Francisco:
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CHIPS FROM AN INDIAN WORKSHOP.

DURING a recent journey along the high Sierra, at various points from Lake Tahoe to Mount Shasta, the writer was interested in observing the evidences of Indian handicraft. There is no reason to believe that any tribes permanently abode at great elevations in the Sierra Nevada, if anywhere within the deep snow-line. In the summit valleys, about the lakes, and at the sources of streams, where these wild children of Nature would find it most convenient and pleasant to live, the elevation above the sea is from 5,000 to 7,500 feet, and the snow falls in winter to a depth of ten to twenty feet, continuing on the ground from November or December, when the fall commences, until June or July. Most of the lakes at this season are frozen and covered with snow; even the smaller streams are often banked over with snow; and the game has fled to the lower portions of the range. But while the high Sierra was not the constant home of the In-

dians, they resorted to it regularly in the summer season, extending from June or July to November, except where they were denizens of the great lower valleys, which supplied them with all they needed in every season, and were, moreover, occupied by the less warlike tribes, who were seldom able to cope with their hereditary foemen of the mountains. The summit region of the Sierra Nevada furnished good fishing in its lakes, and some of its streams. Deer, and mountain-quail, and grouse abounded. Huckleberries, thimble-berries, wild plums, choke-cherries, gooseberries, and various edible roots were tolerably plentiful. The furry marten, weasel-like animals, woodchucks, and squirrels were tempting prey. The water was better and the climate cooler than those at a less elevation. Hence this region was the resort of Indians from both slopes of the range, and often the possession of a picturesque valley by lake or river was decided by battle between tribes

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from Nevada and California. The Hetch-Hetchy Valley, or "Little Yosemite," for instance, was, up to a very recent date, disputed ground between the Pah-Utahs, from the eastern slope, and the Big Creek Indians, from the western slope, who had several fights, in which the Pah-Utahs (commonly called Piutes) were victorious. This statement was made to the California Academy of Sciences by Mr. C. F. Hoffmann, of the State Geological Survey, on the authority of Joseph Screech, a mountaineer of that region; and similar statements have been made to the writer by old mountaineers, with reference to the Yosemite Valley and other former aboriginal resorts along the summit of the Sierra. As the mountain Indians, and those of the Nevada plateau, were comparatively nomadic in their habits, they left few or none of those large black mounds, indicating long and constant residence, which were left so abundantly by the mud-hut builders of the Sacramento basin. Pieces of bark stripped from fallen pines or firs, and slanted on end against tree-trunks or poles, with a circle of stones in front for a fire-place, were the usual shelter of the California mountain tribes, except that in the northern extremity of the State, where the winter climate is more rigorous, some of the tribes—notably the Klamaths and their congeners—built log-huts, employing bark and brush shelters only in their summer fishing and hunting excursions. Speaking generally, therefore, the mountain Indians have left few traces of themselves, except the stone implements which are occasionally unearthed, or still found in the possession of the wretched remnants of once powerful tribes.

Along the summit of the Sierra Nevada there is scarcely any memento of them to be found, except the arrow-heads shot away in hunting or fighting, or the broken arrow-heads and chips

from the same to be gathered at places which have evidently been factories of aboriginal weapons. The most notable find of this latter sort made by the writer was at the Summit Soda Springs—a most picturesque spot at the head of the northernmost fork of the American River, nine miles south of Summit Valley Station on the Central Pacific Railroad. Here, at an elevation of about 6,300 feet above the sea, the river breaks through a tremendous exposure of granite, which it has worn into narrow gorges several hundred feet deep, except where it runs rapidly through valley-like glades of coniferous woods, in which the new soil is covered with a rank growth of grasses, flowering plants, and shrubs—where the deer come to drink at the salt-licks, and the piping of quails is constantly heard, alternating with the scolding cry of jays and the not unpleasant caw of the white-spotted Clark crow. Just in the rear of the public house kept at this locality, the river tumbles in slight falls and cascades over slanting or perpendicular walls of richly colored granite, shaded by beautiful groves of cedar and yellow pine, which grow in the clefts of the rock to the very edge of the stream, and crown the dark cliffs above. On the rounded tops of the ledge overlooking these foaming waters, on both sides of the stream, the Indians used to sit, chipping away with stone upon stone, to make arrow-heads. This was their rude, but romantic workshop; and the evidences of their trade are abundant on the sloping rock, in the coarse granitic soil which forms the talus of the ledge, and in the blackened litter of their ancient camp-fires.

Before these deposits had been disturbed by visitors to the springs, fragments of arrow-heads and chips of the materials composing them could readily be found upon the surface, where not covered by bushes. Their flat shape and light specific gravity caused them to

wash to the top, and one had only to look carefully, lightly raking with finger or stick the superficial gravel, to find many a curious specimen. In this peculiar quest many persons, including ladies, who cared nothing for the scientific or artistic suggestions of the simple objects sought, developed a strong interest. It kept them out of doors with Nature; it gave them a pretext for remaining in the air by a lovely scene; it aroused that subtle sympathy which is excited in all but the dullest minds by the evidences of human association with inanimate things, and particularly by the relics of a race and a life which belong to the past.

The Indians who congregated at this point, summer after summer, whether from Utah or California, employed in arrow-head making every variety of flint rock, of slate, spar, and obsidian or volcanic glass. The larger heads were made of slate and obsidian, which materials served also for spear-heads, used formerly in spearing fish, and commonly from two to four inches long. Obsidian seems to have been better adapted for all sorts of heads than any other material. It could be shaped with less risk of breaking in the process, and could be chipped with flint to a much sharper edge and point. The points of some of the small obsidian heads gathered by the writer are so keen, even after long burial or surface floating, that a slight pressure will drive them into the skin of the finger. The greater number of small arrow-heads found, as well as the larger proportion of chips, consisted of the flints, including jasper and agate, variously and beautifully colored and marked; of obsidian, of chalcedony, of smoky quartz, and feldspar; very rarely of quartz crystal, and in only one instance of cornelian. While the larger heads measure from an inch and a half to two, three, or four inches in length, with a breadth of half an inch to an inch or an inch and

a half at the widest part, the smaller heads measure only from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in length, their greatest breadth being seldom more than half an inch. The latter were evidently intended for small game chiefly, and especially for birds and squirrels. The workmen seem to have had more difficulty in making them, for they are often found broken and imperfect. This was due not alone to their size, but also chiefly to the difference in material when the small vein-rocks were used, these breaking with a less even fracture, and being full of flaws. Persistence in the use of such uncertain material, when obsidian was so much better adapted to the purpose and equally abundant, would seem to have been dictated by a rudimentary taste for the beautiful.

A collection of the jasper, agate, chalcedony, and crystal chips and heads presents a very pretty mixture of colors, and the tints and markings of these handsome rocks could not but have influenced their selection by the Indians, who spent upon their manipulation an infinite amount of care and patience. It is interesting to note even so slight an evidence of taste in these savages of the Sierra, especially when we remember that it was supplemented by the artistic finish they gave to their bows and to the feathered shaft that bore the arrow-head, no less than to the quiver of wild skin in which the arrows were carried. Here is the tip of a beautifully cut jasper head. We can fancy the chagrin of the Indian maker when an unlucky blow from his stone implement, or an unsuspected flaw in the flint, caused it to break off. In one instance several fragments of the same head of this material were found and fitted together. There is some reason to suppose that the selection of the above materials may occasionally have been decided by the superstitious attribution to them of occult qualities. Nearly all aboriginal tribes, and even some

civilized races, have attached a peculiar sanctity and potency to certain stones, and the Chinese to this day give a religious significance to the jade. It is uncertain, however, to what extent such notions obtained among and influenced the simple savages of California.

None of the rocks used at this Indian workshop were obtained in the locality. The writer was able to trace their origin to the shores of Lake Tahoe, across the western crest of the Sierra, and not less than twelve or fifteen miles from the Soda Springs by any passable trail. There they are so abundant as to have partly formed the beautiful gravel beaches for which the lake is famous. The obsidian proceeded from the ancient craters that adjoin the lake, the source of those enormous ridges of volcanic material which form its outlet, the cañon of Truckee River. Doubtless the flints, slates, and obsidian of this region formed objects of barter with the lower country Indians, who seem to have anciently used them, for the writer remembers seeing arrow-heads of such materials among the Sacramento Valley tribes twenty-four years ago. On the Lake Tahoe beaches are sometimes found spear-heads of obsidian five inches long, with perhaps an inch of their original length broken off, generally at the barbed end. On the shore of the Ice Lakes, in Anderson Valley, the writer picked up a skillfully cut and very sharp spear-head of grayish-white flint, which must have been over four inches long before the barbed end was lost. Similar materials to the above were used, and still are used to some extent, by the mountain Indians in the northern Sierra, as far as Mount Shasta, the rocks of the crest furnishing them everywhere along the line of volcanic peaks which dominate the range. About the flanks of Mount Shasta, especially on the McCloud River side, obsidian is very plentiful, and, with some beautifully variegat-

ed flints, seems to have been most used. The writer found extensive chippings of it at several points on the head-waters of the Sacramento, notably at Bailey's Soda Springs, thirteen miles south of Strawberry Valley, where the Castle Rocks—fantastic crags of granite—push up through the slates and lavas of the neighborhood 2,500 feet above the river. Here, as at the Summit Soda Springs, nearly four hundred miles to the south, the Indians had chosen one of the most charmingly picturesque spots for an arrow-head factory. But here something else than an instinct for the beautiful moved them in their choice of locality. There is fine trout and salmon fishing in the river, while there are no fish at all in the upper norerith Amcan, near the Summit Springs, owing to the falls, which prevent fish from ascending.

Again, the snow-fall is not so great on the Sacramento as to drive the Indians away in the winter. Its bank is their preferred home at all seasons. There they still fish and hunt, and are more nearly in a primitive condition than their kindred farther south, who are now few in numbers and more or less domesticated with the Whites. Of course, since the Indians of the Sierra Nevada came into familiar contact with the Whites, they have adopted fire-arms, in preference to bows and arrows, when they can obtain them, and even where they retain the latter are very apt to use metal or artificial glass in making arrow and spear heads. In a good measure, also, they have abandoned the use of the stone-mortars employed for so many ages by their ancestors, and which about Mount Shasta, as perhaps in other old volcanic regions, were made of trachyte, as certain other implements were made of red lava. Going back to the days before the Pale-face invaded their land, one can easily recall groups of these aborigines, seated on the picturesque lake and river—spots they always chose

for their homes or summer resorts—sorting out the beautiful stones they had procured for arrow-heads, and chipping away slowly as they chatted and laugh-

ed, while the river sung, or the cataract brawled, or the piny woods soughed, as musically and kindly to them as to us.

GENEVA AND CHILLON.

A DOZEN enormous omnibuses were backed up to the platform overlooking the ancient outpost of the Cæsars, as we filed through the iron gate from the cars. They were drawn by enormous horses, driven by enormous men. In fact, all things here look larger than at Paris. The policemen, in their pretty uniforms, are a head taller than those down yonder, a day's run distant. Geneva lies under us, cut in two by the blue Rhone; the Jura behind, that always looks like a great bank of thunder-clouds; and away to the south, above the intervening mountains, loom the Alps, with Mont Blanc for a centre-piece.

Everything is so quiet here, so still and orderly, that but for the uproarious American running up and down the platform, guide-book, umbrella, and hat-box in hand, you might imagine yourself in church. While the hundreds of travelers are being distributed and disposed of, you take a look beyond. The eastern American, seeing all this for the first time, pronounces it a success, and is in ecstasies; but the Californian simply says, "Pretty fine copy of the Sierra," and begins to look about for his hotel. There was one omnibus, drawn by two great gray horses, that plunged and neighed like battle-steeds, and I climbed to a place with the driver. As I ascended the steps, I saw a pretty young face through the window, and was glad of my choice. "It is a French princess on her travels," I said, and promised myself a nice flirtation at Geneva.

Down through the great white houses, over the bridge of the Rhone—with Rousseau to the right sitting on a great pile of brass books, with another brass book on his knees—and we are at the door of the Metropole Hotel. This is a sort of "Langham" for the Americans. I did not know it before. This comes of refusing to read a guide-book. Still I did not murmur, for the pretty French face here descended the steps, and, taking an old gentleman's arm, entered the stately establishment. The house was full to the top, but we protested that the long hot ride had left us in no mood to look further, and we were permitted to register our names.

"'Twas ever thus." The old gentleman proved to be a San Francisco butcher, and the pretty French princess his daughter. His wife was also of the party, and she had attached to her train three dried-up, venerable virgins of the Eastern States—a sort of traveling museum of antiquities. We climbed, and climbed, and climbed. At last the roof shut down upon us, and we disappeared in the holes under the steep slate. A broad-shouldered attendant pushed up a trap in the roof, and I stuck my head through the opening. The great black Jura to the left, the Alps to the right, and Lake Lemman at my feet stretched away to the east until it ran its long blue nose against the horizon. Pleasure-boats went up and down, and over the still blue waters, and bands of music played sweet airs in a garden on the hill. I looked along the roof, and only

ten feet away the pretty lady of the butcher blossomed through the slanting slate. She bobbed back again, however, like a California squirrel, as soon as she saw she was observed, and then one of her collection of antiquities took her place, only to go through the same performance. Pretty soon the butcher himself came to the surface, lit a cigar, and smoked like a little chimney.

The sun went down, and then to right and left, all along the roof, in a double row, we cropped out and blossomed up, men and women, and looked at each other, and laughed at the odd-looking flower-bed on the slanting house-top of Geneva. The great hotel was honey-combed with Americans; nobody, in fact, but Americans, and yet everybody mistook everybody for a Frenchman or a German. The next morning I took a run through town in quest of other quarters; but every house was boiling over, bubbling, seething with Americans.

Let us stick a pin here, and stop to consider. I think no one disputes the claim of California to the finest scenery in the world, backed by a climate that surpasses this in its balmiest mood. Then why do we cross the seas to see Geneva? Why are we Americans building and beautifying Geneva to-day; and to-day building cities with California gold on what would otherwise be the ruins of Paris and London? The reasons are several, yet, all together, hardly sufficient. But we come from California here partly because great men have trod these streets before us. Yonder sits Rousseau on his little island; and there stands the *château* of Voltaire; and away up yonder Byron limned, and touched the place with the touch of immortality. People like to step in the visible foot-prints of the great. Paris and London each have their galleries of illustrious names, and these allure us all more than we are willing to confess.

Barnum was not altogether a bad man when he attempted to take to America the house in which Shakspeare was born. I think if some one would or could manage to take the bones of the divine William himself to America, it would be a paying investment to practical and commercial Columbia. This little basketful of bones enriches and fertilizes not only Stratford but the whole country round, and the routes leading to the shrine of Avon.

Now let us talk a little business. Let us suppose even such an absurd thing as America taking a little care of her men and women, who—neglecting the ready, open, and easy roads of commerce and speculation—undertake the tortuous and unpromising paths of literature. Let us suppose that now and then a literary man gets one of the thousand little sinecures that are annually meted out to loud-mouthed, turbulent politicians, and is thereby permitted to rest and write at leisure, instead of having to measure off his brain as a merchant measures tape, to pay for his daily bread. I do not know that we have anybody now in the land who deserves such great consideration, but it occurs to me to throw out these suggestions for the future use of the country.

The literary man of America has the whole world to compete with. Without having had, as a rule, too many advantages in early life, he finds himself measuring swords, as soon as he rises to the surface, with men of Europe who were born in libraries and bred in universities. He finds, for the most part, his competitors are not only men of letters, but in most cases men of fortune, with leisure to travel, time to repose, and friends to hold up their hands when they are weary. Against these Goliaths, each little David of America is marched out without even so much as a small stone to do battle with. He has not only to make the fight openly and empty-hand-

ed, but nine cases out of ten his own countrymen are mocking and making faces at him, and punching at him from the rear. No wonder he breaks down and dies, or leaves the field disgusted. I happen to know one gentleman who is now perhaps in New York, and another who is in San Francisco or the Sandwich Islands, who lived once upon a time on the Pacific. These two gentlemen have done more for California than all the quartz speculators, politicians, and railroad men that ever set foot in a saloon. The grateful country undertook to starve them to death at first, but as they refused to die as soon as desired, the country has concluded to "chaw them up and spit them out"—or one of them, at least—on general principles. America has no literature, no literary men, no shrines to speak of. The only wonder is that she has anything of the kind at all.

Let us again return to business. Suppose we had a Shakspeare located in Illinois. Suppose we had a Byron or two planted in California, and so on. O, my commercial country, don't you think it would pay? As a cold, deliberate, commercial speculation, I now propose that we take up the next thousand or two energetic and deserving aspirants who get their heads above water, and begin to treat them at least with respect and civility. I propose, that, without compelling a man to first get down in the mud and mire of politics and roll himself there until he smells of party filth, we give him such offices and honors as he has honestly won with his pen—and that we give them, too, without compelling him to sacrifice and sell his manhood. All this is, of course, experimental; but I sincerely believe that such a course would in the march of centuries, if not a few decades, produce for the country a few first-class shrines and profitable and paying tombs. At all events, it would cost nothing, and

the possible benefits are well worth the seeking.

I found Geneva too full of my countrymen; not that they are altogether disagreeable, but when you travel in strange lands you must travel among strange people as well, or you lose half the charm and novelty of your journey. Umbrella in hand, I beckoned to a passing carriage. The man drove his genteel, white-cushioned brougham up to the steps, and, handing him my leather bag, I said:

"Monsieur, you will promenade me *hias skukum* along the *camino* to the *bolo-bas*, then to the big *canim* on *du lac Genève*." This exhausted my French, but the polite driver answered hastily:

"Yis, yis, yer honor—you want to be driven through the principal streets, and then to the morning boat up the lake?"

I bowed my head in silence, and climbed into the cushioned chariot. The most noticeable thing in a drive through Geneva is the new and rising buildings. Everywhere, up the lake and down the Rhone, to right and to left you hear the sound of the hammer and the sturdy strokes of the stone-cutter. Geneva is building as rapidly as a mining town of the Sierra of old, and, I trust, more permanently; and it is all being done for Americans, and with American money. The amount of gold that we pour out in this old citadel of the savage Calvin is something fabulous.

We reached the boat. A band of music was playing mountain airs on the farther end, broad-shouldered men were carrying boxes and Saratoga trunks across the side, and I saw at once that I was not to be alone in my excursion. Soon the clerk of the boat, in a pretty uniform and with the most gracious manner, came by, and asked me where I would be pleased to go. I did not know or particularly care, so that I got out of

the sardine-box at the top of the Metropole, and I said:

"Monsieur, take me to some little place where there are no Americans."

He looked at me for a moment with amazement, then he looked hopelessly up and down the lake, and away across toward Mont Blanc, and at last shook his head. Suddenly a new idea seemed to strike him, and he lifted his eyes toward heaven. Possibly he meant something by this, and possibly he did not. Alas! I shall never know, for just then a cinder came down into the gentle Switzer's eye, and, after an application of his handkerchief, he handed me a ticket for the mouth of the Rhone—at the extreme farther end of the long blue lake, nearly twenty-five leagues away—and left me to my reflections.

No, I was not to be alone by a heap! It seemed to me that about two hundred of my countrymen and countrywomen had likewise been taken with a desire that morning to get away from the Americans, for soon our little craft was more of a sardine-box than the great Metropole.

Geneva—or Lake Lemman, as Byron loved to call it—is a pretty lake. I think I have read something like this before. The white Alps lie to the right and the black Jura to the left, as we swing loose and point our little flat sardine-box to the upper Rhone.

"O, my countrywomen! why will you be so boisterous when away on your travels? Is it not enough that we know you are Americans by your beauty and by your abundance of hair?"

"'A low voice, an excellent thing in woman,' is not far from the questioner," said a stout old Englishman at my elbow, as he looked as straight as he could through his glasses at a lady from Boston; and then he added, good-naturedly: "Well, God bless the women, anyway. Were it not for women, I don't think I should care to remain on earth."

"O, my honest neighbor," I said, softly, "were it not for women I do not think I should have come upon earth at all."

And so we clove up this still blue lake, chopping across from side to side to pack and unpack our little box, until the sun went down on Lemman, and found us at the mouth of the Rhone. An omnibus stood there, and it was branded "Hotel Byron." I did not like the name, and yet I could not resist it. A splendid structure it is, with the prison of Chillon squatted in the edge of the lake only a rifle-shot to the right. What a strange fancy to have all the dishes pictured over with the face of the poet. How dreamy and sentimental you feel, after digging industriously through your hash, to find the divine face peeping up at you through the fragments of your breakfast! The next morning I rushed down to the Castle of Chillon, and found quite an army of tourists already on the spot, strung on the long benches on either side of the draw-bridge, or sauntering about the court-yard waiting for the guide to lead them into the old stamping-ground of Citizen Bonivard. Under the narrow draw-bridge in the moat which was once filled with water, I suppose the patient Switzer had piled his winter's firewood, and spread there his blankets to dry in the morning sun. A pair of tortoise-shell cats had curled themselves up on these, and a tourist was leaning over the railing and poking at them with his Alpine staff.

The guide came—a stout, quiet, and sensible man—and led us down and into a place that looked most like the entrance of a wine-cellar. Here another yellow cat crossed our path, and the tourist raised his lance like a knight of old. Then we came to a long, wide hall, after passing through a door or two, and this was Bonivard's prison. It is wide, spacious, and almost as well lighted as a school-room. It is nearly

as large and quite as dirty as a sheep-corral on the San Joaquin. Six or seven pillars of stone stand here, and their number probably suggested to Byron the number of victims in the poem. Two of these pillars have little rings in them. These rings are large enough and stout enough, it is my firm conviction, to hold the stoutest poodle-dog that ever roamed the streets of San Francisco. On one of these pillars some vagabond has cut the name of Byron. In the ante-room is an old beam, on which it is said some men were hung, and a niche near by is pointed out as the place where they slept the night before execution. It is some consolation to know that the place was probably too cold and damp for fleas.

The awful pit, which has been so often and so graphically described—about eighteen hundred times—by my bold countrymen, as the place where some eight hundred unfortunates were made to walk down to eternity, under the promise and supposition that they were to emerge to light and liberty, looks much like a little prospect-hole sunk on a quartz ledge. I am pretty certain that

this was simply a well, used for furnishing water to the inmates of the castle, and that it was never used for any other purpose. A frail railing now surrounds the well; it is approached by visitors on tiptoe, and peered into with shudders, sighs, and sobs.

Most of the castles of this Old World are humbugs, of course, and no one expects to believe what the guide and the guide-books have to say, except perhaps "our traveling correspondent;" but this one of Chillon I think the saddest "sell" of them all. There is, or was some years ago, at Eugene City, Oregon, an old flouring-mill that resembled Chillon Castle more than anything I ever saw. Some more yellow cats were coiled upon the frowning battlements of the Castle of Chillon, as we passed through the court-yard, slipped into the hands of the quiet and gentlemanly guide whatever we chose to give, and crossed the narrow bridge; but these were all the signs of life I saw. My old Castle of Chillon is broken into fragments, blown to the moon, and a little gray Oregon grist-mill is mounted forever in its place.

THE LOST LEAD.

EARLY in that red-letter year which will ever be accepted as the real nativity, there came to California a man for whom Fortune had in store a devious and melancholy career. Although he was what is popularly called a self-made man, he possessed the sensitive soul and the refined nature which generally come of "long descent" and ample leisure. Rude contact with the world had not soured him, the hard knocks of honest bread-winning had not steeled the fine temper of his soul. He was a man, take him all in all, who, but for his one fatal

weakness subsequently developed, might have stood in the high places of society, and met on terms of free and fearless equality the greatest of the land. Though hard beset and cramped in youth by poverty, he had contracted none of the petty acidities and angularities of the children of penury. An industrious worker in a subordinate and somewhat utilitarian branch of one of the fine arts, he yet found leisure to study its purely æsthetic uses, and also to gain some practical knowledge of physical geology and mineralogy.

Such a man was Arnot Guyl at the time the following narration opens. A man of a smooth and rather feminine face, as it might have been of an Adonis, but finely cut and resisting wrinkles in all his dissipation; a forehead high but not broad, showing the artist-bent of the man; large, splendid eyes, but of an infinitely weary and melancholy look at the last, evading your own and seeking rest; an abundance of brown and lustrous hair.

He had left behind him in the Eastern States a wife and two daughters, for over his life there had already crept a dark shadow, which it is not our province here to draw aside. Coming out to begin a "new life in a new land," he had bravely and hopefully set himself to cancel past errors, and to consign unhappy memories to oblivion. After several years had elapsed, and he had written many letters East which elicited no reply, he was forced to the conclusion that his wife was either dead or had chosen to forget him. After due deliberation, he re-married.

His second choice fell upon the widow of an officer of the Government in the foreign service, a lady who had moved on the highest *niveau* of wealth and position, not only in San Francisco, but also in the small circle of Americans who constituted "society" in that part of the *Ausland* where her husband happened to be stationed. She was one of those women, who, when they have reached the turning climacteric of life, so singularly and categorically proceed to falsify the slight and unhopeful auguries of youth. From a giddy belle she had become "a perfect woman, nobly planned." That wild and wanton excess of vivacity, verging even to flippancy, and sometimes drawing down upon her head from straight-laced and straight-stayed old dames all the terrible excommunications which are contained in the epithet "fast," had turned in her to the gain of

force. That splendid elasticity which had brought her unharmed through the gypsy-dance of feminine fashion and folly, to the confusion of the godly who had prophesied, now made her capable of heroic enduring.

After all his correspondence and his prolonged waiting, Guyl had believed himself free to re-marry. Judge, then, his consternation, his remorse, some while after that event occurred and was advertised in the matrimonial columns of the papers, to receive a missive from his former (and presently legal) wife! She upbraided him bitterly for his infidelity—why had he not at least returned to search for her and assure himself? What a legacy of imperishable hate and scorn had he left to his daughters!

Poor Guyl was distraught with the bitterness of self-reproach. It had certainly been an imprudent step, seeing he had not taken sufficient precautions to make assurance doubly sure; but bigamy was as far removed from his intentions as petty larceny. Nor was the grievous burden lifted from his conscience when, soon afterward, another letter arrived from the East, bringing intelligence of his wife's death. As many another sensitive, and therefore keenly suffering, man has done before him, he attempted to cancel the one crowning mistake of his life by committing another. He fell off into evil ways. He became acquainted with tipplers, and was a companion of drunkards.

What need to recite here all the melancholy and miserable story of his fall? His avocation was first neglected, then soon totally abandoned. The sheriff was often seen at his threshold. One article of apparel after another, and one piece of household furniture following another, found their way to the Lombard. Again and again did his friends place him erect on his feet, upon promise made of reformation, only to see him fall like a nine-pin piece bowled down

by Fate. He had lost his grip. He had no longer any hold to stay him up. He moved about amid the ruins of his house like a somnambulist. Walking down between his bared walls and across his carpetless floor, he heeded no more the strangely unwonted and sharpened echoes of his empty house than the muffled tympanum of the sleep-walker heeds the voices of the night.

Amid all her accumulating sorrows, his wife clung to him in the lingering hope of bringing him back. And it was this which drove the poisoning and deadening lance deeper into his flesh. For her sake and his children's sake he had the highest motive any man can recognize to recover himself and buffet the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Instead of that, his super-sensitive spirit was only dragged down by the burden of them deeper into despair.

"If," he would cry out in recurring moments, "I had fallen alone, and had pulled down no others with me, I could suffer in silence, and perhaps build up my wrecked fortune again; but now—! Would to God that my wife would disown me, and that my children would scorn and avoid me in the streets; then I might be goaded, the base wretch that I am, until shame would make me strong."

And his mad prayer was granted him, with superadded ignominy. Driven at last by unspeakable penury and degradation, his wife abandoned him, and his children were taken from him and placed in a public institution of charity.

Guyll quitted the town where he had been living in southern California, and went into the northern portion of the State. There he sought that congenial refuge of broken and reckless spirits, the mining regions of the Sierra Nevada. What his wanderings were amid those wild, fearful cañons and grim mountain tops, no one knew, perhaps not even himself remembered. For

months, he was totally lost from the view of his alarmed friends; nor trail nor trace of him could be found.

Years before, he had been connected with an important survey in the Sierra Nevada gold-fields, and had by that means acquired a good practical knowledge of mineralogy. He ever regarded the revelations of the survey rather with an artist's than a scientist's eye, so that his metallurgical vocabulary was better developed than his cabinet, and his oral or written descriptions were more entertaining than a view of many specimens. There was a certain superficiality in his acquirements, as there usually is in the self-made man's, and as there must be in any one's who is not a Humboldt in universality of mind, when he steps out of his own little *curriculum*; for knowledge has become so specialized in these latter days that a man must perforce remain in ignorance of many interesting matters. Yet Guyll could discern a piece of serpentine, or tufa, or trap-rock, or auriferous quartz, or hornblende, and could tell where to look for each in its respective belongings, and where to look for them would not be particularly edifying or profitable, far better than many a man who has "skinned and fizzled" his four years through college, taken mineralogy as optional for metaphysics in the latter half of his Senior year, and escaped with the skin of his teeth on examination-day by reading an essay ingeniously "adapted" from the State Geological Survey. He had a fine eye for a cleavage, an artistic appreciation of the beauties of a conchoidal fracture, and the delicate forms of quartz crystals afforded him many hints for his sketch-book and for subsequent use in his chosen art. He also possessed sufficient discretion not to talk of war in the presence of Hannibal, but was a good listener, and thus daily added to his stores of information. And that information became accurate and scientific

enough to be of very considerable value to his employers, and might have been the same to himself.

While occupied in this survey he had made a valuable discovery in one of his unofficial rambles, and turned down a corner on the leaf of his memory whereon he had made a note of it. Precisely *how* valuable it was, of course, only development could show; but he was certain it would take six figures to represent it, perhaps seven. He determined to return at a subsequent time, fully satisfy himself, acquire possession, and enter into the fruits of it. But in the troubled years that came after, that leaf of his memory became dog's-eared and obliterated. The discovery passed wholly out of his recollection.

It is a beautiful theory of human nature that all our actions and ideas of this life are written down legibly, as upon a fair, broad page, which presently becomes covered over with dust by the swift flight of time, so that many things can no longer be read; but that, when we enter upon another existence, all the concealing dust will be brushed aside, and everything written, however minute, will stand revealed with startling distinctness, so that our own memories will be our dread judges, by whose decisions we shall stand or fall. So now, in the last supreme remorse of his ruin, Guyl bethought him once more of his long-forgotten discovery.

As a dying man clutches at a straw, he clutched at this recollection as a means of retrieving everything. "God help me!" he cried aloud, "if I can find it, I shall redeem my wife and children."

And it was in quest of this great discovery that he was now wandering in the mountains. What he endured in that agonized search, what pangs of hunger, and cold, and heat, and nakedness, and blinding storm, was simply attested by his wan and deathly haggard visage

when he again appeared to his friends.

If ever in the Golden State that cry went up with exceeding great joy, "Eureka!" it was then, when he stood before them. All the evil enchantment, as of the atmosphere of Doubting Castle, which had hovered over him in his ruin, was gone. His eyes burned with the clear, steady brilliance of other days. The Giant Despair was thrown beneath his feet. He only inquired, humbly, if his wife and little ones were well, but did not yet ask to see them.

But, alas and alas! his friends failed to partake of his enthusiasm. If they had followed him at once, who can tell what happy results of restoration would have rewarded them. They delayed. They believed his accounts, but doubted his complete mental rehabilitation. They feared his mind was yet so unsteady that a too ready compliance with his vehement requests to follow him might produce an exhilaration that would be destructive to their highest hopes. With the best intentions, but with a fatal lack of perception, they placed him on probation or preparation for the space of a fortnight. During that time he was kept under strict surveillance. Not daring to break the edge of his one overmastering appetite at once, they gave him stinted draughts at stated periods. They caused him to take baths and exercise at stated regular hours of the day. He was allowed to see his children an hour a day, when affecting scenes would take place. His regimen was as carefully prescribed in every particular as is that of a convalescent, or a thick-skinned bully in training for the P. R. It was as if they were teaching a pointer-dog to find the quarry! Ah, if they had had but the wisdom to take the tide at its flood—to take the fallen man, struggling so heroically to recover, at his word, instead of perpetrating this unspeakable folly!

At last they set forth with him. He

led the way with willingness, but with a sad abatement of his first enthusiasm. His pride had been insulted. They had penned him up and taken him through courses like an idiot, forsooth—like a bruiser—and measured him what he should eat. What could have been more gratuitously absurd than to take this proud and intensely sensitive man, on the very edge of his awakening, when all his faculties were tenderest, and rasp them in that manner!

Guyl conducted them to the station on the river which was appointed as the rendezvous, whence they set forth with secrecy and with silence. It was in the extreme lower foot-hills, in those red, sweltering, rock-hard hills and hillocks, raggedly spiked with straggling oaks and pines, frowzed with underbrush, and fuzzed with grass. In ancient times the Indians allowed the forest fires freely to rage in these mountains, and even encouraged them (easily protecting their villages with water), in order that they might more readily gather the roasted grasshoppers and acorns, and pursue the game, and thus they kept the underbrush singed down. But under American management these fires have been vigilantly suppressed, and the consequence is that the thin woods are now villainously tangled with chaparral. On and on they stumbled in the darkness, over outcropping rocks scarcely harder than the summer soil, rending their garments in the rasping chaparral, now and then sliding down the steep hill-sides, clutching in their hands flimsy wisps of grass seeming like the fur of a half-molted animal in spring for thinness, and which parted easily from the inhospitable soil that had long ago pinched off the roots in its iron grip. Now they startled a long-eared hare, which was nibbling in an open glade, and loped away through the spaces in rod-long leaps, noiseless on its furred soles. Then they disturbed a covey of quails

roosting in a live-oak bush, and these shot out into the open, with a sputter of scared chirrups and great beating of leaves with their wings. Then they floundered through thickets of poison-oak, and felt from the burning sensations that it had flapped its blistering juice on their wrists and faces.

About daylight, they—that is, Guyl and his two friends, Kenwood and Ledway—had penetrated sufficiently far into the wilds and away from the settlements, to enable them to rest and refresh themselves a little. They seated themselves on a rock beside a spring, and drew forth a frugal luncheon. Then it was they made the startling discovery, that, through some carelessness, Guyl had been allowed to possess himself of the flask, and that his fatal appetite had again gotten the mastery over him. He was rapidly approaching a condition where all would be lost, and they resumed the toilsome tramp without a moment's delay.

Guyl had marked his trail to his discovery, and he was leading them on from mark to mark without hesitation. Now it was a huge and ancient boulder, chipped with hieroglyphics whose import was known only to himself; then it was a live-oak bush, or a Digger pine, on which was written "198," or "serp.," or other mysterious blazon. To him, reading as he ran, it was a complete geological register of the route—this mark for this stratum, another for another.

They were urging on the unfortunate man with all practicable haste, for they saw with unerring certainty that the shadow of his possessing demon was already drawing over his vision, and soon they might be left guideless and trackless. He, too, realized the stress of the occasion. He ran on fast from one hieroglyphic to another. He seemed more uncertain at each in succession. It took him longer to find them. Then suddenly he stopped dead still, struck his

hand hard upon his forehead, which was contracted with intense pain, and said, mournfully:

"Boys, I'm lost. The hunt is up."

He sunk upon the ground, quivering in every muscle with the torture of the terrible and unwonted strain upon his shattered faculties. It was a piteous spectacle of a complete human wreck. All his life seemed to go from him as he uttered those words; all his ambition, all his awakened hope, all his revived manhood. It was plain that there was nothing for it but to abandon the search, at least for that day. And could Guyl ever recall his route? His friends were confident he could, after taking rest.

Discretion required them to part company and return to the station separately. After Guyl had sufficiently recovered to undertake the return tramp, he was asked what amount of funds he required to meet his wants.

"Give me a dollar," said he.

"My dear fellow," replied Kenwood, "this is highly absurd. You and I have taken together the hard knocks and the rough places of a good many campaigns in the mountains. We shared the same blanket, we generally had only one pipe between us, and were jolly as sand-boys together. And now you come and ask me for that pitiful amount, as if you were a beggar in Naples! My purse is yours; here, take it."

"No, give me one dollar," persisted Guyl. "It will buy me a meal and a bed, and in the morning I'll find it. Then we'll all be rich together."

Upon returning to the station, they commended Guyl to the good offices of a kind and discreet friend there resident, with private instructions carefully to husband all his shattered forces, to allow him no imprudent excesses, and never to permit him to escape his vigilance. Himself they strictly enjoined to remain in perfect quiet for a number of days, and, upon making any re-discov-

ery, to telegraph them at once in San Francisco, and, pending their arrival, to construct a map of the locality, with the trail marked thereon, so that failure a second time should be impossible. Then, with many good wishes and friendly words of cheer, and bidding him remember the dear lives for whose sakes he lived, they parted from him and returned to the city.

Of course, these men had a selfish motive for wishing Guyl to pull through, but let us do them the justice to say that they were equally sincere in their protestations of friendship.

As I have said above, this region lies in the lower foot-hills, interposed between the substantial wealth of the great ranches on the plains and the somewhat more flamboyant riches of the upper foot-hills and tier of mining towns. It is inhabited chiefly by small graziers, wood-choppers, turkey-farmers, teamsters, and the like, whose plane of intelligence is not elevated, falling as it does between the solid and somewhat loamy range of ideas of the great lowland ranchers and the edged wits of the mining towns. Consequently the appearance of two very well habited, urban gentlemen, who did not pass the salutations of the day with everybody they met (as the rural manner is), strolling about in the woods, excited no small curiosity among the good folk. Many strange conjectures were made, and wild predictions hazarded. One honest, simple-minded Pike, living with an Indian woman, was heard to remark to his neighbor:

"I don't believe them dandy fellers is up here for no good to we poor men. Them's the kind o' men that used to treat the Injuns so borbayrious. Some says they're arter gold, and some says they're arter coal, but I tell you what I believe. I believe they're up here to git all the agricultooral land turned into mineral, so as us poor men can't git none on it. What in the kingdom o'

cow-tails they're arter, ef it's not that, I can't make out."

Guy's friends had been in San Francisco only a few days, when, to their surprise, they received a telegraphic dispatch from him, dated at the village of —, telling them to come to him without delay. They lost no time in obeying. Again they appeared at the station, and once more the wonder of simple Hob, Dick, and Hick was greatly moved.

On arriving, they were received by Guy with the laconic salutation, "All right." He declared himself ready to set out with them a second time on the following morning, but all the information they could get from him was vague and unsatisfactory. He had completed a workman-like and tasty map of the locality, complete in all except the one crowning particular. Where was the lode? He explained that it was left for the finishing stroke, after the map had been placed in safe hands, lest it should be surreptitiously taken from him and the trail, if marked on it, followed. They placed implicit confidence in his truthfulness and integrity, though they had observed with pain and regret, on returning, that he had again been deep in his potations at some time during their absence. But his countenance wore a hopeful, even a cheerful appearance, his manner was animated, and he seemed to regard his prospects highly encouraging. He even asked concerning the health of his wife and children, which he never did except when in his happiest moods, and when his cherished plans for their redemption seemed nearest to consummation.

To make doubly certain that his expedition should succeed, and his hoped-for triumph should not be turned into a second greater wreck, he entered into a written agreement that evening with Kenwood and Ledway, that, if they found anything and it proved as valua-

ble as they hoped, they should become trustees or guardians of him and his. His wife and children were to be restored to him, but in all other respects his co-signers were to exercise over him all the authority that a rational, adult man can delegate to another.

Thus prepared, they retired to rest. Whatever small sleep can descend upon the eyelids of men standing on the very threshold and clutch of fortune, descended upon them. Guy lay in another apartment. In that brief hour of sweetest sleep that comes just before daybreak, while the house was still, he arose and cautiously drew on his garments. With soft, continued pressure, he turned the key in the lock, swung the door slightly ajar, stepped on tiptoe out upon the doorstep, and closed the door. His sleeping companion, a resident of the station, glanced out of the window, and saw his white figure moving down the hill; then turned to the wall and slept again. Noiselessly he glided down the little hill toward the bridge, which stretched, white and still, athwart the blackness, above the thick, muddy gurgle of the river, where the waters wallowed and choked along with the filthy slutch of the mines. Now and then there came low sobbing from the thin-haired pines, as they gently shook and swayed above the banks; but there was no sound beside, save the slushing slide of the foul, yellow slime beneath, by courtesy called water.

Guy stood a moment on the bridge's head, and struck his palm hard to his forehead, as his habit was of late years, when a cloud came over his shattered mind. A moment he seemed to hesitate. Then he turned to cross the bridge.

He was seen no more after.

Very early in the morning, Kenwood and Ledway arose to make preparations for the tramp. Guy's absence was not a source of disquietude at first, so cheer-

ful had he been the night before. But their worst fears were soon aroused. Speedy search was made in all quarters. Indians were employed to follow his trail, if possible. Old mountain scouts were sent in various directions. Liberal rewards were offered. No stone was left unturned to find some clue or trace of the unfortunate man. Kenwood and Ledway lingered several days in keen suspense, then they were forced to abandon present effort, though not hope, and return once more at the demands of business. Leaving a sum of money to push on the quest for the missing man, they enjoined on the residents of the station to spare no effort. They wrote back from San Francisco—once, twice—"Find poor Guyl at all hazards."

On a sudden impulse two men mounted horses and galloped away to a quarter not hitherto penetrated. It was a region pitted with prospect-shafts. They dismounted, hitched the horses, and set out to walk among these holes. Peering down into one, at the bottom they

saw poor Guyl, fallen prone and crushed.

Did he arise in the night in a wild delirium, and rush forth in pursuit of some mocking phantom? or did he wish to re-assure himself of places and courses before he again attempted to guide his friends to the spot? Had he telegraphed to them in some lapsed and clouded hour, without having found his discovery again, and then sought to correct the error and return before they should awake?

God in heaven only knows what sudden and keen agony of despair, or what phantasm of a disordered brain, or what dream-bright vision of a ruined home rebuilt and a dishonored family redeemed, drove him forth in that mad midnight escapade. Alone in the black and trackless night, beneath the white stars, he went down into the deep and greedy grave.

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the
sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied long-
ing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of pa-
tience."

THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

MOST of our devoted novel-readers and critics are still sighing and hoping for the advent of an American novel. Or, having apparently elevated this desire into the region of national pride, it has been deemed of sufficient consequence to particularize by the definite article, as "The American novel," or "The coming American novel," which latter somewhat prophetic way of putting it, shows a confidence born of an eager wish.

The American novel, thus longed for and expected, is of course to be the novel of society; not American simply in its geography, but in its pictures of

our social life; *American*, as modern English novels are *English*. Why is it that such widely diverse writers as Thackeray, Dickens, Collins, Trollope, George Eliot, and Mrs. Edwards, are so uniformly successful in their pictures of English society—society recognizably and typically English? Why is it that Cooper, Paulding, Hawthorne, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, and the rest, succeed only in touching on points and characteristics strictly local, or historical? Why—to make it more strongly contrasted—do even the inferior English novelists, who fail in genius, interest, probability, morality, or even gram-

mar, yet succeed in the social or purely English parts, while the best American writers never even attempt more than bits of local and provincial painting? It is because English society is distinct, homogeneous, compact, palpable, with a social hierarchy fixed by statute law and by the even more inexorable social law; because English society has a fixed social centre geographically, a fixed social focus legally, a fixed social standard universally recognized and looked up to; because all this is confined within narrow limits, making the gradations distinct and visible, free from diverse interests or climatic influences. The crown is the social focus. Excluded from all political power, and under the unwritten constitution without influence, bias, prejudice, or even sympathy with political matters, it is social only; maintained at a vast national expense as a social ornament and head alone. And around this centre come concentric rings of other social grades, firmly established by actual law as well as social custom, yet with but little and gradually diminishing political position and power. For what are the orders of nobility—with the House of Lords reduced to very near a nullity—but social grades; an etiquette as to precedence at dinner-tables, lords mayors' banquets, and the like? Is the power of the nobles anything but the power of wealth and social prestige? The nobility and gentry exist to-day mainly as social eminences and ornaments, and around them rally the great middle classes, looking up to them fondly and eagerly, hoping prayerfully for their nods, their glances, or even their gracious indifference. For this, English society struggles, battles, sighs, and exists; and upon this distinct and palpable background, the novelist draws his social sketches.

The passion of love or the problem of matrimony, as affected by the complex situation of English society, are

matters full of dramatic possibilities. The social gulfs across which young hearts beat responsive, the social checks and obstacles to matrimony, hierarchical and financial, are full of promise to the romance-writer.

With America, the situation is singularly and completely reversed. Society is diverse, widely scattered, disconnected, without national head or geographical starting-point, existing locally in detached bodies, even possibly acknowledging some local focus, but entirely uninfluenced by politics, and free from any outside central control. And these local groups are affected in distinct and separate ways by their local interests, provincial habits, and a great variety of climates and productions. Think of a novel that shall at once depict American society in all its peculiarities, as it is under the tropical skies of Texas, in northern Maine, on the streets of New York or San Francisco, among the cotton-growers, the grain-sellers, the pork-packers, the gold-diggers! Yet without comprehending all these diverse particles, there is no American novel *quâ* American; treating of any of these local features alone, you have a provincial sketch only. In a word, there is no *American* social novel because there is no *American* society. And let us trust that neither the one nor the other is imminent.

We can not have homogeneous American society without great changes in our present condition; a condensation of interests and population, a centralization of wealth and luxury, the building up of some local points and local interests into national ones, at the expense of all the others; and this, manifestly at the expense of our social simplicity, and, to some extent, of our social culture. We are among those who believe that American social life is better than any foreign society of like culture in any part of the world. And this, because

the American societies are simpler and freer to follow their own sweet will, relieved from a fixed and rigid standard, and free from certain objects and ambitions antagonistic to true cultivation and genuine good manners. An Englishman, however cultivated, grades his conduct, unconsciously perhaps, to his surroundings. His behavior is colored more or less by obsequiousness or condescension, as he believes himself in the presence of those who may be on social planes above or below himself, by however delicate shades such grades may be distinguished. An American of equal cultivation, under like circumstances, is free from this taint of bad manners, and shows a purer social standard. It is no especial credit to him, perhaps, but it is the fortune of his social atmosphere that it is free from taint of feudalism or caste, and relieved from just so much of an element that is really antagonistic to genuine cultivation.

We are not here claiming an equal amount or quality of culture, or an equally high social standard—apart from the artificial one spoken of above—with England. We are only expressing a belief that American society, relieved of certain artificial distinctions, looks upon no one with either fawning or suspicion, and consequently is more simple, unaffected, and well-mannered than English society, otherwise of the same grade of education and surroundings. I suppose it is not easy to estimate how much we have gained socially by the absence of caste, but we read in all English novels how heavily the pedigree nuisance weighs upon the minds and hearts of all English people.

And this is really one of the reasons why English novels are written, and American novels are not. Beside the fact that there is an English society and there is no American society, comes the fact that English society is complex and full of obstacles, and American social

life is simple and void of barriers. A novel is the story of the mishaps and adventures of a pair of lovers. Place these lovers in English life, and the novelist is admirably provided with a splendid array of the most formidable and eminently probable obstacles to their successful affections. Nice distinctions of pedigree rise before them, with a train of opposing parents and remote kindred. Or let them start on an entire social equality—if anybody in England is the exact equal of anybody else—and how simple and natural; how *English* an obstacle rises in the ambition of mamma or the cupidity of papa. Possible coronets, titles to be angled for with a daughter's beauty, speaking and visiting range of the great, dance before the matron's mind, and of course determine all her action. Or that marvelous English father—a man of leisure always—has set his heart on uniting his neighbor's estate with his own, by a marriage of the young people of course, and it is a simple matter for the romancer to inflame the young people's hearts in the opposite direction. This mature masculine match-maker, by the way, is almost a constant quantity in English fiction. But when we try to think of him as a possible figure in American romances, we shudder, if we do not smile, at the absurdity. We certainly could hardly look upon his actual advent in our midst, in flesh and blood, with complacency. Such a catastrophe would no doubt lead to an appeal to Judge Lynch. Any extreme measure would be justifiable. It is this amazing male match-maker that stands in the way of most English lovers, and furnishes a ready quarry to the romancer. That obstacle to true love need never fail him.

Or the needy duke, seeking plebeian money, steps between the lovers, and, with parental allies, at once flings down the gage of war. But this is only a sample of what the pedigree obstacle to

true love does for the novel-writer. To him it is, indeed, a mine of wealth, though in real life we can hardly imagine it otherwise than as an abuse, or a nuisance to be abated. Modern English fiction need never more use the conventional villain—he is one of the stage properties of the past; English society, in its mazes and intricacies, its grades and obstacles, and castes and privileges, its ambitions and maneuverings, is villain enough. It is easier to envelop the lovers in probable and orthodox difficulties than to land them safely afterward. And, in fact, it is just here that English fiction oftenest becomes improbable, though, to be sure, the social system offers some help, even here. The death of the elder brother is the frequent reward of a well-spent life, or dissolves all the difficulties that surrounded the young couple, and brings joy and happiness to all. We question whether the slaughter of the first-born gives equal happiness in any other land.

Happy the nation whose history is dull; we may add, happy the society whose novel is unwritten. May the American novel never be penned and American social life never constitute the villain of romance.

The course of true love here runs smoothly, and reverses the old proverb, which is true only of a feudal society. Our love affairs are left wholly to the young, who please themselves only, and consult no one. Parents rarely interfere, or do so at the risk of disobedience; their authority is recognized as advisory only, at most. And, indeed, they have but little motive for interference; there are no titles to be won, no social positions to be secured, even no financial ends attainable by matrimony. The latter may seem a paradox in a nation of dollar-worshippers, but it is true. Wealth so rarely descends from one generation to another in this country, that the heir of vast possessions is hard-

ly an object matrimonially. He is less likely to reach a middle age of luxury and carriages than most of his contemporaries. The rich men of America are, nine times out of ten, those who began in poverty, those who entered the city of their subsequent triumphs with the conventional bare feet and half-dollar. The latent spirit of match-making in our matrons is stifled by this doubt, or is driven into the simple and proper channel of a fostering of the mutual affections. Our novelists are rigidly restricted to the conventional villain, and he can hardly be made exclusively American, unless borrowed bodily, with war-paint and *wampum*, from the Sioux or Apaches. And this would necessarily localize the story on the frontiers; in other words, it would become a local sketch and not a national novel. The tomahawk could not be made to part lovers in the drawing-rooms of New York or Philadelphia, without marring the probabilities, as well as the mahogany. The war-whoop on the streets of Boston might be startlingly dramatic, but in point of fact it is too rarely heard there to be accepted as a probable picture of American life in that quarter.

Nor are we better off for rewards and earthly blessings with which to crown the lovers and close the volume. Money!—that is too easily obtained to make it worthy of much mental agony, and far too easily lost to constitute much of a reward. We shall hardly feel safe in leaving our hero and heroine with so lame and impotent a conclusion. It would seem ludicrous to expect the regular “lived happily ever afterward,” however strong the upward tendency of stocks at the end of the story. It would be in vain, too, to put to death the uncle or the elder brother. There are no inevitable blessings from this sacrifice in America. Financially and socially we do not care whether our elder brother dies or not. And there is so little splen-

dor or romantic glamour about our State governorships and United States district attorneyships, and the tenure of office is so short, that we should hesitate about offering them to any hero of romance. In short, our social life here in America offers no obstacle to the current of true love. And without love and a due amount of interference with its course, how can novels be written?

Should modern fiction, however, ever come to concern itself with post-nuptial felicities and agonies, as it now does with ante-nuptial affairs, we might, perhaps, achieve a better and more national record. The American novel might come nearer being written if the marriage occurred on the first instead of the last page; and it seems to us that we may yet do something with the struggles of the married pair, the introduction of the *divorcée*, and love's avenging pistol. Indiana as our inverted Gretna Green is already national. We say "might," however, advisedly, for we have no faith in anything more than an approximation to national fiction.

We certainly have no wish for even

this much. With a happy social life, romance is impossible. Romance is born of feudalism. Tyranny, wrongs, abuses, causing sufferings and the breaking of young hearts, and also developing heroic fortitude and brilliant deeds, are the true grounds of the novel-writer. English and European society, yet full of the traces and distinctions of feudalism, is full of social ostracisms, wrongs, and heart-burnings. The ambitions, the social struggles, the nice distinctions of grades, are all relics of the feudal times. Here, fortunately, these traces are extinct, or so nearly so as to be imperceptible. Our social distinctions are natural ones, whether of wealth or cultivation, and so palpably and naturally within the reach of all, that they cease—or come very near it—to be objects of social discord or vain ambitions.

An American novel, therefore, in the sense of a national novel, we have not, and, we humbly hope, may never have. And this wish we utter in the interest of good morals, good manners, true cultivation, and the happiness of our social life.

LIFE IN MAZATLAN.

IT was a picture full of that strange and dreamy beauty found only in tropical climes, which gives to the spirit a sense of almost oppressive sadness; filling the heart with stifled longings for a better understanding of its untold loveliness, and suggesting to the soul a vision of that brighter and better land "beyond the skies," which is the sustaining hope of our earthly pilgrimage. Groups of low, flat-roofed houses, curiously painted in white, blue, pink, and yellow, surmounted by the giant stems of cocoanut-trees waving their finely cut branches in the gentle breeze, and

lighted up in front by the rich transparency of the tropic sea, formed the foreground of the picture, while beyond it stretched a series of broken hills, crowned to their very tops with a dense vegetation—a purple haze enshrouding their summits, and blending them into the obscurity of the distance. Through rifts in the mist which overhung the landscape like a veil, could be discerned the rocky forests crowning range after range of the great mountain chain which forms the backbone of America, and which reaches its grandest forms in the Rocky Mountains of the northern, and the An-

des of the southern continent. Strange-looking trees of giant cactus covered the precipitous sides of the islands and rocky points more immediately surrounding us, while flights of turkey-buzzards hovering like restless ghosts of the departed over the land, and groups of grand gray pelicans and graceful white cranes about the water, lent a living interest to the scene. Around and above all was shed the golden glory of a tropical sunrise—the most delicate purple tints, shading off into richest crimson, and encircled by a greenish tinge of almost ethereal brightness—the slanting beams of the approaching luminary striking upon the dull green foliage, and illuminating it with transcendent splendor.

The city itself is built upon an isthmus, which at its narrowest point is not more than two hundred yards in width, the old town occupying the northern, and the new town (or that chiefly inhabited by the better class of residents) the southern portion. Southward, the peninsula rises into a high, rocky hill, on which are the remains of a once powerful fortress, which from its position offers a most important point of defense, but which, with that carelessness peculiar to the Mexican race, has been suffered slowly to crumble into decay. On the top of this eminence is the flag-staff station, and beyond it, still farther to the south, rises the rocky, mountainous island called *El Christon grande*, the highest peak of which I had subsequently the pleasure of ascending, and from which a grand and commanding view of the surrounding country is to be obtained. At the south-western extremity of *El Christon* is a singular cave, the walls of which are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and lead off into passages in the heart of the mountain as yet unknown and unexplored. The peak of this interesting island seems formed by nature for a light-house station, and in the hands of any other people would

certainly have been put to such a use; but it is a singular fact, and it may be here noticed as one of great significance, and remarkably illustrative of the Mexican nation, that while they have during the past ten years collected upward of two millions of dollars from various nationalities for light-house dues, and almost as much more for pilotage, there is not a single light-house on the whole Mexican coast, while the duties of a Mexican pilot appeared to consist in going out in his boat to within three or four hundred yards of any vessel requiring his assistance, waving a white flag, and then quietly turning round and pulling back to the shore.

Having bargained with some good-looking boatmen to take us from our anchorage to the shore, a distance of about two miles, for the sum of two dollars, we effected our landing upon a very dilapidated wharf, and proceeded to the custom-house for the purpose of having our baggage inspected; but not having the appearance of dangerous or suspicious people, we were allowed to pass with very little trouble. Vehicles of any sort there were none, and I looked on with some interest, and not a little uneasiness, at seeing our various packages shouldered by a whole army of *cargadores*, one of whom lifted a heavy leather trunk weighing not less than 150 pounds as easily as he would a packet of tea, and marched off leading the way, apparently not in the least oppressed by his burden. These *cargadores* are among the institutions of the place, and the loads they carry would appear almost beyond possibility. I subsequently saw a man carrying seven boxes of claret from a lighter up to the custom-house, a distance of 150 yards, and upon another occasion met one of them with a piano on his shoulders, but I had become so accustomed to them by that time, that I was by no means astonished at this feat.

Some time ago, an attempt was made by an enterprising American to introduce express-wagons and drays into Mazatlan, but this was forbidden by the local government, on the plea that it would ruin the business of the *cargadores*, and so our speculative friend had to re-ship his vehicles to New York, lamenting the want of a progressive spirit which is so eminently characteristic of the Mexican people. The only carts ever employed are rude, heavy, lumbering contrivances, each drawn by a single mule or donkey—poor, patient, enduring creatures, without whom the Mexicans could not exist, and who have certainly solved the problem of how to do the largest amount of work on the smallest amount of food. Over rough roads, almost untenable by the foot of man, these powerful and intelligent beasts carry their heavy burdens, plodding carefully and always safely over the most dangerous places, rewarded only by the croppings of the roadside, or occasionally by a handful of dried corn-stalks, at the end of the day's journey. Yet I would not have it understood that the Mexican is cruel to his beast; on the contrary, he drives him by words rather than by the whip, and a good understanding always seems to exist between the animal and his master. I one day witnessed an incident illustrative of this fact. A little mule, drawing a big cart laden with boxes of wine, in turning the corner of a street came into too close quarters with a post placed there to protect the sidewalk, and had brought the vehicle to a sudden stand. The driver, instead of lashing the animal and cursing him, as is too often the case in San Francisco, in the most unconcerned manner took out a cigarette, lighted it, leaned against the nearest door-post, and began to smoke; in the intervals of the puffs chaffing his donkey, and laughing good-humoredly at his attempts to free himself from his position. I should

translate what he said as something like—"You are a pretty fellow; a nice mess you are in; don't ask me to help you; get out of it as you best can; I'm in no hurry," etc., etc.—laughing all the time as the donkey pulled and pulled about enough to break the post down. The poor little animal seemed to understand all that was said to him, and cocked his ears with a most knowing expression; then in a moment lowering them suddenly, he seemed to comprehend the difficulty. Forcing his cart backward, he gave a sudden turn, pulled himself free of the post, and marched triumphantly on with his load—his master shortly following, lighting another cigarette, and applauding the performance. I applauded, too, and walking over to the driver, extended my hand to him, saying: "Bravo! old fellow, that's better than beating him." I forgot, however, he did not understand English, so I tried Spanish; however, he understood this still less, and I concluded to try no more, so he offered me a cigarette, gave the usual salute of "*Adios, Señor*," and went lazily and merrily up the street after his brave little mule.

The carts of which I have spoken, have very high wheels and short shafts, and the animals drawing them all wear a saddle fastened to the shaft in the rudest manner by a piece of cord, while the head of the animal is perfectly free from every kind of trappings, no bridle or traces being used. The driver walks by the side of his mule, and directs his course by words, very rarely using his whip, and then only cracking it loudly with a great show of temper within half a yard of the animal's ear. It is no uncommon sight to meet a number of these animals coming into town, each laden with a pile of cornstalks, all cut closely off at the roots, and sometimes as much as fourteen feet in height, packed carefully on each side of the pack-saddle, and tied together at the top—thus per-

flectly enveloping the little animals, and allowing only their heads and ears to be seen. As they travel along laden in this way, they look, when viewed from behind, like a moving army of gigantic corn-sheaves, and present a singular and somewhat ludicrous appearance. The mules and donkeys also do all the water-carrying for the city; this invaluable element being almost invariably obtained from the numerous fresh-water lagoons on the outside of the city, and consequently not over-excellent in its quality.

The hotel in which we took up our quarters was a large, straggling adobe building, with about twenty rooms built in the form of a square, the centre of which was entirely open, and planted with curious trees and shrubs. Into this square sometimes came a drove of mules to feed, while their owners did the same beneath the open piazza surrounded by trellis-work which formed our dining-room. The sleeping apartments of this establishment were about sixteen to eighteen feet square, and almost as many feet high, with bricked floors, and whitewashed walls, in the corners of which huge spiders and cockroaches made their homes by day, sallying forth at night to prey upon whatever they could find. The spiders, however, though formidable-looking animals, are nevertheless quite harmless; and the cockroaches, though perfectly swarming in point of numbers, are only terrible to persons possessing weaker nerves than ourselves. In fact, I rather liked them, as I was enabled to pursue my favorite study of entomology without its usual accompaniment of a long walk, and I am happy to announce that I discovered at least one new species of cockroach even in our sleeping-chamber. It was to this room that we retired to rest after our first day's long and fatiguing walk about the city. Rest, did I say?—the strangest rest I ever experi-

enced. To the lover of a comfortable bed, in which the soft down gently closes around him, lulling him to repose, and compelling him when the morning breaks to turn again for a "little more sleep, a little more slumber," I would say, emphatically: "Go not to Mazatlan." There are no beds; the place which deludes one to rest being simply an iron cot on which is stretched a piece of canvas covered by a single sheet. This is what one lies on. Then comes another sheet, and a sort of coverlet, more like an old window-curtain than anything else. This is what lies on us, and this is all; no mattress, no feathers, no blanket, no anything like comfort; the pillows are rounded and hard as if they had been turned out of a log of wood, on which it is quite impossible for even the hardest and thickest of heads to make the least impression. Then, in addition to this solemn mockery of a comfortable bed, thousands of fleas take up their residence in each cot, and nip and bite like furies the whole livelong night, utterly eluding all your vigilance, and laughing to scorn your attempts to catch them. They are not, as in all civilized countries, good, fat, healthy-looking fleas, such as take hold of you honestly, and give you a chance to catch them with the assistance of a moistened finger, but tiny, vicious, active little fiends, that give you a remarkably sharp bite, and then jump off to attack some other part of your body. It has been said that an ordinary flea will leap over two hundred times its own length. I am sure this proportion must be much increased in the case of the fleas of Mazatlan, as they are smaller, and leap farther than any fleas I ever saw. During the intervals in which these torments were at rest, swarms of mosquitoes varied the amusement, and drew our attention in another direction. These mosquitoes attack without the slightest noise, settling down upon the

face as lightly as a snow-flake. This first night in Mazatlan was by no means an exceptional one.

During the winter months, I can imagine no climate more beautiful and health-giving than that of Mazatlan. Balmy, clear, and fresh as the air always is, it is sometimes rendered even more agreeable by a gentle breeze from the sea. There are no violent winds, no fogs, no dust, and it is surely not Utopian to look forward to a not distant day; when this place may become a sanitarium for the enfeebled and worn constitutions of our more northern clime, to which those broken down by overwork may retire for rest and change, and for a time imitate the dwellers in the pure enjoyment of their "*dolce far niente.*"

The streets of Mazatlan are crooked, narrow, and badly paved, but they, as well as the houses both inside and outside, are kept scrupulously clean. A city ordinance obliges every household-er once a year to paint, whitewash, or otherwise clean and adorn the outside of his house, and as this is usually done at the conclusion of the rainy season, we have the advantage of seeing the city in its new dress—the process of decoration having recently been completed. It is also compulsory upon every householder to keep the sidewalk and half the street opposite to his house perfectly and cleanly swept every morning; the carts for carrying away the dust and refuse calling each day for its removal. It is forbidden to throw dirty water about the streets under a penalty of five dollars; these enactments being in the chief streets of the city rigidly enforced, but in the suburbs, where sanitary regulations are not carried into effect, dirt accumulates in large quantities, and in some cases poisons the air to a considerable distance. The turkey-buzzards, so appreciated as scavengers in all tropical countries, here also perform their valuable offices, and being

protected by the government (their destruction being forbidden under a very heavy fine), they exist in enormous numbers, their gaunt and gloomy-looking forms—sad and melancholy as Poe's raven—being met with upon every side, both in the city and in its immediate neighborhood.

The houses are nearly all built after the same model, very few having more than the ground-floor, except in two of the principal streets and the plaza, where in some cases a second story has been added. The windows are generally without glass, and invariably barred with rods of iron, giving them a most prison-like aspect. The houses are always built to form two or more sides of a hollow square, the inclosed court-yard being given up to the cultivation of a garden, the Mexicans being extremely fond of flowers. The dwellings of the poorer class are mostly built of adobe and thatched with corrugated tiles, like those still remaining in many of the older settlements in this State, and of which some picturesque specimens still exist in Santa Clara and San José, while others are formed of boughs wattled together, and mud plastered between, or of the branches of the cocoanut-palm interlaced on all sides so as to form a thatch, through which, however, in the rainy season the water must pour "without let or hindrance." The cooking is always done on braziers or small ovens fed with charcoal, so that there are no chimneys, and consequently no smoke. Fires to warm the dwellings are quite unnecessary even in the coldest seasons; and thus one of the terrors of our boasted civilization, which has of late years made such fearful devastation throughout the land, has here no power, a conflagration being a thing unknown. Most of the houses, too, being built with very little wood, would fail to feed a fire; nothing but the rafters which support the roof, and the doors, and shutters of

the windows, being built of any material which would burn.

The longest street in the city is the *Calle del Recreo*, which is about a mile in extent, and passes through one side of the principal plaza. The western end runs into the grand esplanade fronting on the ocean, called *Los Altos*, and the favorite ride and promenade of the beauty and fashion of Mazatlan. Here are built some of the finest houses in the city, the dwellings of the wealthy merchants and others of the upper-ten, furnished with the most exquisite taste, in which a generous and profuse hospitality is extended in the most refined and courteous manner. The city has three plazas, the principal one being oblong in form, about one hundred yards long by fifty wide. The northern side is devoted to a hotel, and the rooms of the Mazatlan Club—an institution largely supported by the foreign residents, and which, if the favorite game of monte be not too rashly indulged in, will afford the visitor who is fortunate enough to gain access to its somewhat exclusive recesses, many pleasurable hours. One corner of the plaza is occupied by the officers of the Telegraph Company—a line having recently been carried across the continent, connecting the city of Mexico with the Pacific sea-board. Owing, however, to the frequent revolutions, it is sometimes impossible to get a message through, as each party, as it comes into power, thinks it its bounden duty to destroy the wires and poles.

The plaza is, or rather was, surrounded by orange-trees; for many of them have been allowed to go to decay, and no thought of replanting them appears to have existed. Those that remained were vigorous, healthy trees, at the time of our visit, two or three being laden with fruit in every degree of ripeness, while some were just bursting into flower. Some curiously carved stone benches, looking like the remains of the Az-

tecs, are built around the square, but the seats have been broken from many of them, leaving only the backs standing, and, with the true spirit of Mexican carelessness, they will be suffered gradually to crumble away, when a little mortar and a few hours' work would restore them to their original condition.

Near the plaza is an imposing-looking building, one of the first which strikes the eye of the visitor as he approaches the city from the bay, which was intended for an opera house, but, owing to the death of its projector, on his voyage from San Francisco—to which place he had come to conclude arrangements with a company from New York to open his theatre—it has never been completed, and is now entirely given over to the pigeons and turkey-buzzards, who make of it a roosting-place.

The people of Mazatlan are not, however, utterly without amusements. There is a small theatre, or rather a hall with a stage at the end of it, where dramatic and other performances are occasionally given, which are always well patronized and enjoyed by the audience. The Mazatlan stage boasts of a few excellent local artists, the style of acting most in vogue being that of the modern conversational school, in contradistinction to the noisy melodramatic style which too frequently finds favor in our theatres. The theatre is decorated with excellent portraits of some of the more eminent dramatists of Europe, among whom I noticed Shakspeare, Molière, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Byron. There are many customs connected with the drama in Mazatlan which are rather disagreeable to a visitor from San Francisco. In the first place, all the men, and not a few women, smoke during the whole performance; then, the performance, which is always advertised to commence precisely at eight o'clock, rarely begins before nine; while the waits between the acts are simply intolerable,

and would cause the boys of a San Francisco gallery to shout most furiously, "Up with the rag!"—a play of three acts, which could easily be finished here by ten o'clock, in all cases lasting up to half-past eleven, and sometimes much later. But Mexicans are never in a hurry, and "*poco tiempo*" and "*mañana*" are the words in their vocabulary most frequently in use.

The principal stores are elegant in their appointments, and contain an excellent assortment of goods of all kinds; the prices, as far as we could judge, being much the same as those of San Francisco, except for linens and silks, which were very much lower. There are no shop-windows in which to display the goods, and no posters whatever about the walls to intimate where certain articles are to be purchased, so that the intending customer has to seek somewhat industriously for whatever he may require. There are no newspapers in which to advertise, those published being simply small broad-sheets of daily news, generally in part, if not wholly, concocted by the government, and the shop-keeper has, therefore, to depend upon his reputation and the absolute

wants of the community for the sale of his wares.

There are few manufactories on the Pacific Coast of Mexico. *Sombreros*, *serapes*, pottery, and harness-work are the principal productions. And so in this strange city, undisturbed by the noise of cars and fire-engines, in which the columns of a newspaper were to us unknown—where no boot-blacks or peddlers ever come—where the rush of business forces itself not upon the mind, and the wheels of life roll steadily and lazily along—our time passed dreamily away. But the pleasures of the world come suddenly to an end. The last butterfly was caught, the last strange plant gathered, the last shell carefully cleaned and put away—when the red flag on the signal-staff announced the coming of a steamer, and told us that the hour of our departure was at hand. That evening, with

"A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,"

we bade adieu to Mazatlan in the darkness, and were soon once more upon the "deep blue sea," threading our mysterious way over its ever restless, ever solemn depths.

SOUND AND GLARE.

'Tis not the voice of mighty storms
That rends the lofty sail;
The tap'ring masts yield not to sound—
Not to the wild wind's wail.

Were shrieking tongues her only foes,
The white-winged ship would ride,
Unshattered, with her freight of wealth,
The bosom of the tide.

'Tis not the voice of gadding shwre
That bars the flying dart,
But woman's deeds, unselfish, brave,
These move the stubborn heart.

'Tis not the glare of gilded purse
That rivals Nature's song ;
Harmonious voices sing unseen
Behind the glitt'ring throng.

The silent harp, unswept, unstrung,
Though framed with cost and care,
Can cheer no heart, can dry no tear—
A songless, soulless glare.

Beauty may please, but virtue wins
The truest love on earth.
The roughest shell yields rarest pearl—
Hard rock, the gold of worth.

DAISY'S MISSION.

HELL-ROARING BAR was neither a pretty nor euphonious name, nor a reverential one; but, considering the character of its dwellers, it was an exceedingly fitting one for the locality that bore it. A six months' residence there convinced me so thoroughly of this fact that I could not conscientiously have changed a single letter of the name, even had I possessed the power to do so. Not that it savored of sulphurous odors; not that the roarings of its apparent patron saint were ever heard echoing among the cañons that encompassed it; but for sinfulness, and wickedness, and riotous debauchery, it was peerless among all the mining camps I had ever visited in California.

I was sent there in the summer of 1853, by a San Francisco firm, to close out a business that was drifting into involuntary bankruptcy, and a long dusty ride found me there early in June of that year. A view of the camp from the mountain had not impressed me favorably with it, and a nearer acquaintance only confirmed that first impression; but, like a half-reluctant bridegroom, I had resolved to take it for "better or

worse," with but slight hope, however, that it would prove any better than it looked.

"Hello! deacon. What do *you* want in Hell-Roarin'? Preachers don't stand much show in these diggins. You aint wanted; better git!"

This was my greeting. I had just alighted from my mule, tired and out of humor, and felt half inclined to resent the brusque, unmannerly salutation, but did not. It was not a consciousness of the truth that quieted me, for my appearance was certainly slightly clerical. True, I had a perfect right to differ in opinion with the speaker, for of a verity this was just the place where preachers were wanted, and just the place they should stay; but, making no professions of godliness, I held my tongue for a moment. I looked up; a brawny and powerful figure confronted me, and I prudently held my temper. I replied blandly that I expected to remain there awhile, and suggested, with all meekness, that appearances were sometimes deceitful. Soon the Bar was agog with curiosity, and a crowd gathered. And such a crowd! Great broad-shouldered fellows, dirty and unshaved, deeply mark-

ed with chronic dissipation, whose every second word was an oath; striplings whose tongues were volubly impudent and early trained to blasphemy in imitation of their elders, gathered round, while I unsaddled my mule in so awkward a manner as to excite derision. These people weighed everything, like their gold-dust, in their own scales, and, measured by their standard, I was regarded as a worthless impostor. I had "store clothes" on, and this fact alone was too much for the fixed conventionalism of the Bar. Buckskin and gray flannel assumed a dignity in early times among the "honest miners" more unyielding, more exacting, than purple and fine linen. My "boiled shirt" was considered an infraction, and therefore the Bar was affronted. "Deacon" was echoed from mouth to mouth. Bets were offered and freely taken that I was a psalm-singer; a gambler, with a "dead thing," or "waxed keerds;" a lawyer; a doctor; anything but a horse-jockey, or a gentleman. Although nettled with the uncourteous reception, I could not afford to fall out with my new neighbors. Beating my dusty hat against my knee with a well-assumed swagger, I turned quietly, and asked if the Bar was dry? And the Bar *was* dry!

With a whoop, the crowd adjourned to the saloon—a rickety, clap-board institution, furnished with a few stools and rough tables—and the Bar drank—first with myself; then with Joe Miles, the proprietor; then with the bluff individual who had first accosted me. Pressing through the crowd, he held out his big, rough hand, and, taking mine, he led me forward with something of a triumphant air.

"Boys," he said, "I take it all back. This is my old skipper; came out with him from Boston in '49. He aint no preacher—he spends his money like a man, and don't whine. Anyone that don't like him can call on Bill Thorp.

That's me, boys! Let's take suthin'."

Finding that things had taken an unexpected turn, I immediately took advantage of the new situation. Thorp stood sponsor for me, and his emphatic assurance of my unpreacher-like character and proper disregard of the value of money put the Bar in good humor; so I explained my business, and hoped to deserve well of the boys. And I won the friendship of these people; not by pandering to their tastes or falling into their practices, but by minding my own business. While abstaining from rubbing against their prejudices, and scrupulously avoiding all interference with their pleasures, I sympathized with them in all their little troubles, and they respected me. The Bar, by day, did not seem to be a very bad or boisterous place; in working hours it indulged in a kind of feverish rest. But it was by night that it shone in the full glory of its appropriate name. Then it was that the vampires that sucked the blood of honest labor came forth. Short-card men, poker-sharps, monte-dealers, faro-dealers, and others of the fraternity, sneaked out to prey on the earnings of the day, and the Bar ran riot. It was then that great strong fellows, who were wearing out their lives in a daily conflict with Nature—tearing open the mountains and wrestling with the streams—that others might wear the gold they won, would gather round the gambling-tables, to "try their luck"—and this thing called "luck" in the early days was a strange thing. Existing on the superstition that is found in the composition of every man, in a greater or less degree, it was a phantom that haunted all classes, and entered into all human calculations. Luck shamed reason and set at naught all mathematical certainties, and, forgetting that a man's luck was much of his own making, it was followed with a persistent fatuity that led the feet of too many into bad and dangerous places. It was

the scapegoat for all sins and short-comings. It was the rock upon which were built the golden castles of the hopeful future; the shifting sand that carried away with it the unfruitful and disastrous past; the harvest whose sheaves of promise often yielded only bitterness and disappointment. In these tilts with fortune the Bar drank deep. If it was dry by day, it was unquenchable by night. If luck was with the boys, they drank, and dallied with it; if against them, they drank still deeper, and cursed it.

Altogether, the Bar was a wild and abandoned place; but attrition with these people taught me that there are solvents for even crystallized wickedness—that there is no cloud so dark as to be without a single streak of silver, no nature so rugged as to be impenetrable, or beyond the reach of humanizing influences.

I had been domesticated in my new home about a month, when a circumstance took place which seemed to change entirely the whole routine of Hell-Roaring. There was an arrival one morning, and the Bar throbbed with a new sensation: a quiet, unassuming lady—a Mrs. Hampton—and her little daughter, who sought rest and health in the mountains. Mrs. Hampton was widowed, but no one inquired into her history. She was welcomed as a new and strange element among so much wild, reckless life, that brought back memories of mother, or sister, or sweetheart far away, and the Bar was pleased. The boys christened the little daughter "Daisy," and she was well named. From this day a marked change took place. Everyone desired to be well thought of by the new-comers; dress became an object of solicitude; drunken yells rending the quiet night were less frequent; spirits of evil seemed to be quelled, and the Bar was on its good behavior.

Little Daisy was everywhere as a min-

istering angel. If there was a sick-bed in the camp, Daisy was beside it with the little luxuries that the hand of woman only knows how to prepare. If a poor fellow was about to "pan out" his few last sands of life, Daisy was there, to wet the parched lips, to fill the poor, neglected heart with hope, or to write the last message to loved ones over and beyond the plains. Quiet and unobtrusive, Daisy moved about in her ministrations. As she passed the saloon on her errands of mercy—her brown hair neatly folded over the pale forehead, her little basket of "goodies" on her arm, and a word and smile for every one—oaths half uttered would be choked back, and rough and brutal jests shrunk unspoken, as if ashamed in her presence. Even Oregon Sis—to whom a blush was a stranger—would hang her head silently when Daisy was near, and her eyes would swell—perhaps, poor thing! with looking back to the old days among the apple-blossoms, when she, too, was pure and innocent—at least, I thought so. Somehow, the Bar was not so dry as formerly; and Joe Miles, its ruling spirit, neglected his business, and said he was sick of whisky-selling. He laid aside a six-shooter, that, reports said, had served him only too well on more than one occasion, with the remark "that the Bar was so quiet now, it wan't no use to carry it." Joe was very particular now as to his personal appearance, dressing in the once despised "store clothes," and took to solitary rambling about the neighborhood. It was noticed if Daisy had occasion to pass along the dangerous trail through the cañon, Joe was there with his strong hand to guide her. If she crossed the foot-log over the turbulent stream, a steady arm was generally there to support her, and more than once Joe was found in earnest conversation with her, or reading the books with which she supplied him. Joe finally sold out the

saloon, and invested in a mining claim, which he was industriously working when I closed out my business and left the neighborhood.

I visited the Bar once again. Down the wild Sierra, by the same tortuous and rugged trail that I had traversed nearly two years before; winding among the same lordly pines, rich in fragrance and standing like sentinels in the mountain passes; through the same groves of laurel and manzanito, glistening like waves of emerald and silver in the noon-day sun, full-blossomed and wondrous in their beauty, I approached the Bar. The place seemed changed. A few little white cottages peeped out from among the rich oak foliage, spots of ground were under cultivation, and the hand of industry had been busy. The clapboarded saloon stood in the same old place just as I had first seen it, but its dilapidated condition showed that the institution was poorly patronized. A crowd had gathered near it—not such a crowd as in the olden time, but a sober and quiet one. Everyone looked anxious to tell me something, but no one spoke till I found my old friend Thorp. Taking my hand kindly, he led me aside, and for a moment was silent. “Well, Cap,” he said, earnestly, “things is rough on the Bar; they aint like they was when you left. She’s gone—that’s Daisy—and things aint gone right for some o’ the boys ever since. Yes, Cap, it *is* mighty rough!”

I asked where Daisy had removed to?

“O no, Cap, you don’t understand. The old woman, she went back to Sacramento—broken hearted, they said; but Daisy, she’s gone; called for, taken up among the stars where she belonged. We miss Daisy, Cap. She got round some o’ the boys, and she made them promise to knock off their grog; I haint touched it since, and I’ve saved a little. If she’d only staid, this thing wouldn’t ‘a’ happened. You see, Cap,” he con-

tinued, “here’s how it was: One o’ the boys got badly hurt in his drift across the creek, and one mornin’ Daisy started over to take him somethin’, and it was a-runnin’ bank full, and the log was slippery, and—well, we found Daisy a mile below, with her brown hair all tangled among the willows, and her blue eyes kind o’ pleadin’ for help; and we brought her back—poor thing! There wan’t a single drink taken on the Bar that day, Cap; it seemed to go agin the boys. And Oregon Sis—her that we all thought so bad—she combed out the tangled hair, and she knelt down and kissed Daisy, and went two miles a-foot up the meadows and got flowers and put them in the little blue hands, and—there’s where we laid her, Cap—up there, where you see them white pickets.”

For some time, the poor fellow could say no more, but sat with his face buried in his hands.

“And Joe?” I asked.

“Hush,” he said, pointing to the saloon, “Joe’s in there; his sand’s about panned down—shot, night afore last, in a row. Joe’s a-passin’ in his checks, sure! You see Joe went to the bad. He sat by the old foot-log, melancholy-like, and wandered up and down the creek, and no one could do anything with him, and he took to drink again; and the cussed temper come back, and he got to quarrelin’ with everybody. Night afore last, he got in a row with Portegeee John, in a poker game; they both drawed, but John was too quick for him, and Joe’s bad hurt. The doctor says he aint got no livin’ show. May be you’d like to see him, Cap.”

We went together into the room where the wounded man lay. The broken windows were darkened with blankets, and on a rough pallet we found the poor fellow, breathing heavily, and two of the boys fanning him tenderly as a mother would have done. The ashy face and

heavy drops of sweat that gathered on the forehead, told the unspeakable agony of the sufferer, and showed that, sure enough, Joe's sand was nearly run out, and he beyond all human leechcraft. We had not meant to disturb him, but his ear, quickened by pain, caught our stealthy footsteps, and, turning round, he recognized me.

"O, Cap," he said, "you have come at last. I knew she would send some one to talk to me, as she used to—to tell me about that blessed land where Christ lives—Him that she just made me understand a little, when she left us. And pray for me, Cap, and ask Daisy to forgive me for letting the devil come back, and for forgettin' all that she taught me. She told me, if I would only believe all she said, that I would go to a glorious land that was away beyond the stars. She's gone there, Cap, and I believe every word of it now. O, can you pray? She taught me, but I've most forgot how."

If ever I felt like praying, it was then. If ever I felt able to ask forgiveness for a poor, wayward, shattered soul, trembling on the brink of the Unknown,

about to be weighed in the balance of the Eternal, it was at that moment. Soon there was silence unbroken, save by a few smothered sobs among the bystanders; but a quiet, peaceful light rested on poor Joe's face. "Come close," he said, in a low tone, "I feel better, now; I know that I'm goin' to where she is, and somehow I don't feel so much pain. Tell the boys to lay me beside her; there's room enough, and then I can find the way to where she is. And, Cap," he whispered, as he reached his hand under the pillow and drew out two pictures, "put these on my heart, for they belong there; poor old mother and her—the only two that ever knew how to reach it. Write to mother how it was, and that if I did forget her, I never will again. When I'm gone, whisper to Daisy that I believed it all, every word of it; that I found the road at last, and am comin'. Yes, Cap, I'm goin' to Da...."

Poor Joe! the blessed seeds of light sown by the little Daisy, had taken root at last, and an unruly and turbulent spirit was at rest forever and forevermore.

NEW ZEALAND.

IN THREE PARTS. PART I.—ITS DAWN.

IN the year 1642, Anthony Van Diemen was Governor of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies. He had long believed in the existence of a great continent occupying all the Antarctic parallels of the Pacific Ocean. His native country represented the progressive spirit of that time, and he was anxious to add to its knowledge of maritime geography by ascertaining the truth of his theory. Abel Jansen Tasman was dispatched on this mission. After discov-

ering the land now called Tasmania, but first called Van Diemen's Land, in honor of his friend, he coursed eastward, and, in latitude $38^{\circ} 10'$ south and longitude $167^{\circ} 21'$ east, he again saw land. From the extreme length of the sea-board of the new land, Tasman was led to believe that he had discovered the great southern continent—the *terra incognita Australis*—which he at first called Staten Land, and afterward New Zealand.

For 127 years no notice was taken of this discovery. In 1769, Cook, in circumnavigating the world, visited the country, and drew the attention of his government to it. While Cook was still on the coast of New Zealand, a French ship, commanded by M. de Surville, arrived in those waters. A large number of the crew were sick, and De Surville landed them, and sought the assistance of the natives. The French were most hospitably received, and every attention was given to the sick men. This kindness was rewarded by an act of barbaric cruelty which laid the foundation of many future atrocious reprisals. M. de Surville, having missed one of his small boats, and suspecting that the natives had stolen it, invited one of the principal chiefs on board his vessel, and then treacherously imprisoned him. He also gave orders that the village which belonged to this chief should be burned to the ground. This was the very place where his men had been so kindly treated. He carried away the chief whom he had enticed on board his ship, but the captive died of a broken heart, and was buried thousands of miles from his island home.

At a subsequent period, the French court dispatched two ships to survey and report upon these islands. The expedition was commanded by M. Marion, who at once established intimate relations with the natives. But they, under a show of friendship, were all the time preparing for a terrible revenge. Within six weeks after their arrival, the French were on such terms with the natives as to disregard ordinary precautions; but in the seventh week, twelve men and four officers were seized, killed, and eaten by the natives, and the following day another party, which had been decoyed into the bush, was also set upon, and eleven out of twelve killed and eaten.

Captain Cook made a careful survey of the islands, and fixed their position as situated between latitude 34° and 47° south, and longitude 166° and 180° east. The group consisted of two large islands, divided by a narrow strait (eighteen miles in width), which has been named Cook's Strait, and a number of small islands of little importance. Tasman, in his report, describes the natives as "being of the middle stature, strong-boned, their color between brown and yellow, and their hair black, which they wore tied up on the crown of the head like the Japanese, each having a large white feather stuck in it." Their vessels were double canoes, fastened together by cross planks, on which they sat. When Cook visited New Zealand, he found that the natives could scarcely be considered in possession of the islands, for so little advantage had they taken of the natural fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate, that the great bulk of the country was still the uninvaded domain of Nature, and the Maories a mere handful of stragglers, wandering about its outskirts. They had no arts nor manufactures, no commerce, no trades nor professions, and no coin or other circulating medium. The country was a wilderness of swamp and woodland, entirely unused, except in a few patches by the sea-side or along the courses of rivers. Their villages were groups of hovels that dotted the earth like so many mole-hills, hardly affording a shelter from the weather. There was a wild unsettledness in the very expression of their countenances which assimilated them to a troop of predacious animals. They had in most cases a profusion of fantastic decorations painted or tattooed upon their bodies, while clusters of baubles dangling around them, combined with colored earth, grease, filth, and vermin, presented the spectacle of barbaric man in his lowest condition; their food shark

or human flesh; their habits filthy. They were unclean in word, thought, and deed. This was the position in which Tasman found them, and, a hundred and twenty-seven years later, Cook gives the same report. During a century and a quarter they had made no progress of any kind.

And yet this people were gifted with a high intellectual capacity; they were keen, shrewd observers, and were brave and warlike to temerity. War was their business, their pleasure. They lived for war, and when they could no longer fight they longed for death. Out of this material the lovers of humanity thought a great race might be produced; they believed that if the natives of New Zealand could only be induced to adopt civilization, the history of many other nations might be repeated in theirs. They looked for a parallel case, and thought they found it in Gibbon's *Roman Empire*. Describing the progress of the Romans in Britain, the historian observes: "The hostile tribes of the north, who detested the pride and power of the king of the world, suspended their domestic feuds; and the barbarians of the land and sea—the Scots, the Picts, and the Saxons—spread themselves with rapid and irresistible fury from the walls of Antoninus to the shores of Kent. Their southern neighbors have exaggerated the cruel depredations of the Picts and Scots; and a valiant tribe of Caledonia—the Attacotti—the enemies and afterward the soldiers of Valentinian, are accused by an eye-witness of delighting in the taste of human flesh. When they hunted the woods for prey, it is said that they attacked the shepherd rather than his flock, and that they curiously selected the most delicate and brawny parts of both males and females, which they prepared for their horrid repasts. If in the neighborhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow a race of cannibals has really ex-

isted, we may contemplate in the period of Scottish history the opposite extremes of savage and civilized life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the pleasing hope that New Zealand may produce in some future age the Hume of the southern hemisphere."

Nearly a century after the almost prophetic utterance of the great historian, the descendants of the cannibals of Caledonia were hastening from the shores of the Clyde to carry to the cannibals of New Zealand the wonders of European art and the blessings of civilization.

Long before Britain thought of colonizing the southern isles, its desirability was pointed out to the people of England by one of America's foremost men—the great Franklin. When Captain Cook returned from his visit to New Zealand, Franklin was in England (1771), and that great statesman and herald of progress saw, through the mists of doubt and superstition which then enveloped Europe, the great advantage of establishing in the southern seas an outpost of civilization, from which should go forth to Asia and the isles of the Pacific the principles of true freedom. He drew up a series of propositions having for their object the civilizing of the Maori, and the settlement of an advanced guard of the Anglo-Saxon in the stronghold of cannibalism and savagery. He submitted these proposals to the English nation. One of them was, that a vessel should at once be dispatched, filled with all that would improve and humanize the native, and, by setting his sluggish mind in motion, create a desire to be united with a progressive people. With that large-heartedness that ever characterized him, he offered his own purse as a contribution to the enterprise, remarking, as he did so, "that in the dark ages of the past, Britain produced only *sloes*, and that the same laws being in operation that had produced the Britain

of the eighteenth century, would raise New Zealand to an equally exalted position."

The first White inhabitants of New Zealand were the outcasts of society—men who had made their previous habitations too hot for their comfort, runaway convicts from New South Wales, sailors who had abandoned their ships, and wild, lawless adventurers from many lands. There was a small sprinkling of honest adventurers, and true seekers of the romantic, but their number was too small to exercise any restraining influence upon the others. And thus, at the very first introduction of the White race civilization was burlesqued—worse, vitiated—in the lives and characters of its outcasts. Most of these early settlers became *pakeha*-Maories—that is, they lived as Maories—and, in many instances, outran the natives in acts of vice and profligacy. The Bay of Islands and Hawkes' Bay were the homes of these settlers, and the influence they exercised on the native mind has never been thoroughly eradicated.

The first and second attempt to colonize New Zealand miscarried. The earliest effort was in 1825, the second in 1836. Both enterprises were abandoned in consequence of the opposition of the English Government. In 1839, however, the New Zealand Company was formed, and, the government no longer opposing, a large tract of land was purchased from the natives in the district now known as Wellington. The principal purchase was in the vicinity of Port Nicholson, and the port itself. In this purchase, the interests of the natives were conserved by a reserve on their account of one-tenth of the lands purchased. Within a year of the formation of the company, between eleven and twelve hundred settlers were in occupation of their lands on both sides of Cook's Strait. The majority of these settlers were laborers—strong, healthy, moral

men—but the wealth and intellect of England was also fairly represented.

Captain Hobson received instructions from the English Government to proceed to New Zealand to treat with the chiefs for a cession of a part of their territory to the Crown of England. The government, in taking this step, relinquished all claim on the ground of discovery and occupation, and thus threw open the country to all European powers who might choose to form colonies in it. France had long desired to possess the islands, and, taking advantage of the tacit abandonment of her rights by England, immediately sent out a transport to take possession of the southern island in the name of Louis Philippe. They were just twenty-two days too late; for Captain Hobson, hearing of the expedition, without waiting for instructions from his government, proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty over all the islands. But this bold measure was disapproved of by the government, and Captain Hobson would have been recalled and reprimanded, but for the pressure brought to bear upon the ministers by a mass meeting of the people of London, who had no wish to see their fellow-subjects in New Zealand placed under the control of a foreign power.

In 1840, New Zealand became substantially a British colony, and British rule was introduced. This was accomplished not by force of arms, but by an amicable and honorable treaty with the native chiefs. This treaty is known in the history of New Zealand as the Treaty of Waitangi. The settlement of Wellington was immediately followed by a similar settlement in Nelson, a port on the opposite side of the strait, and the most northern port of the south island. Captain Hobson selected the harbor of Waitemata, on the Frith of the Thames, as the seat of his government, and there built the city of Auckland. In later years, settlements were made in Otago,

Canterbury, and New Plymouth, and from these centres the circles of civilization were extended.

In 1809, a ship named the *Boyd* called at Wangaroa, a harbor in the north island, to land some natives who had been visiting the settlements in New South Wales. They were working their way back as sailors, and among their number was a boy called George, but whose native name was Tarra. During the voyage he had been punished for neglect of duty, and had resolved to be revenged when the vessel should come to anchor in the waters of his tribe. Roused by the story of Tarra, the tribe surrounded the first party that landed, and murdered them. The men had gone ashore to cut fire-wood, and were within the bush when the natives came upon them and killed them. They stripped the murdered men, dressed themselves in their clothing, took their boats, and at dusk pulled alongside the ship, clambered on deck, and instantly commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children, leaving none alive except one woman, two children, and the cabin boy. They thus butchered sixty-seven Europeans to revenge a slight and well-deserved punishment given to a boy. Having murdered all on board, they plundered the ship and then set fire to her.

About this time, the Church Missionary Society was moved, by the representations of Mr. Marsden, the senior chaplain of Australia, to send out missionary laborers to reclaim these southern heathen. They had arrived at Port Jackson (Sydney), when the news of the massacre reached them, and it was not until 1814 that it was thought prudent to attempt the work of Christianizing the Maories. The first missionaries landed in the Bay of Islands, and selected the village of Rangihu as the scene of their earliest labors.

On their arrival, they purchased two

hundred acres of land as a site for their homes, and for schools, churches, and native buildings. The party consisted of Mr. Marsden, and Messrs. Kendall, Hall, and King, their wives, several mechanics, Hongi—the great native chief, who had been on a visit to Sydney—and Ruatara, another native. They brought with them a few sheep and cattle. They were welcomed at the Bay of Islands as Hongi's friends, and near that chief's residence hoisted a white flag, on which were painted a cross, a dove, an olive-branch, and the word "*Rongopai*," or "good tidings."

This party was followed by another, and, in 1819, a station was formed at Kerikeri. In 1822, the Wesleyans established a mission at Wangaroa, but were driven from it in 1827, and subsequently settled at Hokiangi. The church missions were extended to Paihia, Waimate, and Kaitaia. In 1832, the mission established at Rangihu was removed to Te Punna. At later periods, stations were formed on the Thames and Waipa rivers, and at Tauranga, Rotorua, Kawhia, and Whaingaroa. All these mission settlements were in the north islands. In the year 1839, the missionaries carried their labors to Cook's Strait and the middle islands. The Roman Catholic mission was established in 1836.

The rise of Christianity in New Zealand was long delayed, and six years after their arrival the missionaries could not boast of one convert. At the end of fifteen years, one of the greatest missionary bodies in the world—the Wesleyans—thought of retiring from the field altogether, in consequence of the general failure of missions.

But when the teachings of Christianity were accepted, the new doctrines spread rapidly, and churches were the growth of a day; and in 1838, the missionaries were everywhere rejoicing. Churches and schools were multiplied

throughout the land, and the natives generally abandoned the superstitions of their ancestors. Cannibalism and many other cruelties disappeared, and the Maori put on the garb of the Christian religion, in most instances, as he exchanged his flax mat for a new clean blanket. The conversion, when it did come, was too sudden and too general to be of lasting value. Subsequent events proved that the imagination had grasped the novelty of change and little more; nevertheless, the missionaries were the pioneers of civilization, and suffered much and long in the effort to improve the native race.

They committed one grave mistake in their effort to erect a barrier between the native and the settler. They forgot that, regarding civilization as the great design of the Creator, Christianity itself was an outgrowth of civilization; and they sought in vain to convert to Christianity the untutored savage, without the intervention of civilization. By giving the natives a written barbarous language, they stultified themselves and threw obstacles in the pathway of religion itself. For in time the natives began to suspect that the missionaries were not influenced by the purest motives in their desire to keep them from all connection with the colonists.

Notwithstanding their errors and mistakes, the missionaries of New Zealand have earned the respect and sympathy of all true men, and have done great things, perhaps unconsciously, in furtherance of the grand scheme, which is to result in universal knowledge.

The New Zealanders worshiped no Supreme Being, but regarded heaven and earth as individual existences. The following is their theory of the creation of the world, as translated by Dr. Shortland, an eminent Maori linguist:

"In the beginning was 'the Night.' The 'Night' begot the 'Light.' The 'Light' begot the 'Light standing long.' The 'Light long standing' begot

'Nothingness.' The 'Nothingness' begot 'Nothingness the possessed.' The 'Nothingness the possessed' begot 'Nothingness the made excellent.' The 'Nothingness the made excellent' begot 'Nothingness the fast bound.' The 'Nothingness the fast bound' begot 'Nothingness the first.' The 'Nothingness the first' begot 'Moisture.' 'Moisture' married the 'Straight, the Vast, the Clear;' and their progeny was 'Rangi,' the heaven, and 'Papa,' the earth."

Rangi and Papa begot six children. These were, Tumatauenga, the god and father of men and war; Hamuiatikitiki, god of the uncultivated food of men; Tangaroa, the god and father of fish and reptiles; Tawheri-ma-tea, the god of winds and storms; Rongomatane, the god and father of cultivated food and men; and Tane Mahuto, the god of forests and birds.

All these children, except the god of winds and storms, conspired against their parents. Rangi, or heaven, was pushed upward; Papa, or the earth, downward. Then Tawheri-ma-tea, the god of winds and storms, declared war against his unnatural brothers for this act, and sent rain, hurricanes, and whirlwinds upon the earth.

Tangaroa, the god of fish, fled to the sea; the gods of food buried themselves in the earth; the god of forests was torn up; and the god of men stood alone unconquered.

Enraged at his brothers for deserting him, the god of men made war upon them, seized and ate them. The only enemy Tumatauenga had left, was the god of winds and storms, and the battle is still raging between them. These gods were called *Atua*, and to them the natives addressed their prayers. There are no grounds for believing that the Maories ever worshiped images of their gods, nor have they any word in their language signifying idol. The Maories believed that Hawaiki—the place from which tradition says they originally came, and their world—was pushed up by Maui (their Adam), the first man, who employed three months in raising

the land into a fixed position. Maui gave his spirit to a pigeon, which flew to heaven with a line in its beak, and assisted in elevating the land out of the water; then Maui tied the sun to the earth with ropes, which are now the sun's rays. As he could not prevent the sun going down, he tied it to the moon, and from this cause it results that when the sun sets, the moon is pulled up at the other side of the earth.

They also believed that several great chiefs after death became deified, and that it is their province to punish evil-doers in this world; these were Maui, Nenuku, and Tawhaki. Nenuku's voice was thunder, his residence the rainbow. Tawhaki was famed for his courage and beauty, and while yet on earth a maiden from heaven came down and lived with him; on the birth of a child the woman fled with the infant back to heaven.

Tawhaki ascended to heaven on a spider's web, in pursuit of his wife and child, where he still lives; and men worship him. A spell was chanted during his ascent, beginning:

"Ascend, Tawhaki, to the first heaven, let the fair sky consent."

and so on, until the tenth heaven was reached—the chant ending thus:

"Cling, cling like the lizard to the ceiling: stick, stick close to the side of heaven."

The natives believed in the Pythagorean idea of the transmigration of souls, and thought that their deified ancestors entered the bodies of lizards, spiders, and birds. Their priests were selected from their noblest families, and were held in high veneration. They had neither temples, stated festivals, nor sacred days. But they had many ceremonies and superstitions; they cursed and removed the effects of curses in a very orthodox fashion. Some of them were adepts in the ventriloquist's art, and by its use gained great fame and celebrity among their people.

The ceremony of baptism was a very

interesting one, and was named *Iriiri* or *Rohi*. Before a child was a month old, its head was adorned with feathers, and all the family greenstones (ornaments worn in the ear and at the throat, as amulets) hung about it; it was rolled up in a mat, and carried to the side of a stream. Here the mother delivered the child into the hands of the priest, who, raising it in his arms and looking steadily in its face, chanted:

"Wait till I pronounce your name.
What is your name?
Listen to your name.
This is your name:
Wai kui Manucane."

The priest would continue naming a long list of the child's ancestors, and when it sneezed or cried, the name then being uttered was given to it. The priest then sung (if a male):

"Let this child be strong to grasp the battle-axe,
To grasp the spear;
Strong in strife,
Foremost in the charge,
First in the breach;
Strong to grapple with the foe,
To climb lofty mountains,
To contend with raging waves.
May he be industrious in cultivating the ground,
In building large houses,
In constructing canoes suited for war,
In netting nets."

If a female child, he sung:

"May she be industrious in cultivating the ground,
In searching for shell - fish,
In weaving garments,
In weaving ornamental mats.
May she be strong to carry burdens."

Then the priest sprinkled over the child water shaken out of the branches of trees, or he immersed it in the river.

Their war - songs, and especially their taunts of the enemy, were very effective. We quote one:

"When will your valor begin to rage?
When will your valor be strong?
Ah! when the tide murmurs—
Ah! when the tide roars—
Bid farewell to your children,
What else can you do?
You see how the brave,
Like the lofty, exulting peaks of the mountains,
Are coming on.
They yield! They yield! O fame!"

Both before and after the advent of Europeans in New Zealand, the natives were constantly engaged in war. War was their business, their pleasure, the passion of their lives. An insult of the mildest character, given by one chief to another, often led to war, in which thousands of natives were slain. It was the custom of the conquerors to enslave the conquered—at least such portion of them as escaped the oven. The first conflict with the settlers took place at Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands, and resulted in the destruction of that settlement. The natives, under the celebrated chief, Heke, were successful, and drove the settlers to the ships lying in the harbor, and then burned the town. Shortly before this event, troops had been dispatched from Sydney. From 1845, there were frequent quarrels between the troops and the natives, all arising out of one great cause (embracing several smaller ones). The inherent love of fighting which every native possessed, and the feeling that their country was passing away from them; the injudicious conduct of governors; the improper interference of the clergy, and the natural disinclination on the part of White men to amalgamate with colored races, has kept the Europeans and Maories as separate and distinct from each other as if dwelling in different lands. The proud, haughty native chief looked down upon the White man who toiled and worked as only his slaves did; while the British toiler looked upon the Maori's pretense to dignity as little better than a farce, and treated it as such. A chief whose only clothing, a mat, was not sufficient to protect him from the vermin which found a comfortable home about his per-

son, could scarcely excite the respect of Europeans. Then the savage nature of their crimes, the horrid practice of mutilating, rendered them abominable in the eyes of the Whites.

The natives of New Zealand care nothing for life; they have no dread of the future, and never fear to die. They put no value on human life, and are ready at any time to sacrifice their own or their enemies' in pursuit of some favorite scheme. During the first ten years of occupation by the British, the natives had parted with large quantities of land; the bulk of these purchases were fair and honorable, but there had been transactions in connection with which it was advanced that the natives had been imposed upon. It may have been so, but these transactions took place before the British flag was hoisted in New Zealand, and the treaty of Waitangi signed, which ceded the sovereignty of the land to Britain. From the time that Captain Hobson was appointed governor, in 1840, to the present day, every transaction with the natives was in their favor, and frequently and unjustly the native interests were conserved at the expense of the settler.

The establishment of colonization companies in England led to a large influx of people into New Zealand. As the natives saw them landing, they wanted to know if the whole English nation was coming to their country. They began now to repent having parted with their lands, and leagues were formed in different parts of the country to prevent by force any further sales of land to the government. Out of these leagues have arisen all the wars that have cost New Zealand so much blood and treasure.

INFLUENCE OF PARKS AND PLEASURE-GROUNDS.*

ALTHOUGH extended observation and systematic arrangement of natural phenomena have, of late years, supplied the data for great advance in meteorological science, the measure of man's ability to moderate climate, and, to what extent such modifications will influence the mental, moral, and physical condition of their originator, will perhaps forever remain questions for further investigation and continued dispute. Nevertheless, there now remains little doubt but that man may, and does, in a great degree, mold the apparently natural surroundings of his home. He is the great disturber of natural laws; for, although the individual human may bear as small a proportion to the ends attained as the microscopic polyp to the coral formations of the ocean, yet, as many generations of these countless little beings have built up such monuments, so have the oft-succeeding generations of man gradually wrought changes upon the face of Nature, proportionately marked and important. Unfortunately the preponderance of influence exerted by him has had the effect of destroying in a measure the pristine balance of physical nature; for he has found it in this case more profitable and less laborious to tear down than to rebuild her essential monuments.

Thus, no great difficulty is encountered in changing a moist atmosphere to one of less humidity—the clearing of forests and draining of lands effect this, under certain conditions—and an acknowledged advantage is immediately derived; but when the other extreme is approached, far greater obstacles are en-

countered, in checking the ebbing flow of Nature's current, and restoring the balance, while the benefits accruing therefrom are long deferred.

Vast areas of the earth's surface have been stripped of the natural forest clothing through the medium of the axe and fire-brand in the hands of man, who, thus removing a most potent element in the problems of evaporation and precipitation, has caused great irregularity in the rain-fall of these districts, resulting in alternate drought and flood, and the formation of arid deserts or denuded wastes of the primitive rock. Our earth is not becoming ameliorated and better fitted for the habitation of the human race, except in so far as that race directly undertakes works of improvement with a view to such amelioration. The more direct wants of man are supplied by the most direct tax upon Nature; and, unless there be some compensation and systematic effort made to restore her disturbed harmonies, there is a constant balance of drain upon her resources, and increased disturbance of her laws. Does he want wood: forests, which he takes no pains to restore, are annihilated, with the results just mentioned. There is a demand for lands: when swamps and marshes are diked and reclaimed, with scarcely a thought as to the influence these works may have upon adjacent river-channels and harbors. Water is required for some large city, and forthwith an area many times as great is robbed of its rivulets and brooks—and its fertility—to supply the demand, and the consequences not seriously considered. Crop after crop is gathered from the soil, and the poor return even which the chaff and straw

*From the Biennial Report of the Engineer of the Golden Gate Park, for term ending Nov. 30th, 1873.

might yield is denied, because its proper preparation and distribution necessitate labor. All such works are productive of apparent benefits, leading to grand results; but only when systems of compensation, direct or indirect, calculated to counterbalance the baleful results indicated, are adopted, may they be said to be properly devised and regulated. Happily, many of the great works, having an appreciably direct influence upon his surroundings, which man has found profitable to undertake, although disturbing the counterpoise of Nature's laws to an extent which causes an ultimate reaction upon his commercial welfare, exert a direct salutary influence upon his individual well-being—physically, morally, and mentally; while others, laden with these latter benefits, bear with them also some compensation to Nature for his thoughtless calls upon her.

Great tracts of barren sands, which had, year by year, advanced upon the smiling plains of France, or spread desolation over portions of Denmark, Holland, and Prussia, have been converted into productive meadows and thriving forests; while, at the same time, the driving winds, which, as though not rude enough in themselves, transported the seeds of pestilential fevers—gathered in their course across the marshes of the sands—upon the inhabitants of the adjacent districts, have been in a great measure checked, and the fountain-heads of the miasma itself eliminated. In a material, though less appreciable degree, from the greater difficulty of arriving at correct results, the careful improvement of extensive tracts as farming land or rural parks has influenced the sanitary condition of the inhabitants of their neighborhood; while the great benefits derived in this respect, with their consequent mental bearing and marked moral influence, from the building of large urban pleasure-grounds, is now generally recognized.

Parks have frequently been spoken of as the lungs of cities, or, as the lamented Downing so poetically designates them, "green oases in the arid deserts of business and dissipation, for the refreshment of the city's soul and body." Primarily, they are intended to provide the best practicable means for healthful recreation for people of all classes, and the influence which they thus exert upon society can scarcely be overestimated. With drives and rides for the rich, and pleasant rambles for the poor; quiet retreats for those who would be to themselves, and thronged promenades for the gaily disposed; sheltered nooks for invalids, and open grounds for lovers of boisterous sports; tracts adapted to the special wants of children, and arranged to insure their comfort and welfare—the modern urban park is, indeed, the municipality's open-air assembly-room, acceptable alike to all, and pleasing to each of her citizens. With the promotion of facility for any of man's habits, which in the rude state have afforded him even the most moderate amount of pleasure, his desire for their enjoyment increases in a rapidly augmenting measure; he finds new features of interest and elements of attraction in that which, under less propitious circumstances, would be little more than tolerable. But when these incidents of convenience are accompanied by surroundings of absolute luxury, the charm reaches its height, and the enjoyment of that particular custom is likely to be complete in the individual and popular with the mass.

The charm of a drive or ride is greatly enhanced by smooth and elastic roads, but reaches its fullness when these roads lead through varied scenes of interest and ennobling influence, under favorable climatic conditions. Pedestrianism, so much neglected by Americans, is invested with renewed interest by the creation of pleasant paths amid agreeable and diversified surroundings, and receives an

impulse in popular favor. Thus, as facilities for these health-giving exercises are increased, the pleasure derived from them becomes more appreciated, their use greatly augmented. Parks are directly influential in promoting enjoyment and popularizing healthful recreation, thus exerting an important bearing upon the sanitary condition of their frequenters; and, as a perfect state of mental action depends, in a great measure, upon a healthy physical constitution, their influence upon the mind through the same channel is scarcely less to be appreciated, though this organism receives its greatest benefit from the quieting and salutary effect of the surroundings of the visitor, in contrast with the rush and turmoil of urban life.

Public opinion is fast coming to the conclusion that the acts of the criminal are directly attributable to the shortcomings of society at large, as responsible for the state of things necessary for his development, and the circumstances under which his crimes are committed. He is regarded as society's moral failure. The extension of rational enjoyment, with guiding discipline, is now regarded as the great preventive of vice and crime. Assuming these grounds to be well taken, whatever facilitates such innocent amusement, and provides the most refining and salutary pleasures for the gratification of all, must exert a potent influence upon the moral condition of society. The accepted city park of the day, with its auxiliary features of art and science, consequently may lay just claim to credit as a great moral reformer. Nor are these all the respects wherein the effect of public works of this nature may be proved beneficial to mankind. As cultivators of public taste and auxiliaries to the great educational system of the country, their influence is scarcely less appreciable. No one can visit a tastefully and judiciously improved ground without being impressed by

a general idea of the fitness of things as there arranged, and perhaps a correct appreciation of some well-devised detail of its construction, which in after life will serve as his model or standard for such works.

Some classes of park scenery are fitting settings for works of art, such as statues, monuments, and architectural decoration. These, carefully selected and executed, can not fail to educate the popular taste to a standard of excellence otherwise hardly attainable. And again, what more suitable place for the location of studies in natural history—botany, including horticulture, floriculture, and arboriculture, exemplified in the conservatory, greenhouse, and the grounds at large—zoölogy, in a quarter properly designed therefor—meteorology, for the observations required in which study no better locality can be selected near a large city than upon its park reservation—all here contribute to the entertainment of the visitor, and sensibly exert a potent influence upon his understanding and appreciation of Nature.

With the philanthropic and patriotic impulse which now prompts the movement toward universal education of the head, should go a just conception of the importance of guiding the emotions, and regulating the habits of members of society. And thus it is conceded to be the duty of every wealthy community to foster such elements of refining influence as will tend toward a cultivation of the feelings of its least favored members. It may be difficult for the unobserving resident of a country home—and the majority of such are oblivious to the blessings of their situation—to appreciate the influence of the broad and simple lines of natural scenery upon the mental and moral condition of humanity, and thus how the establishment of a rural park, within easy reach of the crowded lanes and courts of a great city,

may be regarded as "a most intelligent, philanthropic, and patriotic enterprise." But the dwellers in such large communities are beginning now fully to recognize the importance of these institutions, and nearly all the great cities of the Atlantic States are establishing most complete and finished pleasure-grounds. Fortunately for the onward movement, these enterprises are found to pay—to yield to the city a direct moneyed return on her investment. It is manifestly to the interest of a municipality to create attractions which shall influence those who have acquired wealth to remain within her limits; to build in the city their homes, and not only invest in her enterprises, but expend the profits derived therefrom among her people.

The improvement of pleasure-grounds and *boulevards* has contributed largely toward making several European cities, Paris particularly, the centres of independent wealth. The great metropolitan towns of the Atlantic States are vying with each other in the creation of attractions calculated to keep their wealthy population at home; and it is found that parks, of all public improvements, exert the most influence to this end, while also working out the other beneficial results before noticed.

When a fortune has been amassed, an independence attained, its possessor looks about for a luxurious home; and, although his desire for adventure may induce a temporary absence upon a foreign tour, the associations of years will prompt a wish to return and live where his victory has been won, and if that place offers the inducements of a well-constructed modern city, there he will most likely settle. A public park, while to the poor a free place of resort, necessitating no expense for its enjoyment, presents to the wealthy an opportunity, and thus becomes the cause, for the gratification of luxurious and expensive pleasures. The building of elegant man-

sions and grounds in its neighborhood by people who, without such inducement, would seek homes in some rural locality, adds largely to the taxable property of the city, and affords the greater amount of employment to the artisan from the more expensive character of the structures; while the maintenance of such establishments, with their concomitants of luxury, goes toward enriching the small manufacturer, the mechanic, tradesman, and laboring classes. And thus, too, the advance in value of unoccupied lands situated adjacent to such improvements, while yielding an immediate revenue to the municipality in augmented tax returns, is not at the expense of other portions of the city, but is due, in a great measure, to the retention of a population, which, without the inducements of the improvement, would not remain in the city.

If the owners of these lands are apparently benefited by such increase in value of their real estate, it is to be remembered that this brings with it an immediate increase of taxation, which goes to pay the interest on the money expended for the park improvement; while the principal is charged, by the issue of long-term bonds, to after generations, who, holding the property in smaller tracts, at greatly advanced valuations, and reaping the full benefits of the fully matured pleasure-ground, will gladly pay it, and there is found the direct blessing of the park itself to the entire municipality, as well as a present reflected benefit to the holders of real estate in all its quarters. No more striking examples of the effects ascribed to public improvements of this class can be cited than those presented by the cities of New York and Brooklyn. The former may be regarded as the cradle of the more modern park architecture, and Downing, Kingsland, and Olmsted, as its progenitors.

Mr. Downing wrote, in 1850: "Is

New York really not rich enough, or is there absolutely not land enough in America to give our citizens public parks of more than ten acres?"—showing how little the people of Gotham at that date appreciated the idea of a grand city pleasure-ground.

In 1856, the work of improving Central Park was commenced, after a bitter discussion, which had been prolonged through a series of years, over the advisability of withdrawing so much land (about 770 acres, then) from that available for the commercial purposes of the future, and the expenditure of so great a sum of money (then estimated at \$1,000,000) for its improvement, as a pleasure-ground. The Hon. Mayor, Ambrose C. Kingsland, fortunately, was of the opinion that, for the very reason that commerce would soon demand the entire area of the island, a large tract should be immediately reserved from its grasp; and he predicted, in 1851, that "the establishment of such a park would prove a lasting monument to the wisdom, sagacity, and forethought of its founders, and would secure the gratitude of thousands yet unborn, for the blessing of pure air and the opportunity for innocent and healthful amusement."—(*Special Message, April 5th, 1851.*)

Several extracts from the report of a special committee of the New York State Senate, under date of January 25th, 1861, will best show, in a few words, the progress of the park movement. The committee say, of the financial bearing of the park improvement upon the city: "Although the committee do not think proper for municipal corporations to purchase lands on speculation, yet it can not be concealed that the Central Park has been, and will be, in a merely pecuniary point of view, one of the wisest and most fortunate measures ever undertaken by the city of New York."

Of other influences of the great work,

they say: "The general benefits accruing to property in the city by the park are not easily estimated in dollars and cents. They are found in the opportunity afforded by the park for recreation, in its sanitary benefits, and in the inducements to persons of wealth and leisure, from all parts of the world, to make the metropolis the place of their residence, and as a source of refined enjoyment for the whole population of the city."

And again, to further trace the development of these influences, it appears—from the annual Report of the Commissioners of Central Park—dated January 1st, 1867; being after the tenth year of the park improvement—that, "the increased tax valuation of property in the three wards [12th, 19th, and 22d, adjoining Central Park], from 1856 to 1866, was \$53,640,830. The rate of tax for the year 1866 was 2.30, yielding on the increased valuation, above stated, an increased revenue of \$1,233,739.55."

The total expenditure for construction from May 1st, 1857, to January 1st, 1867, was.....	\$4,986,035 05
The cost of land of the park to the city was...	5,028,844 10
Total cost of park to that date.....	<u>\$10,014,879 15</u>
The annual interest on which—some at five and some at six per cent.—amounted to.....	\$596,899 75
Which, taken from the increased amount of revenue from taxation...	<u>1,233,739 55</u>
Yields as net income to the city, for the year...	<u>\$636,839 80</u>

And the President of that Commission, in his report dated August 21st, 1872, says: "The outlay on the park is chiefly an investment for future genera-

tions. . . . The value returnable for the outlay will correspond with the enhancement in value of life which results to those living in the city. . . . Up to the present time, former estimates appear. . . to be fairly sustained, and the financial condition of the city continues to be the better for all it has expended and is expending on the park. . . . The excess of the increased tax revenue in these three wards, alone, for this year, over interest on the cost of lands and improvements [Central Park], is \$2,726,595.97."

The prophecy of Mayor Kingsland has been, if possible, more than verified. The people of New York look upon their park as a blessing cheaply purchased, though it had cost, up to January, 1872, a total of \$12,448,623.50 (\$5,028,844.10 for the land, and \$7,419,798.40 for construction), besides about \$2,750,000 for the maintenance of the park itself, and over \$500,000 for the structures for and maintenance of its scientific accessories.

Previous to the commencement of operations upon the New York Central Park, Brooklyn had, from the more rural character of its suburbs, claimed the palm as the most attractive city to the independent classes. Observe an extract from an appendix to the report of the Brooklyn Park Commissioners for the year 1868—being a *resumé* of the history of Prospect Park in Brooklyn, from the pen of Mr. Olmsted, the accomplished landscape engineer: "New York had fairly established [1865] the superior advantages of a concentrated capital in the production of a comprehensive, well-equipped, and well-kept park, adapted to draw together all classes of the community from every part of a great city. It had also begun to be realized that as long as Brooklyn offered nothing of the character of the New York park, it must expect to fall rapidly into the background as a competitor in providing attractive sites for the resi-

dence of a large tax-paying class of citizens."

The increased tax revenue to the city of Brooklyn, generally attributable to the enhancement of values by the improvement of Prospect Park, is even more decided than in the case of the New York work, and greatly exceeds the interest on the money expended for the lands and improvement, as may be seen in the reports of the Commission having it in charge.

Each of these great works was intrusted to the management of a Commission, the members of which served gratuitously, and executed their trusts in the most judicious and honorable manner, to which cause may be ascribed a great part of the collateral benefits derived, as well as the success of the enterprises themselves. It may be said with truth, that the rapid advance in price of lands, adjacent to the park improvements, is not altogether due to such works, but also to the naturally increased demand for residence property in a growing town. But it is generally conceded, in cities where such improvements have recently been made, that the proportion of effect which can be ascribed to this cause is to an amount which renders such urban adornments the best paying public improvements. The erection of a large and elegant building for municipal purposes may increase the demand for business property in its neighborhood, but, possibly, at the expense of a correspondingly decreased demand in other quarters. It certainly does not create permanent business, nor will it serve to retain in the city, as a park does, any portion of a population who have attained independence sufficient to select homes.

It may, also, be said that the climatic conditions of San Francisco are such as to render unattainable some of the most important elements in a park, and do away with much of the necessity for

a pleasure-ground which makes those of eastern cities most acceptable. Let it be remembered that in lieu of those features in other parks which can not be adopted here, there is a long repertory of most interesting subjects to choose other attractions from, which may not be brought together in any other park in the world. Furthermore, if San Francisco has not the oppressive weather of summer to render the cooling shades and breezes of a park peculiarly refreshing and beneficial, her citizens are subjected to chilling winds and fogs, the effects of which should be decreased, if possible, and clouds of flying dust, from which some escape should be provided.

It is continually asserted that this is a most invigorating climate in which to live out-of-doors—if one can stand it. Clearly there is something to be withstood, accompanying the bracing elements of the atmosphere, and it is generally conceded that the faults of the climate, above alluded to, go far toward making up the sum total of this deleterious influence. Acknowledging the obligation of every municipality to guard the interests of its citizens, by instituting proper sanitary regulations, and providing the opportunity for innocent recreation, there is probably no large city in the United States which is so strongly called upon to essay some decided steps toward these ends, for the summer months, as San Francisco. There is certainly none where a properly devised park may do so much in the way of their accomplishment. A full appreciation of this depends upon a clear understanding of the nature of park improvements and the use thereof, with a conception of the extent to which local effects of climatic influences may be modified.

Out-of-door improvements, coming under the heads of landscape engineering, ornamental architecture, and gar-

dening, have ever been governed by the more effective phenomena which have entered into the composition of the several climates under which such works have been prosecuted; and, planned with the view of contributing to convenience, comfort, and enjoyment in pursuit of the peculiar customs, made most acceptable by such climatic influences.

Under the burning sun of Persian skies, the principal features of the garden have always been the straight and shaded avenue, in whose centre a rippling stream or placid canal gave seeming as well as veritable coolness to the atmosphere, thus invited to move along its course; the sparkling fountain, or agitated pool, surrounded and overhung by gay and highly perfumed flowers and shrubs—all contributing to the luxurious repose of the habitant, who, in deeper shade near by, drowsed the sultry hours away.

The Italian gardens are rich and elegant combinations of ornate architecture and ornamental shrubbery, arranged upon rectilinear ground plans—of which the several portions are at different elevations—whose artistic features and extended outlook lend a peculiar charm to the long twilight or evening promenade, rendered possible under the skies of Italy.

An English park presents open landscapes of meadow, lawn, and slope, interspersed with irregular plantations, and meandered by winding walks and drives of diversified character—in seeming imitation of the ever variable climate. These pleasure-grounds present in their broad, free, and simple features, a constant invitation to the health-giving exercises and amusements of the English people, to which they are prompted by the bracing atmosphere of their country.

In the French pleasure-ground, we recognize a combination of the artistic elegance of the Italian garden and the

natural charms of the English park, each modified by the other, with an enlargement upon the Persian avenue, canal, and fountain: all adapted—in the broad promenades and drives, the *café* concerts, and deep-wooded effects—to the love of display of attire and equipage, the gregarious tendency, and the romantic natures of the French, which have generated, fostered, and perfected habits and customs of recreation most enjoyable in the climate of France.

The German present many features of the English and French parks, with some interesting novelties not to be found so fully developed in either of the others. Less free and open than the English, yet rivaling them in wooded effects; presenting less extent of elegant treatment than the French, though equally charming in local results; they are suited to the enjoyments of the Germans, as dictated by a more rigorous and less equable climate than that of France or Britain.

After a careful study of these works in other lands, and consideration of the influences which local climatic phenomena would probably exert upon the habits and customs of the people, American parks have been molded with a view to render their features most agreeable and acceptable to their frequenters under such conditions. We have, therefore to regard the prominent phenomena which go to make up the climate of San Francisco—how far their influences may be ameliorated or enhanced, as may be expedient, in local effect—and estimate what bearing such conditions are likely to have upon the manner of use to which a pleasure-ground will be put by her citizens, with the possibility of maintenance under such use, and thus determine what features of a park will be desirable; the requisite characteristics of each; their adaptation to the site, with the general æsthetic treatment which will most conduce to pleasurable occu-

pation and economical keeping. As to the selection of appropriate elements, and their arrangement in a scheme for the Golden Gate Park, under these circumstances, I call attention to a description of the plans adopted.

The ordinary use of the parks of the eastern cities is confined to the spring, summer, and fall months; during which seasons the customs prevalent more nearly resemble those to be observed in English pleasure grounds, with some resemblance to the French, but still a decided air which stamps them American. It has been a primary object in the arrangement of these grounds to provide for the greatest freedom of use possible to be allowed amidst the many frail and delicate elements entering into the composition of a park; which treatment, on account of the prevalence of those feelings of inalienable right in public property, and personal sovereignty, must ever be characteristic of pleasure-grounds for the American people.

In the Atlantic climate, where the long days of summer are most oppressively warm, and evening fails to bring relief, a result parallel with the cooling shades of Persian and French gardens has been attained by a rustic treatment, embodying sylvan and picturesque effects, in keeping with American scenery and ideas of freedom; and thus an escape from the stifling atmosphere of the cities' streets has been in a measure provided by the establishment of these parks, properly improved.

A comparison of meteorological statistics will show, as every person of close observation knows, that in no other climate in the world, where the improvement of a large park has been attempted, may it be put to pleasurable use, as such, on as great a number of days during the year as in that of San Francisco. As a general rule, upon a greater portion of every day during April, May, September, and October (all of most

days), nearly every day during March and November, a portion of nearly every day (morning) during June, July, and August, and on more than half of the days during December, January, and February, may the ordinary recreations of riding and driving, or walking in the open air be agreeably indulged in. The register of the weather, and record of visitors which have been kept at the Golden Gate Park, when compared with those of eastern parks, taking collateral circumstances into consideration, fully sustain this assertion.

The parks of the Atlantic cities are resorted to, during the winter months, for little else than the amusement afforded by skating upon their ponds, and, on account of the insurmountable nature of the obstacles presented, but little has been attempted in the way of rendering other out-of-door recreations attractive at that season; while the excessive heat frequently experienced in summer, deters many persons from driving and riding at that period. The amelioration of this climatic phenomenon has constituted a prominent aim in their improvement, in attaining which end, shade-trees, watered lawns, ramifying lakes, and fountains, have been the important agencies employed.

Modern scientists ascribe a greater influence to forests as local barricades against wind, than as refrigerators of the atmosphere; and certain kinds of trees (evergreen conifers) are more effective in removing moisture, by precipitation, from the lower stratum of air, than are plantations in general in contributing to its humidity under opposite conditions.

Silicious sands, of all soils, are most affected by solar heat; they receive it freely, conduct it slowly, and radiate it gradually. They absorb moisture from

the atmosphere least readily (nearly), and evaporate it most rapidly.

The heat attained by the sandy soil of the Golden Gate Park upon a warm summer morning, is now rapidly dispelled by the driving winds which sweep over it in the afternoon. Check the force of these winds by heavy plantations, and the atmosphere of the intervening glades (particularly on the leeward side of the park), relieved of its moisture to an appreciably beneficial degree by the forest, will be influenced during the afternoon by the radiated heat from the sandy soil and plants growing thereon.

It will readily be seen, then (and for other reasons given elsewhere), that a park for this climate, to insure salubrity, should be located upon a very pervious, sandy soil, and that the character of its improvement should be such as to embody alternate heavy plantations, and open spaces; the former so disposed as to best shield the latter from the winds, with the glades situated and of such size that they may be thus protected, without being under the influence of the woods to a degree which would render them damp. There can be no doubt but that great breadth of landscape effect will thus be, in a measure, defeated; but its sacrifice will be to the comfort and health of those who will find other elements of attraction, made possible by its absence.

It is not too much to affirm that the improvement of San Francisco's park, in this way, will exercise a greater influence in ameliorating the faults of her climate—as experienced within itself, and immediate neighborhood—than the parks of other cities have, toward parallel ends; and thus, even by this most simple and unassuming style of work, might the Golden Gate Park be rendered beneficial to San Francisco.

A MEMORY OF THE SIERRA.

My heart is in the mountains, where
 They stand afar in purple air.
 Up to their peaks and snowy founts
 In happy dreams my spirit mounts.
 Their ridges stretch unto the plain,
 Like arms, to draw me up again;
 The plain itself a pathway is
 To lead me to remembered bliss.

I hear the brown larks tune their lay,
 And little linnets, brown as they,
 Fill up the intervals with sweet
 Enticement to their green retreat.
 I hear the wild dove's note forlorn,
 The piping quail beneath the thorn,
 The squirrel's busy chip and stir,
 The grouse's sudden heavy whirl,
 The cawing of the white-winged crow,
 And chatter of the jays below.

I stand within the cloistered shade
 By columned fir and cedar made,
 And up the minster-mocking pine
 I gaze along the plummet line
 Of mighty trunks, whose leafy tops
 Distil a spray of diamond drops,
 Whene'er the sunlight chances through
 Their high mosaic of green and blue.
 I hear a sound that seems to be
 An inland murmur of the sea,
 Yet know it is the tuneful moan
 Of wind-touched forest harps alone.

I wander to the dizzy steep
 That plunges into cañon deep,
 And where the obscuring hazes hint
 The amethyst and violet's tint.
 I see along the cloudless sky
 My dear-loved peaks, serene and high—
 So cold at morn, but warmly bright
 With flushes of the evening light.
 The very eagles hate to leave
 These heights sublime, but fondly cleave
 In circling flights about the crests
 Where they have built their lonely nests.

Perched on these crags, the world below
 Melts in the hazy summer's glow ;
 Hid are its gloomy sounds and sighs
 From all who reach these templed heights,
 Where, Moses-like, the soul bespeaks
 The highest good its rapture seeks.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

IT was the summer of 1862, and, with all the rest of the world, we had gone up to London to see the Great Exhibition. Such, at least, was the declared object of our visit ; but to one member of our party there were a thousand other and greater attractions. For what were all the triumphs of the arts and manufactures of the nineteenth century to one who stood for the first time in the shadow of St. Paul's, or in Westminster Abbey felt her heart thrill with the memories and associations that have made Poets' Corner holy ground ? Each day was full of interest, leading me to some historic scene of which I had read and dreamed, and kind friends left nothing undone which could make the time speed happily.

London, too, was at its best, and I could only wonder at the epithets usually bestowed upon it by my countrymen—gloomy, smoky, murky. It was none of these, in those bright June days. The sun shone gloriously from a sky as blue as our own. The parks were in their greatest beauty of grass and foliage, and thronged with the magnificent equipages which one can see nowhere else. The pretty custom of having all the windows of the houses filled with boxes of plants in full bloom, turned many of the streets into a perfect garden. Everything was bright and gay, and there is scarcely the shadow of a cloud over the picture of London as I saw it then and recall it now.

But of all the pleasant memories laid up for the years to come, none are pleasanter than those left by the visit to the author of *John Halifax*. Knowing her only through her writings, I was delighted when my friends proposed that we should call upon her ; they had been friends of hers for years, and we would not go in the character of lion-hunters. She was living at Hampstead, one of the suburbs of London now almost a part of the great city, and we had no difficulty in finding Wildwood Cottage, which was her home. Nestled among trees and flowers, it seemed a fit dwelling-place for one whose pen breathed so pure and sweet a spirit. We were shown into the simple parlor, and in a few moments she entered with the kindest of welcomes for the whole party, including the stranger from over the sea. And was this indeed the author whose genius has made her name known and honored wherever the English tongue is spoken—this gentle, quiet woman, who sat there, on that summer day, chatting with us of the ordinary affairs that interest us all ? Nothing in tone or manner asserted the position she had won ; she seemed a woman to pass unobserved in any assembly—a light, graceful figure, wearing a black-silk dress and a plain linen collar ; the brown hair, in which the silver lines began to be seen, drawn smoothly back from the open brow ; the sweet face wearing the look of one who has tasted of sorrow and

suffering. That was all one could see or describe, for the peculiar charm of the winning manner was only to be felt.

She was just then in the enjoyment of a great happiness; a young brother, the only survivor of the two to whom she had given a mother's care and love, had lately returned from South America, after a long absence. He came into the room, and it was easy to see how her heart was bound up in him, for at every sound of his voice her eyes would turn and rest upon him with a look of the fondest love and pride. Alas! even then the shadow of a great grief was drawing near. He was not well, and before many months had passed, he was taken from her under circumstances too sorrowful to relate. Over such suffering let us draw the veil; no stranger's eye has the right to look beneath it.

All too quickly the moments sped, and of the pleasant talk that filled them, one remark alone betrayed anything of the author's inner life. In answer to the question, "Do you read a great deal?" she said, "No; I think *people* are so much more interesting than books." It seemed as though one might find there the secret of the charm of her writings. The loving interest in all that concerns our common life, the sympathy with every joy and sorrow of the com-

mon lot—is it not this which has given her pure and truthful pen its power, and enabled her to touch our hearts as few living writers can? When the moment of parting came, she went with us out beyond the gate, and said good-by under some grand old trees in sight of her windows.

Wildwood Cottage has doubtless passed away, for even then it was only spared during the life-time of its owner, a very aged lady; but it was there, if report speaks true, that her own life's romance came to the gifted woman who has been the subject of my sketch. A gentleman, whose family were her dearest friends, met with a serious injury from a railroad accident in the vicinity. She had him taken to her house and gave it up to his use, going herself to stay with a friend near by. But every day during his convalescence, she went to cheer and amuse him, and who can wonder at the result? Who will be surprised that he was unwilling ever to forego such sweet companionship? So the author of *John Halifax* found another home; and remembering how beautifully she has written of wedded love and of all that belongs to the woman's kingdom of home, none can doubt that the household where she reigns as wife and mother must be a happy and a blessed one, indeed.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

NO. IV.—FROM NEW YORK TO RIO.

AT two o'clock in the afternoon of January 22d, 1849, the ship *Pacific*, 533 tons, cast off her moorings, and left the wharf under three cheers from our friends down to see us off. Our anchor was dropped in the lower bay, as the owner and captain were left behind to disengage themselves from sundry attachments that had been served upon the ship by disaffected passengers. The ship was all in confusion; the deck piled with lumber, fore and aft, higher than our heads, and water-casks arrayed on both sides, leaving barely passage-ways, and the whole was covered by six inches of new-fallen snow. There was no fire to warm us, and we turned into our berths to avoid freezing. About eleven o'clock at night, a tug came alongside with the captain, Mr. Griffin, and a few passengers left behind. The captain's voice was heard louder than the steam blowing off from the tug. "There goes my bag overboard," shouted one of the belated passengers; "please, Captain, won't you lower a boat and get my bag—it contains all my clothes for the voyage?" "Go to h—l with your baggage. Do you suppose I'm going to lower a boat to get your bag? Why don't you take care of it?" We tumbled up to see what was going on. It was very dark; we were all strangers to each other; and for the first time I saw Mr. Griffin, the owner. He had found a demijohn of brandy on the deck, and, taking a good draught, he passed it around, and all who were "so dispoqed," as Mrs. Gamp would say, followed his example, until the precious contents were gone—no one knew at whose expense until the next morning, when

the name of "Fred. Griffin, with the compliments of —," was found on the tag. This was the theme of some merriment, but what increased the enjoyment was the discovery that the bag of clothing lost overboard was the property of the captain. Our anchor was up at four o'clock in the morning, and we stood out past the Hook.

January 23d, 1849.—Cold and cheerless. Many sea-sick; others silent, trying to get warm in their bunks. We have about ninety passengers. I would like to see a man that don't wish he was home again. I have not been sea-sick, but am dreadfully hungry, and can't get any decent food to quell the cravings. Captain an old Turk; tells us to go to h—l, if we can't eat raw mush and "old junk."

January 26th, 1849.—Passengers are showing themselves on deck—some towing fish-lines over the stern, but no fish caught; others shooting at sea-birds far out of range.

February 1st, 1849.—The weather has become mild, and heavy clothing is generally discarded. The wind has been fresh from the south-west, and we have been running to the eastward; think the captain is going to make the Azores. Some of the passengers are still sea-sick. I went to the captain to ask for some gruel for J. C. Angel, who has not been able to sit up since we sailed. The old brute said "he might come to the table with the rest, or go without; this sea-sickness is all nonsense."

February 2d, 1849.—We have sailed 2,000 miles, are going about nine knots. A meeting of the passengers was called to consider our treatment and devise a

remedy; James Morgan in the chair. A committee was appointed to draw up a remonstrance, and report to-morrow. Committee—J. Ross Browne, N. D. Morgan, and Hiram Bingham.

The next day we met again, and adopted a respectful remonstrance, stating our grievances, that we had paid for first-class cabin passage, that we were to have the same fare as the captain and family, instead of which we were fed on food that was coarse, badly cooked, and no better than that fed to the crew. When the committee presented it, he stood on the after-deck, and refused to receive it; abused us all roundly, and told us that if he had any more trouble with us he would fire the magazine and blow us all to h—l together. We don't fear the threat, and doubt his ability to accomplish the alternative. Some of us have higher expectations.

February 7th, 1849.—To-day crossed the Tropic of Cancer; have fine weather. Yesterday, the captain whipped Charley, Sherwood's Negro boy, who shipped as assistant steward to work his passage. Sherman remonstrated, for Charley was an old family domestic, who was born and reared in his father's house. In the hurry to escape from the clutches of the law, the ship had left behind the steward and the assistant cook, and poor Charley had more duty to perform than he was capable of; hence the flogging. Soon after the following notice was posted up: "Any person interfering with the captain of this ship will be put in irons during the pleasure of the captain. Signed, Tibbets, ship *Pacific*." The resources of the passengers for amusement seem inexhaustible; and in the moonlight evenings we have singing. Dr. Beale plays the violin, Mr. Gulick the accordeon, Allen the flute, and Stout the key-bugle. Dr. Beale sings well, too, and we get into the lower rigging and on the quarter-rail and sing "Roll on Silver Moon," and all the songs we

know. This running down the trades is delightful sailing. We have our awnings up, and almost as much sail as there is room for in the sky. Mr. Griffin has his wife and two children on board—a son and daughter. The latter is about three and a half years old, and she amuses us very much. She looked down the hatch just now, and said, "Doctor, what you writin'?" I told her I was writing her a love-letter. She put her hands up to her eyes as if abashed, and said she would not tell anybody, and then ran off to her mother and told her.

Angel, poor fellow! grows thin, and looks as if he would die. He has roused a desire among the passengers to leave the ship at Rio and cross the continent, joining the ship at Valparaiso. I am very much in favor of it, if the captain will put us ashore at Montevideo. The captain will do it, for he will save more provisions, and be as glad to get rid of us as we are to get rid of him. "But," says J. H. Gager, "what guarantee have we that he will stop for us at Valparaiso, after the experience we have had of his bad faith?"

February 10th, 1849.—We are in latitude $15^{\circ} 17'$ north, longitude 29° . We are but one day's run from the Cape de Verde Islands, and think we can almost smell the air from the Sahara Desert; it is hot enough. Yesterday we had a general muster on deck, and drilled with rifles. At night it was proposed to have a dance, as the deck has become more cleared, for we have emptied some of the water-casks and found stowage below for much of the deck hamper. The dance was broken up by the captain, who threatened, among other things, to drive spikes in the deck. Next a boxing-match was gotten up. This pleased the captain; it delighted him to see the passengers pound each other. To-day *The Daily Pacific Journal* made its appearance, edited by J. Ross Browne. It gave us

much amusement, and an opportunity to vent ourselves against each other and the ship without stint. We struck into a school of flying-fish; there were thousands of them. Two of them came on board, and Mr. French, the mate, caught them. The captain heard of it, and called out, "Mr. French, where are those flying-fish?" "In my berth, sir." "Fetch them here, sir. What the devil do you mean by taking off them fish?" The old tyrant took them into his cabin and had them cooked for his mess.

February 12th, 1849.—Since the fine weather set in we have had church service every Sunday, attended by all the passengers; N. D. Morgan and Mr. Selger officiating. The captain kept his cabin during service to-day. The night was intensely dark, and the captain had just given orders to the watch in the head to keep a sharp lookout, when a large ship was seen by us all at once, bearing right across us and not a stone's throw distant. Our helm was put hard to port, and we went off until our sails were all "rap full." The mate threw up a sudden light that blinded us for the moment, and those of us who were in the ship's waist fell back to the other side, to avoid the collision; but when we could see again, the stranger was just passing close to our stern, and disappeared in the darkness. She showed no light, and we think she did not see us.

February 14th, 1849.—The trades have left us three degrees from the equator. Rain has been pouring down. The ship is turned into a laundry; all hands are washing the salt out of their clothes. Mr. Packard came up on deck with a pitcher to catch some water that was running from the cabin deck, to have a fresh-water wash. The captain seized him by the throat and dashed the pitcher upon the deck. He wanted to save the water for ship's use, and was filling some empty casks. Passengers all very indignant. A rival paper was

started by J. W. Bingham and Arthur M. Ebbets—*The Pacific Evening Herald*. To stop all grumbling, the captain posted up the following: "Bill of Fare—Monday, beef and pudding; Tuesday, pork and beans and apples; Wednesday, ham and rice; Thursday, beef and pudding; Friday, pork and beans and apples; Saturday, ham and rice; and the captain will not consider himself called upon to do anything for the accommodation of any passenger." I asked him why he did not give us pickles or some other vegetables? He said he intended to keep them until we got the scurvy! Thank God! we shall make a port where there is an American consul, and we will have a reckoning with old Boreas.

February 25th, 1849.—The weather is very hot, and it is almost impossible to sleep. Yesterday, after dinner, slung a hammock over the table between-decks, as I suffered from a headache, and slept until ten o'clock, when I went on deck to "woo the freshness that night diffuses." The captain and mate were the sole survivors of the day, and the latter was nodding at his post on the windward rail. The oppressive heat between-decks had driven many out, and they were lying around on the decks with a pillow and the bare planks beneath them. I seated myself near the mate. Every yard of canvas was spread, and we were gliding along at a rapid rate. The only sound to be heard was the remitting roar of the water as the ship plunged into the long swells of the south Atlantic, giving a sound like the roar of the surf on the shore. The new stars of the southern hemisphere were becoming familiar, and shone brightly on our watery track. Polaris no longer greeted the eye of the wanderer; true to his vigils, he was keeping watch over our distant homes. The captain looked at the sails, at the light clouds, waked the mate, and retired. A vigilant man is the master. I feel a degree of

confidence that I did not think possible at sea. I had been dreaming of home, and now my thoughts roamed over the world of waters toward that sweet place where anxious ones were watching daily for news from the wanderer. With noiseless steps I paced the deck until my eyes grew heavy, and I, too, laid down on the bare planks, pillowed by my arms, and slept.

Friday, March 2d, 1849.—We are in high times. For several days our fare has been very poor—salt junk and stewed apples for dinner one day, with panfuls of moldy sea-biscuit, and simple pork and beans, without even the condiment of pickles, for the next. This morning, our breakfast was ham, mush and molasses, and vinegar; the mush was raw and without salt, and we would not accept it. The imposition that has been played upon us has been borne with much grumbling, but now we are roused. We paid \$300, each, for our passage; by our agreement, we were to have good cabin fare, to eat at the same table with the owners—Captain Tibbets and Fred. Griffin—and their families. Instead of this, we were herded together like a mass of convicts, damned and abused from one side of the ship to the other. The general temper of the passengers is mutinous, and there is danger of violence on a slight provocation. Some of the older men say that any attempt at redress by violent measures, will subject us to a charge of mutiny, and we do not know our legal rights as passengers. We find no precedent in any of our books—if we were sailors before the mast, we know that we would have no redress—we are in doubt as to the position we would place ourselves in by resorting to force. I have agreed to go with Jim Morgan and have a talk with the captain, and see if he can't be brought to more reasonable terms. Jim is a loud fellow. When I first saw him on board, his port eye was surround-

ed with an aureola that gave me the impression that his parting with some one had been a painful one. He is about thirty years of age, of good family in New York, of a bold, manly spirit, and of great determination of character. He is full of sprightly humor, a fine singer, and contributes largely to the life of the ship; but he is one of the "boys," has seen much of the world, and has accumulated much of the bad with the good on the way, and when it comes to blowing and swearing, he is a match for the captain. Many of our passengers are young and inconsiderate, but take them all in all, it would be difficult to collect a better set of fellows. Many of them have left good positions to embark in this enterprise. I have a suspicion that the captain is not as bad a man at heart as he appears. There is a radical evil in the discipline on board vessels on the high seas. As a boy the seaman is hazed about by everyone on board; he is never asked to do any thing but he is damned to do it. The master damns the mate, the mate damns the second mate, and the second mate damns the sailors, who damn each other and the cook. Our second mate one day stood before the binnacle and asked the man at the wheel what course he was heading, and because he did not reply immediately, he was abused outrageously, notwithstanding the man was doing his best to reply. Five minutes after, the master will treat the second mate in the same manner. In short, kindness is a thing I have not seen on board our ship, as far as the relations between seamen are concerned. Our captain, having passed his life among seamen, is incapable of treating passengers any other way; though that does not excuse him for starving us, with his ship loaded with provisions. A poor sailor who has been suffering from dysentery ever since we left port, and whom we feared would die, and who was still too feeble to stand

on deck, was ordered aloft to reef sail. The captain said he never had sick sailors with him long. I believed him. One evening, while talking with Douglass, the second mate, I told him the worst fault I found with him was his tyranny over the poor men. "Damn them," said he, "I had to serve my apprenticeship at it." If a ship-master ever exhibits any gentlemanly spirit, he owes it to something else than the education he receives at sea.

March 3d, 1849.—We are within two days' sail of Rio. The wind is very fresh, and we almost fancy the smell of bananas and oranges. Yesterday, just as I left off writing, I went on deck in time to witness a squall. All sails were set, including eight studding-sails, when the captain came on deck, and, not liking the appearance of the clouds, ordered in one or two sails; but before the order could be executed, the squall was upon us, and such a scene of confusion! *We* were in no danger, but the sails were. No man knew, from the multitude of orders, what to do; four or five would run to pull in the slack of a rope when but one was required, and one or two would struggle to get in a great sail that required the force of half a dozen; in the meantime, we were going at a fearful rate, careening over till we had to hold on to something to keep our feet. The captain forgot to give an order to the man at the wheel, and as we almost ran our scuppers under water, he held on his way, just as he ought until he was ordered to do otherwise, and then the captain swore at him, and called him a damned fool for not knowing enough to put her about. Mrs. Griffin said, "Keep cool, Captain; our trust is in you."

When we arrive at Rio, we shall see what can be done about going from Montevideo to Valparaiso by land, and if it is practicable there will be a company made up to undertake it. Our objects in going that way are to see the most we

can, and avoid the demoralization and enervation of a passage around the Horn. We have not much money to bear the expenses of the trip, but if we have to make the journey on foot and subsist on what we chance to find on the way, even dogs and roots, it would be preferable to the fare on shipboard; and, then, we shall have some adventures to tell of. Only think of a journey across the pampas to Buenos Ayres, San Luis, Mendoza, Santiago, through the famous pass of the Andes!

Monday, March 5th, 1849.—Yesterday we hoped to see land, but the wind fell off. The air had a feeling of land, dew fell freely, the wind settled to a perfect calm. The boats were manned, and about twenty passengers went over to a brig that lay about five miles distant. She proved to be a Portuguese, the *Pedro Grande*, bound from Oporto to Rio. They thought us a man-of-war from the number of men on deck, and were relieved to know that we were a California-bound ship. Our men were handsomely entertained by the officers. The brig had an armament of eight guns, and was built for a fast sailer. She remained in sight during the day. We are in belief that the brig is a slaver; she has a crew of forty men. To-day, she is not to be seen, but land is reported from the head. I went aloft and climbed to the main-royal yard, but could not see land; I had hardly got on the stay to descend, when the yard came down by the run, a rope having broken. Moral—land-lubbers, keep in your places. Several dolphins were caught, and we had the opportunity to see the wonderful changes of color they display in dying.

March 6th, 1849.—Land-ho! Who can realize the delight of us all at seeing land once more, who has not had our experience? We do little but watch its varying outlines, too distant to distinguish anything else. The bark *Architect*, from New Orleans, full of Califor-

nia-bound passengers, ran down to us and rounded-to alongside beautifully. We were eager to give them three cheers, but waited for the formalities. Captain Gray hailed us, "Ship ahoy!" Our captain stood on the quarter-deck with his trumpet in hand, but made no reply. A second hail from the *Architect*, when Captain Tibbets raised his trumpet and said, "Can't you keep off?" "I can keep off or not, as I please," was the answer; and soon after, "Who commands the *Pacific*?" One of the passengers who was up in the rigging out of the reach of the captain, replied, "Captain Tibbets." "Who is that dares to speak aboard this ship?" stormed the captain. Fisk did not come down, and Tibbets did not go up, and nobody answered. Again we heard from the *Architect*, "O, very well; I'll watch Captain Tibbets," and the *Architect* put herself in the same trim as the *Pacific*, and before night was out of sight ahead. We hope that Gray will give Tibbets a good thrashing on shore.

March 7th, 1849.—All up before day. Before us is the great Saddle Mountain; its twin summits have a cloud resting upon them, and near by is a rock rising from the sea, called the "Sugar Loaf." It is just perceptible to us from our position, and is seven miles from Rio. We have heard guns all day. To-night our head is put about, and we are again standing out to sea; we are too late to run in to-day. My mouth waters for the bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, and other luxuries of the new country.

March 8th, 1849.—Early this morning found ourselves close in and running up the lower bay. Met a Prussian gun-brig beating out. We were before the wind, and should have given way to the brig. The vessels were approaching; the brig hailed us twice. Our captain made no reply, but held on his course; and down came the brig upon us—both vessels rolling in the heavy swells that were

coming in from sea; a collision was imminent. The flying-jib boom of the Prussian made a complete circuit of our starboard quarter, and caught our flag hanging at the spanker gaff. Mr. Packard made an attempt to save it, but it was beyond his reach; and leaning over, he caught from the jolly-boat under our stern, a white utensil indispensable to a chamber-set, and which was placed there with others for safety, and swinging it with the vigor of his powerful arm, he sent it careering through the air like a bomb-shell; striking the foresail, it fell in a thousand pieces upon the deck of the man-of-war. In an instant up went our lost ensign, under the Prussian flag, with three cheers from the enemy. Forgetting that we were in the wrong, we longed for a gun to answer the insult, and asked the captain to lay us alongside and we would recover the flag; but the captain had his back to the foe, and the cabin between it and danger, when, bang! came a gun from the brig, and our flag came back a blackened wad! As this battle will not in all probability be recorded in the history of the brilliant naval engagements of our countrymen, I have detailed it here. We propose to have a vase of peculiar shape engraved upon the arms of Mr. Packard, and dub him "Squire Muggins." We are mad, we are ashamed, we are disgusted!

As we approached the Narrows and came under the guns of the heavy fort that commands the entrance, we were hailed, and the captain, no doubt fearing a shot, let go his anchor before he knew what the purport of the question was, and so lost the tide, and we must lie here until to-morrow. The whale-ship *Superior* is lying near us, and a boat came off for a doctor, as the captain was very sick. The wind was fresh, the bay was rough, rain was falling, and, as all the other four physicians on board refused to go, I climbed down by a rope

and dropped into the boat. I found the master sick from an attack of cholera-morbus, and rummaging his scanty medicine chest, found nothing that I wanted. I returned to the *Pacific* for the needed medicine, but before I could get it the boat was ordered away by the sentinel at the fort.

March 9th, 1849.—Here we are in the wildest excitement. California ships—a dozen—are anchored, or dropping their anchors, around us. Cheer answers cheer from every side; we are frantic with delight. All doubts about our being allowed to land were removed. The captain of the port came alongside in a barge and asked the usual questions; but old Tibbets wanted to know why in h—l he had to be kept four or five days in getting up to his anchorage. “What is the name of the ship?” said the urbane officer, in the gentlest manner. “Ship *Pacific*, sir.” “You are not so pacific as she is,” was the quiet reply. We are off.

March 19th, 1849.—The steamer *Panama*, that put back to New York from damage to her machinery, came into port on the 17th, and brought news from the United States. The ship *Capitol*, which arrived the same day with us, sailed out soon after.

For several days my time has been spent for the most part in trying to have our grievances against Captain Tibbets redressed. We found Lieut. Bartlett in command of the *Ewing* here, and he has taken an active interest in our cause. We filed a complaint with our consul, Mr. Gorham Parks, and our minister, Mr. Todd. The captain, finding he was in great danger of being removed from the command of his ship, became very humble and sorry. A compromise was proposed, and he agreed to sign such an agreement as would be satisfactory. The articles were drawn up, and he was to have signed them the next morning. The ship had been unable to

get her supply of water, and the captain thought we were the cause of it. That evening, about eight o'clock, a boat came on shore, and word was brought to us that the captain had cleared his ship, and intended to sail in the morning, and go to Valparaiso for water. Here was a fix. We were at the Hotel Rivot. We immediately took a coach, and, accompanied by Lieut. Bartlett, set out to find the consul, who lived out of town, at Botafogo Bay, and learn from him the state of the case. We found his house about midnight, and roused him. He put a bottle of wine before us, and then told us, that, under the representations of the captain, he had cleared the ship. Still he thought something could be done. He was a democrat of the Jackson school, he said, and would not hesitate to take the responsibility. He then wrote an order to one of the emperor's chamberlains, who bore a long list of titles, to “stop the ship if he had to blow her out of water.” We next rode to the residence of that nobleman. The porter told us, after knocking a long time, that he was not at home, but Lieut. Bartlett, who spoke the Portuguese well, told him that he knew he was, and that we must see him. Another long delay, and we were ushered into the presence of a tall man in a wrapper, and to him we gave the letter from Mr. Parks. He looked at it long, and then wrote for what seemed to us half an hour, folded the paper, and directed it to the commander of the upper fort, where we were to deliver it. We then drove back to the landing, and took a boat and reached the fort, from which place the order was dispatched to the lower fort. Having accomplished this, we returned to our hotel and went to bed at four o'clock, well satisfied that if the ship *Pacific* attempted to go to sea as threatened, it would be as well for us that we were not on board. The next morning the captain came on shore, and we met him at

the consul's office. We were all there when he entered. "Doctor," said he, "I thought this difficulty was all settled." I replied that it was in a fair way to be settled yesterday, but recent events had altered the aspect of things, that he had been acting in bad faith, and that he intended to put to sea and leave us without complying with his agreement. He denied it, but witnesses were sworn and examined, and the treachery was proved. The committee then retired to deliberate, and it was resolved to abandon the compromise, and make the attempt to remove him from the command of the ship. The ship is under arrest, and the trial comes off next Monday. My fatigue and excitement have brought on an attack of sickness, and I came on board resigning my position on the committee, and J. Ross Browne has taken my place. I feel that we are but children in the world's ways. We are not without sympathy; we are toasted everywhere on shore; and, just now, while I have been writing this, the brig *Cordelia* passed us, on her way to sea, and cheered us, but said they could not cheer our captain. He is pretty roughly treated when he goes on shore; this he rarely does without escort.

This is a delightfully curious place. The largest liberty is allowed to Americans on their way to California, by special edict of the emperor. When we landed there were upward of fifteen hundred of us in port, and every place was full, even to the billiard tables, and in the room where I lodged there were six beds on the floor. The currency here is droll enough. The first meal I took was at the Hotel Pharoux, and, when I had finished, a bill was presented to me like this: "Coffee, 250 *reis*; roll, 160; omelet, 500; total, 910 *reis*." I looked at my bill with horror, and felt that I was ruined, and must go back to the ship bankrupt. I told the *garçon* that I had not so much money, and,

pulling out all I had, held it out, willing to compromise on any terms. He took out two half-dollars and returned me fully two pounds of copper coin, each as large as two of our cents. These they call "dumps;" and I went about with the dumps the rest of the day. There is no gold nor silver in circulation.

There is no animation in Brazil; no social sound; no voice of mirth. You may hear, now and then, the broken notes of a guitar or piano, as you wander through the streets, or the rumble of a cart; the plaintive song of the slaves, as they go in gangs trotting to their own strange music, with bags of coffee or barrels of flour on their heads. These are nearly all the sounds that greet the ear, except when the great officers of state move about, or when religious processions take place, and these are very frequent. I asked myself, Why is this; why is it, that, in a country where Nature has combined her rarest qualities, and varying but endless spring is so blended with autumn as hardly to be distinguished, and summer and winter are but the pledge and fruition of the year—while health sits on every hill and spreads its blessings over all the land—that such gloom has settled its black mantle over the social life of the people? It is because woman is a slave! She is illiterate and suspected, as she is everywhere where the Catholic priesthood have undisputed sway. Women are not allowed to frequent the streets, day or night. Brazilians never laugh heartily, never hurrah, and very rarely get drunk; but they seem amused by our enthusiasm, and wherever we go we are well treated, except by the Portuguese. Gardens and groves, public and private, are alike open to us. We are invited to enter the houses, and are treated handsomely, but do not see any females, except they are blacks. O, New England, land of my forefathers and mothers, God bless her!

The trial to-morrow will occupy me through the day. I shall continue this sometime before we sail, and if the trial terminates favorably to us, I shall have time to write much, but if we fail to depose the captain, he will put to sea as soon as possible. The only doubt about it is the power of the consul; he wants to do it, but the captain is half-owner, and the other owner is with him. The laws seem to have been made for the protection of property only, and the consul finds no precedent, and if he deposes the captain, the necessities of the passengers and the protection of their lives must be his justification.

March 21st, 1849.—I see that I wrote the last few lines very crookedly in the dark, but I hope I told a straight story. We had our examination on Monday, and the captain will make his defense to-day. In the meantime, we are making excursions in all directions around this charming region. All that the most fertile fancy can picture in land and water are surpassed by Nature here.

March 24th, 1849.—The long agony is over. Outraged humanity has triumphed; Tibbets has been removed. It is decided that we shall not go to sea with him. The excitement during the day has been intense. A powerful diversion was made by some of his particular friends to effect another compromise. He promised to be a gentleman and treat us as gentlemen, and, when promises failed, he threatened to dismantle the ship and let her rot at her

anchor, and, by various means, he won over about forty of the passengers to sign a remonstrance against his removal, right in the moment of victory. The consul, seeing these names on both petition and remonstrance, said he must treat them as canceling each other, and consider the fifty others as the only ones entitled to respect. The trial has been to the committee one of life and death. The consul told us this afternoon that he would not go out with Captain Tibbets, after the part we had taken, for all the wealth in the ship. We are glad we are not under the necessity. Yet the consul will be held to answer to his Government; this he expects, and we hope he will be sustained by his countrymen at home. Mr. Todd, our minister, is a noble-souled man. We are proud of him. And in this act they are both sustained by the unanimous voice of all people here whose opinion is worth anything.

March 27th, 1849.—To-day the consul came on board with our new captain in a man-of-war's boat. His name is Easterbrook. He is an experienced ship-master, and has been nine times around the Horn. The *Corning* sails for New York to-morrow, and Captain Tibbets will return in her. As he went over the ship's side, he is said to have shed tears. No one saluted him, and our men—who are always ready to give three cheers to everything American, if it was but a white-pine log floating on the tide—parted with him in silence.

KLAMATH LAND.

WE enjoy the reading of the travels of Gulliver and the adventures so vividly portrayed in the Arabian Nights, because, while so decidedly out of the common way and seasoned so highly with hyperbole, they remove us from the world of fact and transport us to the region of romance. Even a newspaper correspondent finds time to enjoy recitals that leave his own attempts at a discount, and freshen his fancy by the very vividness of the kaleidoscope whose every turn is a new extravagance. And sometimes the freshness of romance touches our lives without the accompaniment of such exuberance; Nature becomes revealed in newness that refreshes and inspires.

The Modoc war had become a monotony, not even relieved when Captain Jack was led into captivity and his band became docile feeders at the public crib. It was a relief when the army took up the line of march, left the poisoned waters of Tule Lake behind, and dragged its slow length along the line of dust that meandered sage-brush hills and alkali plains and shores, and having skirted the unwholesomeness of Lower Klamath Lake, climbed the dividing ridge, and let itself down into the happier atmosphere and lovelier region of larger Klamath. It was a delightful exchange, for the land of the Klamaths is a smiling paradise in midsummer, and its streams roll along their crystal tides, translucent as the ether, pure as Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus; cold as the snows from whose frozen hand they drop.

He who spends a month, taken from June and July and transplanted into memory, at Klamath, can inhale an air

uplifted above the common breathing-space of mortals; for Klamath is breast-ed up high against the western wall of the Sierra, 4,600 feet above the level of the sea. The greater Klamath Lake has made its bed close under the mountain shadows, and on the east side is surrounded with grassy and wooded shores that seem as beautifully green as fields of Eden. The Indian reservation and the military post occupy this stretch of fairy land, and the occasional houses or tents of the harmless and not very degraded Klamath Indians are planted here and there, diversifying a landscape that needs a human touch now and then to make us feel at home, and not as trespassers on some demesne not owned by mortal kind.

Above the Upper Klamath Lake there lies a beautiful prairie about seven by twelve miles in extent, reaching from the lake to the mountains, around which the Sierra bends a kindly arm or spur that rolls boldly off to the east, and turns southward in a range of wooded hills, and so incloses the valley on all sides but one. Distant about five miles apart, the agency buildings and those of Fort Klamath occupy this plain—as lovely as sun ever shone upon, as fair as wind ever wandered over. Nowhere else for hundreds of miles along the eastern wall of the mountains is there found such a lovely land and such a romantic outlook; and, as if to place it beyond the reach of the invading hand of man as much as possible, it possesses a climate derived from its high elevation, that forbids to plow, and sow, and reap great harvests, and so leaves the green pastures for the grazing herds. During my summer months' sojourn in Klamath

Land, I drank in the pure mountain air and the clear running water with unmingled delight. At times our party galloped over these infolded plains with the exhilaration of spirit that comes with wild life and wild ways. Sometimes a Klamath brave would challenge to a trial of speed—for they ride like the wind—and often we made excursions here and there to the mountains, and to the adjoining valley of Sprague River, that gave us new vistas of beauty, new inspiration to bear away as remembrance of Klamath Land. It only needed the pen of romance to clothe these scenes with all the fancies of eastern story. Unfortunately the Indian women do not encourage the Arcadian idea, or fill the bill exactly as divinities whose presence charms the wilds. Even with the assistance lent by calico and cheap haberdashery in general, they fail to give tone to the naturalness of things, though it is sometimes worth while to see them galloping over the trails, and there is an occasional touch of beauty in red lip or flashing eye; but as a class, the aboriginal feminine is not romantic—naturally becoming the gatherer of roots and fruits, and the compiler of the very simple regimen of the *wickiup*, an establishment that is primitive in the extreme.

The men of Klamath Land are far more noteworthy than the women, for there are still left some whose deeds have made history, and whose careers have become matters for story, as they have been leaders in notable events of peace and war. I shall never forget the Klamath head-chief, Allen David, as I have seen him riding, like a centaur, graceful as a paladin of old, with just enough of the native visible in his dress to set his fine form off as distinctively Indian—for he is well-dressed always, wears an intelligent look, and is said to be anxious to secure the permanent prosperity of his people. His well-blackened boots testify that he is not indifferent to

the ways of civilization. There was old Sconchin, too, virtual head of the Modoc nation, from whom Captain Jack and his band seceded. The old man impressed me as being an interesting relic of the past, and his life has been full of scenes of blood and carnage, all of which he resigned years ago to become an apprentice to civilization. But the most unique specimen of the Indian of ages by-gone left in the Klamath Land, was old Chaloquin, now venerable and with a small tuft of grey beard on his chin, and his memory stored with episodes of war and remembrances of triumph; for the Klamaths seem to have been always victorious. He was a war-chief of mighty renown in his day, though but a manikin in appearance, and one of the most vivid remembrances I have is of Chaloquin mounted on his white cayuse, going at a full lope, his loose red mantle floating in the wind. But it is with Klamath Land more than its inhabitants we have to do.

Early one incense-breathing morning, two of us rode over the hills and far away, through the fragrant pine wood and the undergrowth of laurel all in honey bloom, crossing an intervening river and the ridge beyond, and came down to the cañon that walls in Sprague River. Soon the vista widened, the river-bottom became a meadow, and the meadow expanded until it became a valley, and the greensward of the hills blended with the rank growth of the meadow hay. Before noon we made thirty-six miles of distance, reaching Yainax, a spot historic in Indian annals, a very home of tradition. The valley here is truly beautiful, and the landscape comprises a *coup d'œil* of mountain ranges, some of which bear snows that shimmer in the July sun, while others are green to the summit, clothed with the unfading pine. In the valley, close by the river, rises a butte of uneven outline, which seems to have been up-

lifted from the plain, and stands alone, striking in its isolation, but bearing no comparison in size and grandeur to the mountain ranges that occupy the distance. Yainax is not famous by comparison with other mountains, even though its name in the original means *the* mountain, the significance of which was that it was the mountain near which, in olden times—the halcyon days that were before the “Bostons” came—the tribes which were in amity met and held great annual fairs; where they traded and trafficked, feasted and danced, gambled and sometimes quarreled, and occasionally laid the foundations for deadly feuds. To this mountain’s base came the Columbia River Indians to exchange fleet cayuse coursers for slaves, to barter the blankets and nicknacks furnished by the Fur Company traders for the furs gathered by Modocs and Klamaths, and the bows and arrows so deftly made and so skillfully fashioned by the Pit Rivers. Yainax was a great slave mart in the long ago, for Klamaths and Modocs, being first cousins, and as kind and unkind as near relatives are apt to be, made war indiscriminately on weaker tribes and took captives to swell the importance of the Yainax fairs. Woe to Snakes and Pit Rivers, Shastas and Rogue Rivers, when Klamaths took the war-path, more hungry for captives than for scalps. We can picture the gambling scenes where the thriftless scamps ventured all and lost all, and then staked some favorite captive beauty on the chance, and lost again.

There was horse-racing at Yainax before there ever was racing at Long Branch. The Indian trains his courser for the race, and enters into the spirit of the turf with all the ardor of a veteran sportsman. How these grand fairs at Yainax became instituted no tradition tells, but there are many legends linking the past to the present, all of which point to the now silent butte as the point

where once fashion and pride, thrift and spendthrift, luck and chance, held high carnival. There Indian beauties became the admiration of brave eyes, and there royal alliances were encouraged and consummated; for the blood-royal of the vagabond tribes that half a century ago roamed the interior wilds was as particular in preserving the pure line, and in strengthening the bonds of amity, as eastern princes still are.

The scene is nightfall, and the rough sides of Yainax glow with the reflection of fires that flame in the valley which worships at its feet. Around these fires the mingling throngs of savages still engage in busy life, the traffic of the day being succeeded by the dissipation of the night. Here the gamblers watch with eager eyes the progress of a game that has been superseded since by more civilized allurements, for the only work of modern times the Indian studies with fair comprehension is the ever-changing history of the four kings, and that they interpret to suit themselves, reading therein games no White man ever invented. It may be morning before the game breaks up, and some may leave it poor who came there rich—may steal away with scarce a breech-cloth, though they came there clad in all the pomp and circumstance of savage finery.

Another moving throng attracts us. We find the Indian drum beating and the chant ascending from the centre of a swaying circle, in which we can watch the movements of the various dances, see the feats of war personated, hear the wild whoop, and see the tomahawk gleam—all transpiring in the skillful mazes of the mysterious dance. Here the Indian wears paint and feathers, and decks out his person with robes of fur and braided moccasin, displayed as the swaying movements call each muscular limb into play. Such was Yainax in the afore-time, and such it is not to-day. Yainax remains a memory of the past, and is

memorable still, because it was the favored spot of the wide east country where the tribes met on neutral ground. The primitive race has dwindled, and is passing away; the places that knew them shall soon know them no more.

One bright morning a friend undertook to pilot me to an interesting wonder-region, high up among the loftiest summits—a very land of mystery, born of volcanic throes. The beautiful valley of Klamath Lake rests on a bed of volcanic ashes; pumice-stone as light as cork drifts on its prairie reaches; and the craters, in whose furnaces these cinders were burned, look down on us from the chimney-tops of the Cascade Range. Distant perhaps thirty miles away, is a snowy cluster of heights, and bedded among them, walled in with precipices that forbid a shore and leave no outlet—deep down the sheer walls—is Crater Lake. So far as I know, there has never been a record made of this expanse of water, and I mistrust my pen when I attempt to describe this greatest wonder of Klamath Land. For fifteen miles we galloped over the beautiful and deep-grassed prairie, with an occasional reach of timber, to give variety, and to tone the pleasant summer sun with its interval of shade. On the way we lunch at the tent restaurant that has followed the army to Fort Klamath, and rest there while the troops stand guard over the captive Modoc nation. The tents that bivouac on the greensward in the distance look up to the Stars and Stripes that float above the parade-ground, and across it to the buildings and residences of the regular garrison, and, all combined, make a pleasing contrast to the unbounded fields we have passed and those that lie beyond—yes, bounded by panelled mountains and well-laid hills, but unfenced by the inclosing grasp of man. On through the deep-worn prairie-trail, with the tall grass sweeping the stirrup, and the bloom and fragrance of many

a flower coming up from the meadow depths to give us their swift greeting.

We reach the base of the Cascade Range, and commence the delightful ascent. The road is well laid on gentle ridges and level benches; the laurel is in full and fragrant bloom; the yellow-pine blends with the scrubby black species as we climb, and so gentle is the rise that our gallop is scarcely broken. To our right is a branch of Wood River, appearing at first as a lively creek, but which grows a cañon as we climb, and the dashing of unseen waters tell of the gorge they have worn in the basaltic hills. We have made our swift way upward to where undergrowth is scarce, and the scrubby growth of the black pine forms the rule. My companion halts, and, turning our ponies from the road only a few yards, we stand on the brink of the cañon of Annie's Creek, look across the chasm to see the basaltic columns walling the farther side as if built there yesterday, discolored by the rust of ages, freshly brought to view, standing hundreds of feet high. Deep down the gorge the turbulence of the foaming waters is seen; the walls are in places climbed and clung to by the tall, tapering hemlocks; and Annie's Creek Cañon, held up as it is by these prismatic cliffs, forms an object of no common interest. Pine gives way to hemlock, and the presence of snowbanks, some of which invade but scarcely obstruct our way, tell us that we are near the summit. The snow becomes almost universal, but we pass over it unhindered, for it is hard beneath the hoofs. Before evening, with the summit ridge just before us, we come to a camp, where the first wagon of the season, having crossed Siberian ranges and fields of untrodden snow, rests in anticipation of to-morrow's descent into the grassy meads of Klamath. The Rogue River road at the summit ridge must have an elevation of 7,000 feet, but when

we reach the divide and see the waters wending their way westward, we still look up to surrounding heights and snowy summits that remind us that the road follows a low pass in the great mountain chain. Here our difficulties commence, for we have miles of steep climbing to do before we reach the wonder shores of Crater Lake.

Passing the divide and following along the west of a higher ridge for awhile, we then turn to the right and commence its ascent. The mountain-side is densely timbered with hemlock, and the snow lies all around, its softened surface giving way to our horses' tread. We zig-zag and wind the mountain-side for two miles, always going steadily upward. Occasionally swift currents come down the gorges, fed by the melting snows. When the sun is about two hours high, we see a break in the monotony; the foreground is more open, and, reaching a summit that seems to look down on all the world, and upward to a few solitary peaks which foot of man cares not to climb, we cross the open stretch, to find ourselves upon the ridge that forms a segment of the wide-circling rim of Crater Lake. I can not call it shore, for the walled-in waters look up to cliffs and are looked down upon by pinnacles, and are bowed over and wept upon by midsummer snow-drifts, but they know no beach and wash no friendly shore.

As the sun declines, we pass from point to point to get changing views and catch the inspiration of the wonder scene. The snow-drifts clothe the mountain, and have reached over to embrace the inner wall. The wind, that, with chill determination, sweeps the mountain-tops, has caught the tone of winter. The first sight was disappointing, for it was not what I conceived it to be, and, indeed, I could not conceive it to be what it was. Sometime, in the dim, volcanic past, there must have stood here, with those clustered heights form-

ing a portion of its cliffs and spurs, a mountain mighty as Shasta—grander than its neighbor, McLaughlin—desolate as Hood. There must have come, at some time, a revival of its internal fires, that made it consume itself, and sent its burned-out ashes to desolate the far interior. Deep down it burned, thousands of feet below the circling wall of summits that remain to tell the story, and when the agony was over and the vast caldron had settled and boiled away to the very dregs, these waters welled up from Nature's vast and hidden springs, upheld by some power we can not understand, vast and deep, and cold as the eternal snows. I was disappointed, because I had not realized the extent of Crater Lake. Standing upon a kingly summit, I looked at the blue expanse that for once reached down to a horizon that seemed far below me. The ethereal blue was above and around me, but what was this sea of azure that lay between the mountain walls, ten miles distant, and reached far down beneath my feet? Above me was a sky that wore a troubled look, half-intelligible of coming storm, freckled with fear, furrowed with cloud-reaches that half-shadowed the closing day; and down below lay a sea of blue that reflected its sensations and gave them an untranslatable beauty that changed and grew stranger as the rippling winds borrowed wings from the upper currents and fanned the waters into a reflection of wierd-shadows that gave an unearthly mystery and wonder to the scene.

The wall of Crater Lake circles it for a distance of twenty-five miles; the lake must be seven by ten miles in width and length. Where we stood, the wall had been measured and counted as 1,500 feet in height, and this was one of the lowest portions of it; it rises in other portions to 3,000 feet. Almost the entire distance the waves wash a nearly vertical wall; a slight slope outward at the

top relieves it from direct perpendicularity, and near where we stand it is possible when the snows are gone to descend by a steep ravine, in which there is an occasional hemlock and some undergrowth. There is a narrow rim of bowlders at the water's edge here, but there is no friendly shore. The mountain wall, for nearly the entire circuit, is a sheer cliff, grooved somewhat by the relieving hand of time that is constantly finishing its masterpieces, and sometimes the wall of gray is exchanged for red, ragged edges and pinnacles of lava; and there are, to our right, towers and fretted spires of such, rising from the placid lake. It is a scene that some master hand might be immortalized by transferring to canvas. Its grandeur is almost monotonous, its solitude is supremely desolate, and the mystery of its authorship is most sublime.

To the right stands Mount Scott, one of the perpetual snow points of the Cascade Range, yet it was but an insignificant butte compared to the mighty mountain of which naught is left but this vast crater. The western base of Mount Scott reaches to the crater rim, and shelves down in 3,000 feet of precipice to meet the water. It is a work of days to study this mystery, to read these lava-cliffs, to tread these summit snows, and watch the changing humors of the deep-down, inner surface. The bird that leaves us to cleave the air downward to the water's edge, is lost to sight long before reaching its mark; the stone we dig from under the snow to roll over the bank, is heard long after it ceases to be seen; the red crags that rise off to the right, near the wall, look small, but they are hundreds of feet high.

Some ages after the mountain had burned out, and its fires had passed away, they must have revived and tried again to be fearfully revengeful; but they only succeeded in throwing up within the crater, about three miles from

the western wall, a mimic volcano about a quarter of a mile high, perfect in form—an unblemished pyramid clad with hemlock to the very apex, and with a distinct crater upon its summit. A lava-flow reaches from its base for several miles toward the western shore. So vast is the lake that this island and volcano play a part that is highly picturesque, but not the least monopolizing the importance of the scene. My friend, Mr. O. C. Applegate, once assisted to place a skiff on the lake, and explored its waters. Its depth is said to have been sounded for 1,350 feet without reaching the bottom.

Of course, this wonderful lake furnishes a vast amount of mystery for Indian tradition. Here their medicine-men still come, as they always came in the olden time, to study spiritual wisdom and learn the secrets of life from the Great Spirit. In the solitude of these wilds they fasted and did penance; to the shores of the wierd lake they ventured with great danger, to listen to the winds that came from no one knew where—borne there to roam the pent-up waters and bear the mysterious whispers of unseen beings, whose presence they doubted not, and whose words they longed to understand. They watched the shifting shadows of night and day; the hues of sun-light, moon-light, and star-light; saw white sails glisten on the moon-lit waters; caught the sheen of noiseless paddles, as they lifted voiceless spray, and having become inspired with the supernal, they bore back to their tribes charmed lives and souls fenced in with mystery. It is by such inspiration that the Indian medicine-men become infused with the superstitious belief that they are more wise than they are mortal.

We had tethered our horses under some trees where the snow had been melted, and that night we spread our blankets in a similar spot, kindling a

• huge fire of hemlock limbs (broken off by the snow), which we piled against a fallen tree. The night was bitter cold, the winds swept around us complainingly, but we slept by the crackling fire as soundly as tired nature can, after a day of mountain adventure. Klamath Land

has furnished me with memories that will haunt me wherever I shall be. Many besides those I have narrated, but none others so vivid—save the companionship of friends—as those of the ancient gatherings at Yainax and the strange wonderfulness of Cráter Lake.

THE SHEIK AND HIS DAUGHTER.

[AFTER WALDEMAR THISTER.]

CLOSE outside the gate of Jerusalem, in the good city of Damascus, lived once upon a time a venerable Sheik, who was justly considered one of the wisest men of his time. The little dwelling he occupied was called by himself a country-house; his solitary slave called it simply "the house," and his neighbors spoke of it as the *kiosk*. It was in reality but a summer-house in a garden, from the produce of which the Sheik derived his frugal income. It was rather a garden with a house, than a house with a garden; the garden seemed not to have been made for the sake of the house, which appeared rather to have been built as an appendage to the garden. With all due regard for the Sheik's wisdom, we must allow that his neighbors in that respect were not far wrong. But Allah alone knows how to unravel the tangled web of His world's perverse notions and contradictions. To our eyes—what is the use of denying it—everything gets in confusion the instant we are called upon to decide between right and wrong, and our heads get so confused that we finally hardly know if we stand on our heads or heels.

This venerable Sheik thus subsisted by his little garden, which he cultivated by the assistance of an only slave; a small female servant kept his house and waited upon him and his daughter. It

was generally conceded that no juicier or more luscious melons were to be found than those that old Rizan, as the slave was called, brought to the market from the Sheik's garden. His figs, pomegranates, and pistachios were equally famous. At any rate, it was very certain that old Rizan's basket was soon emptied when he appeared in the public market-place, and that he honestly rendered an account to his master for every farthing upon his return home. Even if he had not by nature been strictly honest, it would hardly have answered to try to impose upon the Sheik, as that venerable man was not alone well acquainted with everything upon this earth, and was not only familiar with all human knowledge, such as theology, philosophy, algebra, and poetry, but was generally supposed to be deeply versed in all kinds of hidden lore, as astrology, geomancy, Sanscrit, *cabala*, necromancy, and *mekaschela*. You felt convinced of that at once when his cavernous eyes rested upon you, and by the commanding dignity which clothed his whole manner and presence.

That he was superhumanly wise was a fact that nobody dared to deny. He spoke always in short, sententious phrases, and the Koran and the poets he had at his fingers' ends. The philosophy of his life was equally profound

and solid. It was contained in these three articles, which well deserve to be written in golden letters :

"1. Peace is the most precious gift in this world.

"2. To attain peace, you must first acquire a complete independence.

"3. To become independent it is necessary first and foremost to break with the entire half of the human race, especially with women, whom Allah created in his anger to bring temptation and strife into the world."

On these three points the Sheik was especially touchy; no panther in the desert could be more pugnacious for its young than the Sheik for his three pet philosophical dogmas. But for all that he was not entirely invulnerable. He had a tender spot which all his philosophy had not been able to render callous. In the very heart of his being was hidden a germ of unquiet and disturbance—namely, a daughter, who, in spite of her beauty, was still on his hands. This circumstance occasioned him many a sigh of chagrin, and embarrassed the good old man exceedingly, while he would patiently stroke his venerable beard, murmuring, "Help, Allah! there is no safety only from Him, who is ever pitiful."

In the cool of the evening, when people gathered together at the gate of the city to gossip or to arrange business with one another, the Sheik would, almost without fail, be found sitting calmly outside his garden-gate. As his wisdom and benevolence were very generally known, he was frequently called upon to dispense his stores of good advice; the value of which was held so high by the good people of Damascus that he could easily have made it a profitable trade, if he had been so disposed. But such was far from his thoughts. Nothing would have been more against his principles than to eat the bread or take the money of the stranger. His little

garden yielded him enough for his necessities—and what more was needed? When people came outside the gate to enjoy the coolness of the evening, or returned from the gardens in the beautiful environs of Damascus, they often stopped at the Sheik's and entered into conversation with him, either for the purpose of learning from his great world experience, or to be entertained by his conversation about distant countries and foreign nations. He had, namely, not alone studied man and life in the abstract, but had in his younger days traveled far and wide, and used his eyes and ears to some purpose; consequently it was but natural that the words flowed from his lips sweeter than the honey of Emesa, more fragrant than the wine from the blessed Shiraz.

It was, however, as one might, perhaps, be led to think, not only elderly gentlemen who gathered around him at this impromptu levee; young men, too, were by no means adverse to linger in the vicinity of the modest summer-house near the Jerusalem gate. It was, perhaps, less the Sheik's words of wisdom which attracted these than a girl's sparkling black eyes and white hand, which sometimes became visible behind the latticed window of the *kiosk* facing the road. It was well known that Zarka, a girl of fifteen—the Sheik's daughter and only child—was one of the most lovely maids in all Damascus. It would then at times happen that one of the young gentlemen would have occasion for a private interview with the Sheik, who, upon returning to his *kiosk* later in the evening, would then generally address his daughter thus:

"The peace of Allah be with you, my daughter."

"And with you, my good father."

"We are all in the hand of Allah," continued the Sheik, after seating himself on his divan with great gravity, and gathering his legs under him. "Chaled,

Alladin - Ben - Shiva's son, has knocked on our door to-day, and inquired for the young daughter of the house."

"Well, father?"

"He is a good man, not too old nor too young, just in his best years."

"Is he handsome?"

"Not exactly handsome — no, not handsome, my child—but neither is he ill-favored. His eyes are as gleaming spear-points; his beard as a foaming river; his turban is cocked up smartly; and his caftan descends from a pair of strong, free, and haughty shoulders."

"I care nothing for these kinds of spear-points," pouted Zarka, fanning herself.

"He enjoys universal esteem."

"I don't fancy a venerable beard."

"He is very wealthy, and can present his wife with twenty slaves, if he likes."

"I would then be but number twenty-one, merely the principal one of the lot," said Zarka, with a roguish smile on her lovely little mouth, while she threw away her fan and took her darling little naked feet in her hands, to change her position on the soft pillows. It was enough to make one lose his senses to get a glimpse of those snowy, delicately shaped feet—that is, if one had not already taken leave of them in gazing on the beautiful hands which grasped them, and the soft, round arms that belonged to the hands.

"Shall we also tell this worthy guest at our door," continued the Sheik, evidently very much annoyed, although preserving his customary equanimity, "that nobody is at home, and that he had better try another door?"

"My father speaks only the words of wisdom. Let it be as he says. I am yet too young to think of love and marriage. I am yet but a child in my father's house."

This speech, which the old Sheik by no means heard for the first time, was not very soothing or agreeable to him. He began to doubt that he ever should

be rid of his beloved daughter; she seemed to cherish an invincible dislike against matrimony, the proof of which was that she had rejected quite a number of most eligible suitors. And as long as he had this little disturber of his peace in the house he could not expect to enjoy those perfect days of tranquillity which were the constant object of his day and night dreams. "The man who has a woman with him," as he had often remarked to the edification of a large circle of listeners, "however wise he pretends to be, must yet ever be impeded in his progress, so long as he gives shelter to folly."

This Sheik of ours longed to reach the acme of wisdom. "However beautiful and loving you may appear, my child," he would frequently remark to her, "you must of necessity always remain but a piece of folly. Yes, I repeat it, a piece of folly, even if it is the most enchanting the world has ever seen. By the holy Caaba, wisdom and folly thrive but poorly under the same roof." If the Sheik was really the wise and Zarka really the fool, it certainly must be admitted that he was right in getting rid of his daughter; the sooner the better.

One evening the Sheik came home later than usual, his face wearing an expression of unusual thoughtfulness. He saluted her mechanically, and took a seat on his divan, where he presently seemed to fall in a brown study. This behavior did not at all please the lovely Zarka, who, as usual, expected him to talk to her about the latest news from the city, while she prepared his evening *sherbet*; just this evening she was particularly disposed to listen to the stories of her wise and experienced old father. At last the Sheik lifted his head and looked at her.

"My daughter," he said, "again has a young man knocked at our door, with a heart sick with longing and desire."

"Well, father, let him tell his name and show his face."

"By Allah! he needs conceal neither the one nor the other. His face is as the moon in the fourteenth night. As the poet says, 'My eye catches no slumber, because my heart beats fiercely. I look up at the full moon and think that I see the face of my beloved. And my soul sighs, O, how beautiful!'"

"His name, my father?"

"He bears a good name and comes of a noble race. A good name is better than gold, my child, and a noble descent better than a costly mansion. He calls himself Ibrahim-Ebn-Morwan, an emir of renowned lineage."

"Ah!" sighed Zarka, with heaving bosom and lowered eyes.

"He is beautiful, and said to be good, brave, and generous," continued the Sheik.

"I know it," stammered Zarka. "I have seen him."

"O woman!" exclaimed the Sheik, "curiosity is your inheritance. You still hanker after the apple of sin. Truly says the poet: 'Women see and learn more behind the lattice than the men in the open street. Place a woman in a closed wine-press, or in the deepest cistern, she will for all that serve you up every piece of news and gossip from the street and market-place, and the houses of her neighbors.'"

"Allah has given us eyes that we may see," interrupted Zarka, mildly, "and our tongue to speak with. There can be no harm in that."

"By the beard of the Prophet, you women speak according to your sense. Well, you have, then, seen him—and he pleases you?"

"Does he please my father?"

"Judge for yourself. The fool sits not down with the wise. Ibrahim is good, handsome, noble, and possesses enormous riches. But at the same time he is very thoughtless, very frivolous,

my daughter. He is a terrible spend-thrift, who soon will scatter to the winds the great treasures his ancestors have left him."

However much the good Sheik desired to see his daughter—his beautiful piece of folly—well provided for, he had still this time felt the propriety of circumspection. The emir must have had his finger in the pie. It was the first time that the shy Zarka had shown any inclination to nibble at the hook. Still she did not commit herself at once, but said:

"I will think of it, my father. Tomorrow we will talk about it again. The night gives wise thoughts."

"Certainly," thought the worthy Sheik to himself, "when a woman thinks, she says 'Yes,' and you are caught. What is best to be done? Well, so be it. It seems to be the will of Allah. None can escape his fate."

The wise old Sheik was right. The next day Zarka intimated her acceptance of the matrimonial proposals of the handsome, noble, rich, but very thoughtless emir, Ibrahim-Ebn-Morwan.

The Sheik laughed in his beard, as he said to his daughter, half in jest and half in earnest:

"My child, it is an important matter—a very grave matter. What says the poet: 'Bitter repentance grows on the rank tree of precipitation. A word is easily spoken, a step easily made; but there are words and steps which even Allah Himself can not recall (His name be ever praised).' Ibrahim stands at the brink of an abyss and may throw himself down into it."

"And, therefore, will I join my fate to his," answered Zarka, with blushing cheek and a half-concealed fire in her downcast eyes. "For that very reason, I will save him from destruction, because I love him, my father. Tell Ibrahim," continued Zarka, "that I am his in life and death. But he must send me a

bridal gift of 5,000 gold pieces. These you must keep for me, my father."

"Let Allah's will be done," said the Sheik, with a deep sigh, but breathing considerably easier. Upon which he assumed his slippers, and went forth at once to find the lucky Ibrahim.

Next morning, a long procession of handsome and gorgeously clad slaves, carrying on their heads massive silver salvers, emerged from the Jerusalem gate. It was Ibrahim, who sent his bride costly presents. What splendor and magnificence! The most precious and beautiful stuffs, the most delicate dishes, the rarest confections, and a multitude of other splendid things, and besides a bridal gift of 10,000 gold pieces. Ibrahim had, in his ecstasy of joy, doubled the sum. He was not particular about a sack of *denares*, more or less. And rarely a more lovely bride had eye ever beheld. Happy—tenfold happy—Ibrahim, to whom the gates of Paradise were to open here upon earth. Not the *houris* themselves could boast of a more slender figure, a whiter skin, a more rounded and dimpled arm, or a more exquisite foot than Zarka. Her neck was stately as the pine of Aleppo, her bosom full and white as the wave which breaks on the strand of Sidon, her forehead shone as the snow on the peaks of Lebanon, and her eyes sparkled as stars in the darkness of night. Her locks were rich and soft as a costly veil from farther Ind, her hand delicate as the ivory carving on the throne of Suliman, her mouth was like unto a budding rose in the vale of Jericho, her smile as the rising dawn over the paradisiacal garden of Damascus, her breath fragrant as myrrh, musk, and amber, her voice melodious as the harp of King David sounding at close of day, and her teeth resembled the precious pearls gathered in the Gulf of Persia. Allah be praised for her manifold perfections!

No wonder that the bridegroom was

impatient. Ere the horns of the coming moon had become visible in the heavens, the nuptials were celebrated. Half of the population of Damascus assisted on the festive occasion. The principal kadi of the city made out the marriage contract, and the highest officials at the court of the viceroy signed their names as witnesses.

The moment of leave-taking between father and daughter had now arrived. "My child," spoke the Sheik, with the self-possession and dignity of a thorough philosopher, "the Prophet be with you wherever you go. The dowry I give you shall not burden your shoulders as you walk to your husband's house. The only thing I have to give you is this beautiful book, which contains all the poems, fables, and sayings of the famous Abu Ley. It is a treasure, my child—an invaluable treasure to her who knows how to make use of it. It is a perennial fountain of wisdom and happiness. In adversity, it offers you hope, strength, and consolation; in prosperity, it will serve as your teacher, guide, and monitor. Take it, my daughter, and Allah be with you. I shall not mind that you visit me occasionally, but save me from all knowledge of your domestic quarrels and disagreements. You have now got a husband with whom you can wrangle according to your necessity and pleasure; only let me be outside the matter, I pray you. But, that you shall acknowledge that I intend to act as a true father to you, I give you permission to demand advice from me when you are in great need. Once, twice, three times, I am at your service; after that you must try to support and manage yourself. In the name of Allah and his Prophet, blessed be your departure, my daughter. Don't forget the book." So saying, the Sheik allowed Zarka to escape from his embrace and out of the house, the door of which he secured well after her.

How his chest expanded; how free he felt as he finally found himself alone. Folly was put outside the door; pure wisdom now alone remained. He was at length a complete philosopher, and had attained the topmost round of the ladder of human wisdom. He now, for the first time, dared to confront the world boldly, not being any longer conscious of any imperfection or any weakness.

In the meanwhile Zarka had taken possession as sole mistress of the young emir's mansion—a most splendid one, even in the splendid Damascus; taken her place by the devoted heart of her young husband—the heart which had beaten but with love for her. She was very happy. Who has words to interpret the ecstasies of love? Time passed over her as in a happy dream.

Ibrahim-Ebn-Morwan was in reality a good and noble-minded man, and exceedingly rich. He owned many palaces and country mansions, countless slaves, and the noblest horses which the desert could produce. In addition to this, he had inherited from his father great treasures—gold, silver, precious stones, ready cash, and rare and costly curiosities of all kinds. The latter accumulated day after day; but the first experienced, alas! no increase.

Ibrahim was to the full as thoughtless as he was good, generous, or rich. He was munificent, luxurious, wasteful beyond all bounds, and seemed not to know the value of money when the question was of a momentary gratification of himself or his friends. That his fortune must, in this manner, go the way of all flesh, was an event not hard to predict. This Zarka had become aware of, as soon as her intoxicating bliss had so far subsided that she was able to perceive the condition upon which her happiness, under the will of Allah, rested. She now remembered the object her love had proposed to attain: namely, to

snatch her beloved Ibrahim from the jaws of destruction. She pleaded softly, but firmly, with him. He admitted that he was wrong, and promised to reform and mend his ways. But he never went beyond promises. Ibrahim had not strength of mind enough to free himself from the idea, deeply rooted in his mind, that his riches never possibly could come to an end. In addition, he knew how to quiet himself by arguments as badly founded as the former. If the worst should happen, he thought, did he not possess talents which he could make available? Had he not numbers of rich and powerful friends? Finally, was he not the bright particular star at the court of the viceroy in the city of his fathers, the magnificent Damascus? Surely, he had abundance of resources to fill the horn of plenty anew.

The eyes of such men has Eblis struck with blindness: nothing is able to cure them save that costly elixir, which is only to be obtained through the greatest sacrifices and through the greatest hardships—bitter experience.

Zarka had to see all her fond and devoted care stranded on his boundless frivolity. She was now happy no longer, although the love in her soul for her poor husband had been increased tenfold in her struggle to save him. It seemed to her high time to wend her steps to her father to obtain what advice and consolation his fountain of wisdom could offer her. Had not the old Sheik promised to stand by her and help her three times with his counsel when she was at her utmost need? Was not that promise, excepting the poems of Abu Ley, in which she found nothing applicable to her present distress, the only dowry which her father had bestowed upon her? She determined to demand the first part of this dowry.

“The peace of Allah be with you, my daughter. Happy be the hour in which

you cross my threshold." With these words, the Sheik, now more venerable and self-satisfied than ever, saluted his daughter. "You come probably to announce that you are very well, and to desire that your father may ever continue in his present enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of uninterrupted peace, and that you must hasten to return home again?"

"My father," answered Zarka, despondingly, "I come to you, in the grief of my soul, to find balm in your mild and benevolent speech of wisdom."

"O, woman, you personified folly," cried the Sheik, with jealous eagerness; "what have you to do with wisdom? Behold, my beard is gray, and I hasten thither where my fathers are gathered to their joyful rest. I have spread the carpet of wisdom under me, and am sitting here in loneliness, sipping the cup of peace which is vouchsafed to the just, when folly, arm-in-arm with disturbance, comes tramping toward me, and knocks noisily at my door. Justly says the poet, 'Bar all your doors and windows as carefully as you will, if Fate wills it, unquiet shall enter and sit with you;' and again: 'Open not your mouth till the wine touches your lips. There is nothing certain in this world but death.' By the beard of the Prophet, folly must already have infected me, that I use so many useless words," continued the Sheik, as he shook the folds of his caftan. "What wilt thou, my daughter? The shortest way to the goal is always the best."

Zarka explained in a few words her situation; and begged his advice.

"That you shall get, and then hurry away with it," replied the old man. "But be all ear, that the voice of wisdom may not sound in vain.

"Before my beard began to grow, I was the child of vanity, like the most of Adam's sons. The fleet courser and the boundless desert were dearer to me

than the most refreshing drink in the serene and lofty halls of the temple of wisdom. I was as yet not fully able to manage a horse, when my father presented me with a filly of the noblest race. There was no happier fool than I. I deemed myself another Rustan. But my pride came very near to a doleful end. The first time I rode my new horse, she took the bit in her teeth and ran away with me. Then good counsel was precious, as it is now to you, my child. I quickly recovered my wits, adjusted myself firmly in the saddle, pressed my pointed stirrup in the side of my courser, and beat her on her quarter incessantly with my spear-pole. Instead of making useless attempts to restrain her, I urged her with all my might to accelerate her already furious pace. She was amazed, and with reason. At the same moment she imagined she had deprived me of all power over her, she found, to her surprise, that I was her master more than ever. Under these unexpected circumstances, she presently got tired of the play, diminished her speed, and soon subsided to perfect quietness—completely subjected. She never ran away after that experiment. It was the first sign of the heavenly wisdom which had revealed itself within me. It was, perhaps, little more than the crude instinct, but a ray of spiritual essence gleamed through as a presage given by the Prophet of a better and higher life to come. This is my tale. If it can not dispel the clouds resting on your soul, nothing in the world can. Go, now, my daughter. You need not think of coming too quickly again. Allah be with you!"

From the time of her interview, a great change became apparent in the manners and doings of Zarka. Instead of opposing her husband's insane waste, she seemed to have grown accustomed to it, and at last to get such a passion for it, that she soon left her lord and mas-

ter far behind in her course of extravagance. She used up enormous sums for her own benefit, and the gold pieces seemed literally to melt away at her touch. The more she got, the more she needed. The good Ibrahim was startled, like the Sheik's courser, and he paused for a moment in his headlong career. It was now his turn to reason with her. Zarka submitted, much moved by the mild reproaches of Ibrahim, and they both agreed, by proper self-denial, to establish a sensible economy in their mode of living for the future.

But this prudent resolution was but of short duration. Ibrahim soon showed signs of fresh wastefulness, and Zarka followed his example faithfully. Again came a sudden check and new plans of curtailment, only to be laid aside after awhile, when everything again would go on in the old insane style. In pure despair they finally did not even attempt to check the torrent, but allowed themselves to drift, listlessly, to the brink of the cataract. At last the crisis came. The treasure was used up; their farms and country places had been sold, much under their value, to raise money for instant use; after the landed estates followed the horses, slaves, and their costly furniture. Finally, the ancestral palace, in town, passed out of their wasteful hands to those of strangers, and the poor young couple were compelled to take up their quarters in a miserable hut, which happened to be empty, opposite the magnificent mansion in which their days of splendor and ease had been passed.

There they sat now, and waited on Providence. The catastrophe had overwhelmed them so suddenly, that at first they did not fully realize their misery, let alone accepting it with resignation. They now had ample leisure to understand it and all its consequences, but they were as far as ever from learning the necessary patience wherewith to en-

sure it. The thoughtless young man was especially a prey to hopeless despair: his very manhood seemed to melt away in his helpless misery. At last his wife persuaded him with so many loving and encouraging words, that he took heart a little, and decided upon going out in the city to try to avail himself of the many resources, in case of need, he had boasted of in his days of prosperity. He was in high favor at court; he had many powerful friends, and, besides that, he possessed many talents and varied accomplishments, which, he had no doubt, he could convert into many golden pieces. In anxious suspense, his beautiful wife awaited his return from this act of penance. He came at last, but bowed to the earth by a heavy load of humiliation, shame, and despair. He was hardly able to drag himself along under the insufferable burden. He dared not lift his eyes up to his wife's face. Scalding tears furrowed his burning cheeks; his heart was consumed in his breast, and he passionately wished that the earth would open at his feet and swallow him out of sight.

The governor had refused to see him, the courtiers had pitied him and shrugged their shoulders, his many friends had accidentally not been at home, and no living soul had the slightest use for his self-imagined talents and accomplishments. There seemed nothing left for him but to die!

Ibrahim was ready to give up the battle. He felt himself hopelessly lost, and yielded without any struggle to his evil and miserable fate. Without taking any sustenance or sleep and rest, he sat speechless on his sofa for twenty-four hours in a state of the most abject wretchedness, his gaze fixed helplessly on his splendid mansion opposite—the Eden of bliss he had so foolishly lost. A more passionate pain and regret can not be conceived; not even the sweet

loving voice of his beloved Zarka was capable of rousing him from his groveling depth of degradation.

The day following, Zarka passed through the gate of Jerusalem, on her way to see her father. She soon acquainted him, in few words, with the whole extent of her miserable husband's folly and despair.

"By the beard of the Prophet! You tell me strange things," exclaimed the Sheik. "Did I not give you good advice? Well, I see! What can wisdom amount to in the hands of folly? It is as the rain, which evaporates in the desert. You come perhaps now to receive my second counsel? Allah forbid that I should deny you your right. Your bridal present of 10,000 gold pieces is invested, according to your own desire, in a good landed estate. The interest of that will amply suffice for your own necessities. Go to the kadi, and demand a dissolution of your marriage. The law will aid you in getting rid of a man, who, like a madman, has ruined himself and family. Let him row his own boat—the fool! I have said it. Farewell!"

Zarka returned to her wretched cabin; she found Ibrahim in the same attitude in which she had left him, gazing passionately at his lost mansion.

"Ibrahim, my beloved, this must not continue!" she said, softly, as she went up to him, and with trembling affection laid her arm around his neck. "You must preserve yourself for a happier future. While there is life, all is not lost. In the soil of life, however miserable, will ever grow a grain of hope. But nothing can grow in the air. Come, dearest! it is evening again, and you have eaten nothing. Rest on the divan; I will light the lamp. I will only absent myself for a short time to prepare for you a nourishing dish. Come, my beloved, take heart! Allah is ever merciful."

Zarka lighted the lamp and left Ibra-

him to himself. There he sat as before on the divan, gazing listlessly at the flame of the light. Upon the table before him lay an open book; it was the poems and tales of Abu Ley, in which Zarka had been reading before she went out. A mark told how far she had read. After awhile, the absent gaze of Ibrahim met the open book. He looked at the page mechanically, receiving no thought and impress from it. By and by, his imagination was aroused in studying the gorgeous and quaintly shaped letters. His consciousness awakened by degrees, and he had been reading for some time before he was fully aware of it. What he read was, indeed, a theme well adapted to lay hold on his exclusive attention:

"In the name of all-merciful Allah, to whom belong praise and glory eternally. Thus is it told. In Ramlah lived once a venerable Sheik, who was famous for his wisdom and wonderful deeds all over Syria. To him came one day, from a distant country, a man with a heavy, sore, and afflicted heart, who at once lifted up his voice of deep contrition, and spake:

"O Sheik! you who possess the stone of the wise, I come to you in my great distress to supplicate your merciful aid for myself. Three devils have lodging in my breast, against whom I have ever battled, but have never been able to vanquish, so that they finally will needs tear me to pieces. The first is anger, the second is the love of gain, and the third ambition."

"Lay open without fear your whole heart to me, my son," said the Sheik, touching with his finger the forehead of the suppliant.

"I obey your command," answered the stranger, sighing deeply, while he collected his thoughts. "I am grown old and gray in crimes. Awful is the depth of wickedness to which our evil

passions will lead us. Anger was the first of the devils sleeping in my bosom who awoke to life. I had friends in my youth, but could not retain them; I had servants, but I maltreated them. Before I got beard on my chin, I was detested and shunned by all. But passionate anger was but the forerunner of the other monsters who had taken shelter with me. The love of gain now awoke, and stretched his grasping, pitiless claws at the whole world. To gratify this evil spirit, I coveted everything I saw. Much was too little; more was not enough. All could only satisfy this son of Eblis. I plundered the widow and orphan, and heaped curses upon curses upon my miserable head.

“But the master of the three was yet to come. It was ambition—tireless, grasping ambition. Though I was hated, detested, and cursed by all mankind, both by the good and bad, I still thirsted for honor from that world. It was the glittering symbol of honor—it was power—which blinded me. I must sit in the high seat, at any price. I craved to tyrannize, to rule, to behold my fellow-beings in dust at my feet. To gratify this desire, the two other devils lent their willing aid. My anger flashed, my gold undermined and corrupted, so that none could withstand me.

“‘I brooked no resistance,’ continued the stranger, shuddering. ‘I dipped my hands in blood more than once to clear the path to a desired object. I played with human lives as others with dice. The cry of the dying resounds forever in my ears, the tears of the abandoned burn as glowing sulphur on my soul. Pitiful heaven! for me there is no redemption. I must, I must belong to the eternally lost. O,’ continued the stranger, while he wrung his hands, and the anguish of death forced the sweat out on his brow, ‘could I but live my life over again, it should surely be a better one.’

“The stranger ceased to speak. Crushed and trembling he stood before the Sheik, seeming already to feel the tortures of the damned.

“‘My son,’ said the Sheik, as he again touched his forehead with the point of his finger, ‘heaven is pitiful; be it as you will—your wish is granted. You are young again, and your life is still before you. Know that the life of misery and crime you have just described to me, was but a magic vision granted you in pity, that you might learn how far your evil passions would lead you if you did not in time master them. Go your way in peace, my son, and praise the mercy of Allah.’”

“Woe is me, woe is me! Had but my insanity been a dream,” stammered Ibrahim, as he finished the story, while his face was bathed in tears and his hands clasped in despair. “Merciful Allah, and thou great Prophet! were I only permitted thus to begin my life afresh, by the ashes of my mother—by everything which is holy on earth and in heaven, I swear that my life should be different.”

Zarka had, in the meanwhile, returned unperceived by Ibrahim, and she overheard with deep emotion his cry of repentance and promise of amendment. The hand with which she placed the dish on the table trembled perceptibly, and the tone of voice with which she addressed him was low and timid, though full of melody and living tenderness.

“Allah is great, Allah is merciful, and the Prophet is his zealous servant,” she said, softly. “There is nothing wonderful to the Almighty. Be consoled, my friend. Everything may have been for the best. Who knows but that your prayers have been offered at a propitious moment. Eat, refresh yourself, and be a man, that your dearly beloved may not continue to feel as a woman.”

The aroma of the strong, highly sea-

soned food aroused the young man's physical appetite. Suddenly he became conscious that he felt a ravenous hunger. With a sense of enjoyment which he never thought that he again should enjoy in this world, he satisfied his appetite, and blessed in his heart his wife for her tender care.

When Ibrahim, the next morning, opened his eyes, he thought that he was dreaming, and closed them instantly again. Presently he opened them once more, and this time they remained wide open. He turned his head slowly, and looked with amazement all around. He looked at his hands, and touched the one with the other. He felt the silken covering which enveloped him, the delicate bolster upon which he reclined; he rubbed his eyes and stroked his beard. Yes, by the grave of the Prophet! it seems—it must be a reality. He took courage, and rose quickly from his couch. No; by heaven! it was no dream. On the couch beside him reposed his beautiful young wife in a tranquil and sweet slumber.

To his amazement he found that he had awoke in his old sleeping apartment in his ancestral mansion, and was lying upon his customary luxurious couch. If Allah had not worked the miracle, Eblis, the prince of darkness, must have done so, and the whole was but a delusion of his senses.

He hurried briskly to the latticed window which faced the street. There could be no doubt. This was the street where his house was, and opposite stood the dilapidated cabin where he had sought refuge in his dire distress. Did he perhaps in reality yet occupy that miserable dwelling, and was lying there sleeping? Allah knows. Was he himself, or not? Was he asleep, or awake? Was he in his palace, or over yonder in the miserable hut?

He began to be dizzy. Confounded alternately between joy and fear, he tot-

tered back to his couch, and laid down again to collect his scattered thoughts, and to try to solve, at his leisure, this astounding riddle.

At last, a light broke upon him; he remembered the story he had read the previous evening. Perhaps this fearful history of a life leading to misery and total destruction was but a hallucination; perhaps a magical vision, vouchsafed to his senses by a merciful heaven to admonish him in time, or more probably, a warning dream?

"Yes; only a dream!" was the answer to his half-audible soliloquy. "Only a dream!" repeated a sweet voice, in soft accents, near him. He sprung up; his wife was at his side. It was now her turn to shed tears; but they were not the bitter tears of anguish, but the sweet ones of deep-felt joy and melting gratitude. She seated herself at the side of the almost petrified Ibrahim, laid her head on his breast, and continued softly:

"Yes; heaven has granted in its pity, that you may begin your life anew, armed with this precious experience. The whole of your wealth is not lost. Sufficient is left to live a life, not alone free from want, but a life even of enjoyment worthy of your rank and your ancestors. It is in your power to do so—if you but will. Ibrahim, I loved you long before you knocked at my door. I determined to save you from inevitable destruction. Love, the precious gift of Allah, deems itself strong enough for anything. But I came very near failing. I had to apply for counsel to my father, the wise Sheik. What he advised me seemed but half wise. I ventured to add my own folly—to save you—my dearest lord and husband.

"You wasted in earnest; but I only in appearance. You scattered your wealth to the winds; but I gathered everything up again and heaped up treasure upon treasure. When you finally were com-

pelled to sell your houses, garden, and your ancestral palace, I had the means to re-purchase the most of it. It is yours, the whole of it, my Ibrahim! as, I myself, am wholly yours."

Speechless through emotion, Ibrahim pressed his faithful spouse to his grateful breast. This silent act, this passionate embrace, spoke louder than all kinds of eager promises.

When Zarka again called upon her father, the Sheik gave her hardly time to offer her filial salute, when he cried, peevishly:

"By the soul of the Prophet, my daughter! It is hard to owe you anything. You come, doubtless, to get

your third counsel, the last part of your dowry. Very well; your heart will then have peace, and we shall be even with one another. This invention of dunning must come from Sheitan himself."

"No, my father," answered Zarka, with a happy smile, "I came but to thank you for your first piece of advice. It was of such efficacy that I did not need the second, and am able to make you a present of the third."

"The ways of Allah are strange and wonderful," remarked the Sheik, stroking with complacent dignity his venerable beard. "It is and ever will be—the Prophet be praised—wisdom alone which rules supreme in this crazy world."

WITHHELD.

Therein is sunlight, and sweet sound:
Cool flow of waters, musical,
Soft stir of insect-wings, and fall
Of blossom-snow upon the ground.

The birds flit in and out the trees,
Their bright, sweet throats strained full with song.
The flower-beds, the summer long,
Are black and murmurous with bees.

Th' unrippled leaves hang faint with dew
In hushes of the breezeless morn.
At eventide the stars, new born,
And the white moonlight, glimmer through.

Therein are all glad things whereof
Life holdeth need through changing years;
Therein sweet rest, sweet end of tears;
Therein sweet labors, born of love.

This is my heritage, mine own,
That alien hands from me withhold.
From barréd windows, dark and cold,
I view, with heart that maketh moan.

They fetter feet and hands; they give
 Me bitter, thankless tasks to do;
 And, cruel wise, still feed anew
 My one small hope, that I may live.

And, that no single pang I miss,
 Lo! this one little window-space
 Is left, where through my eyes may trace
 How sweeter than all sweet it is!

ETC.

Lick's Observatory Project.

A sarcastic writer said once, that only one man in California ever made a liberal bequest to found or assist a great public institution, and the will of that man was contested and declared invalid on the ground of insanity. Although there was much exaggeration in this, as in nearly every clever *bon mot*, it was true enough at the time to have a sharp sting. Art and science and letters had indeed profited slightly, if at all, from private munificence. This fact was not due to meanness or ignorance on the part of wealthy Californians, who, like all Californians, are profuse enough in expenditure, lavish in charity and hospitality, and not unintelligent. It was rather the result of pioneer habits, acquired when all the pursuits and demands of our young society were intensely material, not to say sordid. As Agassiz said, when asked to lecture for profit, that he had not time to make money, so our driving people thought they had no time to do anything else. Thus the few disciples of truth and beauty worked away generally in obscurity and poverty, and the institutions they tried to found languished miserably or perished outright. We do not mean to express contempt for money and money-making. The faculty of accumulation is as distinct and useful in its way as that of the poet, the artist, or the scientist, and wealth rightly used is a noble thing, both for what it enables us to enjoy and to do. We agree with Charles Lamb, that "goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the oppor-

tunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not muck, however much we may be pleased to scandalize with that epithet the faithful metal that provides them for us." More than all this, too, is the opportunity for usefulness to others, to benefit the city or the State, to advance all the amenities and higher utilities, to enlarge the chances for labor and enterprise. Without the devotion with which many able men apply themselves to money-making, much of what we call modern progress would be impossible, and the resulting amount of poverty and disease, of ignorance and crime, would be frightful. If wealth constitutes, in the opinion of some philosophers, one of the evils of society, it certainly mitigates many others; and the absence of the incentive to its accumulation would be a great check to much of the best intellectual and moral effort.

The truth of these remarks has been sufficiently illustrated in older communities than this, and we are beginning here to see that riches may apply themselves to the noblest uses in the most wise and generous manner. The Tompkins gift of \$50,000 for an Oriental Professorship in the State University; the purchase by Michael Reese, for the same institution, of a valuable library; the gift of a mineralogical cabinet and collection of paintings, by the late F. L. A. Pioche; these are recent benefactions significant of good things to come. But the gifts made by James Lick to the Academy of Sciences and Society of Pioneers, which are centrally located build-

ing lots, worth fully \$250,000, accompanied by a pretty strong hint of his intention to furnish means for the erection of handsome edifices on the same, eclipse any previous bestowal in this State.

For over twenty years the Academy of Sciences has been maintained by a few devoted lovers of science, who appreciated the superior field for original research offered on the Pacific side of the continent, and who, amid poverty and neglect, have kept the lamp of science burning here, although many times the oil in it burned low, and its flame was nearly puffed out by the strong wind of the outside struggle for riches. During all these years, the Academy has been quartered in narrow garret rooms, without cases, if it had space, for the classification and display of its collections; losing many valuable contributions for lack of ability to receive and store them, and eking out the cost of printing its transactions by private levies on slender purses. Many of its early meetings were held by the light of candles stuck in bottles, and a cigar box and beans did duty as a ballot-box on the rare occasions when members were elected. The musty smell of uncovered specimens in natural history pervaded the low-walled chamber, and living *trachinæ* built their webs around the alcoholic tombs of their relatives who had fallen victims to science. In such a den, some of the most remarkable discoveries in regard to the geology and natural history of this remarkable coast have been first announced. Hither zealous explorers have repaired with new species of plant and animal life from every part of the great West, from Asia, Australasia, and Oceanica. Here the existence of man contemporaneously with the mastodon in America was first proclaimed and demonstrated. Here Agassiz, and Torrey, and Whitney, with many others eminent in science, have met their co-laborers to utter words of cheer and help. And at last the reward is coming.

James Lick, in the decline of a life devoted to many prosperous activities, moved by a hearty respect for knowledge and desiring to help its spread among men, gives the Academy a splendid building site; encourages it with the assurance of means to erect a building thereon, in which it can establish a large

museum and give public lectures; and crowns his liberality by providing that it shall be the ultimate agent of a magnificent bequest for the erection of the best equipped observatory in the world. Prof. Davidson has informed the Academy, with the consent of Mr. Lick, that the latter has secured the means to build a telescope of the largest size in the world—larger than that great instrument made for the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, or that given by McCormick to an institution in Ohio. Probably the Lick telescope will not be less than thirty-five or thirty-six inches in diameter; whereas those named do not exceed twenty-six and a half inches in clear aperture. And with this great instrument will be combined every variety of apparatus commensurate therewith, including the most perfect spectroscopic and photographic inventions. An observatory equipped on the scale projected by Mr. Lick, placed at some elevation in the Sierra Nevada about 10,000 feet above tide level, so that a third of the atmosphere would be below it, and controlled by men of ability and enthusiasm in scientific research, would undoubtedly achieve splendid results. At present, there is no observatory in the world higher, if we remember right, than 2,000 feet, and none at that elevation which is in perfect working order. The Armagh Observatory, in Ireland, about 1,000 feet above the sea, is so exposed to solar influences that the unequal contraction and expansion tilts the instrument. The telescope erected by Lieutenant Gillis, in Peru, at an elevation not exceeding 2,000 feet, is affected by the excessive pressure of water in the rocky fissures below. The great government observatories are all at low elevations. On the eastern side of the United States there are no heights on which an observatory could be placed exceeding 4,000 feet. The meteorological station on Mount Washington was exposed to more rigors during winter than it would have encountered on a height three times the elevation in California. The snow line here is several thousand feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington. Hence the mountains of this State, and especially the Sierra Nevada summits, which are accessible by railroad through the whole winter, offer su-

perior facilities for astronomical observations, particularly as there is in this climate a very large proportion of cloudless nights. Considering these circumstances, Mr. Lick would be wise in determining to place his observatory at an elevation not less, probably, than 10,000 feet. There are peaks of solid granite of this height, overlooking Lake Tahoe, scarcely more than ten or fifteen miles from the Central Pacific Railroad and telegraph, easily accessible by snow-shoes in the middle of winter, and not liable ever to be cut off by deep snow more than three months in the year. The peaks suggest themselves in preference to lower sites, where there would be quite as much snow and several thousand feet more of atmosphere, to say nothing of the disturbing effect of surrounding mountain masses. The amount of Mr. Lick's gift for the purpose indicated is not stated, although fixed and secured; but if it is ample for the construction and equipment of an observatory on the scale projected, as we are informed it is, it can hardly be less than a million of dollars. This amount, exclusive of the valuable property conveyed to the Academy of Sciences already, constitutes the most munificent gift to science ever made by a single individual in the United States. The bequest on which the Smithsonian Institution was founded, was only \$600,000 originally, and has not had its fellow since. If his intentions are fully carried out, James Lick's name will be forever memorable in the annals of scientific research, and will lead in the list of such public benefactors as Peabody, Cornell, Girard, Cooper, Sheffield, Corcoran, and Astor, who have linked their memories imperishably with liberal education in America. This is a monument and a renown which few are affluent and wise enough to achieve for themselves, and it is greatly to be hoped that the builder of the Lick Observatory may live to enjoy the deserved plaudits of his State and country.

In conclusion of these remarks, we offer the following data in reference to notable telescopes and their powers, and also in reference to the subject of elevated sites for telescopic observations:

Reflectors.—These telescopes have been great favorites with many astronomers, for observing physical cosmical phenomena, for

which only they are adapted; but it is doubtful if any other large ones will ever be constructed, although Steinheil's silver glass speculæ are reported to reflect ninety per cent. of the incident light, and some of his seven-inch speculæ have done fine work in separating double stars, etc. The difficulty attending their use arises from derangements of the adjustments, and the liability of the mirrors to tarnish. Moreover the light reflected from them is not nearly so great, in proportion to their size, as is received through a refractor. Thirty-seven per cent. of the light received on the speculum is not reflected, while only one-twentieth of the light received by the refractor is lost. The largest reflector was constructed by the late Earl of Ross. Its speculum was six feet in diameter, and the focal length was fifty-four feet. It was constructed on the Newtonian principle, and has been principally used in studying the physical properties of nebulæ. Splendid results, however, were attained by the elder Herschel, with smaller reflectors.

Refractors.—For the examination of the physical phenomena of the universe, as well as for observations of precision, the achromatic refractor is the perfection of instrumental method. The refractors of Merz & Mahler, of Munich, have acquired a higher reputation than any other. The largest that have been manufactured by them are 14.9 inches clear aperture, and furnished with six astronomical eye-pieces, magnifying from 140 to 1,200 times; and nine micrometric eye-pieces, magnifying from 148 to 2,000 times. The finest specimens of this size are at the observatories of Pulkova, and Cambridge, U. S. With the Cambridge instrument, the whole aperture can be used without injury to the definition, and the images of stars are remarkably small. In measuring double stars, powers of 700 to 1,200 are employed. On rare occasions, a power of 2,000 has shown well the disks of Neptune and the satellites of Jupiter. With powers of 700 and 800, the satellites of Neptune and the inner and eighth satellite of Saturn are seen steadily. With this telescope was discovered the inner or dusky ring of Saturn.

Mr. Alvan Clark constructed one of eighteen and a half inches for the Chicago Observatory, Illinois. With this telescope the

minute companion of Sirius was discovered in January, 1862, for which discovery the Lalande prize was awarded by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Paris. Previous to this, Clark had constructed thirteen telescopes, ranging from six and one-fourth inches to twelve inches diameter, of which five went to England, two to Canada, and the others remained in the United States. The U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, has one of his, of seven and three-fourths inches. Two of those sent to England have proved of uncommon excellence, one of eight inches being employed by Huggins in observing spectra of celestial objects. But his masterpiece was the glass of twenty-six and one-half inches, clear aperture, for the United States Naval Observatory, Washington. It is twenty-seven and one-third inches diameter without its cell. This glass is being equatorially mounted, and was to be ready for work during November.

The late Henry Fitz, of New York, constructed some excellent telescopes. The largest had a clear aperture of twelve inches, with magnifying powers up to 2,000. It is now at the Michigan University. West Point Academy has one of nine and three-fourths inches, by the same maker, with powers to 1,000.

The largest English telescope is one made by Messrs. Cooke & Sons, of York. Its object-glass is twenty-five inches, but we have not at hand means of comparing its performance with the large ones of Pulkova and Cambridge.

In observations of precision, other classes of telescopes are required, or rather, they are mounted in other methods, where the highest mechanical ingenuity and skill are demanded. Of this class is the new meridian circle of eight inches, with collimators of the same size, at Cambridge. In the mechanical ingenuity of its appointments, Prof. Winlock has surpassed every observatory in Europe or the United States. And to his practical mechanical skill he adds mathematical ability which ranks him and Prof. Peirce, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, head and shoulders above other mathematicians of the United States, and equal to the very few highest in Europe.

We may understand the light-collecting

or space-penetrating power of these large object-glasses by comparing their size with that of the eye. Suppose the pupil of the eye to be one-fifth inch diameter, then the Cambridge refractor, of say fifteen inches diameter, will collect 5,625 times as much light (the light collected by it from Sirius permits the title of a book to be read by it alone); the Cooke & Sons object-glass of twenty-five inches will collect 15,625 times; the Alvan Clark, of twenty-six and a half inches, 17,560 times. Suppose the James Lick Observatory should secure one of thirty-five inches or even of forty inches diameter, they would respectively collect 30,625 and 39,910 times more light than the human eye; but it is doubtful if the last-named size can be reached. And even if reached, it would, except on rare occasions, be useless unless placed at as high an elevation as possible. The magnifying power that could be used with a glass of that kind, if as perfect as Clark's twenty-six and a half inch, would probably be five or six thousand times. If the latter, the moon would appear in the glass as if seen by the eye at a distance of forty miles!

Astronomical Value of Great Elevations.

—Last year, Professors Young and Davidson, by direction of the Government, made observations respectively at Sherman upon the Rocky Mountains, 8,425 feet above the sea, and on the Sierra Nevada, near Summit Station, 7,042 feet above the sea, to test the relative value of high elevations for astronomical purposes, and their reports have been made public; that of the former in the *American Journal of Science*, the latter in a communication to the California Academy of Sciences. They fully establish the necessity of high elevations to secure the best results from telescopes of any size; but are particularly valuable for showing that the highest powers may be used a hundred days for one day at low altitudes. In Europe and the United States, powers of 2,000 can only be used, on an average, twice a year. The meteorological tables kept at Summit Station, from December 7th, 1866, to November 15th, 1867, show that out of 358 days and nights, 270 were clear, and only 88 were cloudy—nearly all the cloudy days and nights occurring in the winter months, during which the

snow-fall was about forty-five feet (equal to forty-eight inches of rain), one storm lasting thirteen days, and the average depth of snow during February, March, and April, being thirteen feet. The hills were free from snow about May 1st, but ten feet of snow lay in the valleys after that date. Flowers were in bloom June 4th. There is no equal to this showing in the winter climate of any other high region in the Union, or for that matter, in any low region east of the Sierra Nevada; and the winter of 1866-7 was not unusually mild. The weather during summer is very pleasant, the nights cool, and the atmosphere wonderfully clear. Professor Davidson says in his report, above mentioned, that, "as the mountain flanks are covered with verdure, there is freedom from great clouds of dust that prevail in strong winds east of the Sierra, where the rain-fall as far as Ogden does not average more than one-fourth of that on the Sierra." Professor Davidson made observations at Verdi, on the eastern slope, 4,870 feet above the sea, with the zenith telescope, No. 1, and could make good observations for latitude upon stars of the eighth magnitude. The same instrument, at ordinarily low stations of 200 to 500 feet, is good for stars of only the sixth and one-half magnitude. At Summit Station, however, over 2,000 feet higher, with a telescope of three inches aperture, forty-five and a half inches focal length, and having a direct eye-piece with a magnifying power of sixty or sixty-five, and a poor inverting eye-piece of 250 power, he attained most remarkable results. Every night for the week in August he was at Summit Station, the companion star of Polaris—visible at low stations only to instruments of much greater power—was distinctly seen with the direct eye-piece, even during bright twilight; and as soon after sunset as Polaris itself could be found, very sharply defined and steady views of Saturn, his rings, and one of his satellites, were obtained. Observations of precision could have been made on both the companion of Polaris and on Saturn, without difficulty. The observations upon the moon revealed a distinctness, sharpness, and steadiness most surprising. Professor Davidson, after giving the remarkable details of these observations, says: "From my previous experience in ob-

serving transits of the moon, occultations, and eclipses, I have no hesitation in saying that direct measures upon the moon for diameter, etc., made under similar circumstances to the above, would, in one or two nights, be of greater value than the results of six months' observations at small elevations." The Professor made two days' observations of the sun, and was impressed with the remarkable sharpness of outline and steadiness of border of that orb, and what a capital object it was for measures of precision. "The spots, penumbra, striations through penumbra, inflowing white streams, and faculæ near border, were remarkably well-defined, and good objects for study and observation." He is satisfied that one or two days' observations for the diameter of the sun, made under similar circumstances, would be better than six months' results at low altitudes. He is convinced that he could observe with the same precision upon the sun as upon the moon, both for diameter and for right ascension and declination, and that the observations would have a value equal to the best observations upon stars for latitude.

It must be remembered that Summit Station is in a narrow gap of the Sierra Nevada, where its crest is single and sharp; that it is 2,000 feet below the general elevation of the range northward and southward, and exposed peculiarly to the winds which draw through from the east or west, according to the season. When Professor Davidson made his observations, the atmosphere was charged with smoke from burning forests northward, nearly to the high peaks, and the heated air of the valley was partly drawn through the pass. If he could obtain such results as we have partly seen, at this station and under these circumstances, with a telescope poorly mounted on a tripod, as he says, in the open air, what far more important results could be obtained with the largest telescope in the world, at an elevation above the Donner Pass, and above three thousand feet more of atmosphere, free from the local draughts, and smokes, and heats of that pass, and from the disturbing magnetism of mountain masses above and around it.

Here we are reminded that a very important condition for establishing the Lick Ob-

servatory is to select a situation where the deflection of the plumb-line is *nil* or a minimum. If located on either slope of a mountain range, the mountain mass would affect the plumb-line, and observations of precision would be worse than useless. In the Himalayas, the deflection reaches 28" of arc; and in the proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences, it has been shown that there are very few of the stations of the trigonometrical survey of the coast where it does not exist, ranging from 15" in one direction, to 12" in the other, and without any apparent law. Even at the Presidio, abreast of the Golden Gate, the deflection is 6" toward the Golden Gate.

But the deflection of the plumb-line in any other great circle than the meridian is difficult to determine, and so the location should be one that can be connected with the great network of triangulation which is now being carried across the continent to embrace the networks of similar work on the Atlantic and Pacific. By such connection, the deflection of the plumb-line at any and every point connected in the scheme will be known. The Sierra must be crossed by this triangulation, and the question of local deflection settled. It rises as a crest line to elevations from 8,500 feet, near the Summit Station, and easy of access, to 11,000 feet at Pyramid Peak, near the Placerville road, and also easy of access. Even at the south, we have San Bernardino Mountain, nearly 12,000 feet high, that affords a milder climate and perhaps greater advantages. These considerations must have weight in the selection of the station, or the scientific world will be disappointed, until another telescope of even the same power is properly located. A location that is to be a world-mark for thousands of years, should not be decided upon hurriedly, but after the most deliberate and thoughtful study by men eminent in their profession. Several observatories in Europe and in North and South America, are very badly located, their defects not having been discovered until the instruments of precision were used. The location of the Lick Observatory should be exposed to no accidents, and still less should it be decided by narrow local or personal preferences, oblivious of the highest scientific advantage.

About Dyspepsia.

Did you ever have the dyspepsia? Did you ever have—or ever imagine you had—a complication of all known, and several unknown, diseases? If yes, then you have had the dyspepsia, or its full equivalent. Chronic dyspepsia may be defined as an epitome of every complaint wherewith transgressing mortality is scourged. It is as nice a thing to have about you as a trunkful of tarantulas, with the trunk-lid always up. An eminent English physician has said, "A man with a bad dyspepsia is a villain." He is, and worse. He is by turns a fiend, a moral monster, and a physical coward—and he can not help it. He is his own bottomless pit, and his own demon at the bottom of it, which torments him continually with pangs indescribable.

When a worm of the business dust of this world has writhed with the dyspepsia until it has assumed a virulent chronic form, who shall find colors and abilities varied enough to paint his condition? His blood becomes first poverty-stricken, then impure, and, as "blood will tell," every part of his system is contaminated by the foul stream. The brain complains bitterly on its own account, and vehement complaints are being continually sent up to it from the famishing liver, bowels, spleen, heart, and lungs. Like "sweet bells jangled out of tune," the entire organization breathes discords. Even the remote toes telegraph up to the brain, "We are starving down here; send down more provender." The brain makes requisitions on the stomach, which are futile. The stomach is powerless to provide, and the brain can not transmit. At times all the starving organs conspire together, suspend work, and undertake to compass by riot what they fail to get by appeal. Then life trembles in the balance. Then the consolation—O, the consolation!—that is visited upon the dyspeptic. Friends—when he is lifeless from lack of vitality—*friends* will exasperate him with taunts of being "lazy," "shiftless," "indolent," and "without ambition!" Nor can his friends be made to appreciate that it is as preposterous to expect one who is undergoing constant torture and consequent exhaustion to have "ambition," as it would be to expect a corpse to have an appetite. Remedy: ev-

everybody's advice—that is, ride everybody's hobby. Cure: death. Drugs are but aggravations, and “bitters” are bitter, indeed! We have heard of a chronic dyspeptic who took his cue from his chickens, and, by swallowing daily a moderate handful of gravel-stones of the size of a pea downward, finally succeeded in transforming “cue” into “cure.” He claimed complete restoration. In the face of this evidence to the contrary, we re-assert that for chronic dyspepsia in its worst form there is but one certain cure—absolute rest. Preventive: take as good care of the coats of your stomach as you do of the coats of your back. Do you wish for faith in God, in human love, in earthly happiness, in the beneficence of Nature, and in immortality? Keep your digestion vigorous; on that hang all of these. Would you prefer an abiding faith in tortures unspeakable, in horrors inexpressible? Destroy your digestion. Would you live in the body forever? Keep your digestion at full vigor; and, although the end of the world may come, your end will not come—you will have to go after it. Old age is but the failure of nutrition. Nutrition is Life; non-nutrition is Death.

Art Education.

Announcement is made of the fact that the San Francisco Art Association has received from Europe the casts from the antique, with other models and studies, intended for the use of the School of Design to be established under its care. There is every reason to believe that in a couple of months, at furthest, this school will be in operation. Properly managed, under competent teachers, it will mark a new era in the educational history of California—will develop and utilize a great deal of nascent capacity, not to say genius, will increase the amenities of local society, and elevate the character, while enhancing the rewards, of local industry.

While hoping for every betterment of the common school drawing system, there must still be needed an academy exclusively devoted to art tuition, aiming at fine art, at high art even, and meant to develop designing capacity in various departments. The common schools can not well have casts; hence drawing from the round, and ultimate-

ly from life, must be done in the academy of the Art Association, which will also be able to command the services of teachers experienced in the foreign schools and methods, who are both good draughtsmen and good colorists. Upon the employment of such teachers alone will depend the success and merit of the San Francisco School of Design. Thus far, the Association has proceeded toward its grand aim wisely and well. Organized on a very popular plan, which captivates memberships from the class that aims only at social enjoyment or display, it has been able to accumulate the nucleus for both a library and school. Founded a little more than two years ago, with a score or two of members at first, and no rooms but what it leased occasionally for a single night, it soon made its receptions the most refined social events, and attracted a membership sufficient to justify it in leasing permanent and convenient rooms. In these quarters it has been able to give several fine public exhibitions, embracing numerous admirable foreign pictures, in addition to the increasingly good works of resident artists. Latterly, the artists have formed the Graphic Club, in connection with the Association, and meet in its rooms weekly for impromptu sketching on a given theme. The efforts of the Association have given a higher *status* to the profession of art, have fostered good feeling, fellowship, and healthy competition among the artists, and have awakened a wide interest in the subject of art education. Its membership numbers now over six hundred, of whom about eighty are life members, whose fees of \$100 each have helped to pay for fitting up rooms and starting an art library, leaving a balance of \$5,000, which is drawing interest at the rate of one per cent. a month. The monthly dues meet all current expenses, and the exhibitions, although the admission fee has been hitherto very small, afford a slight profit. Through the friendly influence of the French Consul, the French Government was led to present the Association with a very valuable set of casts, which, with other casts and flat studies bought by the Association, will serve to equip a School of Design. The Association also possesses a valuable small library of text-books on art, partly the gift of liberal friends and partly bought. It will need both

more materials and more money to put its school on the right basis; but it can hardly be that it will fail of all the support it requires. Many of its members are wealthy and influential, and besides what they may do, the legislature should make an appropriation in furtherance of its important objects. The School of Design might be made an adjunct of the State University, without either saddling it upon the latter or destroying the mobility of its plan or the individuality of its management. Aided by the State, as one of the colleges forming the University, it would be open to the students of the latter, as well as to the drawing pupils in the common schools who had sufficiently advanced in the simple elements. Public and private means and influence would be thus combined to make an efficient institution, which would be kept under the management of adepts and disinterested friends. Until such an arrangement can be made, the School of Design must exact fees from pupils sufficient to meet costs of tuition. After fitting up and furnishing the school-room, providing casts and studies, etc., the most the Association can afford to do from its present income is to give rent and gas free, and supervise the business; though it will probably, in addition to this, have to meet any deficiency in the pupilage fees, and guarantee to teachers the payment of their full salaries. If only private munificence would anticipate the usually slow and grudging bounty of the legislature, to provide the Association with a building of its own, the rent it would save would go far toward enlarging its capacity for usefulness. Perhaps lightning may strike in that direction yet. Surely, the reproach ought not long to remain, that the most important aid extended to a society seeking to promote the love and study of art in California came from a foreign government!

United States Coast Survey Work.

Captain W. H. Dall, who went from this port in April last, on the U. S. Coast Survey schooner *Yukon*, has just returned from a cruise between the Shumagin Islands and the western extremity of the Aleutian Islands. The special objects of this cruise were to deter-

mine the astronomical stations throughout the islands and the variation of the needle; to examine for and select a harbor suitable for landing the Pacific telegraph cable, should it be decided to take it in that direction; besides any hydrographic or other work that might come in the way. The results have been interesting and important, and may be briefly summed up as follows: The selection and survey of a harbor, situated on the island of Kiska, which appears to offer every facility that may be desired for telegraphic purposes; the determination of the astronomical positions of seven or eight stations throughout the islands, some of which were very much in error on the current charts—the observations for magnetic variations showing a change of several degrees decrease in easting, at most of the stations occupied. Deep-sea soundings were also taken in Bering Sea, and revealed an unexpectedly great depth of water, far exceeding any that has ever been reported from that sea. In one place, a few miles north of one of the islands, 1,200 fathoms were obtained without bottom.

The northern edge of the Bering Sea plateau was found to determinate at the northwest end of Unalaska. A celebrated reef, supposed to extend twenty miles from Unalak to Bogosloff, was found to have no existence at all, soundings showing 800 fathoms depth of water. Large and interesting prehistoric and natural history collections were obtained, the former including thirty-six prehistoric crania from caves. Captain Dall found that there is hardly a trace of Asiatic influence in the fauna or flora, which grew more meagre and more Arctic, not to say continental, the farther his party went westward. No warm water birds were found.

The *Tuscarora*, Captain Belknap, which started from the Straits of Fuca toward the Shumagins, was engaged during the season in deep soundings. Eighty-three sounds were made, the deepest reaching 2,564 fathoms. In the course of these soundings a submarine mountain was discovered, having an elevation of over 4,000 feet.

Prof. George Davidson, in charge of the U. S. Coast Survey on the Pacific, has been designated by the Chief of the Survey to conduct one of the observations of the transit of Venus, next year, in Japan.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHURCH AND STATE IN THE UNITED STATES.
By Joseph P. Thompson. Boston: James
R. Osgood & Co.

The author of this work, in his preface to the German edition, informs his readers that the treatise "grew out of a conversation in a circle of learned, devout, and patriotic Germans, who requested that the information then communicated touching the relations of Church and State in the United States, should be put in writing for publication in the German language." The work has received from Bismarck warmest expression of grateful appreciation.

Dr. Thompson speaks of having re-written the work, with a view to a comprehensive and complete presentation of the subject. We should be sorry to believe that the treatise under review embodied the author's idea of a "comprehensive and complete" presentation of so vast a theme. The chief fault of the work lies in the imperfect and inadequate treatment of a subject of such magnitude and importance. The golden opportunity should have challenged and evoked the most conscientious literary labor, scrupulous accuracy, careful statistical information, vigorous generalizations, exact logic, wise and thoughtful deductions, and a thorough and critical familiarity with all the varied branches of his theme. Dr. Thompson has failed to realize, in this international treatise, the grand possibilities inherent in his strong, scholarly, and philosophical mind. This is to be the more regretted from the auspicious grandeur of opportunity offered. The occasion was most propitious for heroic work. The magnitude of the questions involved entitled the author and his country to a royal octavo, stately in argument, classic in tone, statesmanlike in finish, and comprehensive in grasp.

That the best of America is too little known in Europe is not to be denied. There have been, unquestionably, too much of "the coarse display of wealth, the crude boasting of material greatness, and the swaggering assertion of an independence which is but an-

other name for ignorance." What wonder if such exhibitions excite a distaste for American character, and a disrelish for American ideas? Aristotle, that deeply penetrating thinker, writing in the childhood of the world, said: "If the popular party exceed more in quantity than they are excelled in quality, democracy must prevail." With a sort of grim, exultant suggestiveness, Prof. Blakie writes: "The government of numbers is especially lacking in a healthy feeling of respect and reverence for what is superior, and wherever that system of government flourishes, there we find the rank hot-bed of conceit, insolence, vain confidence, irreverence, and hollow pretension of all kinds." What is needed is, that the sons and daughters of the republic should, by the majority of exalted life and example, stamp all such assertions as false and unjust. But it is greatly to be deplored that the oft-repeated testimony from "traveled lips" goes far toward confirming the statement that American ideas and institutions are not always exalted in the estimation of foreigners by her representatives abroad. Dr. Thompson is, doubtless, right, when he says: "If Europeans are apt to assume for their several nations a higher culture than will endure the test of honest and thorough criticism, Americans too often fail to appreciate the best constituents of their own worth as a nation, or to secure for these the estimate that they deserve." But how far does the ideal of American culture represent to observant students of our institutions and government "the catholicity of the Christian conjoined with the inflexibility of the Puritan, the cosmopolitanism of the man conjoined with the loyalty of the patriot, the courtesy and dignity of the gentleman conjoined with the fervor of the orator and the modesty of the scholar?" The representative of any nation, whether in public or private capacity, should guard as sensitively the honor and dignity of his country as he would individual or family honor.

In the work before us, Dr. Thompson es-

says to offer something from the experience of the United States in the solution of great social problems, to other nations engaged in solving the same problems under somewhat different conditions. The principles and methods suggested and discussed are valuable, so far as they go, but the wonder is that so little was done where the field was so vast. The work is divided into seven sections, a conclusion in which nothing is concluded, and an appendix devoted to the American Thanksgiving, and statistics of the German population of the United States. There are neither contents, table, nor index, and the reader must possess his soul in patience as he ransacks through the volume for any particular subject treated, or point discussed.

Section First is devoted to a cursory review of the provisions of the constitution and the laws of the United States concerning religion. He shows how religion is not permitted to be a shield for vice or treason, and that for the safety and order of the commonwealth, the State may forbid and punish acts done in the name of religion; as, for instance, polygamy as practiced by the Mormons, the infanticide of the Chinese, and the mutable sexual alliance of the free-lovers. He shows, too, that religious liberty absolves from no duties to the State; that a free Church in a free State does not mean an *imperium in imperio*, but that true religious liberty stands equally opposed to political bigotry and to social anarchy. Just here the author fails utterly to use the means at hand for invaluable work. Keen, well-practiced judgment, evangelical experience, and Christian enlightenment, never had a grander field for elucidation and comment. Dr. Dorner, in his "*History of Protestant Theology*," viewed according to its fundamental movement, and in connection with the religious, moral, and intellectual life," affirms, what will scarcely be contradicted, that the strength of scientific Protestantism, both in exegetical, historical, and systematic theology, rests in Germany. He shows, too, that the Church subverts her true province and principles, and departs from the true idea, when she fails to subordinate herself to the spiritual renovation of the nations; but setting up the principle of Church authority, would transmute spiritual blessings and ordinances into instruments of ec-

clesiastical power and hierarchical rule. Such outspoken truth takes hold of conscience and reason. But the author of the work before us disclaims any thought or purpose of discussing the relations of Church and State in Germany; this, however, should not have prevented a full, free, and impartial discussion in regard to a State Church on general principles—as to whether or not the full development and complete organization of national manhood does not demand that it should cease. We commend to the privileged author the masterly power, courageous fidelity, sharp declamation, and passionate intensity of J. A. Partridge, in his late remarkable work, "*From Feudal to Federal; or Free Church, Free School*, the complete basis of equality: with some of its results in State, Constitution, and Empire." It is not presumption to aver, that all national life is tending toward equality, and that everything which opposes or obstructs is inevitably doomed to destruction. No exaggerated idea of international or individual courtesy, on the part of the considerate author, should have interposed to prevent a full and outspoken expression of opinion, and a careful analysis of facts on these points.

Section Second is devoted to the relations of Church and State before the Revolution; Section Third to theocratic government in New England. Dr. Thompson concedes the popular idea of the Puritan to be "a stern dogmatist, who would compress human life, faith, and salvation, within an iron mold of Calvinism; a fierce iconoclast, confounding art with superstition, and waging war upon imagination as idolatry; a rigid censor of manners as well as of morals, prescribing laws for eating and drinking, for dress and behavior, forbidding the drama, the convivial game, the Christmas merriment; a morose ascetic, denying pleasure as a sin; a sour-faced, strait-laced, sanctimonious legalist, imposing the code of Moses upon the consciences of Christians, framing severe Sabbath laws, and, according to the caricature,

"Hanging his cat of a Monday
For killing a mouse of a Sunday."

But, in this connection, we are reminded of the totally different spirit that animated and inspired the little flock that constituted the first non-conforming church, under the grand

old patriarch of the Pilgrim Fathers—the real founder of the New England States—John Robinson, who, in the quaint old town of Boston, in Lincolnshire, established the headquarters of the Puritan reformation, in 1608. Twelve years after, when the Pilgrim Fathers set their faces westward, the brave old man uttered the following farewell: . . . “I can not sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrate not into the whole counsel of God.” It would not have been amiss for the author to have quoted the above, so full of lofty aspiration and independent thought, as embodying the *animus* of that colonial people to whom the republic owes its present grandeur. In speaking of the church laws at Plymouth, Dr. Thompson says, “The colonists were all of one faith, and were, in fact, members of one church.” The first clause of the assertion is unquestionably true, but the last is historically inaccurate, as the stout-hearted soldier and hero of Longfellow’s hexameters—Miles Standish—was never a member of any Christian church, although the entire company, including one hundred and two souls, had bound themselves in solemn compact to advance God’s faith in a new world.

The remaining sections of the work are devoted to the “Relation of Churches to the Laws;” “How Churches are constituted and supported;” “Incidental Relations of the State to Religion;” “Summary of Principles and Results;” a “Conclusion,” the summing up of which is, that, in the United States, religion depends upon the moral power of light and love, and not upon the arm of the law. And here we may be pardoned for quoting a few of the strong, sober words of Haweis, in his *Thoughts for the Times*, where he sagaciously asks: “Do you suppose that when the State denied to the Church of Rome the power to fix dogmatic truth or ceremonies, she arrogated to herself the privilege of doing so? The very essence of Protestantism is that we have protested once, and that we mean to protest again. We claim our right to re-examine and to recommend re-

form whenever re-examination and reform are needed. The greatest re-examination of the truth was the promulgation of Christianity itself, and the greatest free-thinkers were the apostles. The reformation of Romanism was a trifle compared to the reform of Judaism by Christianity. Therefore, I can not believe that the State meant to fix forever the expression of religious truth.” But to be free, a nation, like a human soul, must be prepared to welcome freedom—yea, to long for, work for, battle for, and, if needs be, to die for freedom. “Intellectual emancipation,” says Goethe, “if it does not give us at the same time control over ourselves, is poisonous.” This is alike true of soul freedom. The inspiration for freedom is at once the prophecy and pledge of its ultimate realization.

Whatever may be the short-comings of the work, the American people owe to Dr. Thompson the tribute of grateful recognition for what he has done in the quiet exhibition of the fruits of our national life, and the cogent array of facts illustrative of the principles and institutions of a republican people.

SOUTH-SEA IDYLS. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This dainty little volume—one of the new “Sauntering Series,” begun by the publishers—gathers up the charming Hawaiian and Otaheitan papers which, for the greater part, were first printed in the *OVERLAND*. Mr. Stoddard is one of the enlarging circle of young writers, who, if not altogether educated in California, have found here their chief inspiration, and who have made from their studies of Pacific scenery, life, and character, a fresh and piquant addition to the original works in American literature. To a very large number of English readers the most attractive poetical and fictional writing of the day are those of Harte and Miller, and we have no doubt that Mr. Stoddard’s poetical descriptions and reveries will speedily share the popularity of his predecessors. The fact is, there is a great deal of unhackneyed beauty and character in the Pacific wilds, which appeal strongly to the imagination of eastern and European readers, weary of the stale themes drawn by older writers

from the too familiar nature and society about them. Men like Harte, Miller, and Stoddard, and even Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," who developed amid the unconventional society and fresh nature of the far West, and who reflect or depict these untrammelled by school or tradition, are relished for their novelty hardly less than for their merit. In their pages is the delightful surprise of a new world. The manners they sketch are as peculiar as the scenery. Their readers abroad have the sensation of discovery. They are received much as Pocahontas was when presented to the English nobility, or as Benjamin West was received by the old Pope. In saying this, however, we do not mean to question the merit which belongs to them as the pioneers in a new field, nor to depreciate the intrinsic literary excellence of their work, without which its novelty would not long sustain it.

No one can read Mr. Stoddard's *Idyls*, for instance, without recognizing in them an original and charming prose style. His first performances were in verse, and a little proem to this volume shows how well he can write in that vehicle; but he was wise to cultivate the noble instrument of prose so sedulously as he has done of late—to put the poetry of his nature into a medium which must win him a quicker and wider appreciation. The material for his *Idyls* was accumulated during two or three trips to the Sandwich and South Sea islands. All his pictures of tropical scenery, and his somewhat idealized sketches of tropical aboriginal character, are drawn from Nature. There is scarcely more departure from literal truth than artistic requirements justify for the most harmonious and effective composition. Indeed, in this way the genuine artist evolves the highest truth, not observed of ordinary men, who see nothing beyond the baldest surface facts. Even much of the personal adventure detailed is really "founded on fact," as the romancers so often say. Being young and poetical, ardent in his love of the beautiful, and really bored with civilization—by spells—Stoddard was "enthused" over the lovely islands of the Pacific—over their coral shores, their palm-groves, their water-falls, their deliciously tinted peaks, their remoteness, and their amiable, sensuous people, who treated

him like a brother, because he fraternized with them in the mood of a poet and a humanitarian. Hence his ecstasy was not an affected one. He wrote from the inspiration of a dreamy nature, keenly sensitive to every charm of form, and color, and perfume, yet melancholy, and not so much of a Puritan that he could not play the prodigal. From such elements in himself proceeded the most delightful book on the tropical islands which has been written since Melville's *Omoo* and *Typee*.

As so many of the papers composing it appeared originally in our own pages, we need not quote examples, if we had the space; but we are glad of this opportunity to express the high estimate we have always placed upon them. Nowhere else can be found more fascinating pictures; nowhere else a more genial sympathy with simple humanity for its own sake; nowhere else a more quiet and delicate humor, with such a mellow side to its cynicism, and such an amiable under-current to its poetical misanthropy. We seem to follow the poet into a new realm of fascination, and his idealized natives acquire for us a pathetic interest, which makes even their peccadilloes seem virtues and their ineptitudes a new kind of genius. As to the prose style of Mr. Stoddard—while it is fashioned after good models, it has the precious flavor of individuality; a certain *naïveté*, and even playful carelessness, mixing with its more serious traits—a jaunty ease that strengthens into dignity and sometimes almost bursts into song. The charm of such a style, with its always good English—preferring short, simple words, and direct phrases—is not the least attraction of the book. It is certain to make a favorable introduction for the latest Pacific author who has appealed to the larger audience of the eastern world; and if it is thought sometimes too exuberantly descriptive, or too florid and sensuous, these are qualities that will be corrected or tempered by experience.

THE DEAD MARQUISE. By Leonard Kip.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The author of this work is well and favorably known to the readers of the *OVERLAND*, by his "Three Days of Sanctuary," "From

Belfry to Porch," "Coyote Cañon," "Only an Episode," and various other contributions, which have received pleasant reception, as they have, from time to time, appeared.

The story purports to be an autobiography written by the Marquise de Sainte-Maure, during the last few months of her life, and left in the possession of Mademoiselle Celeste Dupont, her maid-in-waiting for over twenty years. The manuscript is sold by the latter to Mons. Theophilus Leclerc, editor and dramatic author, Paris, who, finding it to contain no elements suitable for re-arrangement in farce or comedy, makes other more judicious use of it; hence, we suppose, the work before us.

The scenes of the life of the Marquise are laid in the Reign of Terror, when an infuriated populace hurled themselves upon the soldiery of Paris, and the contagion of crime and cruelty spread to every city in France, and when the higher nobility and wealthy citizens were forced to abandon their homes, seeking safety in precipitate flight. The Marquise, confidently believing that the commotion would soon subside, neglected to join the outward current, until it was too late to cross the frontier, and as an only remaining refuge, sought safety in concealment, with a few kindred friends in the loyal province of La Vendée. Here, gradually abandoning all habits and traditions of stately rank or culture, swaying to the plebeian prejudices of the day, and living in the most quiet seclusion, she hoped to remain undiscovered. But revolutionary hate ferreted out the refugees and forced them again to fly, and, believing that crowds offered better security than solitude, they again entered Paris.

The little upper chamber beneath the sloping roof of the old Maison des Capucins, with its surroundings—the retreat of the exiled Marquise—is as pretty a bit of descriptive poetic prose writing as we have seen for many a day.

Just at this point we are introduced to Flonsette, the confidential maid and foster-sister; to "Cousin Gervais"—the Baron de Montfaucou— who figures conspicuously in the unfolding of the drama; to Madre, one of the fairest and sweetest character-portrait-

ures of the story, and one who preserves her distinctive individuality, from first to last, with pleasing conspicuity. A little further on, the author displays much delicate ingenuity in the manner in which he introduces the artist-lover of the Marquise, whom she first inadvertently discovers through the open window of a room in an adjoining wing, busily engaged on a half-finished picture which occupies the easel near the window. Flavian, like his own pictures, is a life-like creation, well drawn and worth studying. With the *dramatis personæ* nicely launched, there is quiet, easy sailing, with no rude swirls or lurches; the stream of narrative flows on, with no wretched tempests perpetually upsetting the intrepid voyagers. There is much of dramatic power and inventive construction displayed in the subtle intricacies that unfold themselves in the final *dénouement*. The conception of the love experience of Madre, with its ultimate unraveling, is artistic and fine. The characters are, for the most part, nicely discriminated. There is a good deal of clever dialogue, in which the different personages are permitted to exhibit themselves, and reveal to the reader their peculiar characteristics. The author knows well the men and women whom he introduces. There are touches of exquisite pathos revealing the tender sympathies of the author with his ideal creations, whom he delights to elaborate with artistic care.

The autobiographic style of the work enables the writer to indulge in details which add to the beauty and naturalness of the narrative. Imagination never runs riot in the author's descriptions of scenes, incidents, or characters. His genius is orderly and well balanced. The love-making is inimitable, so sensible and seemly. None but a practiced *connoisseur* could have succeeded so well in depicting the subtle workings of human tenderness, and the divine power of love in conquering and subduing self-love.

The chief interest of the story turns upon the overmastering strength of a true affection in the breast of the faithful Marquise, and the sadly unfulfilled longing of her patient, trustful heart. But in all this unfolding there is nothing of sickly sentimentality, and there are no perilous pitfalls of fearfully fine writing. A stream of easy-flowing nat-

uralness enriches all. Whether considered as a literary production, or a historical romance, the book may be justly regarded as a success.

POEMS. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

In this little volume of 172 pages, 16mo., are contained all the later poems of the author. Mr. Howells is best known to the larger number of readers by his prose writings, which are marked by a charming freshness of subject, though drawn from the every-day life about him, and by an equally charming style. He deserves more readers for his poetry, which is full of a delicate fancy, of a pure, if somewhat melancholy, sentiment, and abounds in artistic grace. In the present volume, though it retains the echo of foreign travel, and is touched with the pensive beauty of Venetian influence, he appeals more to our home sympathies than in his previous offerings. We like, for this reason, no less than for his easy mastery of the flowing hexameters in which they are written, "The Pilot's Story," "Louis Lebeau's Conversion," "Clement," and "The Movers." The first of these embalms a tragic incident of the slave era, which is related by the pilot of a Mississippi steamboat, as he stands

"— with his back to his hearers,

Keeping his hand on the wheel and his eye on the globe of the jack-staff,

Holding the boat to the shore and out of the sweep of the current,

Lightly turning aside for the heavy logs of the drift-wood,

Widely shunning the snags that made us sardonic obeisance."

In a very few lines we have a finely sketched picture of the great river, full of local atmosphere, followed by a graphic portrait of the gambler who won the nearly white slave-girl from her

"Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious"

master, who was also the father of her child, and had promised her freedom; then the despair of the poor thing, and her fatal leap upon the wheel of the boat. It is sufficient praise of this performance to say that Mr.

Howells enables us to realize vividly all he depicts of scenery, character, and incident, in that south-western domain of fiction which is now generally given over to slang and vulgarity, without resorting to false dialect, indulging in profanity, or otherwise offending good manners and good literary taste. "Louis Lebeau's Conversion," depicting quite forcibly the religious enthusiasm of a western camp-meeting, which is made the occasion for the climax of a love affair between a rough border character and the good girl who wins him to reform, has the same excellent quality of treating border topics with truth unalloyed by vulgarity. We can not but think the author consciously meant to show that such topics are available for poetry without the slang and bad English miscalled "dialect." "The Movers" depicts with unexaggerated pathos the packing from their log-cabin home of Ohio emigrants who are going "farther west." These all illustrate, however sketchily, a capacity that may some day be more largely employed for the adequate poetical treatment of American incident and scenery. Among the other poems in the volume we recognize in "The Royal Portraits" a dramatic quality like that displayed sometimes by Hood; in "Bo-peep" a very playful fancy; and in "Before the Gate" and "Caprice" a nice faculty for expressing the coqueties of female love.

TACITUS. By William Bodham Donne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have here the latest volume in the American reprint of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," edited by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins. It includes, besides a succinct biography of the great Roman historian, nine chapters devoted to a capital synopsis of his works, including his memorable treatise on Germany, and the treatises on Agricola, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, which, even in epitome, seem to revive the days of the old emperors. The editorial commentaries worked in elucidate the text for readers unfamiliar with the epoch, and make the book, small as it is, a very good guide to the story of Rome under the first emperors. The series to which it belongs is a very useful one.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE TERRITORIES.
By F. V. Hayden, U. S. Geologist. Wash-
ington: Government Printing Office.

It has often been asserted that monarchical governments were the most efficient agencies for the conduct of works of large public utility; but the examples of the Grecian, Italian, and Dutch republics refute this idea, and even a country so new as the United States, whatever its faults of administration, is distinguished for the splendid liberality and wisdom of its Government in the prosecution of great improvements, and especially of educational works and scientific researches. Since the period of the exploring expedition under Commander Wilkes, thirty years ago, followed by the various surveys to discover the most practicable railway route across the continent, the National Government has had constantly on foot, by sea or land, scientific expeditions which have contributed immensely to the sum of physical knowledge, and which, moreover, have largely stimulated the occupation and development of the great West. One of the most important of these enterprises is the United States Geological Survey of the territories, embracing portions of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, which has been for six years in progress, under the direction of F. V. Hayden, a gentleman who has had sixteen or twenty years of experience in the field of his present researches. It is to this survey that we owe all that is accurately known of the wonders of the Yellowstone region, and the reservation of the most remarkable portion of it as a great National Park. The sixth annual report of Professor Hayden, under date of March, 1873, has just been issued from the Government printing office. It makes an octavo volume of nearly 900 pages, sufficiently illustrated with wood-cuts and maps, and embraces a preliminary account of explorations made during the summer of 1872 about the sources of the Snake and Missouri rivers.

Besides the general *resumé* of results by Professor Hayden, we have numerous special reports by his assistants in the various departments of the survey, covering much detail as to the geology, topography, physical geography, the agricultural and mineral resources, flora and fauna of the regions visit-

ed, together with astronomical and meteorological observations, etc. It is impossible in the space at our disposal to attempt to generalize from the great amount of data thus presented. Suffice it to say, that the report, as a whole, embodies a vast quantity of new and highly interesting matter relative to the Yellowstone and Snake River countries. It presents a graphic picture of the wonderful geyser region—the centre of an old volcanic system, apparently. It indicates a very practicable railway route to the National Park. It fixes the elevation of the chief peak of the Teton Range, named Mount Hayden, at 13,858 feet. It describes correctly, for the first time, the great water-divide of the Madison country, the forthcoming maps of which will almost entirely change the geography of this wonderful region. "Here, within a radius of ten miles," says Professor Hayden, "may be found the sources of three of the largest rivers in America. The general elevation is from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea; while the mountains, whose eternal snows form the sources of these great rivers, rise to a height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. Flowing northward are the numerous branches of the Missouri, Yellowstone, and Wind rivers, which all eventually unite into one mighty stream, the Missouri. To the south, are the branches of the Green River, which unites with the Colorado, and finally empties into the Gulf of California; while south and west flow the branches of the Snake River, which, uniting with the Columbia, pour their vast volume of water into the Pacific." The source of the Madison was traced to a newly discovered lake, the Shoshone, at the head of which a new geyser basin was found, with from seventy-five to one hundred remarkable springs. From the summit of Red Mountain the eye took in a view embracing a radius of 150 miles, including 470 tall mountain peaks, and covering a large portion of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and Utah territories.

It will be seen that the merely geographical results of the survey last year are of great importance and interest. When the results in all the other departments shall have been fully elaborated, and the maps shall have been completed, the full value of the exploration can be better realized. Meanwhile the partial sub-reports are very suggestive;

and it is to be hoped, in the interest both of pure science and for the sake of hastening the development of the territories, that the survey will continue to receive liberal countenance and support.

MARJORIE DAW AND OTHER PEOPLE. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is a collection of the short stories of the author, heretofore published in the magazines, including "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for November. Mr. Aldrich may almost be called the creator of a new style of short story. He has a very ingenious method of exciting an interest in personages and incidents having a wonderful *vraisemblance*, and finishing his narrative suddenly with a *dénouement* the least expected, often in the nature of an anti-climax, sometimes amusing by its laughable unexpectedness, but possibly, as in "Marjorie Daw," the title story of the volume before us, as chilling upon the imagination as a metaphorical wet blanket. In the case of the story just named, a young gentleman, laid up with a broken leg and cross as a bear under the infiction, is amused by the letters of a friend, which finally excite a deep feeling of interest toward a charming young woman, hight Marjorie, with whom he falls desperately in love, without ever seeing her, and is even made to believe she loves him. As he recovers partly from his lameness, he insists upon repairing to Marjorie's home, against the protests by mail and telegraph of his friend. Arrived at the scene of her supposed residence, he finds a letter from his friend, in these words, which end the epistolary story:

"What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a pariah, a dog of an outcast. I tried to make a little romance to interest you—something soothing and idyllic—and, by Jove! I have done it only too well. My father doesn't know a word of this, so don't jar the old gentleman any more than you can help. I fly from the wrath to come—when you arrive! For, O dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!"

The story is worked up to the point pre-

ceding this disappointing climax with the utmost fidelity and liveliness of detail; the characters "live, move, and have a being," and we almost overlook the writer's crisp, animated, and pleasing style, in the interest he excites for his fictitious people. It is a compliment to his skill that we regret to learn there is no sweet, arch, natural Marjorie Daw, after all. Was there ever such trifling before with the feelings of a good novel-reader? As we lay down the book we seem to see the author disappearing hastily around a corner, with thumb on nose, and his roguish face leering. Again, in "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski," we have an impressionable young blood falling in love with a female acrobat, but too virtuous, not to say too aristocratic, to confess as much to her, or to compromise his own social standing and hurt the sensibilities of a proud mother. Finally, by way of a sentimental farewell, meant to close this silly chapter in his life, he sends his charmer a costly bracelet, with a note of confession. He receives in reply this mortifying billet, which ends the story:

"MR. VAN TWILLER DEAR SIR—I am very grateful to you for that Bracelett. it come just in the nic of time for me. The mademoiselle Zabriski dodg is about plaid out. My beard is getting to much for me. i shall have to grow a mustash and take to some other line of busyness, i dont no what now, but will let you no. You wont feel bad if i sell that Bracelett. i have seen Abrahams Moss and he says he will do the square thing. Pleas accep my thanks for youre Beautiful and Unexpected present.

"Youre respectfull servant,

"CHARLES MONTMORENCI WALTERS."

No wonder Van Twiller went abroad next day. Of course, this kind of story-telling, ingenious and original as it is, can not be indulged in long. The secret once out, the author would lose the sympathy of the large class who read to "have things come out right," and might be complained of to some society for the prevention of cruel trifling with human sensibilities. It is due to Mr. Aldrich, however, to say that he has a nice style, a good deal of art, as well as artifice, and depicts characters with a captivating air of reality. If he disappoints in his *finale*, he never does before. His clever stories have proved quite popular, and *Marjorie Daw* has found her way into several foreign languages.

OLD ROME AND NEW ITALY. By Emilio Castelar. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Probably no man in Europe stands out in bolder prominence to-day, than does Señor Castelar, the author of the work before us. Scholarly, bold, and eloquent, he shines forth amid the darkness of distracted Spain, like a star through the rifts of a cloud-enveloped sky. As we note the masterly strokes of a genius like this, we recall the days of classic story, when he whom Niebuhr calls the "demoniac man," driven irresistibly forward by the impulses of a mighty genius and an equally mighty ambition, and touching life by every fibre, by virtue of his transcendent power, was proclaimed by the popular gratitude of the Roman people dictator for ten years. In a manner somewhat akin to this, Emilio Castelar has been called by the Spanish Cortes to form his own cabinet and become essentially the Dictator of Spain. It yet remains for him to show himself capable of controlling and ruling a turbulent and disordered State. A dictatorship, to be timely, healthful, and successful, must be the natural outgrowth of superior wisdom, insight, and mental and moral culture. That dictatorship which rests alone upon mere physical prowess, where right gives place to might, contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution.

From all we have been able to gather of the peculiar characteristics of this remarkable man, we are encouraged to believe that by a judicious and patriotic use of the power which he now holds in his hands, the friends of Republican liberty have much to hope for, in the new President of the Spanish Cortes. The confidence reposed in him is nobly evinced by the ready compliance to his bold demands and conditions; and eager, longing eyes are bent upon him, if, mayhap, the unhappy land where political power has so long been the plaything of successive factions, the land of ignominious tumults, and countless *pronunciamientos*, shall at last emerge into the blessedness and beauty of republican freedom and light—if, perchance, through its redeemer, Castelar, poor, riotous, much-enduring Spain shall finally obtain a better resurrection! The world looks on in mute wondering, querying whether the proud past of the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella is really to be restored through its new leader, Señor Castelar? France had her Lamartine—orator, poet, historian, philosopher, and statesman; but all these qualifications did not insure the success of the republic of 1848, which was, more or less, his own creation. With all her faithful allegiance to papacy, she came to grief. Italy

has had her Mazzini, who consecrated himself to the enthronement of a principle, the establishment of a republic on a humanitarian basis, the crushing out of political evils, and the uplifting of the oppressed. But a people so long rent and torn by internal strifes and internecine warfare are not easily segregated—such wounds do not heal by the first intention. It often needs a fresh infusion of martyr-blood to revivify and establish a new life. Mazzini's motto, "The progress of all through all," can be but slowly realized; the redemption of the race is not to be speedily accomplished. Rome must have her Cæsars, France her Lamartines, Italy her Mazzinis, and Spain her Castelars, to weld the nations on Time's mighty anvil, and so prepare them to be free; but if the workman stay not to see the full completion of his work, yet his labor abideth, and he has not toiled in vain.

The conspicuity of the author gives additional interest to a work of intrinsic value and interest in itself. The book does not purport to be simply a book of travels. It is rather a fascinating *resumé* of impressions, all aglow with fervor and enthusiasm, as if eloquently voiced from traveled lips. The author has not followed any pre-arranged order of recital, and, hence, there is a charming *abandon*, a sense of freedom and open-air freshness about the descriptive musings, as rare as it is delightful. There is all the difference between a style like this, and the usual prim, prosaic, conventional mode of description, that there is between the aspect of a room where the pictures on the wall are hung with awful accuracy, and each separate piece of furniture maintains an immutable position in regard to every other piece in the room, and the cheery, cosy, inviting little boudoir with its sprawling easy chairs inviting repose, and its home-like naturalness of orderly disorder.

The author prepares us, in his preface, to expect but little of the present life and manners of Italy. He considers it in a historical and æsthetic sense. He journeys through all periods of history. He connects her works of art and the monuments of her greatness with the ages in which they were constructed, and the generations to which they owe their creation. Sentiment is stirred as he studies the beauty and grandeur of building or statue, and he moralizes over the tempests of the human spirit that have passed over them:

"Knowledge has opened their wounds; and on seeing them, one feels in heart and brain the immense effort it has cost ages to create the modern spirit in which we breathe and live."

We are delighted to catch glimpses of the character of this remarkable man in just such expressions as this, scattered throughout the book. As again, in his reflections on the Catacombs, he says :

"I, who have the ideas of my time, who believe in the everlasting character of the universe, who look on death, not as annihilation, but as renovation—I feel disposed to melancholy reflection, and fancy I hear the trumpet of the last judgment sounding over the trembling spheres, and the lamentations of the prophets over the ruined cities.... Let us then enter these subterranean caverns with our thoughts absorbed by the infinite, and our hearts resting on the hope of immortality."

The moral heroism of his nature stands out in bold relief through all his writings. That he is at heart a Protestant can scarcely be doubted, although in youth it was the Roman religion that spoke to him of God, of immortality, and of redemption; but although thoroughly Latin in taste and culture, and well versed in Roman literature and Roman law, he is imbued throughout with the spirit of those heroes of antiquity who lived for liberty and for their country. He has been baptized with that spirit which makes men free indeed. Says Castelar :

"The Church from the time of Charlemagne has been an empire; yes, an empire according to the Roman fashion, while Europe has tended to federation. The Roman Bishops desired to be more Cæsars than Popes; they wished to perpetuate, under the protection of the Cross, the subjugation of the world."

Could anything be stated in more emphatic language than his utter contempt for the dogma of Infallibility, in the chapter titled, "The God of the Vatican?" And he summarizes thus:

"In this growth of human nature and of the human mind, joined to the growing conviction of the fundamental equality of all men, and joined with a science which declares that fundamental equality of all beings in Cosmos, do you think a religion can satisfy us whose two last dogmas, instead of spiritualizing the life, of idealizing the faith, teach us to believe in the exceptional privilege of two human creatures; a privilege and exception incomprehensible by the intelligence, and opposed to the universality of nature? ... And the god of the Vatican—that species of material idol, clothed with brocades, crowned with diamonds, enveloped in clouds of incense, intoxicated with the adulation once offered to the deified Cæsars of antiquity—does not respond to the necessities of our epoch, nor slake with theocratic doctrines the inextinguishable thirst of our spirit.... The heart is raised to the living Jehovah, One, Absolute, Eternal; that Being, Essence, Truth, Good, Perfection; the God of Nature and of the Spirit, elevated above all the changes and transformations of history, and who

communicates to our souls the ineffable hope of immortality.... Revelation is not over, no, though some believe the fountain is exhausted."

Such glowing words as these reveal clearly the real nature and character of the man, Señor Castelar; and the chief value of the work lies here rather than in any wealth of description in regard to Old Rome and New Italy. The vivid oratorical power of the writer is plainly apparent in this interesting volume. The surging, irresistible force of an active, energized mentality, is everywhere felt. There is a vigorous pulse kindling warmth and vitality. There is nothing dry or heavy, nothing fettered or suppressed; the writer knows how to "heave his heart into his mouth." His spirit is noble, heroic, and daring; judiciously balanced, it would seem, with prudence and caution. One catches the inspiration of leadership from the clarion ring of the impassioned utterances, and feels the magnetic thrill of a character organized to lead, to drive, and to succeed among men. A work like this is the product of none other than a large brain, a broad nature, and a heart true to itself; a man active in sympathy, keen in discernment, beneficent in spirit, rich in experience, inspirational in thought, and heroic in action. Such may Señor Castelar, the noble Celt, prove himself to be, and may he yet deserve and realize the title of "Father of His Country"—the redeemer and restorer of distracted and down-trodden Spain.

WOMANHOOD: ITS SANCTITIES AND FIDELITIES. By Isabella Beecher Hooker. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This little book or pamphlet is made up of a well-considered essay on Motherhood, extracts from correspondence with John Stuart Mill, and a somewhat lengthy paper titled, "State Patronage of Vice," which is a presentation of extracts from publications issued in England during the recent contest there over the attempt to legalize vice. Mrs. Hooker feels that the history of the work done for moral purity by the noble women of England, should give to American women a new sense both of their duty and of their power in the same cause here. The author says:

"There is a great disinclination on the part of refined and fastidious people to have these subjects spoken of at all, and especially in plain language; but nothing is clearer than that the best welfare of our race, both moral and physical, requires that they be understood; and if so, the truths that need to be

stated should be stated with delicacy, but in language that can be understood; and language that plainly conveys its meaning is far better in moral effect than that which deals with its subject in covert and ambiguous expression, and thus suggests concealed delicacy and stimulates unwholesome curiosity."

There is nothing sour or impertinent, nothing coarse or "strong-minded" (in the offensive sense of that term) in this little volume; but it contains the earnest, impassioned, and solicitous utterances of a brave and heroic spirit, nobly battling for the right, as it is given her to see the right. May its mission be potent and powerful for good!

YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Not every superb artist in music, painting, or sculpture is best qualified to impart the knowledge of his art to others, or initiate the toiling student into the rudimental principles and mysteries upon which depend both excellence and success. The genius for imparting is a distinctive gift. He who possesses the knack for discovering latent talent and developing the same, is the world's benefactor in a pre-eminent sense. To be a successful general is to combine the qualities of both leader and commander; to be a successful teacher is to be at once scholarly and distributive. That Mr. Beecher possesses in an eminent degree the rarest gifts of a preceptor, needs no other proof than his successful pulpit ministrations. His *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, however, afford abundant evidence of his genius in this line.

The present volume is the second series of lectures delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College, in the regular course of the "Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching." They were reported phonographically for the *Christian Union*, where they first made their appearance in published form. The compilation before us is made up of eleven lectures on the subjects: "Choosing the Field;" "Prayer;" "The Prayer-Meeting—Its Methods and Benefits;" "The Prayer-Meeting—Its Helps and Hindrances;" "Relations of Music to Worship;" "Development of Social Elements;" "Bible-Classes—Mission-Schools—Lay-Work;" "The Philosophy of Revivals;" "Revivals subject to

Law;" "The Conduct of Revivals;" "Bringing Men to Christ."

As the subjects suggest, Mr. Beecher considers the social and religious machinery of the church as related to preaching. His views are fresh, forcible, and philosophical, and are characterized by great clearness and good sense. They fairly sparkle with beauty and brightness, as the clover with the dew. Mr. Beecher is a bold and hardy pioneer in theological advancement. The sturdy, keenedged axe, swung by his stalwart arm, is busy leveling the gnarled and withered trunks of an effete and dead theology (so called), thus opening up prospects bright and beautiful, when a universal brotherhood shall occupy this heritage of the Lord, and love shall be the law and light. As a speaker, Mr. Beecher doubtless owes much of his power to his trinity of forces as poet, philosopher, and psychologist; as a writer, his power lies in his intense and penetrating practicalness, his keen sympathy with all that is noblest and best in human life and career, his fresh and unconventional use of language, his cultured vigor, his freedom from all mere ecclesiasticism, his broad catholicity, his high-toned simplicity, his finished scholarship, and, above all, his intense, open-handed fellowship with the brotherhood of man.

The book is full of interest for all—layman or clergyman, saint or sinner. Its logic and theology are alike good. The most lynx-eyed orthodoxy could find nothing suspicious, while catholic souls must exult in the breadth, vigor, and independence of the resolute teachings therein contained.

HAP-HAZARD. By Kate Field. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Every man," says Lessing, "has his own style as much as he has his own nose, and it is neither polite nor Christian to reproach an honorable man for his nose, however remarkable it may be." Mr. Lessing undoubtedly included woman in his compassionate plea, or assuredly would have done so, were he writing at this day. What a sorry time we should have of it, were facial critics and artists, of the *genre* style, privileged to sit in judgment severe upon every unfortunate olfactor that deviated in the

slightest degree from conventional size or classic proportions! More infamous still, were they permitted to apply the scalpel in an attempt to transform every little disdainful pug into a proudly-arching aquiline, or convert every stubby ill-shapen bulge into a stately aristocratic Roman!

What if every writer were a Carlyle, an Emerson, or a Huxley? What if every singer were a Jenny Lind, or a Patti? What if every painter were a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael? What if every poet were a Whittier, or a Tennyson? What a perfect surfeit of excellence we should have! What a superfluity of finish! What an overflow of exquisiteness! How should we hail the advent of a little of the commonplace! How should we welcome a taste of mediocrity! The poet sung no less sensibly than truthfully, when he said, that

“Spring would be but gloomy weather,
If he had nothing else but Spring.”

Hence, we felicitate the literary world in that Kate Field lives and moves and has her being, and is privileged to have her hap-hazard say-so in her hap-hazard style. If she is flippant, piquant, and declamatory, she has piously obeyed her genius; there is no impertinent affectation about it. She may be voluble and frothy, but she is never cold and monotonous. There is a good-natured twinkle, even when she waxes vehement and pugnacious. As for instance, in her letter devoted to “Ruminating Animals,” she benignantly asks:

“Is the *quid* as necessary to man as the *cul* to horned cattle? Can he discover no *quid pro quo* for his present disgusting habit? How much more of a beast is he in his *quid*-dities than horned cattle in their *cul*-dities? Who ever saw four-legged animals expectorate? They ruminate without detriment to the green carpet beneath their feet, while two-legged man carries ruin in his trail. Better a slimy hippopotamus or a ventilated kerosene tank for a traveling neighbor than a great American spitter.”

And let all the people say, Amen!

“In steamboats you can escape the rain of terror. Ruminating animals have a cabin to themselves, where, planting their feet on the stove, they can in mute conclave ‘spit round sociable.’ But the hair-breadth ‘scapes by flood in cars are of a nature to try the patience of Job himself. Like the course of empire, westward expectation takes its way; and the

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farther you leave the Atlantic Ocean behind you, the nearer you are to an ocean of another color, that is by no means favorable to navigation. To champion chowers the floor of a car is one vast spittoon, and he is the best fellow who covers the greatest amount of surface.”

We can scarcely resist the impression that the intrepid, vivacious Kate is a denizen of the lovely suburban retreat across the Bay, and that diurnal experiences in trips to our cosmopolitan city have stirred the deepest depths of her long-suffering nature. Many a poor suffering victim has *thought* things far more ferocious than this valiant championess of human rights has ventured to express. But we are satisfied that nothing short of a dispensation of fire from heaven will ever strike reasonable terror to the heart of the inveterate ruminator. So *requiescat in pace!*

Miss Field’s descriptions of her lecture experiences are sparkling, racy, and romantic. They scintillate with the brilliancy of a fire-fly, of which she is a perpetual reminder. She is audacity incarnate, but of such a fascinating, inoffensive sort, as to disarm criticism.

We should perhaps add, that the work is a reproduction of letters which originally appeared in the *New York Tribune*, *Every Saturday*, and the *American Register of Paris*. Through her *Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens’ Readings, taken from Life*, published some two years since, she became well known, both in this country and in Europe, although her utter incapacity for criticism, through excess of adoration, rendered the work almost valueless. As a newspaper correspondent, she is a decided success. More than this, at present, dependent saith not.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1872. By General John Eaton, Jr. Washington: Government Printing Office.

More than one-third of the volume of one thousand pages is devoted to the annual statement of the progress of education in the United States. The progress and condition of education in each State is briefly but satisfactorily set forth. While there is much cause for congratulation, it is evident

that much is immediately wanted to advance the school system in many of the States; and, to tell the truth, our schools have not reached absolute perfection anywhere, nor has illiteracy been reduced to such proportions that we, as Americans, have cause to boast much of our universal intelligence.

The objects in establishing a National Educational Bureau were, to exhibit the wants of the people, and by bringing before all the best methods of imparting instruction that the experience of the world has discovered, to inaugurate that system which had been found most valuable. The inquiries of the Bureau are not, therefore, limited to the American Republic alone, but extend to all parts of the world. Much of the volume before us is filled with valuable and interesting accounts of what other lands are doing for educational progress. Among the special articles, are a few that we could wish to see disseminated in a more popular form. We allude more particularly to "The Value of Common School Education to Common Labor," by Dr. Jarvis; "The Relation between Crime and Education," and "Between Education and Pauperism," by E. D. Mansfield, LL.D.; and the suggestions of the President of the Rochester University, on "Art-Training in American Colleges."

When so good authority as Prof. Agassiz tells the people of Massachusetts that their system of popular education is superannuated, and that the great work to be done in order to induce effort in the higher walks of knowledge is to "drag the low *stratum* to a higher level," there is reason to begin to think we have not reached the highest educational plane, and it is time to inaugurate a new system. The Educational Bureau, by gathering together the experience of the world in a compact form, is supplying the material out of which a complete and satisfactory system may be devised, and is thus doing a great and really patriotic work for the country. The book before us should be in the hands of every superintendent and teacher throughout the Union; and it would be well if the Congressmen who vote the money to give such books to the public, could be more largely imbued with the importance of further effort in the same direction.

LOMBARD STREET. A DESCRIPTION OF THE MONEY MARKET. By Walter Bagehot. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This book, by a philosophical writer who has recently obtained considerable celebrity, may be said to be a *resumé* of the duties laid upon, and the privileges enjoyed by, the Bank of England, by virtue of its being the custodian of the ultimate money reserves, not only of Great Britain, but to some extent of all Europe. The duties are onerous, being, briefly, to hold continuously large sums of money, waiting panics which recur at irregular periods of years; and when they do occur, to exhaust those reserves, and then, by permission of the Government, to emit its own paper (which for a time it is not compelled to redeem), without stint or limit, in discounting the good bills, or loaning upon the fair securities that any man or association in the kingdom has to offer, be he its friend or foe, supporter or competitor. The privileges enjoyed are, dividends to stockholders considerably less on an average than those paid by competing joint-stock banks, and the glory of being the only institution of the country the soundness of which John Bull never questions. "The Bank" to him is invincible, impregnable, infallible. He has doubts as to the best form of civil government, he may be skeptical in matters of religious faith, but he testifies before a select committee of the House of Commons (see page 340), immediately after a panic, that during the crisis he felt quite certain that his deposit in the "Bank" could be had on demand, and that the danger of its notes being for the time unconvertible never crossed his mind.

At the present time this book will be read with interest by Americans curious on matters of finance. It seems to be proved, that the pronounced policy of the Bank of England, in dealing with monetary panics, has been equal to the emergency on several memorable occasions; and the question arises whether similar machinery may not, with good results, be introduced into our American banking system?

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

[The capital letter immediately following the name of each piece indicates the key in which it is written; the accompanying figure shows the grade of difficulty—No. 1 being the simplest, No. 7 extremely difficult; the concluding capital letters indicate the compass of the song. The price is also given.]

From MATTHIAS GRAY, 623 and 625 Clay Street, San Francisco, and 101 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

VOCAL.—From the recent publications of this firm we have received the following: *My Cottage Trimmed with Roses* (D, 3, C sharp to E), H. P. Danks, 35c. *Hark! the Angels Sweetly Singing* (B flat, 3, F to F), H. P. Danks, 35c. Two new ballads by the popular author of *Don't be angry with me, Darling*. The words of the former, by Samuel N. Mitchell, are mildly sentimental and of home-like warmth. The music is skillfully adapted, with simple accompaniment. The poetry of the latter song, written by Albert A. Hill, is tender and pathetic. Both songs have a well-arranged chorus, and are likely to become general favorites in the home circle. *Happy as a King* (E flat, 2, E flat to E flat), Stephen Massett, 35c. This song, written and composed by Massett, is dedicated to Miss Lulu Eugenie Vallejo. It is an *allegretto* of vivacious spirit, with an ear-catching melody. The sprightly composer counsels jollity on the philosophic ground that—

"'Twill be the same to you, and me,
A hundred years from hence."

This song is calculated to drive away the "blues," and will be undoubtedly popular among dealers in stock and like ventures. *Bess and I are out* (E flat, 2, E flat to F), Fred. Easterbrook, 35c. The subject of this song is from Carlton's Farm Ballads. A pretty little ballad, with a flavor of the *pastorale* in it.

INSTRUMENTAL.—*Etudes et Exercises*, L. Kohler, Opus 151, 75c. The publishers have brought out these valuable *études* in a creditable manner. The type is clean and clear, and the impressions as from freshly-engraved plates. Great care is evinced, too, in the proof-reading, in the absence of typographical errors, that are the bane of many editions of these popular exercises. The present

work embodies fifty easy studies preparatory to Opus 50. They are, perhaps, the easiest hitherto published. *Claribella*, Karl Merz, each 50c. This favorite composer has transcribed six of the most popular songs of Claribel, including: No. 2, *Come back to Erin* (C, 4), 50c.; No. 3, *Won't you tell me why, Robin?* (E flat, 4), 50c.; No. 4, *Silver Chimes* (D, 4), 50c. They are effectively and tastefully arranged, of moderate difficulty, and prettily conceived. The octave passages in No. 5 are brilliant and pleasing. The *allegro* is a graceful *finale*. No. 4 calls for neat, delicate execution, but offers no difficulties to the conscientious student. *First-kiss Polka* (C, 3), Louis Boedecker, 30c. A simple arrangement, bright and graceful, as played by Ballenberg's orchestra. "*My Gal*" *Schottische* (F, 3), Louis Boedecker, 25c. Another arrangement for the piano, from Ballenberg's orchestra; simple and pleasing.

From SHERMAN & HYDE, corner Sutter and Kearny, San Francisco.

VOCAL.—*Watching and Waiting* (B flat, 4, F to F), J. Ford, 40c. A pathetic ballad of great sweetness, published by F. A. North & Co., Philadelphia. The music is quiet and neatly adjusted to the words. The engraving on the title-page is suggestive of the character of the song. *Silvia May* (F, 3, E to F), Jean Foster, 40c. The words of this song are by Samuel N. Mitchell. It is a ballad full of sentiment and feeling. The chorus is well harmonized, and the accompaniment is simple. The vignette makes a beautiful title-page. *Milly Low* (G, 4, D to E), H. S. Thompson, 30c. A refreshing little song, with a rippling movement and a jingling chorus. There is the least flavor of quaintness to the melody and rhythm that gives it additional zest. It is from the publishing house of Balmer & Weber, of St. Louis. It is a graceful, pretty song.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. ROMAN & Co., San Francisco :

The Character of St. Paul. By J. S. Howson, D.D. New York : Dodd & Mead.

Against the Stream. By the author of "The Schenberg-Cotta Family." New York : Dodd & Mead.

Hester Morley's Promise. By Hesba Stretton. New York : Dodd & Mead.

The Atmosphere. From the French of Camille Flammarion. Edited by James Glaisher. New York :

Harper & Bros.

Lombard Street. By Walter Bagehot. New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Marjorie Daw and Other People. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

Poems. By W. D. Howells. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

Elements of Physical Manipulation. By Edward C. Pickering. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

The Yacht Club. By Oliver Optic. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

John Godsoe's Legacy. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

Womanhood : Its Sanctities and Fidelities. By Isabella B. Hooker. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

Crooked Places. By Edward Garrett. New York : Dodd & Mead.

Peter Stuyvesant. By John S. C. Abbott. New York : Dodd & Mead.

Tacitus. By Wm. B. Donne. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Oldport Days. By T. W. Higginson. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Story of Goethe's Life. By Geo. H. Lewes. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

Sounds from Secret Chambers. By Laura C. Redden. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

Japanese-English and English-Japanese Dictionary. By J. C. Hepburn, M.D. New York : A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

From A. L. BANCROFT & Co., San Francisco :

The Boy with an Idea. By Mrs. Eiloart. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

By and By. By Edward Maitland. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Dead Marquise. By Leonard Kip. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mary Cowden Clarke. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Morals of Manners. By Miss Sedgwick. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Geological Stories. By J. E. Taylor. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Turning of the Tide. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

Fireside Saints and Other Papers. By Douglas Jerrold. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass. :

His Marriage Vow. By Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin.

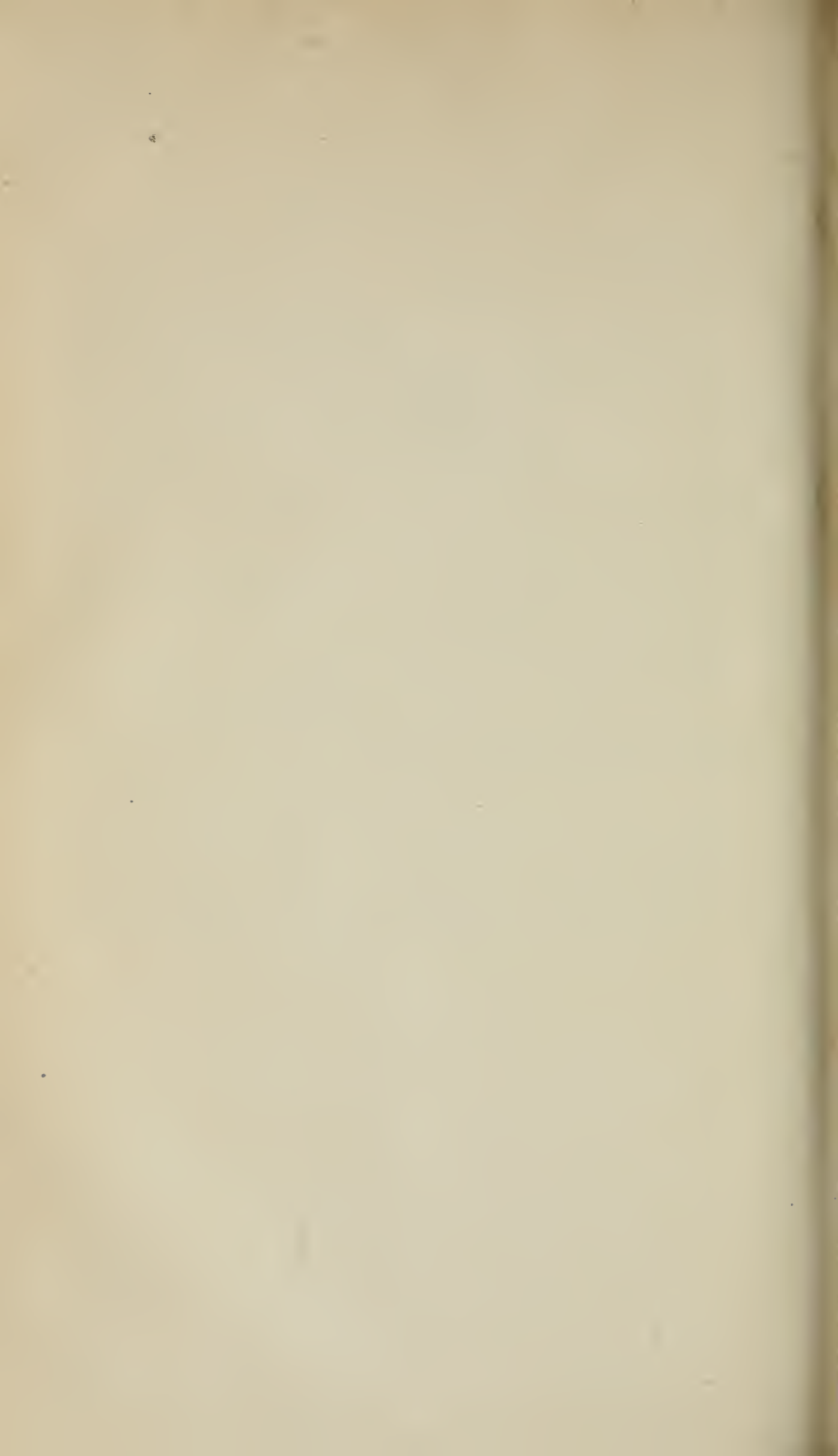
Pronouncing Hand-book of Words. By Richard Soule and Loomis J. Campbell.

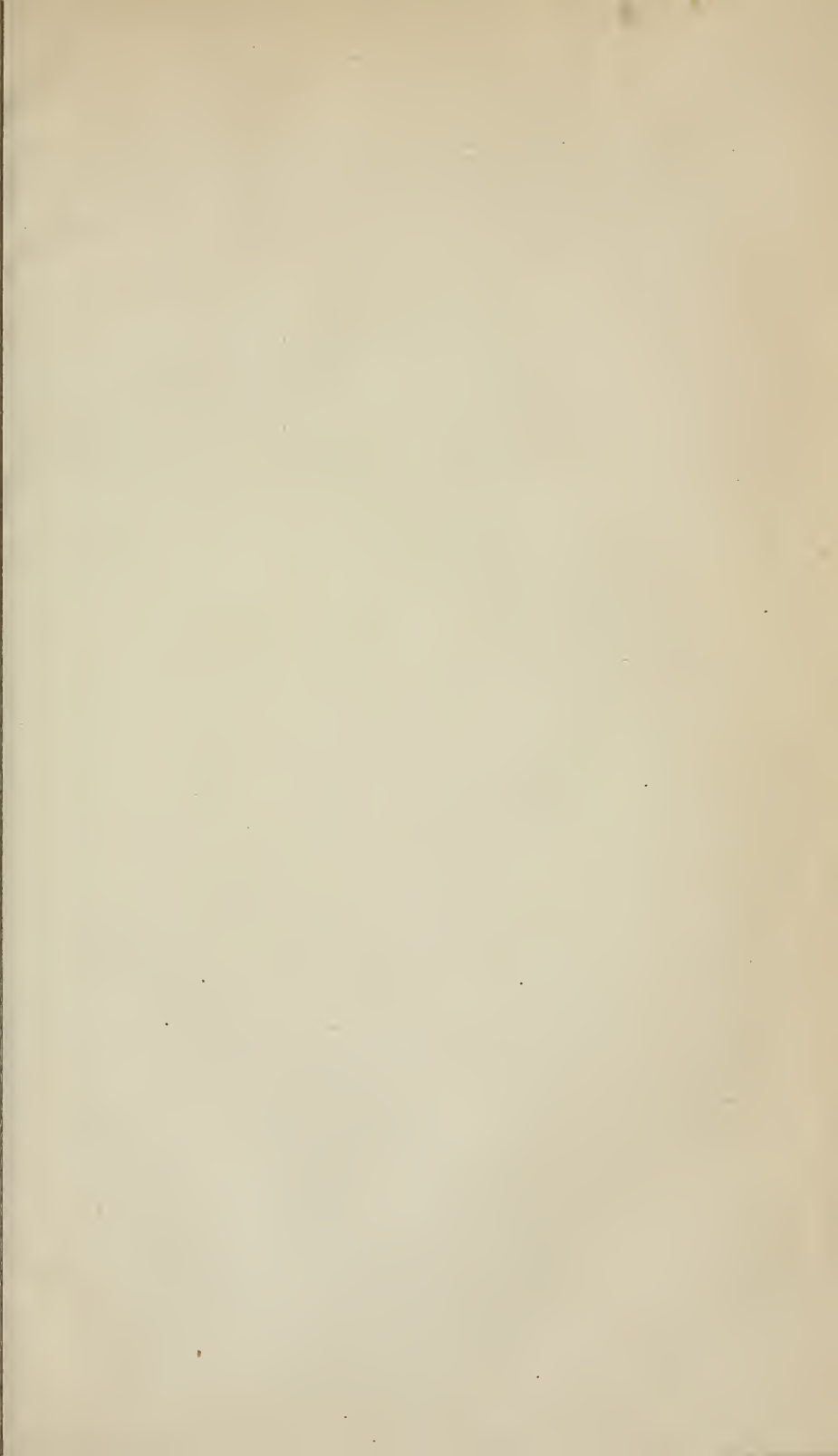
MISCELLANEOUS :

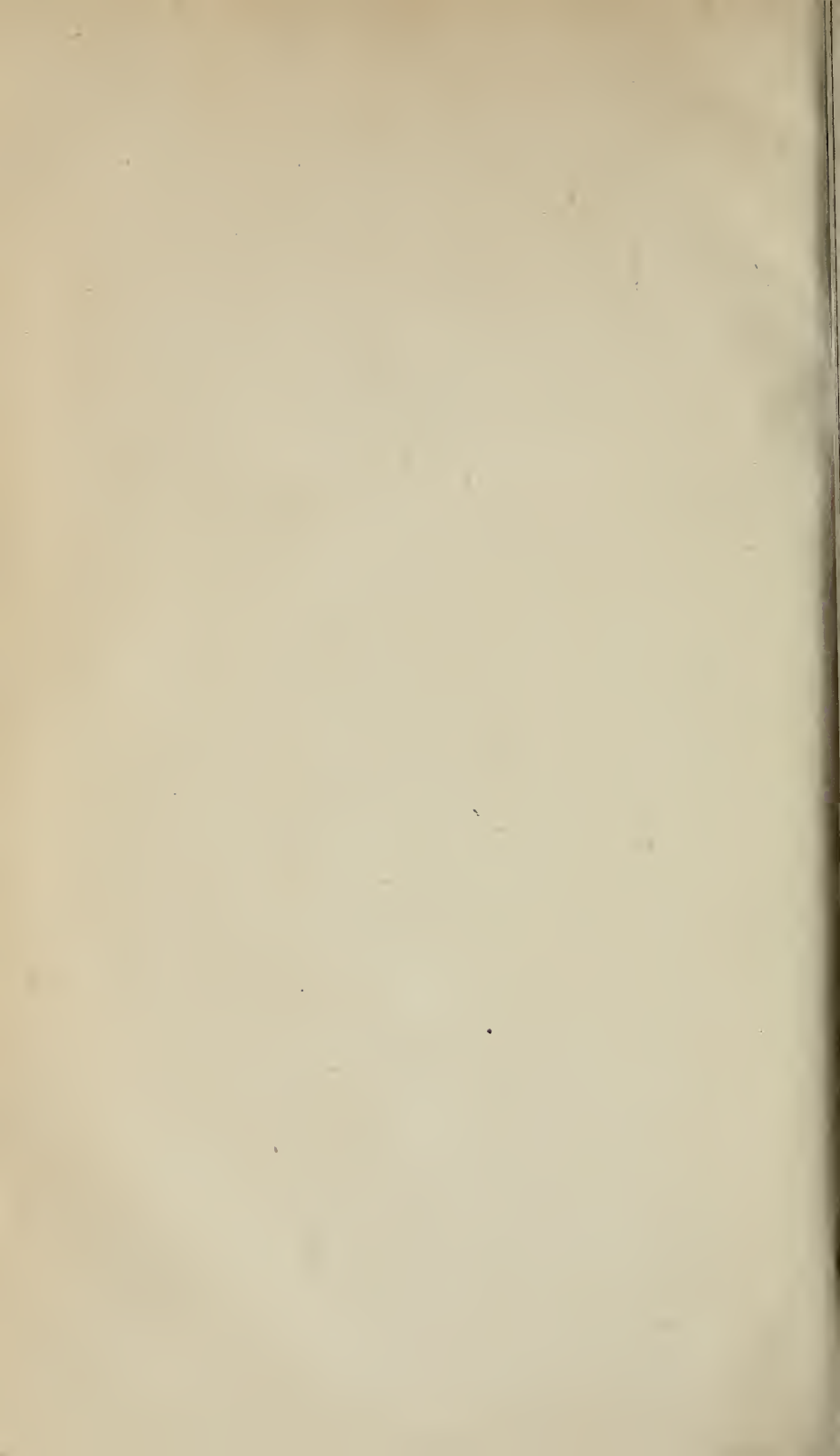
Silver and Gold. By R. W. Raymond, Ph. D. New York and San Francisco : J. B. Ford & Co.

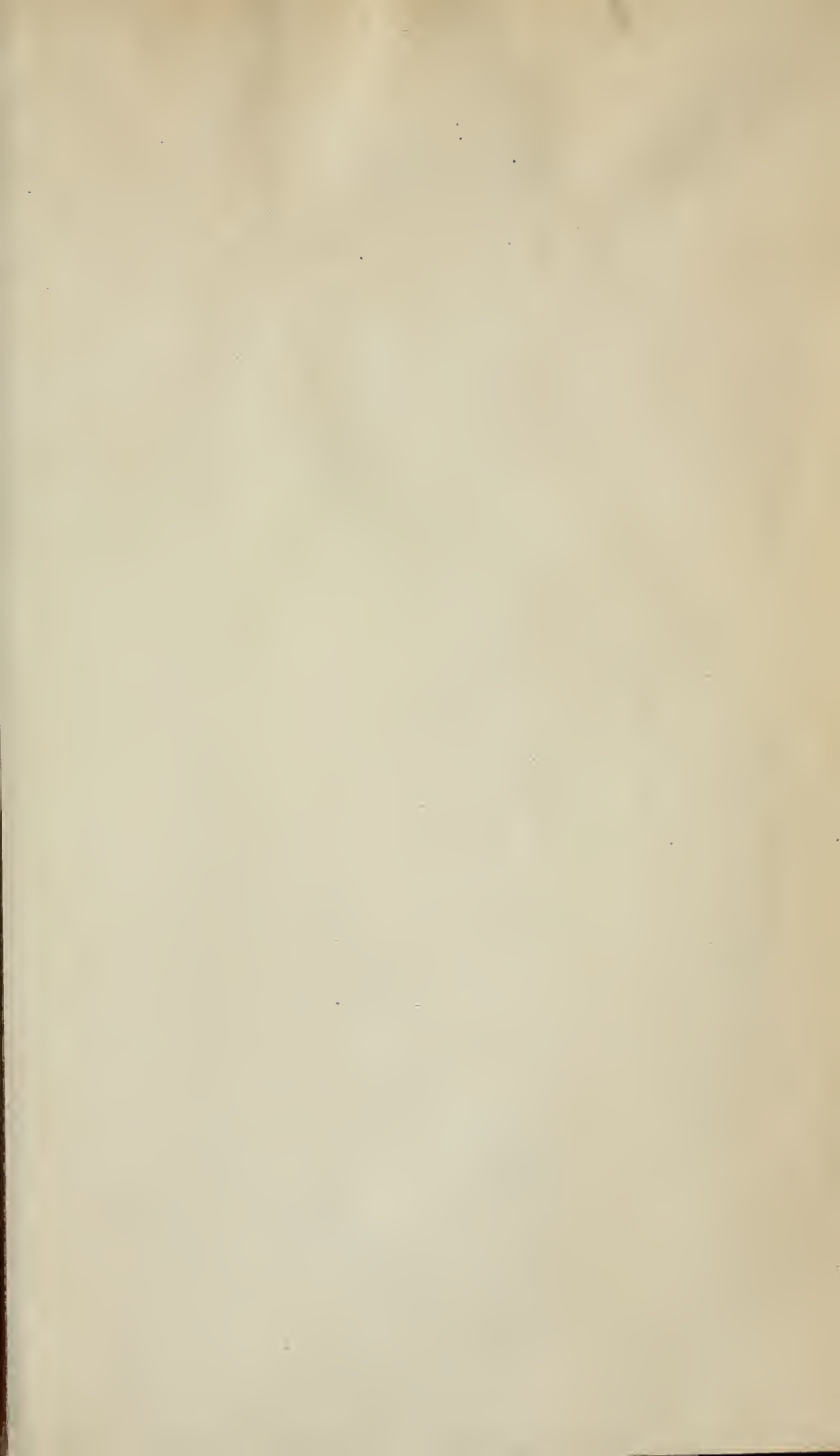
Brave Hearts. A Novel. By Robertson Gray. New York : J. B. Ford & Co.

Yale Lectures on Preaching. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York : J. B. Ford & Co.









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