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THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME VIII.

SAN FRANCISCO:
JOHN H. CARMANY & COMPANY.
1872.

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VOL. 8. NO. 1.

THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JANUARY, 1872.

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VOL. 8.—JANUARY, 1872.—No. 1.

TROPICAL CALIFORNIA.

No. II.—THE COMING OF THE DAY.

THAT pleasant afternoon in June when I left San Luis Obispo, the day went slowly down, tinging the sky with the rosiest red, and the brightest gold flaming and shooting through it. As the colors faded into purple, and gray, and pale yellow, the remembrance of the stories of murders dire, committed on this road, which had been told me in San Luis, came unpleasantly to my mind, and my sunset-meditations were more than once disturbed by the reflection that I was the only passenger, and the driver carried no arms, so far as I could see. At about nine o'clock we took supper at a neat, new little frame-house, comfortably furnished, and with so home-like an air about it, that I was surprised not to meet a woman on the threshold. Supper was spread on a well-set table; and when the man who had done the cooking, also poured the coffee, I asked, with justifiable curiosity, "Are you the only woman on these premises?" To which he promptly and cheerfully replied, "Yes, ma'am; is there any thing I can do for you?"

The mud-wagon we had ridden in from San Luis was exchanged for a coach, at Ballard's. I don't think I slept well during the night; nevertheless, when morning dawned, all desire for slumber was banished; I regretted, only, that I had but one pair of eyes to look with. We were crossing the Santa Inez Mountain, and in the uncertain light of the early morning, I thought, surely, my life-dream—to see the ruined mountain-castles of the Fatherland—had become reality during the night. Broader and broader grew the light—higher and higher we climbed the mountain. What though the road was narrow, and the coach overhung precipices that looked as though the gods, in their anger, had torn them open! Did not the gray rocks rise perpendicularly on the other side, and form the walls of just such a mountain-fastness as I have seen pictured on the pages telling us of robber-knights and the chivalry of the feudal ages? Ah! those grand, bold crags, with the tangled, low-growing trees at the foot; those towers and broken shafts,

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massive, yet crumbling, that strive heavenward in the clear sunshine of the bright morning—is there any thing on the storied Rhine, or in Thuringia's dark forests, that can fill the heart with awe and the mind with wonder, like these rocks, massed here, by Nature's hand, in gigantic, yet simple, architecture?

Then came the descent: columns, and rampart, and parapet, passed out of sight. But the battle of the Titans must have been fought here. How else could these granite blocks be strewn about in such profusion? A light fog lies on the valley. We seem to be driving into space, as the white clouds roll up toward us; but soon the sun begins to blink and wink at something far away and below us. And then the two Spaniards whom we picked up, somewhere, lean far out of the coach-window; and when I look out too, I see a mass of trees, and pieces of fog, and strips of yellow, and patches of blue, and flakes of white, and dots of brown and black. Then the fog clears away gradually, and I see the whole valley before me, the blue ocean bounding it. I have been told that the Valley of Santa Barbara is narrow. I think it is a mistake. Come down from the Santa Inez Mountain, look at it, and you will be convinced of your error. Long before the houses, the vineyards, and orange-groves of Santa Barbara come in sight, we espy the Mission, from which it takes its name, and which, seen first as a small white speck, grows in size as we come down from the mountain, and vanishes again when we near the town—from which, however, we can see it at every turn of the street-corner. It lies considerably higher than the town, some two miles back of it, and lends an attractive feature to the whole country around.

I can think of no place I have ever visited, that has left so pleasant an impression on my memory, as Santa Barbara. Visiting the place twice, the weather, each time, was delicious—balmy and soft, as I have fancied Italian skies must be. That this region belongs to tropical California, is attested by the fruits growing here—not by the heat, nor the enervating depression we associate with the idea of the Tropics. The place is laid out on rather a large scale, and though the houses are scattering, the business portion is very lively, and the streets "down town," where the better class of private residences are, look quite stately; while within a mile, in every direction, there are villas and dwelling-houses that would "hold their own" in any well built-up city. The trees, both fruit and ornamental, surrounding these houses, and the tasteful grounds attached, show us, that, for years, there have dwelt here people of cultivation and refinement, who had the means and the taste for beautifying that "dearest spot on earth," a home.

No matter from what side you choose to view Santa Barbara, it is one of the prettiest places on this coast, and the population is of the sort that develops, builds up, and improves the country; and the soil, the climate, and the seasons are of the kind that makes the poor man's fortune and the rich man's paradise. The warmest day that ever comes in summer is fanned into coolness by the breeze from the sea, while winter brings nothing more severe than refreshing showers of rain, and blossoming roses, and vines climbing all the faster over trellis-work and house-top. Frost barely touches the lowland at times, but the foot-hills are entirely free from Jack's visits, and the almond, the orange, and the olive thrive, not only in places which, like that of Messrs. Fernald, Blanchard and Towle, have been selected and set out with an eye to securing the most favorable conditions for their orchards, but in the pleasure-grounds, nay, the kitchen-gardens of family dwellings, where no care is bestowed on them, and

they are left to blossom and to bear, as the seasons come and go.

Another pretty sight is on the other side of the town. There was a vineyard, planted in regular rows on the hill-sides; in the valley below grew fresh-looking corn, and farther on, swayed the ripening grain; while the hills above were green, shading off, in the distance, to a soft, warm brown—and the whole was lovely, as far as the eye could reach. Farther on, of course, there were acres—miles—of land that might be gardens, but are wastes. Land, fertile and productive as any ever cultivated; land, good and cheap, and well able to support hundreds of families now crowded into the narrow, filthy streets of the over-filled cities; land, that must lie waste and be a burden and a dead-weight to the holder until the time when the one heavy curse—the fence-law—has been removed from the fairest fields of California. How can the immigrant, with his limited means, buy the material for fencing, which, in this part of the country, would amount to as much again as the land itself costs? And unless the acres—which would comfortably support a family, were it not for this expense—are fenced, the next best Mexican or American grazier may drive his hungry cattle into his neighbor's fields; for the law gives the farmer—the man who feeds us—no redress, no protection against destruction brought on his crops—on the land he has tilled in the sweat of his brows. Only those who see the country here, who live on it, or visit it, can form an idea of what a great, an incalculable amount of wealth and labor is lost to us merely from this one cause. This is one of the drawbacks to the speedy settlement of the country. There is nothing to strike terror to the heart of the immigrant, as in most new countries: no blasting frost in winter-time, no withering fever in summer; and the old bugbear, the necessity of irrigating, does not exist here.* All orchards pointed out and shown me, in and about Santa Barbara, were grown without a drop of water.

Three, perhaps four years of patient labor, will insure him who can "see the way," not only a competency, but an independent fortune. Where almonds, alone, bring from thirty to fifty cents a pound, and each tree bears from fifty to eighty pounds of nuts, it is not, I think, very hard to see the way. Walnuts are easily raised, and bear early and well; and figs, of the Dough variety ("doughty," I should call them), produce specimens of from eight to nine inches in circumference. Oranges, lemons, and olives are not among the new ventures; they have grown and flourished here so long that it would be a waste of words to say much about them, as I shall give statistics in another paper. Sugar-cane has been brought from the Sandwich Islands, and planted on a little stretch of upland near the town, where it promises to do well.

Vegetables grow to the usual California size: that is, they attain such dimensions that I dare not give them, for fear of endangering the reputation of this magazine for exactness and truthfulness. Some kinds are perfectly monstrous in growth, and I really think I was quite excusable for the mistake I made one day. On the main street, I saw the strangest being, seated in a little square box on two wheels, drawn by the smallest possible donkey, with the longest possible ears. On the cabbage-head of this being sat a broad, stiff-rimmed hat, and on its huge mangel-wurzel body was a garb like that worn by women. There were tall stalks of celery on her right—like the lilies we see painted in the hands of saints—and shafts of onions and strings of *chile-colorado* on her left and in front of her, and behind her the narrow space was crowded with all sorts of vegetables and flowers.

"O Holy Barbara!" I ejaculated when

I saw her; "that must be the patron saint of the Barbarians." But the learned Doctor, who was with me, said it was the "vegetable-woman"—which so puzzled me that I merely said, "Oh!" In secret, however, I determined to know more about it; so, the very next chance I could find, I confidentially asked the Editor, whom I considered authority, what class of the vegetable family the woman belonged to! But he explained how the Doctor meant that the woman *sold* vegetables—not that she *was* vegetable; whereupon I said, "Oh!" again, and was silent, if not convinced.

It is not to be supposed that I left Santa Barbara without seeing The Big Grape-Vine (this should be written in capitals throughout). The drive over to Montecito is pleasant, and the vine one of those objects that have gained for Californians the reputation of having a fondness for telling big stories. In the court-yard of a Spanish *adobe* house stands this vine, whose trunk, growing up straight to the height of an ordinary room, measures nearly two feet in diameter. A stout frame-work has been built, extending over more than an acre of ground, having the trunk for a centre, and the roof formed by the leaves and branches of the grape-vine. And this roof is close and compact—you must not think that you can see the sky blinking through the foliage; no, indeed. The Spanish people dance under this shelter on a rainy day, as well as in the sunshine. The ground is smooth and beaten hard, and still the vine grows and spreads every year. It is about forty years old; and a descendant, aged eleven, standing in the same ground, bids fair to outstrip the parent-stem in the course of time. A little stream of water runs along between the two, and in its course gives drink to many a bright-hued flower and grateful tree.

I hope I have not given the reader the impression, that, since oranges, figs, and lemons grow here, the hardier fruits of our more northern homes will not thrive. There are honest, old-fashioned apples to be found, as palatable and juicy as in any of the States; and peaches, pears, and apricots grow sweeter far than in the colder regions. Berries, from the traditional California all-the-year-round strawberry to the substantial, unpretending blackberry, bear abundantly wherever they are set out.

At Colonel W. W. Hollister's, I saw something I had never seen before. The Colonel has a tea-plantation, in an evidently flourishing condition; but, though the plants looked thriving, and the planter believes that, in time, he will reap an abundant harvest, this is a venture I should not advise many to embark in for the present. Fortunately, Colonel Hollister has both the means and the disposition to make these experiments, of which the farming community of all California will some day reap the benefit. Shall I expose my ignorance by confessing that I never before knew that there is really but one tea-plant? The different varieties we buy are only the result of the different manipulations in preparing it for the market. The plants themselves look to me like little, young orange-trees. I saw them from one to four inches in height, and the seeds are about the size and shape of a small hazel-nut. Together with the tea, the Colonel has imported a "live Japanese," to take charge of the plantation; so that, if tea-raising succeeds at all, it certainly will here. His almond-orchard, too, is on a grander scale than that of his neighbors; fifty thousand trees have already been set out—some of them, in fact, are over two years old—and fifty thousand more are being planted. Speaking of his neighbors: they are not so very near. The Colonel has a hundred thousand acres, more or less, on which to plant tea, cotton, or Canada thistles, should he so choose.

I have said before that the old Mission Church was one of the most attractive features in the landscape about Santa Barbara. I could see it from the porch of the hotel; and in the early morning sun, while the shadows were still lying on the distant mountain that formed a background for the white building, it made as lovely a picture as one could wish to see. On approaching it from town, we find it loses nothing by close inspection. Two bell-towers of Moorish architecture rise as gracefully before us as if they had printed themselves against the dark mountain from a distance. The half-circle platform in front of the church-entrance affords a magnificent view of the town, the surrounding gardens, and the calm, blue ocean; and the road that leads from here to the water's edge, was once shaded by mighty, spreading trees, and bounded by narrow, clear streams of water on either side. To the left, as you stand facing the church, is a fountain, picturesque, but no longer playing. A little in front of this is a contrivance, interesting to see, but hard to describe; it was here, no doubt, that the Mission Indian women congregated to wash their clothes. The thing is built of rock and cement—a bear of cement spitting from its ungainly mouth the water that ran in deep grooves on either side of a raised bank, or low wall. Still farther to the left, are the *adobe* houses—now in ruins—where the Indians lived, some eight hundred of them, in common, in imitation of the early Christians. Those who were not engaged in tilling the ground, learned trades; and that they were good and skillful workmen, is well proven by what can still be seen of their work.

Where the soft plashing of the fountain could once be heard, lies the Mission garden, beautiful as all these old gardens are, with a beauty in which seems still to linger some of the serene influence the old *padres* exercised over every thing that came under their mild sway. Banana-trees are visible among the old pear-trees in the orchard; and the ground is covered with green, while all outside is turning yellow from the summer's heat. The bees are lazily buzzing about, as though they felt that it was not necessary to lay up winter-stores, and the birds chirp merrily as they fly about in front of the church, curious to see who has come out to their peaceful retreat. The old fence, half fallen, gives us glimpses of the high state of cultivation the garden has once been under; and the sun, with its warm, bright rays dancing on the glossy leaves the breeze is stirring, and throwing golden ripples on the distant ocean, seems to kiss lovingly the church within whose walls the brown children of the land once sang their "*Sursum corda*" with glad voices. No place better than this to lift up one's heart to the Creator; the very soul seems winged to fly heavenward on the soft, gold-tinted clouds that float lightly over the water.

But we leave the sunshine, and enter the cool, dim-lighted church. White, gold, and green are the ground-colors of the tastefully fitted-up house. The young father, who glides in from a side-door, and kneels noiselessly by the altar, is not one of the Spanish priests we naturally expect to find at these Missions: the gray garb shows him to be a Franciscan, and his presence is accounted for by my companion's explanation. There are eight of these Franciscan fathers here, and nine brothers; and their life and labor are devoted to the educating of boys and young men, who are placed under their charge from different parts of the State. Noiselessly as the young priest at the altar offers his devotions we tried to move about in the church, inspecting the frescoes and paintings. Among the latter are some very good pieces, so far as execution is concerned —the subjects were such as might be

expected to strike deepest the imagination and feelings of the untutored Indian. It is said that the greatest trouble the priests had with these Indians was to give them an idea of hell and purgatory. For that purpose, I presume, the picture was painted, in which Indians and White Men are represented with snakes and serpents coiled around their limbs, and wild animals tearing them to pieces, while their bodies are more or less enveloped in flames. One large painting represented—every thing, I should say, though what in particular, I can not tell. But, I repeat, none of these pictures were daubs; and every thing in the church was different from what I had seen in the other Missions.

Though we read of Santa Barbara as being one of the older Missions, it is a mistake to believe that this church was built in 1786. It was built on the site of the old church, in 1820; but the huge works of which we see the ruins to this day, on the right of the church (as we face it), are the achievement of the early Indians, the first converted and taught to labor. Father Fermin Lafuen is named as the founder of this Mission, and two other Franciscans—Father Antonio Paternia and Father Christopher Oramas—had the immediate charge of it. I can not sufficiently express my wonder at these constructions. First and foremost, there is an aqueduct, which brought the water from the mountains to the reservoir—a distance of two miles. A wall, from eight to fourteen feet high, was built of rock and cement, and on the wall, encased in hard cement, lay pipes, burnt of clay, after the manner of tiles—each pipe about ten inches long, narrow at one end and wide at the other, to insert the next piece. Where this aqueduct crosses old roads, the arches are perfect, and aid much in giving a classic-romantic look to the whole. The reservoir itself, on high ground, is of considerable depth, cemented throughout, and so well and solidly built that the people of Santa Barbara, at the present day, speak of repairing it for their own use. A hundred years ago! Why, the very court where the *padres* were in the habit of assembling for a harmless game at ball, is smooth and unbroken; and the mill, fed from the reservoir, is still traceable—the wheel was just here, and there, these stone steps were used to set the wheel, or start it. Rock and cement—the rocks outside have crumbled to dust in the course of these hundred years, but the cement the Indians prepared, with restless toil and unwearying patience, has preserved walls and cellars from decay.

But in praising the work and the handicraft of the Indians, shall we withhold our admiration from the devoted, self-sacrificing men who directed their efforts? Much has been said of the ambition and the desire for wealth these men displayed (I fear I myself have sometimes been led astray by the popular belief), when, in reality, to them fell not one grain of all the stores accumulated: theirs was a life of poverty and frugality, their vows debarring them from calling any thing their own. They labored for the Indians and with the Indians, these priests and *padres*, teaching those who were fit, to read and to write; teaching them all to work and to pray, and seeking no reward save the crown that our Father in heaven has in store for all missionaries who have preached Christ to the heathen. Morning and night they gave thanks together, the mission fathers and their heathen children; and, on Sundays, the gay-dressed *señoras* and their attendant *caballeros*, wended their way from outlying *ranchos* to the church; and on feast-days, as years rolled on, the *adobe* houses in the *pueblo* and on the *ranchos* rang with the shouts of the dancers, and echoed the tinkling of the soft guitar. Those days are past; scattered and fallen to dust

are the meek-eyed aborigines, and silent are the songs of the dark-browed Spaniard; "those Americans" have "reclaimed" the country: for, verily, it is beautiful, and—good to make money in.

The regrets I expressed on leaving Santa Barbara came from my heart: it is a lovely spot, and even when I went from it I could not but lean out of the window to catch departing glimpses of it, as it faded more and more from sight. The stage-road winds along by the sea; the sun was shining, golden, as it seems ever to shine on these serene, blue ripples of water, and there was something so quieting in the soft plashing of the waves against the shore, that I laid my head back, and, with open eyes, dreamed—dreamed till I fell asleep, and was waked up again by the sound of water rushing immediately under the coach. I looked out in bewilderment: it was true, the horses were drawing the coach through the foaming, flashing waves. The other passengers expressed no concern; so I, too, remained quiet, and soon found that this was the pleasantest way of traveling along the coast.

Twenty-five miles below Santa Barbara lies San Buenaventura—another old Mission, around which quite a flourishing place has sprung up. The flimsy, garish frame-houses have crowded themselves in where the olive, the palm, and the fig-tree once grew in unbroken lines; but now only patches of ground, covered with giant pear-trees and huge old olives, are visible back of the fast-growing town. Passing through in the broad, positive light of noonday, I could look on these things philosophically and with equanimity; but, on my way back from Los Angeles, some time later, in the chill hours of the waning night, the sight of the place made me feel sad—almost bitter. Night had not yet lifted her mantle from the earth as the stage rolled heavily toward San Buenaventura, and the roar of the ocean fell on my ear with hollow sound. Soon I distinguished the bell-towers of the Mission church, and the tinkling of the bells, just touched, had a feeble, complaining tone; now we turn into the one long street of San Buenaventura, and in the darkening halls, the clerk of the hotel shows me into a cheerless room, up-stairs. I strive to the window—to the rising light—and there, in the yard below, are those peerless, graceful palm-trees I saw waving and bending in the dim distance. How pitiful to see these neglected daughters of the torrid zone lifting their royal shafts among the stove-pipes and empty dry-goods boxes of a country store back-yard. I stretched out my hands lovingly, and they nodded their proud head, and flung their arms to the morning breeze, pointing to where those clusters of dark olives stood. But it grows lighter, the stage is at the door, and bears us rapidly away.

In the far east breaks the cold, gray morning—"those Americans" are coming! From over the dashing spray, on the sea-shore, there rises an eagle, strong, and with keen eyes and sharp talons; proudly he wings his way over palm-tree and Mission church; to the mountain he takes his flight, there, on the highest peak, to fold his wings—"monarch of all he surveys."

THE GLEICHEN LEGEND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

ERFURT is an old German town, noted in history, and interesting by its surroundings. I was there, looking round in St. Peter's, on the hill—a venerable church—and stood for a long while before a sculptured monument. It was strange enough.

"*Der Gleichische Altar!*" said my guide.

I looked and looked, but could not make it out. There was the form of a "*Ritter*," leaning on a shield which bore the leopard's armory; to the right, a female figure, roughly chiseled, but not without expression, holding a mirror in her hand; to the left, another female, with a royal diadem, attired in Eastern costume.

"What in the world is it?" said I, rather impatiently.

The guide was silent, but behind me I heard a hearty "German" laugh. I looked round, and my eye met the good-humored glance of the *Pfarrer*, who, extending his hand, said, with genial kindness: "*Verzeihen sie, junger mann*—pardon, my young friend. I see you are inquisitive; and this monument of by-gone ages deserves, indeed, particular notice."

"*Gehen sie*," he said to the guide. "I'll explain it all."

"*Zum abend?*" said the guide, lifting his hat.

"*Ja, zum abend*"—until evening—and, bowing to the *Pfarrer*, I expressed my thanks for his kindness.

"*Nichts, nichts!*" said he; "one is glad to have an intelligent companion once in a while. Come, sir, to my *pfarrhaus*, take a sip of Hoch, and I'll tell you that 'grave story.'"

The pastor was a genial, middle-aged man, a real scholar, lost in the rather barren duties of his *pfarre*. We went, talking travel and politics, to his humble home, sat down to a modest lunch, which his old, but cheerful-looking housekeeper, Gretchen, had prepared; then, after emptying our last glass, he said: "Now, come to the ruins, and when you have seen that, I'll tell you the story. It is curious, indeed."

The Gleichen Castle must once have been a splendid domain. The loop-holed walls and part of the roof are yet there. The *Pfarrer* led me to a room in the interior; it was preserved with more care than the rest. There stood the rude frame of a *bedstead*. But what a bedstead! At least as large as long. When I looked at it with some astonishment, the *Pfarrer* said, laughing in his boisterous, but kind way:

"Now home; we'll sit down, have a good cup of coffee, and I'll tell you the Gleichen Legend—not so old, neither, for what are five or six centuries in a country like ours, where you can not walk a mile without finding some ruins, carrying you back to the times of Charlemagne?"

I saw that my *Pfarrer* wanted to tell a story, and to have a good listener. We sat down on the porch of the *pfarrhaus*, coffee was brought by Gretchen, a real Havana was lit, and the *Pfarrer* began. I give, as well as I remember, his own words. He was sarcastic and humoristic, now and then running off the track; but altogether, I think, his narrative pretty correct in the main.

I enjoyed that afternoon-hour amazingly, and hope my readers will be grat-

ified in a measure. There is a vast difference between reading a story and hearing it from the lips of a genial scholar, whose words flowed like a limpid stream, while the setting sun cast a purple light on the ruins of Gleichen Castle.

Gregory, the ninth of the name in St. Peter's chair, had, during a sleepless night, an inspiration. It was not the spirit of prophecy, but rather a political stratagem, to clip the wings of the German eagle, lest he should overtop the pride of Rome. The morning sun just began to gild the venerable Vatican, when his Holiness called for the chamberlain in attendance. The Holy College was summoned, Gregory held pontifical high mass, and, at its conclusion, proposed a Holy War. The cardinals, who easily perceived the drift of this zeal for the Christian world, said, Yea, and Amen, with all their heart.

A cunning Nuncio traveled swiftly to Naples, where the Emperor Frederic of Suabia held his Court. In his traveling-bag he carried two boxes, neat and well made, but very different in contents: the one being filled with the sweetness of honeyed persuasion; the other, with tinder, steel and stone, to lighten the stroke of excommunication, in case the obstinate son of the Church should refuse obedience to the Holy Father.

No sooner came the Legate at Court, than he opened the box with sweetmeats, and was not sparing in smooth address. But Kaiser Frederic had a dainty palate, and didn't like the taste of pills which lurked under the sweet. It gave him actual griping pains; he wouldn't have any of the treacherous delicacies. Then the Legate opened the other box, and struck a few sparks, which singed the imperial beard, and burned his skin like nettles. The Kaiser perceived that the Holy Father's finger might soon be heavier than the Legate's loins; he gave in, promised obediently to wage the war of God against the Eastern Infidels, and called the princes to a crusade in the Holy Land. The princes announced the imperial commands to the counts; the counts summoned their vassals, the knights and nobles; the knights equipped their squires and followers: all were in the saddle, and assembled each one under his banner.

Next to the St. Bartholomew, no night has caused so much woe on earth as the one wherein the Vicar of God on earth lay wakeful, brooding a disastrous crusade. How many tears, when knight and squire left! How many happy couples separated! How many brides weeping for the beloved, who never should return! How many spouses were sighing for their lord and protector! Among these were Elizabeth the Saint, the Landgravin of Thuringia, and Ottilia, the Countess of Gleichen, if not in odor of holiness, yet in beauty and virtue, inferior to none.

The Landgrave Ludwig, a loyal vassal of the Emperor, summoned his vassals to join his camp. But most of them found a pretext to escape the distant campaign. Some had the gout, others the stone; some had lost their horses, others their armories. None but Count Ernst von Gleichen, with a small body of lusty companions, armed their followers, obeyed the Landgrave's mandate, and led their men to the rendezvous. The Count was married since two years, and his lovely wife bore him two children—a *junker* and a *fräulein*—who came into the world like the dew in the morning. Though Count Ernst played the man, Nature would have her way, when, at the last, he extricated himself from the endearing arms of his weeping wife. In silent grief he wished to leave her, but all at once she turned to the little couch of her children, snatched the slumbering *junker* up, pressed him softly to the mother's bosom, and reached him

with tearful eye to the father, that he should press the father's parting-kiss on the innocent little cheek. With the *fräulein* she did the same. The Count was shaken in his heart. His lips began to tremble; his mouth enlarged; he broke out in a loud and sobbing cry; pressed the children to the steel cuirass, under which there beat a very soft and sensitive heart, kissed them out of their slumber, and commended them, with his sweetest spouse, to the care of God and all His saints. And when he slowly descended, with his troop, along the winding road leading from the lofty Castle Gleichen, the Countess followed him with anxious grief, as long as she could see the banner whereon she had embroidered, with finest purple silk, the cross.

Landgrave Ludwig was glad when he perceived the stately vassal approaching at full trot, with knights and squires, preceded by the cross banner. But when he looked him in the eye, and observed his gloomy mood, he was angry, thinking him faint-hearted and morose on account of the campaign, and coming up against his will. Count Ernst was a physiognomist, and soon perceived what worried his liege lord; so he told him at once the cause of his despondency. That was oil to the vinegar of discontent; the Landgrave took his hand with hearty confidence, and said:

"Is that it, my dear companion? Then the shoe pinches us at the same spot. Lisbeth, my wife, has just so weakened my heart when I left. But be of good cheer. While we fight, the women at home will pray for our safe return with honor and glory."

And thus it was in those times. While the husband went to war, the wife remained quiet and lonely in her little room, fasting and praying, and made vow upon vow for his safe return.

The pious Landgravin was not less grieved by the separation from her liege lord than her consort in misfortune, the Countess of Gleichen. Her spouse was somewhat stormy, yet they lived in perfect harmony, and his earthly nature absorbed so much from the holiness of his pious wife, that some liberal historians go so far as to give him the name of a saint. Rather an honorable title, we are inclined to think, than a reality—something like the titles of the "great," the "venerable," the "high-learned," which, in our days, are mostly nothing but a sort of gilding applied to baser metal.

It is certain, however, that the illustrious couple were not always in perfect harmony concerning the *practice* of holiness, and that the powers above had now and then to interfere, lest domestic peace might suffer.

To the great annoyance of her courtiers and dainty pages, the pious Landgravin was in the habit of setting apart the richest dishes of her table for hungry beggars, who used in crowds to besiege her castle. The chief cook, holding the usual opinion "that small savings should balance great lavishness," now and then complained as if the whole Landgraviate was in danger of being cleaned out by these hungry guests; and the Landgrave, who, now and then, took to "economy," thought so much of this expenditure that he put an interdict on this Christian work of love, the real hobby of his lovely wife.

Now, it happened, one day, that she could not resist this benevolent impulse and the temptation of disobeying her liege lord's commands. She gave a hint to her serving-women, just busy clearing the table, to smuggle a few untouched dishes and some loaves of wheat bread. Having packed it all in a small basket, she stole away out of the castle, through the little pathway gate.

But attentive watchers had seen it, and reported to the Landgrave, who caused all the issues of the castle to be guarded. Being told that his spouse had left with a heavy basket through the

side-door, he crossed with dignified mien the castle-yard, and stepped on the drawbridge, as if to take an airing. Ah! there the pious Landgravin heard the golden spurs. Fear and anguish took hold of her, so that she trembled in her knees, and could not go on. She hid the provision-basket, as well as possible, under the apron, the modest covering of woman's charms and cunning—a safe asylum against tax-gatherers, indeed, but no iron-wall against a husband. The Landgrave saw that something was wrong, approached in a hurry, a flush of anger on his sunburnt cheek.

"Wife," said he, "what hast thou in the basket which thou hidest? Is it not the remainder of my table, wherewith thou feedest the cunning crowd of hangers-on and beggars?"

"By no means, my lord," answered the pious Landgravin, discreetly, but not without anxiety, judging, in this critical moment, a lie of necessity not contrary to her sanctity—"by no means; only a few roses, which I culled in the castle-orchard."

Now, if the Landgrave had been our contemporary, he certainly would have had to believe the word of his lady, and to abstain from further investigation; but our practical ancestors were not so polite.

"Let us see what thou carriest," said the despotic liege lord, and rudely tore the apron away. The feeble woman could only defend herself against this violence by retreating.

"Softly, my dear lord!" said she, and blushed with shame to be found a liar in the presence of her servants.

But, O wonder of wonders! the *corpus delicti* was really changed into the most beautiful blooming roses; the wheat bread had become white roses, the sausages purple-colored, the omelets yellow. The holy woman perceived the miraculous change with joyful amazement, while the angry mood of the husband immediately disappeared. With threatening frown, he looked round upon the frightened courtiers who had accused the pious Landgravin, and swore by all the saints to throw the first who dared to say aught against his virtuous wife in the deepest dungeon, there to perish in misery. Then he took one of the roses and placed it, as the triumph of innocence, on his hat. History does not mention whether the following day he found a withered rose or a sausage; but what it says is this, that the holy Elizabeth, as soon as dismissed by her lord with the kiss of peace, and having recovered from her fright, went contentedly down the mountain to the orchard where her nurslings—the lame and blind, the naked and hungry—waited, there to divide her usual gifts. For she knew that the miraculous illusion would disappear, and so it happened; for on opening her basket, she found no roses, but the dainty morsels which she had saved from the teeth of grasping court-wolves.

Now, when her lord departed for the Holy Land, she was freed, it is true, of his strict oversight, and could exercise her works of love, in secret or openly—in any manner she liked; but she loved the despotic spouse so truly and sincerely, that she could not separate without the deepest grief. She had a foreboding that in this earthly life she would never more behold his face. And in the coming world a canonized saint stands so high that all the other souls, though blessed, are a mere *canaille.*

However high the Landgrave stood in this lower world, the question was: "Should he in the Courts of Heaven be deemed worthy to kneel at the foot of her throne, and to lift his eyes up to his former bed-companion?" Whatever vows she made; whatever good works she performed; whatever influence her prayers might have—her credit in Heaven could not prolong her husband's life a single span. He died on this crusade,

in the flower of his age, of a malignant fever, at Hydrunt, before he had even gained the knightly merit of having split a Saracen's head down to the saddle-bow. When he was preparing for his departure, and at the point of taking leave of this world, he called Count Ernst to his bedside, named him the leader of the small band of his followers, and made him swear not to return before he had three times drawn the sword against the Infidels. Then he received from the chaplain the holy viaticum, ordered so many masses for the dead as would insure to him and all his followers a pompous entry into the heavenly Jerusalem, and departed. Count Ernst caused the pale corpse of his deceased lord to be embalmed, inclosed it in a silver case, and sent it to the widowed Landgravin, who mourned for her spouse like a Roman Empress, for she never went out of mourning as long as she lived.

Count Ernst von Gleichen hastened his march, and arrived happily in the camp near Ptolemaïs. There he found rather a theatrical representation of war than a campaign in good earnest. As in our theatres, when a camp or battle is represented, a few real tents and a small number of skirmishing actors form the foreground, but a great many painted tents and troops in the background help to increase the illusion, thus was the army of the crusaders a mixture of fiction and reality. Of the numerous warriors who left their home, there was only a very small number who reached the limits of the country which they came to conquer. The Saracen's blade destroyed but few. These Infidels had some powerful allies, whom they sent to meet the Christian host far beyond their frontiers—allies who made a dreadful havoc, though they got no thanks for their loyal service. They were hunger, nakedness, perils on land and water, and among false brethren, cold and heat, pestilence and boils; and sometimes home-sickness fell as a heavy mountain upon the steel cuirass, made them soft as dough, and spurred the horses to a hasty return. Under these circumstances, Count Ernst had but little hope of soon fulfilling his promise, and of drawing his sword three times against the Infidel, before he should return to the Fatherland. No Arabian archer was to be seen at three journeys' distance from the encampment. The weakness of the Christian army, hidden behind bulwarks and forts, did not run the risk of seeking a distant enemy, but waited patiently the slow-coming help of the slumbering Pope, who, since that sleepless night which originated the crusade, enjoyed a blessed repose, little caring for the result of the Holy War.

During this inaction, which gave the Christian host as little glory as once the Greeks earned before the walls of bleeding Troy, when Achilles moped for his pretty concubine, Briseis, the Christian knights in camp led a joyous life, to kill the time and chase the blues: the Italians, with song and guitar, to which the light-footed French tripped the dance; the grave Spaniards, with chess; the Britons, with cock-fights; and the Germans, with carousing and drinking.

Count Ernst, averse to all these games, enjoyed the hunt, waged war against the fox in the sandy desert, and followed the cunning mountain goats in their lofty hiding-place. The knights of his banner, dreading the glowing sun-rays of the day, and the moist night air in this foreign climate, slipped away when their lord ordered his steed, and none accompanied him but his faithful squire, known by the name of "Clever Curt," and another follower.

Once his eagerness in climbing after the goats led him so far, that the sun was sinking in the Mediterranean when he thought of returning, and night overtook him before he could reach the encampment. Losing his way, he con-

cluded to pass the night under a solitary tree, which offered its shelter to the fatigued huntsmen. Clever Curt spread a couch of moss for his master, who, exhausted by the heat of the day, fell sound asleep before he lifted the hand to make the customary sign of the cross. But Clever Curt did not sleep; he was by nature as wakeful as a night-bird, and even without this gift, his faithful care for his lord would have kept him awake.

The night was clear, the stars twinkled like diamonds, and a solemn silence, as in the Valley of Death, reigned in the extensive solitude. Although there was no breath of air, yet the cool of night seemed to pour life and freshness upon plants and beasts. But toward the third watch, when the morning star announced the coming day, there arose a noise in the dark distance, not unlike a rushing mountain stream rolling down a deep abyss. The wakeful squire listened closely, and sent his other senses to espy, since his sharp eye could not pierce the veil of morning twilight. He listened and scented at once, as a hound, for it seemed like an odor of fragrant herbs and crushed grass; and the strange noise approached more and more. He laid his ear on the ground, and heard a sound like the trampling of horses' hoofs, causing him to think that the "wild hunt" was passing. He shivered with fear and trembling. He roused his master from his sleep, who soon perceived, when fully awake,. that there was something more on hand than a ghostly adventure. While the follower put bridle on the horses, he armed himself with great dispatch.

The dark shades disappeared, and the coming morning streaked the eastern horizon with purple. Then the Count perceived what he had expected: a troop of Saracens, all well equipped for a raid against the Christians. To escape them was impossible, and the solitary tree could not hide man and horse. Nor was his steed a hippogriff, but a heavy, stout Frisian war-horse, who, by lack of wings, could never carry off his master. Then the hero commended his soul to the protection of God and the Holy Virgin, and resolved to die as a true knight. He enjoined his servants to follow, and to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Then he put spurs to the Frisian, and rushed headlong in the midst of the hostile troop, which did not expect such a sudden attack from a solitary knight. The Infidels were frightened, and scattered like chaff in the wind. But when they perceived that the enemy counted only three blades, their courage grew, and a battle ensued, wherein valor succumbed to numbers.

Yet the Count kept on fighting; the steel of his lance, with the swiftness of lightning, made deadly havoc among the crowd of enemies, and where it caught, the man was sure to be hurled out of the saddle. Yea, even the leader of the heathen crew, who made a furious dash at him, was thrown by the strong arm of the Count, and pierced with the victorious spear, like once the dragon by St. George. Nor was the Clever Curt behind. Not strong in attack, he was a master in cutting down whatsoever did not resist. And the follower did his utmost, clearing the way around his master's back.

But it is said that nine wasps can master the strongest horse, four bulls the African lion, a troop of mice an Archbishop: no wonder that the Count of Gleichen, after a knightly combat, at last was vanquished by the number of enemies. His arm was weary, the spear in splinters, his sword blunted, and his steed stumbled on the blood-drenched battle-field. His fall was the signal of victory; a hundred arms pressed upon him to snatch away the sword which his weary hand could no more hold. When Clever Curt saw the knight falling, his courage and his battle-axe fell. He sur-

rendered at discretion, and begged imploringly for quarter. The follower stood sombre and sullen, was passive, and awaited with doggish indifference the blow which should lay him to the ground.

The Saracens, however, were far more merciful than the vanquished could have expected: they disarmed the prisoners, but without violence. This was no humanity, but simply the charity of a scouting party, who were sent to acquire reliable information concerning the Christian army at Ptolemaïs. No sooner had the prisoners been interrogated, than they were manacled with the chains of slavery, and sent to Alexandria, there to confirm before the Sultan of Egypt their information.

The fame of the valiant Frank had preceded him to the gates of Cairo, and such a chivalrous prisoner might have deserved a magnanimous reception; but Moslem self-conceit is not apt to render justice to foreign desert. Count Ernst, laden with heavy chains, was thrown in the tower, where the Sultan's slaves were kept. There he had time and leisure, in long, painful nights, and solitary, dreary days, to meditate on the woful fate of his future life; and it required more courage and constancy not to succumb, under these speculations, than to battle with a whole horde of roving Arabs on the open field. Often the image of his former domestic happiness arose before his eyes; he thought of his sweet wife and the tender pledges of their love. Oh, how he cursed the unhappy wars of Holy Church with Gog and Magog in the Orient, which had deprived him of his blessed lot on earth, and branded him with the iron chain of slavery! In these moments he came often near to desperation, and it lacked not much but his devout piety made shipwreck on the rock of temptation.

In the time of Count Ernst a story went the rounds of all who loved the marvelous. It was that of Duke Henry the Lion, which was universally believed in the German Empire as having taken place in man's memory.

The Duke, said the story, being on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was overtaken by a violent tempest, and his vessel thrown on a deserted coast of Africa, where he was the only one who escaped death, and found shelter and hospitality in a lion's den. The good nature of the cruel inhabitant of the cavern was not exactly seated in the heart, but rather in the left hind-paw: during a hunting excursion his lionship had stepped on a thorn, which caused him such a pain that he could not move nor stir, and lost his appetite. After a little acquaintance, and mutual confidence being established, the Duke became the Esculapius of the lion, and with patient care dug the thorn out. The lion, being healed, remembered the kindness of his guest, fed him with the choicest pieces of his prey, and was for him as affectionate and endearing as a lap-dog.

But the Duke soon tired of the cold kitchen of his four-legged host, and lusted after the flesh-pots of his former court; for he was not as expert in neatly preparing his part of the game as whilom his chief cook. Then home-sickness began to plague him amazingly, and seeing no possibility of ever returning to his estate, his soul was saddened so that he pined away like a wounded deer. Then the Tempter came before him with his usual impudence, in the form of a little black man, whom the Duke at first took for an orang-outang, but it was Satanas himself, who, grinning, spoke: "Duke Henry, what dost thou lament for? Confide in me, and I shall make an end of all thy trouble, and bring thee back to thy spouse, so as to sit with her at table this very evening in thy castle of Brunswick; for there is a splendid feast preparing, since she keeps marriage-feast with another, thinking thee departed this life."

This announcement rolled as a thunder-clap in the Duke's ears, and pierced his heart with a double-edged sword. Rage burned in his eyes like fire, and in his breast despair made a terrible havoc.

"If heaven will not help me," thought he, in this critical moment, "then may hell do it!"

It was one of those situations which the thorough-bred psychological juggler knows so well to employ, when he wants to catch a soul. Without further thought, the Duke put on his gilded spurs, girt his loins with the massive sword, and prepared for travel.

"Quick, my man," said he; "carry me and this faithful lion to Brunswick before the impudent interloper ascends my bed."

"Very well!" answered the little black man; "but dost thou know what is the cost of transportation?"

"Ask what thou wilt," said Duke Henry; "my word on it, thou shalt have it."

"Thy soul at sight in the next world," responded Beelzebub.

"Done! be it so!" cried raging Jealousy out of Henry's mouth.

The contract between the two parties was made in due form. The infernal spirit took immediately the shape of a gigantic griffin, seized with one claw the Duke, with the other the lion, and carried both, in one night, from the Libyan shore to Brunswick, the high-walled city on the rocky Harz. There he deposited his freight, safe and sound, in the midst of the market-place, and disappeared at the very moment when the watch began to blow the horn, to sing the midnight hour, and to carol an old marriage-song with hoarse and cracked voice.

The ducal palace and the whole city were yet in a blaze of festival illumination, and the streets resounded with acclamations of joyous people, who came to see the adorned bride, and the glorious torchlight procession wherewith the marriage-feast was to be concluded. The aërial traveler, who was not in the least fatigued, pressed through the crowd, entered the palace, and stepped with jingling spurs, accompanied by his faithful lion, into the festival-hall, drew his sword, and spoke:

"To me who is loyal to Duke Henry; curse and poniard for the traitors!"

And the lion roared as if seven thunders rolled at once, shook his mane, and stretched his angry tail for the assault. Cymbals ceased, and the tumult of a frightful slaughter went up from the nuptial-hall to the Gothic arches, which made the walls reverberate and the thresholds shake.

The fair-haired bridegroom, and the many-colored courtiers around him, fell under the Duke's unceasing blows, like the thousand Philistines under the jawbone wielded by the iron fist of the son of Manoah; and he who escaped the sword ran into the jaws of the lion, and was strangled as a helpless lamb. When the impertinent lover, with the crew of his noblemen and followers, was cleared away, and Duke Henry had exercised his domestic rights in a manner as severe as that of whilom Ulysses against the lovers' club of chaste Penelope, he sat, good-naturedly, down at the side of his spouse, who just began to recover from the fright which he had caused. While enjoying the viands and delicacies which were not prepared for him, he cast a triumphant glance on the new conquest, and perceived that the Duchess was bathed in dubious tears, for it was uncertain whether they were occasioned by loss or by gain. But he, as a man of the world, explained them to his advantage, and only reproved her with gentle words for the precipitation of her heart; after which he immediately resumed all his rights.

Many times the Count heard this story from his nurse, and heard it over and over; but when he came to man's estate,

he began to doubt its truth. Now, in the dismal solitude of the trellised tower, his imagination began to suppose a possibility, and his nursery creed actually approached to conviction. A passage through the air seemed the simplest thing in the world, provided the Spirit of Darkness would lend his wings in the frightful hour of midnight. He was a devout man, and neglected no evening to cross himself in deepest adoration; but a secret desire awoke in his soul to make the same experiment, though he dreaded to avow the wish even to himself.

Now and then, when a mouse, in its nightly excursions, nibbled away between the casements, he really thought that the infernal Proteus gave sign of officious approach, and he began to arrange the bargain for his freight. But, with the exception of some pleasant dreams, wherein the aërial voyage to the German Fatherland played some part or other, the Count gained nothing by his nursery creed, only that he passed a few hours in imaginary bliss, and, like the novel reader, took the place of the hero.

It was somewhat strange, indeed, that Abaddon should be so inactive, as there was a soul to get. Yet there were some good reasons for it. Perhaps the patron saint of the imprisoned Count was more watchful than the one to whom the soul of Duke Henry was confided; perhaps the spirit who keeps dominion in the air, had lost his confidence in the result of similar transactions; for he never got the stipulated payment for the freight bill of Duke Henry, who, when it came to the point of leaving this world, had so many good works to his account, that the balance was utterly against his Satanic Majesty.

While the Count was dreaming and hoping, his followers, on their return, brought message to the expecting Countess that her lord had disappeared from the encampment, without their being able to say what had become of him. Some supposed that he had become a prey to some dragon; others, that a pestilential wind in the Syrian deserts had blown on him, and killed him; again, others, that he was carried off or murdered by some Arabian robbers. But all agreed therein that he was to be considered dead and gone, and therefore the Countess free from her nuptial bond.

And she wept for her lord as dead, and when her orphan children, in the innocence of their hearts, rejoiced in the new little black capes which mother provided for them, her soul was in agony, and her eyes ran down with heavy grief. But a secret foreboding told her, notwithstanding, that the Count was alive. Nor did she strive to repress this animating thought. Secretly, she sent a faithful servant over sea to the Holy Land.

Then she sent another messenger, who, after seven years' traveling over land and sea, came home without the olive-branch of joyful hope.

Yet the steadfast wife did never doubt that her lord was yet among the living. Sure she was, that such a tender-hearted, faithful husband could never have left this world without remembering his wife and children at home, and giving a sign of his departure. But nothing of the kind had happened: he had given no sign at all, neither in the armory by the sound of weapons, nor in the garret by a rolling beam, nor in the sleeping-room by a softly walking step, still less by a hearty jingling of spurs. Nor had any one heard a nightly lament from the highest pinnacle of the castle, nor the owl screech its gloomy death-song.

Nothing of the kind had occurred, and the Countess came to the certain conclusion that her husband was alive—a conclusion which we know to have been correct. And the fruitless result of her two voyages of discovery did not deter her from sending a third messenger

through the whole world. But this one was of an easy disposition, remembering the proverb, "The more hurry, the less speed." He stopped at each inn along the roadside, living well and comfortably. Thinking it far more convenient to let the people, from whom he should inquire about the Count, come to him, than to run after them all over the wide world, he took his place of observation there where he could examine all travelers from the East with the insolent inquisitiveness of a toll-keeper: that was at the port of Venice, the emporium of the world. It was the gate through which, at that time, pilgrim and crusader returned from the Holy Land, thence to seek their homes. Whether the cunning fellow took the best, or the worst, measure, for the right fulfillment of his duty, we shall see hereafter.

After seven years' imprisonment in the narrow dungeon of Great Cairo, which appeared longer to the Count than the seventy years' sleep in the Roman catacombs seemed to the seven holy Sisters, he thought himself abandoned by heaven and hell, and despaired of ever being released from the dreary cage, where he never beheld the sun, and the light of day shone faintly through the iron bars of a narrow opening. His Lucifer romance was come to an end long since; and his faith in the miraculous help of his patron saint was naught. He did not live, but merely existed, and could he have formed a wish, it would have been to be annihilated.

A sudden rattling of keys awakened him from this lethargic sleep. Yes! it was at the door of his cell, which the jailer, since his entrance, never had opened. The rusted lock did not obey the summons of the head-key, until after having been induced by some oil. The jarring of the iron hinges, when the door turned slowly round, was like a treat of harmony in the ears of Count Ernst. His heart began to bump, and drove his thickened blood through vein and artery. With impatient eagerness he waited for the coming message, whether for death or for life.

Two Negro slaves, entering with the jailer, at his command knocked off his chain; another silent nod of the sullen graybeard ordered him to follow. He did so with tottering steps, for his feet had forgotten their office, and he needed the support of the two slaves to ascend the stone winding-stair. He was conducted before the Governor of the prison, who, with wrathful look, thus spoke:

"Obstinate Frank, why hast thou made secret of thy art, when thou wast shut up in the tower? One of thy fellow-prisoners has betrayed thee: thou art a master in the art of gardening. Go where the Sultan's wish calls thee; make a garden after the manner of the Franks, and take care of it as of the apple of thy eye, that the flower of the world may bloom therein, to be the jewel of the Orient."

If the Count had been appointed Rector of the Sorbonne in Paris, he could not be more amazed than at the idea of filling the position of pleasure-gardener in the service of the Sultan of Egypt. He knew just as much of gardening as a layman of the mysteries of the church. True, he had seen many gardens in Welshland and Nuremberg, where gardening originated, in Germany; but the laying out of a garden, and knowledge of plants and trees, were not in his line, nor in harmony with his high position. But he took good care not to acknowledge his ignorance, nor to refuse the proffered honor, and with some reason; for a bastinado on the foot-sole would, undoubtedly, have convinced him of his entire capacity.

He was shown to a pleasing park, which he should transform into a European pleasure-ground. This locality was so beautifully situated and adorned, either by Mother Nature or by the hand

of earlier cultivation, that the new Abdalonymus, with all critical attention, could not discover a single fault or lack which needed correction. At the same time, the view of active, luxuriant Nature awakened his stupefied, sensuous system so powerfully, that each flower exhaled for him a delicious perfume, and he looked about as we may suppose Adam and Eve to have done when in the Garden of Paradise, where they, apparently, found little to correct. The Count was, therefore, in no small perplexity how to acquit himself, with honor, of his charge: he feared lest any change should rob the garden of its beauty, and that, should he be found a bungler, he might look out for the dungeon.

But when Sheik Kiamel, the Superintendent of the Gardens, and the favorite of the Sultan, pressed him to commence the work, he required fifty slaves to execute his plans. The following morning, early, they were all at hand and surveyed by their new chief, who, as yet, was completely ignorant how to employ a single one. But how great was his joy, when he beheld, among the crowd, his Clever Curt and the heavy follower, his two companions in misfortune.

A centner-weight fell from his heart, the wrinkle of heaviness disappeared from his brow, and his eyes were open and clear. He took the faithful Curt apart, and told him frankly in what a heterogeneous element Fate had thrust him, wherein he could neither swim nor bathe; nor could he comprehend what misunderstanding could have exchanged his native, knightly sword for the gardener's spade.

When he had made an end of talking, Clever Curt fell, with moistened eyes, on his knees, lifted up his voice, and said:

"Pardon, my dear master! I am the cause of your trouble, and of your liberation from the shameful dungeon which kept you so long in narrow plight. Do not be angry, if the innocent deceit of your faithful servant has saved you; but rejoice, that you may see the blessed sun again. The Sultan wanted a garden after the fashion of the Franks, and made proclamation to all imprisoned Christians, that he who could perform it should come forward, and receive great reward in case of good success. None of them all had courage for the undertaking; but I remembered your loathsome durance. Then a good angel inspired me with the lie, to give you out as a master in the art of gardening, and I succeeded. Now, do not worry how to acquit yourself with honor. As all the great ones in the world, the Sultan wants not something better than what he has, but only something different—something new and rare. Therefore, dig and plod in this magnificent park, to your heart's content, and, believe me, whatever you do and plan will be right and good in his eyes."

These words sounded as the murmur of a distant water-course in the ears of a thirsty pilgrim in the wilderness. The Count was truly refreshed in his soul, and felt courage to undertake the critical business. He set the laborers to work as best he could, without the shadow of a plan, handling the well-arranged, shady park like a modern genius belaboring an antiquated author who has happened to fall into his creative grasp.

He threw every thing pell-mell, changed all, but mended nothing. Useful fruit-trees he rooted out, and planted rosemary and mock-oranges, foreign shrubbery and tasteless amaranths, instead. The fertile loam was carried off, and the barren soil covered with many-colored gravel-stones, which he caused to be stamped and leveled with greatest care, so that no blade of grass should grow. The whole park he divided into many terraces, surrounded with grass borders, and therein he laid out the flower-beds, winding and intermingling in the most

grotesque fashion. But, as the Count was rather ignorant of seeding and planting-time, his garden was some time between life and death, and had somewhat the appearance of a lady's dress *à feuille mourante.*

Sheik Kiamel, and even the Sultan, allowed the Western gardener unbounded liberty, without spoiling his genial plan by meddling or dictation, and anxious not to interrupt the progress of his creation. But, when some years had passed, and the first-fruits might be over-ripe, it was time for a German Kiamel to come out with the question, Gardener, what art thou about? Let us see the fruit of thy spading, and raking, and hauling! And when the plantation should appear, as in the Gleichen garden, with drooping leaf, truly, he would have a right, all things well considered, to do as the Sheik: to shake his head in silence, to spit between the teeth over the beard, and to mutter, "It might as well have been left alone."

For on a summer day, the amateur gardener overlooked, with a certain amount of self-conceit, his new creation, judged himself, and thought that, all considered, the workmanship praised the workman; it was altogether far more successful than he ever could have expected: his ideal lay before him—not only what was, but what should be. Then came the Superintendent and favorite of the Sultan, and said:

"Frank, what art thou doing? How far art thou advanced with thy work?"

The Count perceived that his masterpiece was going to be severely criticised; but he was prepared long since. Armed with all his presence of mind, he spoke with confidence:

"Come, my lord, and see! The wilderness has yielded to art, and has been transformed into a pleasure-garden, wherein the houris of Paradise would gladly dwell."

The Sheik, hearing an artist speaking so warmly and contentedly of his performance, and giving the master in the art credit for deeper insight than he could himself possess, restrained his disappointment, for fear of showing his ignorance. But he could not help putting a few questions to the chief gardener, just for his own instruction, to which he received a ready answer.

"Where are the beautiful fruit-trees," began the Sheik, "which covered this sandy plain, burdened with savory peaches and sweet oranges, rejoicing the eye and refreshing the lip of visitors?"

"They are all cut down, and their place is nowhere to be found."

"And why so?"

"Is it becoming, that the Sultan's pleasure-garden should be filled with trees which the poorest citizen of Cairo has plenty of in his garden, and the fruit of which is sold by camel-loads?"

"What did induce thee to destroy the pleasant grove of dates and tamarinds—offering a cooling shade against the burning noonday sun, and refreshing food under the heavy-laden branches?"

"What use of trees in a garden, which, during the fiery glow of the burning sun, is lonely and unfrequented, and then only sends forth its balmy fragrance when the cooling evening breeze begins to fan?"

"But was not this grove a veil for the mysteries of love, when the Sultan, enchanted by the beauty of a Circassian slave, wished to hide his tender affection from the jealous eyes of her companions?"

"A veil to cover the mysteries of love is provided by that arbor of luxuriant vines, or by this cooling grotto, where a crystal fountain rushes from the rock into a warmer basin, or that arbor of purple vines, or that couch of soft and downy moss; no need, for that, of a dark tamarind grove, where noisome reptiles and whizzing insects swarm, and cooling air and open view are hindered."

"But why didst thou plant hyssop and ivy—wild, creeping things—where the precious balsam from Mecca bloomed?"

"Because the Sultan wanted a European, and not an Arabian, garden. In Italy, and in the German gardens of Nuremberg, are no dates, nor does the balsam from Mecca bloom."

This argument was unanswerable, for neither the Sheik nor any of the heathen from Cairo had ever been in Nuremberg. So he had to take the German garden in good faith. But that his garden reform was in accordance with the Paradise of the Faithful, he could never believe. He once more shook his head, spit through the teeth over his beard, and went whence he came.

A GENERAL OUTFLANKED.

MRS. CLO. MARSHALL fluttered down into one of the sombre parlors at Willard's, and settled her voluminous drapery on a damask lounge.

She made a liberal display of gold eyeglasses, gold bracelets, gold chains; indeed, the superfluity of gold upon her person gave a yellow tinge to her countenance.

Mrs. Marshall was called by some "the gold widow." She was dark and handsome, with wondrously beautiful eyes and brows. Her money drew all, and particularly single men, toward her.

Virginia Harold, a young lady-boarder, was playing a fantasia, at the request of a rather stylish young man, who, though not looking equal to brains of any calibre, was considered a rising author.

Lady Goss, a late arrival, rattled her heavy silks in a lonesome corner, and was dying for somebody to talk to; but she had not been introduced to either of the ladies present.

Miss Harold finished her fantasia.

"So tiresome!" she said, a little affectedly, tossing her blonde curls from shoulders bewitchingly shining under costly lace.

"Obliged, weally," responded the gentleman, with a nondescript sort of bow, which he had been practicing for weeks, and which was a servile imitation of a titled dandy, attached to one of the legations; and he lifted another sheet of music, with a "May I beg?"

"Jenny, come here; I want you," sounded Mrs. Clo. Marshall's imperious voice; and Jenny lifted her fine form, lazily, and sat down by her friend.

"Don't let that silly fellow court you so publicly," said Mrs. Marshall. "You are too handsome to waste any sweetness on him. Now, don't bridle; that's not what I wanted to say. Do you remember General Chatfield?"

"I think I do. Blonde, isn't he; with very fine, blue eyes, and a lovely, tawny beard? Oh, yes; I came very near liking him last summer, but somebody told me he was married."

"Yes, yes; and it's so strange that he should be here with his wife," said Mrs. Clo. Marshall, wrinkling her forehead. "So strange!"

"Pray, why strange, Clo.?" asked the young girl, bending attentively over the clasp of her bracelet. "I see nothing so very strange in gentlemen bringing their wives to Willard's."

"I know. But when I saw Mrs. Chatfield, only three months ago, she was the veriest shadow, poor soul! half dead with consumption. I can't think how she has revived sufficiently, in this short period, to visit Washington. I am sure she never expected to do so."

"Perhaps she is dead, and the gallant General has taken another," said Jenny.

"Oh, no; that would be monstrous. You know I have been in the far West, hunting, with uncle Jeff, and it was in a town in Nebraska where I saw General Chatfield's wife. They were boarding, or rather she was — for she told me her husband was North, transacting Government business — and I never should have made myself known, only I saw a gorgeous, full-length portrait of the General, in oil, and knew him in a moment. Mrs. Chatfield is a tall, intelligent woman, and must have been very handsome once. She worships her husband. Well, I shall be very glad to renew the acquaintance."

At that moment there sauntered toward them a little, dried-up mummy of a man, brilliantly arrayed, and who, rumor said, was fishing very industriously for the rich widow.

"You ladies will have to look to your laurels," he said, with a smirk. "I have seen General Chatfield's wife. Heavens and earth! she is like a fresh rose, plucked from some sunny, southern garden. I never gazed upon a fairer face — 'pon my honor, never."

Mrs. Clo. Marshall looked bewildered; Virginia Harold, who was a beauty and a petted one, shrugged her white shoulders.

"Strange!" said Mrs. Marshall, when she spoke. "Is she tall, and rather elderly?"

The little man laughed, as he twiddled his watch-chain.

"Sweet sixteen! not an hour over; not that yet, if I am a judge. Must have found her in some parsonage, or at school, and married her at sight. I would, blame me!—such a pretty creature! But you'll see her at dinner, and there's the gong."

Mrs. Clo. Marshall adjusted her flounces with a dexterous shake, and gave the finishing touches to chain, and laces, and bracelets; Lady Goss rattled dreadfully, as she went forward to hook her arm within that of a very high-nosed old gentleman; and Virginia Harold, all grace and gentleness, knowing that the dinner was her hour of triumph, moved gracefully on by the side of Mrs. Clotilda Marshall.

"Beautiful as a picture," said the latter, after they were well seated, looking down the long table. "There's no denying it, Jenny; but not his wife. Oh, no; impossible!"

"He couldn't have two, you know," whispered Jenny, choosing from a trio of gentlemen, all intent on serving her. "I shouldn't like to think the worst of him;" and then she looked a long, liberal look, that by some people might be called a stare, at the rose-bud girl to whom the gallant General directed all his attention.

"No style — not a bit — though some repose of manner," she added, under cover of sipping water; "a country-girl, as sure as you live. And he—why, he's like a lover. See how he anticipates every want; look! he scowled at the waiter for spilling a drop of water on her precious hair. Oh dear! there's too much of it. But the General don't seem a day older, and he is handsome —a regular Adonis—yet. How she appears to worship him! Clo., dear, what can it mean?"

"It means there's rascality, somewhere," muttered the widow, under her breath; "and I mean to find it out."

That evening the parlors were brilliant with company. There were ravishing toilets from New York; languishing Southern beauties; strong-featured English travelers, extremely reserved in their manners; two elegant twin-sisters from California; Lady Goss, the only titled woman present — all slyly taking note of each other's dresses; all secretly conscious of looking a little better than the rest.

Mrs. Clo. Marshall, who generally had the pick of the company about her, had

been captured by a bright little brunette —a bride, who had journeyed a few miles with the General and his wife—to whom Mrs. Marshall lent an attentive ear.

"So sweet and pretty, and utterly unworldly," said the brunette, as Virginia Harold slipped into a chair which she rolled toward them. "She must have been quite recently married," she continued, "for she talked a great deal about her pretty country home and 'pa.' I even had a description of 'pa,' who is a noble-looking old man, very pale and tall, and a clergyman. He has a long, white beard, and blue eyes, and his hair shines like silver. According to her statement, she was his one ewe-lamb, and I hope General Chatfield will keep on being good to her. Any one can see that he is head and ears over in love with her, just now."

"I told you she was a country-girl," chimed in Jenny Harold.

Mrs. Clo. Marshall bit her lip, and tapped the rich carpet impatiently with the tip of her pointed shoe.

"I'm sure I don't know what to make of it," she said, dreamily, and a little aside.

Just then there was a stir and rustle. General Chatfield was entering, and every body turned to see the bride, whose beauty had made so striking an impression.

She came in, leaning on the General's arm—a wee thing, scarcely up to his military shoulders. Quite equal to the moment she seemed, and utterly unconscious of the *furor* she was exciting.

Her face was brilliantly beautiful and a trifle arch. The complexion was faultless; the teeth a gleam of white light under the exquisite tinting of her lips; her smile took one captive; her hair, confined by a slender golden wire, fell in profusion upon neck and shoulders, and shone like amber in the overflow of light. She was dressed in a rich blue silk, among the folds of which her disengaged arm shone enchantingly white, as she gracefully lifted the long, sweeping train.

The General—audacious lover—went the whole length of the room before he was brought to a halt by Mrs. Clo. Marshall's glittering eyes. The rich widow had risen, nervously; her hand rested on Virginia Harold's shoulder, and the young girl could feel that she trembled.

"Mrs. Marshall!" he said, with a pleased smile. "Lilly, this is a friend of mine; Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Chatfield."

"We saw each other sometimes in the hospitals, a year or two ago," said the widow, her voice and smile constrained, as she spoke to the young wife.

"Yes, you can't think how good Mrs. Marshall was, Lilly," said the General; "and," turning to the widow, "you remember Cap.—poor Cap. Nolen? What a time we had at that mess-dinner, eh? and the captured wine! and the preserves! Wasn't it jolly? Poor Cap. is dead; perhaps you knew? Died out in Nebraska."

"Indeed," responded Mrs. Marshall; "I was not aware of that. I heard nothing of it, when I was in Nebraska."

"You—you in Nebraska!" He nearly let his bride's arm slip, but lifted it again. "That's odd; few American ladies go to that wild region for pastime. When were you there?"

"Only three months ago. I was in ——, and stopped at the Montrose House." Her voice fell: "It was my chance to make a few acquaintances there."

Four pairs of eyes were at that moment concentrated upon the General's face — a face that just then could not be controlled. A glance of horror, and yet an appeal for secrecy, flashed into the widow's resolute face. His color came and went; he could have shot himself for trembling from head to foot.

Luckily, an old friend touched him on the shoulder, and he turned away; but his face was as gray as ashes.

"How could you, Clo.?" were the first words spoken by Virginia.

Mrs. Marshall drew a long breath.

"It was my fate, I suppose," she said, quietly; "oh, that poor child!"

"Did you notice she changed color?" queried Jenny.

"Why, what is it?" the voice of the unsuspecting brunette chimed in. "What made you all so queer? I'm sure the General looked frightened half to death, and as to his little wife, I pitied her without knowing why. There's nothing wrong, I hope. Do you know I traveled in company with them for miles?"

"I hope there's nothing wrong," said Mrs. Marshall, quietly, and soon the trio separated.

Three rapid knocks at the door of Mrs. Marshall's private parlor. That lady reclined in an easy-chair, habited in the most *recherché* of morning wrappers, reading a paper, as the black servant entered at her low "Come in."

He bore a small note on a silver salver, and left the room as soon as the widow had possessed herself of the pink morsel.

"Which goose, now, I wonder?" she smilingly murmured. "Delicious perfume, good taste, whoever he is." She sprang to a sitting posture.

"Why, I declare, it's that poor little soul!" Then read aloud:

"Please come to my room, No. 76, *immediately*. I have something of importance to communicate.
"LILLY CHATFIELD."

"How tremulous that signature! Poor little soul! poor little soul!"

There were tears in her fine eyes, as she slowly rose to her feet, and quickly put her hair in order, drew a silver cord about her waist, and clasped on a pair of bracelets—so as not, she mentally said, to look like a fright.

Arrived at the room, her heart failed her a little. What was it the child wanted? What would she demand? Her light knock was answered by Lilly in person. Lilly she was, for whiteness and purity; robed in a gossamer muslin, sprinkled with costly lace, and rich with ruffles. Her face was like marble, the only spots of color in it were her eyes, heavenly blue; but even they looked distended and troubled. She was in an agony of doubt and fear; any one could see that.

"My child, are you ill?" asked the widow, quickly.

"You are an old acquaintance of my —my—the General," said the little creature, talking rapidly, as if she feared her strength would fail her, one pretty, slender hand touching the widow's arm; "tell me the truth, as you would if you were dying"—she gasped a little—"has he a wife living?"

"My dear child, I can not say, I can not tell; you must not——"

"I must! I will! You *shall* tell me; it would be cowardly to leave me in doubt, wicked as murder," she cried, hoarsely. "See here; I have a letter—perhaps I should not tell you, but who have I to go to? I never opened his letters before; but you remember the other night—oh, how happy I was before that!" Her tearless eyes and quivering lips Mrs. Marshall never forgot. "This letter, I need give you no clew to its contents, save this: it commences, 'Dear General,' and concludes, 'Your suffering and neglected wife.' Oh, what am I? what am I? Can I have been so wofully deceived, so terribly wronged? No! I will not, I can not believe it."

She sprang to her feet, throwing her arms above her head in anguish; then, before the widow could answer—console, she could not—fell heavily to the floor in a death-like swoon.

At that moment the door was flung open, and General Chatfield entered, a long slip of paper in his hand. He flung the slip at Mrs. Marshall, as he sprang forward, and lifted the bruised Lilly in his arms.

"My God!" he cried, "what have you told her?" He caught sight of the letter. "What has she seen? Too late, too late! For God's sake, don't say I'm too late."

Mrs. Marshall read the dispatch mechanically. General Chatfield's wife had been dead twelve hours.

"This is too horrible!" she said, rising. "Oh, man, what a wreck you have made of your life and hers."

"No, no, she is still mine! My adored, my darling! Leave us, Mrs. Marshall. My punishment is more than I can bear; leave us. She is reviving."

What wild words, what prayers, what promises were reiterated in that sad room, none ever knew.

Mrs. Marshall was a woman of good sense, and kept her own counsel for that broken Lilly's sake. There was a rumor of some kind about the hotel; every body seemed to feel, in an obscure way, that there was trouble in General Chatfield's quarters. At all events, his beautiful young wife was very ill, and gossip flourished.

Then Mrs. Marshall, who was the only lady admitted to the sick-room, circulated the report that now the General's wife was gaining strength, slowly, the physician had recommended change of air, and she would, therefore, return home for a season to her native New England. In the meantime, at Lilly's request, Mr. Chatfield had written to her father, and he had come.

Few noticed the tall, white-haired clergyman, who stopped at Willard's for a day; none knew of the awful interview that passed between him and General Chatfield; only Mrs. Marshall saw the shadow of what had come to Washington a few short weeks ago—the white, cold, corpse-like face, beautiful as ever, but, oh, so heart-broken—leave in a carriage with her almost broken-hearted father.

They had reached the depot. The old clergyman had left his wan child for a few moments, when some one came hurrying through the cars, and stopped at the seat where Lilly was.

"I can't leave you," whispered a hoarse voice. "My God! I can not. Lilly, beloved, think again. I am free; you are my wife, mine! Oh, darling, go back with me; go, for God's sake, or I shall destroy myself. You love me, Lilly; a word to your father will settle all."

"General Chatfield, you will be kind enough to stand aside;" and there was that old man, looking little enough like a clergyman now, his eyes flashing fire, his face as white as his beard.

With a muttered curse, the General did step aside, only to see Lilly fall, half fainting, into her father's arms.

Wild-eyed and motionless, he stood in the depot, in which he had stood so triumphant, only—to him it seemed only but yesterday—and now!

Mrs. Clo. Marshall was married within two years after that sad episode, and established her own little pet *coterie* in Washington society, in which General Chatfield was never seen.

Years after, when sweet Jenny Harold was sweet Jenny Alstead, with children at her knee, Clo. read her a letter, the closing sentence of which ran as follows:

"And so you will see me again, if heaven pleases. My dear husband knows all, and says he is only too thankful that I was firm in my persistence in *that matter*. How many times I have thought of and thanked you in my heart for your kindness to me through that dreadful time," etc.

"From dear little Lilly Chatfield," said Jenny.

"No; never call her that! She has married a good and worthy man, this time, and an M. C. into the bargain. We must call on her as soon as she comes, and get her in our set before any body appropriates her. She's as precious as gold."

And so she was.

As for General Chatfield, when Lilly came to the capital he left it, and has never since been seen in Washington society.

ONLY A DREAM.

Under the waning light of a fair autumn night,
  Three weary boatmen rested on their oars;
The paling day had gone, and now they drifted on
  Toward the dim outline of the distant shores.
One bright and steady star gleamed on them from afar,
  Throwing its semblance in the stream below;
And peaks of tender blue, the cloud-rifts piercing through,
  Shone like far-mountains covered with the snow.
The leafy boughs of green did arch and overlean
  The ripples curving round a rocky base;
And distant, all the wood in opal glory stood—
  A shattered rainbow glorified the place.
For faint prismatic hues did palpitate and fuse,
  And strive to reunite, yet all in vain;
While little globes of light were scattered on the night,
  Like seed-pearls woven on a velvet train.
Mysterious silence fell upon them like a spell,
  Binding unspoken thoughts their hearts within;
And introverted gaze brought back their early days,
  And all the pleasant paths they wandered in.
They had been friends of yore, when, from fair boyhood's shore,
  Each launched his skiff upon the sea of life;
And now they met again—their manhood on the wane—
  Toil-worn and weary with the inward strife.

At length, one of the three spoke, sad and solemnly,
  Recounting phases that his life had known
Of weary loss and gain, of pleasure and of pain,
  Of here and there a white memorial-stone.
Another: "I have spent years in an Arab tent,
  Have tracked the desert on an Arab steed,
Have wrought in foreign lands till gold has filled my hands,
  And years for pleasure now are all I need."
The youngest of the three: "I crowned my days with glee,
  I quaffed the nectar while my pulse was high;
But now I am alone," he said, with altered tone,
  "The life-sands ebb—I have come home to die.
But ah, this wild unrest! Life's color and its zest
  Have never lit the lamp of sacrifice;
And all earth's finest gold is impotent to hold
  Within my grasp the only pearl of price."

Athwart the gloom of night a little bark of white
  Came rounding from the darkness into view;
The oarsman bowed his head, then pausing, slowly said:
  "Sad are the lessons I have learned from you.

Look now within the stream, and watch the fitful gleam
Of that star-shadow underneath the prow;
The false and not the true thus have ye kept in view:
What doth it profit? What avail ye now?
Symbols of you I see in every changing tree:
The greenness of your morning lives no more;
Your hopes have passed away. Your dreams!—ah, what are they
But stranded wrecks upon a barren shore?
Ye sing no triumph-psalm, ye bear no branch of palm,
O'er conquered self or abnegated sin;
Ye turned from the Divine—the world your only shrine—
Ye may not hear the welcome 'Enter in.'"

I woke. The dawn was fair, my daily web of care
Revealed new richness in each hidden fold;
And every tangled skein, unwound with toil and pain,
Was strangely crossed with threads of purest gold.

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.

No. II.—LATER TRIUMPHS.

CALIFORNIA has one advantage over any wine-producing country on the globe, and that is the certainty, constancy, and duration of her dry season. The grape is a fruit that needs, above all others, a warm sunshine, without interruption, from the time that the blossoms set forth their tender flowers, until they gradually develop into its rich, luscious fruit in October. This advantage has always existed here, as far back as our record extends, and no rain or hail ever destroyed the tender fruit. The sure and uninterrupted duration of this dry weather secures a crop without a chance of failure, and ripens the grape to perfection. One of the most serious drawbacks in all other parts of the world is the uncertainty of the seasons and entire variance from preceding ones, thus creating a great difference in the quality of the wine produced in successive vintages. This difference in quality is so great that it is quite common to find the prices vary from one to two hundred per cent. in the same district. The products of the renowned vineyards are known to have fluctuated even to a greater extent.

In Europe, they only reckon to secure in ten years one good crop and fine quality, and two more crops of fine quality, but small quantity; while seven vintages are reckoned as being of poor quality, small quantity, and total failures. In our State, the variation in quality seldom amounts to five per cent., while the most disastrous years have not lessened the crop below the ordinary yield more than twenty-five per cent. in quantity. This very variation in quantity can be fully known three months previous to the vintage, thus allowing the producer ample time to secure his casks, and furnishing him positive knowledge as to the number required. In other countries, even fourteen days before the vintage, there is no certainty of a crop; a wind, a rain, or a hail-storm is apt to occur at any moment and devastate the entire vintage. All is uncertainty there; nor has the vintner any possible means of positively ascertaining how many casks he must provide. In abundant years in

the old countries the exchange has often been made of so many gallons of wine for an equal number of gallons' capacity of casks. The disadvantages of being forced to secure such immense quantities of casks in so limited a period are too easily perceived, and we certainly can not appreciate our own advantage too much in being very differently situated.

Another great benefit derived from the long continuance of the dry weather, is the exemption from weeds in our vineyards after the final plowing. Thus all the nourishment and strength of the soil go wholly to their destination, the vine, and hence the vigorous appearance that even the most delicate imported varieties acquire even in our poorest soils. They necessarily bear much more. This circumstance will also explain, in a measure, why our cultivation does not cost as much per acre as that in European countries, though our labor is so much higher. The advantage of our dry weather does not end here: it precludes the possibility of continued mildew, and allows the vintner to leave his vines unstaked, the bunches of grapes actually lying, and securely ripening, upon the very ground, without fear of frost or rotting. In this condition, the grapes mature sooner, are sweeter, and, it is believed, possess more flavor.

In Europe, of late years, there has grown into favor, and almost general use, the custom of gallizing the wines. This consists of adding certain amounts of sugar and water to a definite proportion of grapes, and is intended to increase the quantity of wine. This process was first conceived by Count Chaptal, about the year 1801, and many years later was reduced to a practical form, by Petiot, in France, and Dr. Gall, in Germany. Two circumstances tended to bring this into practical use: the first was excusable enough, but not so the second. Count Chaptal, seeing the inequality of the seasons, the total or partial failures of the quality of the vintages, owing to a want of proper maturity in the grape when picked, and a lack of sugar in its natural juice, proposed to make an addition of cane or potato-sugar to this juice, and thus bring it up to a standard. He contended that the quality of the juice depended on the amount of sugar it contained, and claimed that, by making this addition, a good wine could be invariably produced. This process he called, "The manner of making good wines, both in good and poor years." The theory certainly presented itself in a very attractive and harmless manner to the wine-producers of Europe, and would have had no serious objections in its use, in such countries as could not sufficiently ripen their grapes to produce the required amount of sugar, to make the wine palatable, and sustain it in aging. Had this process stopped there, it might have been excusable, but such was not the case; and, as one evil step leads to another, so did this process lead to another, which had no excuse whatever to offer, other than that it was harmless, and that in defrauding those who purchased it for pure grape wine, the harm was only the deception. Messrs. Petiot and Gall, both men of eminently practical minds, suggested, that, owing to the greater demand for wine than the supply could meet, why not make an addition of water to the juice, and bring the quality to the proper standard again by adding to the whole the necessary amount of sugar to guarantee its keeping quality. At first, they only doubled the quantity, but finally they brought their theory to such a practical point, that the amount of grapes which previously gave one gallon of pure juice was now made to yield five, and even six gallons of this so-called wine. The only requirement in this process was to press from the grapes all the juice that would flow, then pour upon the remaining skins sugar and water in defined proportions, and allow it to fer-

ment; the resulting liquid was then run into barrels, and the addition of sugared water was again made successively from four to six times, according to the judgment of the manufacturer. This liquid was sold for wine, and has been exported by the million gallons to all countries of the world ever since the process was put into practical operation, many years ago. The United States is one of the heaviest consumers of this class of wine, which arrives in every one of its ports by the thousand casks, under the name of "Cargo Claret."

California is entirely free from the use of such expedients, nor is it likely that she will have to resort to them until her millions of vineland will have been planted. Our grape-juice requires no addition of sugar, either to make it palatable or give it the keeping qualities. Our grapes ripen and over-ripen securely every year, without the chance of a failure, and they can be brought to produce any fermentable amount of pure grape-sugar by simply leaving them to hang on the vine a longer time, without shelter and without danger, for the rains seldom set in until the vintage has been closed from one month to six weeks. As to adding both water and sugar to produce more, our vineyards bear too abundantly to warrant such a proceeding, even if the cost of such additions were not greater than that of the pure grape-juice. But this cost is greater, no matter what quality of sugar is used, or how cheap it could at present be purchased. Twelve pounds of grapes can be procured for twelve cents, and contain, or will give by expressing, at the lowest average, two and one-half pounds of sugar, costing four and eight-tenths cents per pound; while sugar, even without duty, would cost from thirty to fifty per cent. more, counting upon the use of the commonest quality. There being no gain, at present, nor possibly for the future, in the adulteration with sugared water, it is not likely the practice will be made use of in California until sugar costs much less or grapes much more, neither of which is likely to occur soon; so the grape-juice will still remain the cheapest article with which to adulterate our wines.

The above is probably the most innocent adulteration used in the European wines. There is one practice, allowed by custom and carried on almost universally, which is positively injurious, and that is the addition of alcohol, which is made, in the most unscrupulous proportions, to nearly all wines destined for export and shipped in casks. This is particularly the case with the cheap French clarets that are used in such enormous quantities in every part of the globe. By a recent regulation, made between the years 1864 and 1866, French shippers are allowed to add to all wines that they export, five per cent. of absolute alcohol. That they make use of this privilege, is amply proved by the high percentage of alcohol found in all their wines that reach us. This fact will explain why French clarets are usually drank with water, and are better tasting when used in that way. The French Government does not, however, allow this addition of alcohol to wines that are to be consumed at home, except in the wines produced in seven departments, which it is known will spoil without this addition. It evidently has more regard for the health of its own subjects than that of foreign people who pay it tribute.

The wines of our State, owing to the great abundance of sugar produced from the grape, naturally contain a large proportion of alcohol, and require no such additions; in fact, of late years, it has been one of the principal studies of the wine-makers to devise some natural way of diminishing the proportion of alcohol, in order to produce lighter wines. Two very easy methods of attaining this end have been found. The first method was proposed by the writer of this sketch, in 1862, and consisted in picking the grapes at an earlier period than was usually

done—at a period when they had attained a sufficient quantity of sugar to produce a wine containing from ten to eleven per cent. of alcohol after fermentation. As the amount of alcohol depended entirely upon the amount of sugar, this method could very easily be put into practice, and during later years it has been extensively done in those parts of the State best suited for producing light wines. The wines so made at first lacked character and, seemingly, body; but as they began to mature by age, they were found to contain both, and acquire a fresh, agreeable flavor, far superior to the wines made in the old manner from over-ripe grapes. Besides, they were found to conduct themselves better as to clarification, and were generally less apt to acquire those diseases that the heavier wines are liable to. The second method consists in planting those varieties of grapes which are known to produce light wines; in other words, such grapes as do not produce a large quantity of sugar. The result in both methods is the same, though the latter is unquestionably the better, for those varieties of grapes which lack in sugar generally abound in flavor, and the wine made from them almost always acquires a fine, delicate bouquet. These wines, while new, are harsh and exceedingly tart, but age does away with both objections, and they then become spicy, agreeable, inviting, and do not cloy, as is the case with heavier wines. It has been ascertained, by repeated trials, that the wines produced by either method, only require skill in their management, and need no doctoring, to make them keep; age alone improves their qualities, and when shipped they are found to improve most by the longest voyages. They have been known to keep well, even under the most neglectful management and entire absence of skill.

Above and beyond the ability and advantage we have of producing all kinds of grapes to perfection, of making from them wines that are pleasant, inviting to the taste, and which will keep, with but little skill and care, for years, whose limit has not yet been found, we still have a greater advantage over European vintners in the cheapness of our cultivation. Labor, material, and interest are all very high with us; but, nevertheless, the setting out and cultivation of an acre of vineyard costs less in California than it does in France. For this we are as much indebted to our improved means of cultivation as to the nature of our climate. All labor, in the majority of the wine districts of Europe, is done by hand. We use the horse and plow, while they use the prong-hoe and spade, and they actually dig and hoe up their entire vineyards, with few exceptions. After our spring cultivation is over, we need not go into our vineyards, and, having no summer rains, weeding is not necessary, and still their freeness from weeds and clean appearance strike the stranger with surprise. Owing, on the contrary, to the wet season of Europe, the vine-dressers are constantly kept among the vines, trying to give them a clean appearance; but, in spite of all their efforts, they but imperfectly succeed, and their vineyards never possess that appearance of high and perfect cultivation that is so apparent in our own.

But we have stated that the plantation of a vineyard and its keeping cost more in France than in California; and, to prove this, we will make extracts from a well-known and reliable authority upon the subject, M. Guyot:

Cost in France of an Hectare (2½ Acres) of Vineyard after the Seventh Year:

Purchase of one hectare of land	$200
Expense of first year	200
" second year	100
" third year	171
" fourth year	229
" fifth year	120
(besides $40, being product of vintage of fourth year.)	
Expense of sixth year	100
(besides $80, being product of vintage of fifth year.)	
Expense of seventh year	30
(besides $160, being product of vintage of sixth year.)	
Total expense	$1,150

This does not include interest, which will amount to about $240 more, making the total cost of one hectare of vineyard, in the seventh year, $1,390, or $556 per acre. These different items include all the material, manure, and the extraordinary preparation of the soil, so essential in Europe to produce good crops. In the estimate made for the usual cultivation, the cost per acre amounts to $35 after the seventh year. And by this same ordinary and usual mode of cultivation, the yield is reckoned at about four hundred gallons per acre—a very large estimate, in our opinion.

Cost in California of an Acre of Vineyard after the Seventh Year:

Purchase of one acre land.	$50		
Planting and cultivating, first year	30		
Cultivating, second year..	10		
" third year....	10		
" fourth year....	12	Value of crop.	$35
" fifth year.....	15	Value of crop.	42
" sixth year....	15	Value of crop.	49
" seventh year..	15	Value of crop.	66
Direct outlay..............	$157	Direct income.	$192
Interest at 12 per cent. per annum on outlay.......	99	Int. at 12 per ct. on income...	52
Total outlay	$256	Total income..	$244

Leaving the actual cost of the vineyard in California, after the seventh year, at $12 per acre, against $556 in France, in spite of expensive labor and high rates of interest. The cultivation of a full-bearing vineyard is less than $15 per acre with us, against $35 in France, and our crops throughout the State, on an average, will be considerably over rather than under four hundred gallons per acre.

These figures, for California, leave such a margin, that no difficulty would be met with in securing any number of persons who would be willing to undertake the contract, at these rates, for setting and cultivating up to the seventh year. The cost of the land alone is overestimated about $20. The comparison of these figures leads us to the strange result, that at the eighth year the Californian starts his acre of vineyard with an investment of $12, his interest on that sum being $1.44 yearly; while the French vintner starts his acre of vineyard with an investment, from the same year, of $556, and his yearly interest, at five per cent., will amount to $27.80.

There is one very great cost in the cultivation of the vine in Europe which is dispensed with entirely in our State, and that is the *staking* of the vines. It is true that some of our vine-growers stake their vines, in imitation of the European mode; but even these only continue this practice till the vine is six or seven years old, when the stakes are discarded. In Europe, the vines are staked each spring, and in the autumn, when the vintage is over, the stakes are pulled up and piled away for protection from winter—a very onerous task, and a costly one. To this is joined another work, which we never have to do, that of tying up the vines, to keep the grapes from rotting, as they would by lying on the ground. Many more details could be cited, showing our advantages; but these are sufficient to give a general appreciation of the greater economy of our mode of cultivation over that practiced in European vineyards.

The Fathers planted their vines all the way from eight to sixteen feet apart in the square, and there has been much controversy among viniculturists as to the proper distance for planting. In this, as in many other things, one general rule can not be laid down: the person planting should not be governed by a hobby of distances, but should be guided by the nature of the soil, and by the character of the species of vine planted. As a general rule, vines planted in rich soil run to wood, and should be planted far apart; in lighter soils, they should be planted closer together. The old method was to plant in squares; but the more recent plantations have most all been made in rows, which manner is the more rational, and presents, among many other advantages, that of allowing

the plantation of a greater number of vines to the acre, without discarding the use of the plow. The usual distance between the vines, in vineyards thus set out, is four feet one way and six feet the other. It has been found that a greater number of vines to the acre, within reasonable limits, produce more than a less number. The old plantations contained generally 680 vines per acre, while the new ones contain 1,000 and 1,800 vines to the same space. The following are the average yields, for the whole State, in these different modes of planting, when the vines are seven years old:

680 vines per acre... 10 lbs per vine, 6,800 lbs grapes.
1,000 vines per acre... 8 lbs per vine, 8,000 lbs grapes.
1,800 vines per acre... 5 lbs per vine, 9,000 lbs grapes.

It is now conceded, in those localities where the experiments were made with these different modes of growing the vines, that the ten pounds of grapes produced by two vines are superior in every respect to the ten pounds produced by a single vine on the same amount of space. The pruning of the vines costs about $4 per thousand; the hoeing and suckering, when properly done, about as much more: so that the expense, on a greater number of vines, per acre, would increase somewhat the cost of cultivation; but this would be more than made good by the increased quantity of grapes. The cost of picking is nearly $1.25 per ton, and that of hauling, within a distance of five miles, about $1 more, making, in all, $2.25 per ton. The average price of grapes is $1 per hundred pounds, delivered, and the gross income of a vineyard containing 680 vines would be $68. Deducting picking and hauling, $8, and cultivation, $15, would leave a yearly net income of $45 per acre on an investment of $112 and interest up to the fourth year. This reckoning is based upon the blue Mission grape; and where the vineyard is planted with choicer varieties, the income is from two to four times greater, according to the variety. When wine is made, instead of selling the grapes, the net income can be reckoned upon as amounting to at least fifty per cent. more. This increase holds good with wines made from the choicer kinds of grapes.

In California, mildew has only made its appearance in low, wet places, where vineyards never should have been planted, or in exceedingly wet years; but has never spread, even when sulphur was not used—it being a very rare occurrence to have it in two successive seasons on the same vineyard, no matter how unfavorably that vineyard may be located. It was also thought by many that the importation of foreign vines would be attended by the introduction of their diseases; but this fear has so far proved groundless, though ample time has elapsed for such diseases to show themselves. It seems that our climate and soil have not only an invigorating power, but also a purifying one over all imported vines: the trunks become robust, the vines larger, and the leaves greener than in their native countries.

We have already alluded to the necessity of ascertaining the adaptability of certain varieties to the various soils and numerous climates of our State. This discovery for each locality is of the most vital importance, and only through such a result can the highest possible excellence be attained in the quality of the wine produced. Many varieties do well in meagre, gravelly soils, which will bear but indifferently in cold, moist, or rich soils, and *vice versa*. There are but few vineyards in the State, that were planted within the last twelve years, which do not contain from ten to fifteen varieties of vines, and we can therefore hope, that, at no very distant period, the best varieties will be discovered for each district. In fact, we are now upon the very verge of acquiring this important

knowledge, for everywhere throughout the different districts, *grafting* — that great revolutionizing agent — is actively employed; every year, the number of varieties decreases in each vineyard — the few are chosen from the many — and in a few seasons the entire character of the wines will be changed and the proper type found. As interest and labor are so high with us, we have to look further, in making our plantations, than the sole production of quality. To it we must join quantity, else the profits will not be compensating, in competition with European wine countries. Our ambition must be to produce as fine a quality as they do, and a much greater quantity; and, by a judicious and rational use of the graft, it is in our power to attain this.

When two varieties of grapes in the same vineyard, one producing a superior quality of wine, but is a poor bearer, while the other bears abundantly, but produces a poor quality, the former should be grafted upon the latter, and by this method secure the advantages of both kinds. This is the judicious use of the art of grafting, while the rational use consists in setting out the prolific-bearing vines, with the preconceived intent to graft upon them the finer variety, when the proper moment arrives. It is true, that grafting is tedious and expensive; but the result will give ample reward for all the cost, labor, and expense.

After years of patient waiting and experiment, we have, at last, secured that perfection of fruit which excites the wonder and admiration of all strangers who visit our State. Though our greatest triumphs have been with the fruit of the vine itself, still, we have not been backward in manufacturing that fruit into wine. And this was the most difficult task of all. Our wine-makers undertook it without knowledge, and almost without capital. Our climate being different from that of any other part of the world, even those who had previous experience in wine-producing countries were, at first, baffled and doomed to disappointment. Much had to be forgotten, that was held valuable in other countries, and more had to be learned. The old, slow, and burdensome methods of Europe were improved upon, and what was objectionable gradually became obsolete. Every thing was, generally, done on a grander scale: machinery was introduced, in the crushing of grapes — presses were improved — greater quantities of wine were made, and finer and larger casks were constructed. The same improvements were made in our wine-vaults and press-houses, to whose solid and cleanly appearance we point with pride. Such, in fact, have been our advances, that the casks used in Europe to manufacture wine in, we consider even too small to make our sales in. These rapid improvements are, in a measure, owing to our isolated position, where necessity truly becomes the mother of invention; and, in a greater measure, to the unselfish manner in which our wine-makers meet each other, neighbor striving to help neighbor, and imparting freely all personal experiences. This open and generous interchange of acquired knowledge is a feature, not only with our wine-makers, but is perceived in every industrial enterprise of our State.

The early varieties of grapes begin to make their appearance in the San Francisco market about the first week in July. These, of course, are not made into wine, but are consumed at table. The vintage begins at different periods in the various districts, and, even in these districts, the vintage begins in one vineyard sooner or later than in the adjoining one, according to the variety of grapes with which it is planted. The earliest vintages, however, generally begin about the first of September, and the latest about the end of October. Our average first heavy rain, for the last twelve years, has not fallen before the first of December; and, during the same period, only in six

years have we had slight showers during the month of October, their average being the 17th of that month, and rather helped the ungathered grapes than harmed them. This will show, that even the most dilatory wine-makers have ample time to secure their vintages, without fear of loss from such sources.

The grapes in the northern portion of the State are picked by Chinamen, who will each pick an average of fifteen hundred pounds per day. They always board themselves, and are paid, generally, $1 per day. The grapes are gathered into light wooden boxes, which will hold about fifty pounds each. When full, these boxes are hauled to the press-house, where they are emptied into a screen, and the grapes, becoming detached from their stems, fall through the screen, and are crushed between two revolving rollers. The bruised grapes fall on an inclined platform underneath, and part of the juice runs off without further pressing, and is conducted into casks.

There remains, however, a considerable quantity of juice in the crushed and dripping grapes. To extract this, they are removed to the press, and the juice running from it is added to that which previously came from the crusher. The skins of the grapes, after being thoroughly pressed, still contain a considerable amount of saccharine matter, and are thrown into a vat, where, after being covered with water, they are allowed to ferment, and, in due time, the liquid resulting from this fermentation is distilled into brandy. The juices coming from the crusher and press begin to ferment violently about ten or twelve hours after the pressing; and, if the fermenting vaults are at the proper temperature—between seventy and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit—it ceases in fifteen days. The muddy appearance lessens, disappears entirely, and the wine is made. This is the process followed in the making of white wines from the blue or black grapes. When red wines are made, the juice is not separated from the crushed grapes, but the whole is thrown into a vat, where the juice ferments upon the skins. As the coloring matter is contained on the inside of the skins, this contact during fermentation, which lasts from four to ten days, necessarily communicates that color to the juice. When the fermentation ceases, the red juice has become wine, and is then drawn into casks. This, combined with cleanliness and attention, is, really, all there is in wine-making in our State. The care to be bestowed upon the wine, after fermentation, is another matter, and is, of itself, a great and complicated art, very difficult to be communicated.

The wines are drawn from their settlings, into clean casks, about the beginning of January, and again in the month of March. After this last racking, they are generally sold to the various San Francisco wine-houses, the wine-merchants all preferring, if they have room, to remove the new wine to their own vaults as soon as possible, to give it the necessary care while ripening. The average annual cost of keeping red and white wines in San Francisco is about ten cents per gallon, including storage, care, evaporation, and interest upon cost of wine and cask. The bulk of California wines is sold to the consumer after they are one, and before they are two, years old. This is a bad practice, which necessity alone forced upon the wine-merchants, and which, we are glad to state, is fast passing away. To attain their full excellence, the lighter California wines should be bottled when two years old, and left to mature in bottle for a period of two years more. Thus managed, they become excellent, even from the blue Mission grape, and are far superior to the good class of French wines. The aging in bottle develops a bouquet and flavor that are never acquired in the cask alone.

DAWN.

GOVERNOR MASON'S letter to the War Department, in the spring of 1848, reporting the discovery of gold on the American River, and in which he said, that "no capital is required to obtain the gold, as the laboring man wants nothing but his pick and shovel, and tin pan, with which to dig and wash the gravel; and many frequently pick gold out of the crevices of rocks, with their butcher-knives, in pieces of from one to six ounces," created the most intense excitement throughout the States, and father was among the first to succumb to the gold-fever. Being the possessor of moderate, unencumbered means, he made suitable provision for our support, and started, a few weeks after, to seek his fortune, bidding good-by with the positive and comforting assurance, that he would return in three years—the limit for the return of nearly all the pioneers to California.

Proceeding from San Francisco to the Mariposa mining region, instead of plunging at once into the ditches, he recognized superior advantages in the investment of his capital in a small mercantile business. He built a commodious log-house, put in stock, and in a few months came to be considered one of the solid men of the "city." This prosperity, and the salubrity of the climate, induced him, in one year after he left us, to send word that we were to join him, as soon as his partner, Sam. Crummels, arrived, to act as escort.

Upon taking the stage at Stockton, after a somewhat monotonous and uneventful trip thus far, we forgot our uninteresting escort, Crummels, and were drawn naturally into intimate social relations with a large, pleasant-faced man, wearing a gray-flannel shirt tucked into a pair of overalls at the waist, the overalls, in turn, tucked into an immense pair of cowhide boots. He said he had been "below," to purchase tools for himself and partners, and represented himself as one of father's customers. His tall companion he called "Kentuck," and "Kentuck" always prefaced his remarks to my new-found friend with, "Say, Cap." He was very patient, listening to, and answering, all our questions, with great kindness, and a certain lack of dignity, very captivating to Dawn and myself.

Dawn was then only eight years old. She had been adopted by the family, under peculiar circumstances. Father found her one morning, while we were living at Washington, lying upon the granite step at our front-door, wrapped only in an old plaid shawl. He was going to Baltimore, and, being up earlier than usual, found the little one, sleeping quietly, just as the eastern heavens were beginning to redden with the approach of day; and mother named her Dawn. She was always beautiful in infancy and girlhood, and wonderfully so in womanhood.

To Dawn and myself, the ride to Mariposa afforded little more than a series of bitter disappointments. We had so set our hearts upon entering a land cooled by deep shades and plentiful streams, that the whole surface and capacity of our joys seemed shadowed and oppressed by the semi-barrenness, and muddy streams glaring upon us through heat and dust. Then we were more a part of Nature's self, living in it, swayed more powerfully by its silent influences than by any other earthly agency; and here

was wanting all we had imagined and craved for. How charitable the hotel-keepers of that time! What delicate consideration they displayed for the feelings of travelers! With what patient assiduity would they seek to make a newcomer believe—by intimation, at least—that black was white! Not being able to supply luxuries in any other way, they fed us by sound, applying the richest names to the commonest articles, pronounced with a luscious roll that made our young mouths water in anticipation. At every place where we took meals—on the Tuolumne, at Hornitos—the same formula was gone through with: the waiter, looking you straight in the eye, would insinuate a plate of miserable corn-bread toward you, suggesting, at the same time, in softest tones, that you "help yourself to the pound-cake."

Toward evening of the second day, our mud-wagon dashed, at a galloping pace, through blinding dust, to the front of the "Grizzly," where we forgot our disappointments, for the time, in observing the crowd collected to welcome the weekly stage. Every body seemed to know "Cap;" and after setting Dawn safely upon her feet—an act which seemed to excite the envy of the whole gathering, composed of rough, heavily bearded miners—he turned to receive their greetings. He called each by some name, but I am certain no one received the name his father and mother gave him.

With the events of the ensuing years, up to '57, Cap and Dawn are inseparably associated. In '51, Cap, having accumulated a sufficient quantity of "dust," bought Sam. Crummel's interest in the store, and came to live with our family—a delight to at least two of its members. He was one of those men specially created for the delight of children. He assisted in our home studies, and joined in our games. In the evening, until bed-time, he would relate the most captivating stories, every one containing some useful information. He did not go much among men, though they all seemed to hold him in deep respect—father said, fear; but I could not understand why any one should be afraid of him.

In '53, while listening to the stories of two old miners, who were "going over" the old times again, I learned why they feared him, and then heard that Cap's hand had taken the lives of two men—one in the summer of '49, and one during the spring of the year we arrived. During the conversation, I learned, also, that he took vengeance only after he had forborne to notice insult and abuse, and not until pistols were drawn and his life attempted.

The years passed into '57. I was then nineteen—Dawn fifteen. All the vows imaginable had already passed between us, and we were engaged.

It was long before I understood the mutual devotion existing between Cap and Dawn. The simple, demonstrative freedom, and utter absence of all embarrassment, in her demeanor toward him, rendered even thoughts of jealousy impossible to me. Dawn, now in womanhood very beautiful, would at times, in one of her strange moods, throw her arms about Cap's neck, in the old childish way, and lie still upon his broad breast, often until she slept. He would then place her carefully upon the most convenient resting-place, and walk away without a word—only a look of deep peace and happiness upon his face.

The months of that year hurried on to a fearful day in our lives—a terrible one in the history of that community—the 25th of August. I remember it as the one memorable day in my life, into which the emotions of an ordinary lifetime were crowded in strangest confusion.

The night before, Dawn had given way to one of her fits of passionate grief, for some reason not known to me then,

and sought her usual resting-place, for consolation.

Father and mother had long looked upon these demonstrations with uneasiness. Although satisfied, for themselves, that Cap was as free from evil thoughts as Dawn, yet neither having taken the trouble to conceal their feelings from the neighbors, prying people questioned the propriety of a girl at Dawn's age showing her affection in so unmistakable a manner for a man then not more than forty, and not *looking* that by ten years.

A number of families had, by this time, settled in the place, and, without considering consequences, whispers of "immodest," "brazen," "bad," circulated so freely around the small circle that we could not help catching a breath of the poison breeze.

That night, after Dawn had satisfied her real or imagined grief with abundant tears and sighs, mother went to her and had a long talk; while father and Cap, after closing-up time, were closeted in the sitting-room until very late.

The result was not very satisfactory; for next morning, while Cap sat at breakfast, a cloud over the pleasant features, Dawn came in, looking white and weary, and, with a sudden, impulsive movement, leaned over, taking his temples between her soft palms, and pressed the beautiful lips upon his upturned forehead, then slowly walked to the open door, and stood there, with folded arms and drooping head.

I was not so blinded by passion for Dawn but that some common sense remained; and knowing, as I could not fail to know, what had occurred the night before, this last act was like a poisoned arrow. Yet, passing up street, a few minutes later, and overhearing Big Jack, the *monte*-dealer (standing just in front of Tex's saloon, with his back toward me), remark to Pretty Andy, "that Dawn Barker was a 'little loose,'" the back of my open hand went against his mouth with force enough to jostle a cocked derringer from his coat-pocket.

When he turned toward me, the expression of his countenance changed instantly from a certain forced, ferocious look—often assumed by bullying cowards—to one of utter foolishness and humility. He returned his pistol to its place, and commenced apologizing in an unaccountably profuse manner. Jack was not afraid, but the suddenness of being brought face to face with one near the one he feared, made him humble.

Half an hour afterward, looking up the same street, I saw Cap coming toward the store. He was very white, eyes all aflame, lips compressed, head erect, shoulders back, his feet striking the earth rapidly and resolutely. The bounding step flew past without recognition, into the store; the fiery, insane eyes fixed, knowing not even Dawn, who, standing in the door-way, shrank back with terror. At the farther end of the long counter, upon the old pine desk, lay a great leathern belt, with dragoon revolver and large bowie-knife attached—Cap's property. He swung these about his waist with a quick, determined movement, and was on the street again before the buckle was fastened—the same splendid fury visible in every action.

"The Johnsons in town; been after Cap," explained Kentuck, hurriedly, coming across the creek from his cabin, with long, rapid strides. "Go 'heel' yourself!"

By this time Cap had arrived opposite Tex's saloon, and was making for McIntyre's, when Kentuck started on a run up the middle of the street. In that direction, the greatest excitement prevailed: men running about wildly, as though an earthquake had suddenly shaken loose half the logs in town.

It was between one of the Johnson brothers and Cap that the unfortunate affair had happened in '49, resulting in

the death of the former. Both parties had their friends; the sore was an old one that had never been properly treated, and it was impossible that, once commenced, the fight would be confined to the principals. Provided with pistol—an article considered one of the necessaries of life in those days—I was hurrying toward the door, when Dawn rushed in and begged me to stay—not to stain my hands with human blood. But when I told her the Johnsons were hunting Cap, that there were three brothers, and I *must* help him, she released me at once.

Before I had taken a dozen steps, a single shot rang out clear, followed instantly by a second; a slight pause, and then half a dozen, in quick succession. The din of voices and tramping feet of the turbulent crowd, spiced now and then with the sharp crack of a revolver, roused the whole population, and brought them to the scene of the fray. Big Jack and Pretty Andy, running out of Mac's and across the street, were followed by one of the Johnsons, who staggered out, balanced himself a moment, like a drunken man, and fell forward upon his face, the arms stretched beyond his head, with fingers drawn apart, clutching the earth. Only shots and yells within. A moment's lull, and there is a rush for the doors. The crowd swarms into the street, and scatters. The last to seek the open air are two formidable-looking men: the eldest of the Johnsons, tall, powerful, and finished in limb, followed closely by Cap. Kentuck and the other Johnson are missing. A shot from the veranda of the Grizzly House, opposite, opens the contest anew.

There is Cap—a madman—following his opponent with the activity of a wildcat, and the determination of a grizzly. Outside combatants, on both sides, have emptied their revolvers, and now pause to watch with breathless interest the result of the horrible contest, when suddenly a white face and pair of wild, distended eyes move swiftly past bearded heads to the centre, between the combatants; and just as Cap has felled his adversary, and springs upon him with bare arm and bright blade lifted in air, two arms encircle his waist, and an agonized voice breaks clear above a hoarse curse beneath, in two words of eloquent entreaty, "Stop, father!"

Too late. The slight figure is thrown back, the iron arm goes down, and the savage blade crushes through the quivering vitals of the last of the Johnsons.

Cap stood erect, with no sign of recognition in the marble face; but, a moment later, he said:

"Take her away; quick!"

I caught the slender form, and hurried toward home.

"Shot?" asked One-eyed Jimmy.

"No."

"Cut?" from Dublin.

"No."

"Only fainted!" warned mother; and while she was endeavoring to restore Dawn, I started out to learn the result of the fight.

Two of the Johnsons were found in the street, and one in Mac's, against the bar—all dead. Kentuck lay partly under the billiard-table, with a large hole in his forehead. Big Jack was wounded in the right shoulder, Judge Boyd in the heel; Unlucky Dan, whose ruling passion was Rondo, had just arrived in town, with quite a large sum, in dust. He was left-handed, and never played unless he rolled for himself. He was among the lookers-on at the fight, when a stray bullet cut his left thumb entirely away. Holding up the bloody stump, he cried out, "Look er thar; *thar's* luck for yer; jist got in town, an' ain't bet nary red yit!"

That night, while his favorite game was in full blast, at Tex's, Dan was the saddest witness. As old Simpson truthfully remarked, it was "the killinest kill-

in' that hes 'curred roun' yer sence '53, wen the Dodsons cum agin' the Beasley boys."

The combat ended, men went to their usual occupations with many comments, but little evidence of excitement; and, now that the coast was clear, Sheriff Smith arrived and arrested Cap.

At the examination, the same afternoon—for justice was swift, in those days—the following testimony was elicited:

That given by Jerry Parker, who had heard the words of both parties in front of Mac's, was most important. Among the miners, the whisper of a slander against a pure woman's name was held to be justification for homicide; and that alone, without the personal abuse heaped upon Cap, would have insured his discharge.

It was also ascertained that only two of the brothers had fallen by Cap's hand. The other had been seen exchanging shots with Kentuck, just before he staggered out of the saloon, and it was thought the two men died at nearly the same moment. A red-shirted miner, carrying a thoughtful countenance, observed that "p'raps them two who draw'd each other's souls one minute, shuck hands the next on the road to h——."

Jerry Parker testified that Cap, while coming up to the express-office, had been insulted repeatedly by the Johnsons, who were stationed at the different saloons, waiting his arrival; that he turned after he had passed and walked quietly up to where the men stood, bearing his usual unruffled countenance, and, in a calm, natural voice, told them he did not wish to be drawn into trouble; the stain of two homicides—forced upon him—already darkened his name among the people; they knew, that, although the victim of one was their brother, he had taken his life from no ill-will—not until he had used every means to avoid violence, and had been forced from every attempt at pacification. "I bear no malice toward you, boys," said Cap, "and hope you will go away and allow me to pass in peace." This was uttered without giving the slightest attention to frequent interruptions, such as "Cowardly cur!" "No fight in him!" "Takes water like a spaniel!" Cap now betrayed some excitement, adding, in a tone slightly raised, "I tell you men not to molest me; I have been unfortunate heretofore, and *will not* be forced into another of those affairs." The Johnsons interpreted the manner of utterance and meaning of the words as expressive of fear, grew louder in their abuse, employing the most offensive epithets, and finally made some coarse allusion to Dawn. From that moment until the end of the tragedy he was insane.

Cap was discharged; but the next Grand Jury indicted him for manslaughter, certain members of the gambling fraternity, which was then powerful and respectable, and of which the Johnsons were all prominent members, having worked steadily to that end. The required bail was furnished, and Cap still lived with us; but the interval till the day of trial was the darkest and most unhappy in our lives. Dawn now devoted all her thoughts to him. Her life was changed from impulse to quiet, and the whole atmosphere in which she moved continually associated itself in my mind with the idea of a whisper in an empty hall.

When the day of trial came, she took her hat, and went away alone over the hills toward Cottonwood, and did not return till evening.

The testimony, that day, was about the same as that taken at the examination, only that a new feature was developed by the cross-questioning. Attorney Knight, seeing his best and perhaps only opportunity to convict, attacked the strongest point in favor of the prisoner's acquittal, with questions concerning the

relations existing between Cap and Dawn, intending to show that she had no *honorable* claim upon him strong enough to give him the right to take another's life in defense of her good name.

When the character of the testimony was becoming more delicate every moment, the prisoner, unable to bear up any longer, requested, through his counsel, to be permitted to make a statement. This request being granted, the prisoner stood erect, and said:

"I have not asked this privilege for my own sake, but for *hers*. I had resolved never to tell this story; but the circumstances of the last few hours have combined to force it from me. It will remove all doubts as to the purity and innocence of that poor child; whether or not it improves my own name matters but little now. Most of you know my history since I came here, in '49; not one is acquainted with it before that time. I am a native of Maryland, and came to this coast in '42—long before the discovery of gold—being then only twenty-three years old. Five months before leaving home, I became engaged to a young lady of Washington city; but the parents, being moderately wealthy, opposed the union. We were young, passionate, and deep in love, and, taking advantage of the absence of the old folks, one evening, we were married in the presence of a few young friends, under the roof of her parents. One of the servants informed them of the unusual proceeding in progress, and shortly after the ceremony, the mother, greatly excited, and the father, perfectly calm, presented themselves. He informed me, very quietly and coldly, that he should make no attempt to prevent me from taking my prize away, and providing for it; and, in the same cold, formal manner, requested us to leave. I had intended to do this, but we thought he would act with some fatherly consideration for his child after the deed was done. I held a small position under Government, with a moderate salary—enough to provide for us comfortably. Her father had some influence, and used it to effect my removal. He succeeded, and not long after we were in the midst of poverty. After struggling for several months, I concluded to seek some new place, and endeavor to build up a new home. I obtained passage as a common sailor, for the outgoing voyage, on board the bark *Mollie Dean*, engaged in the early California coast traffic, and one morning left my dear young wife alone, believing that her father's hostility would cease, and that he would take her home again as soon as I was out of the way. When we cast anchor at Monterey, six months after, my clothes were scarcely sufficient to cheat the name of nakedness; and it was just as well that the pockets had been ripped from my pants for patches, not having a dime to put in them.

"Success came after a time, though never very lavishly. Yet, I always had plenty, and forwarded money to my wife whenever the opportunity presented itself. I never heard from her, though, and it was not till after Marshall found gold that a letter came from Washington, signed by a 'Mrs. Combs,' bringing me news from home—such news!"

The prisoner paused a moment, looked out the open window, his thoughts far away.

"She was dead!" he resumed, in a low tone, and stopped again, a gritty sound issuing from between his teeth. The crowded room became still as death.

"Starved! Found dead one morning at her father's door—a mass of rattling bones. And this occurred eight years before the letter came, and a month before I landed at Monterey! Poor girl; I suppose she thought he would bury her, at least; and he did.

"The woman wrote that she had oc-

cupied an adjoining room, in one of the low tenements of the city; had been with her when our child was born; that she was then in a starving condition, and her father knew it. She had then advised Mary to leave the babe at the door of some people whom she knew, where it would be well cared for; and that, a fortnight after, wild-eyed and hollow-cheeked, she crawled out with her little one in her arms, and never returned. Next morning, she was found alone, and dead. My wife told her I had gone to California; but she never thought of writing until Barker started for the mines, when, believing that circumstances might bring me in contact with my own child without knowing it, she thought best to venture a letter on the chance of finding me, if still alive. It was addressed to San Francisco, and sent to me by a friend of earlier times, who was also a wanderer in the country before the gold days. The letter directed me to come here, and find Cyrus Barker, whom I already knew; that he was the head of the family where my child had been left.

"Next year, in '50, when the family arrived, I framed an excuse to go below, and then, for the first time, saw my own daughter. Ah, boys," drawing a deep breath, "it was hard work to keep from taking the little one in my arms; but you can imagine my delight when she took to me so readily and confidingly.

"During the after-years, while she was growing toward womanhood, my resolution to hold the secret of her parentage failed in power with every day. One evening, two years ago, I told her, and since then have been a happier man, until the day when the Johnsons coupled her name with infamy."

The loud and expressive opinions of those who had gathered in from all the surrounding camps, after the prisoner had resumed his seat, were with some difficulty stopped by the efforts of the Sheriff and the oft-repeated "Order! order!" from the Court.

Little other testimony was taken. The Prosecuting Attorney had lost interest in the case, and it was allowed to go to the jury without argument.

The jury was out only long enough to take a vote; but the verdict, "Not guilty," had been robbed of its pleasant surprise and consequent excitement. It was, doubtless, the first case on record in California where the criminal's testimony was accepted for its full value.

Cap whispered, as we passed into the free air once more, that I should go and tell Dawn how and why the trial terminated; father had listened to the story for himself, and went away with a queer look on his face: an indecision between delight and sorrow.

On the watch for a messenger with news, good or bad, Dawn read the verdict in my face as she came toward me, for in another moment she was in my arms, and I was wicked enough to stop with my lips the murmured words, "Oh, thank God!"

Then, while we walked slowly homeward, I told her the story.

SOME PINE-KNOTS.

"ROBERT," said I to the colored factotum of the hotel in Raleigh, "come hither, and let me behold your beauty."

Robert came and stood before me—an oldish African, say forty-five, with his wool a little grizzled, his eyes popped out nearly half their diameters, and his mouth always ajar, disclosing every alternate tooth gone from both jaws; they having been principally eliminated from his head in the process of his youthful fights.

"Robert, I propound unto your intelligence the following theorem, to wit: That many a bold soldier boy, in the recent sanguinary unpleasantness, who had in him unlimited capacities of fight, and might have fought, bled, and gloriously died for his country, had the job done for him by the Quartermaster, who so overloaded him with baggage that he died the ignominious death of a superannuated commissary mule. Do you admit the correctness of the postulate, Robert?"

"Well, sah, a nigger dat waited on a gemmen in de Sanguinary Commission, sah, he tell me de Quartermaster mighty hard on the boys sometimes."

"That's it, Robert, undoubtedly. Now, I am going on a pedestrian journey of some thousands of miles, and I intend to be my own Quartermaster, or rather, I am going to promote you to that office, as an experiment. You perceive, scattered on the bed yonder, the entire extent of my worldly possessions. Here is my hat, Robert, and I desire you now to select from my personal property there such articles as you consider most necessary for my uses during a journey of that length, and to insert them carefully into the hat until it is filled. If you succeed in filling that article of apparel according to my notions, all that remains over and above of my goods and chattels shall accrue to you, as the emoluments and perquisites of your office, the same to continue and appertain to yourself and your lawful heirs, *in perpetuum*. You comprehend perfectly, Robert?"

"Wha' fur gwine fur to put 'em in de hat?" asked Robert, his eyes largely developed. He did not even make a movement yet to take the hat, so profound was his astonishment.

"I must start very soon, Robert; will you make the experiment or not?"

He scrutinized me with one searching look, as if to satisfy himself that I was not demented; then with another, to assure himself whether or not it was a solemn jest; and then he took the hat, and proceeded hesitatingly to the bedside.

The bedstead was of unpainted pine, undiminished at the head; but the upper segment of the foot-board had been kicked off with violence by some pineywoods lodger with too long legs; and on it was spread a counterpane with a white ground, upon which were depictured, in green, divers crooked-necked cranes or gourds, I am uncertain which.

Before Robert began, he ventured another glance at me, and at that moment there entered into his soul a conviction which was destined presently to produce very extraordinary results.

First, he selected a couple of elegant neck-ties, and deposited them judiciously in the hat. Then he took a box of collars, and sedulously endeavored, by the employment of various cunning stratagems, to insinuate the same into the

bottom of the hat, without rumpling or discomposing the neck-ties. But finally he had a happy inspiration, took out the collars and neck-ties, wrapped the latter around the box, and then returned them triumphantly into the crown of the hat. Then he ventured another furtive glance, before I could smooth out of my face the grin with which it was wrinkling, and immediately the explosion took place.

"Yah, yah, yah! De hat won't hold nuffin but jest dese hyur an' de socks — yah, yah! — an' mighty soon you jest go plumb naked, 'cept socks an' a collar. Yah, yah, yah!"

I thought Robert would certainly have fallen on the floor. He clutched the bed-post convulsively with both hands, bowed down his head between his arms, and finally tumbled over helplessly on the bed, and the foot-board seemed about to be demolished entirely.

"Packin' a shirt in a hat!" and then he yelled outright, and the house shook under his "irrepressible laughter."

"I see, Robert," I said, "I shall have to retire you from the rank of Quartermaster, and take upon myself the functions of that office."

So I produced a moderately large traveling-bag, and placed therein the following articles: A "diamond edition" of Longfellow, the Harper's text of Horace, a manifold note-book for the *res gestæ*, a change of flannel, a tooth-brush, my sister's spool of snuff-colored thread, and my mother's little housewife. This latter article was very wonderfully and inscrutably made, and contained a thimble, an elegant assortment of pins, needles, and buttons, scissors, and leaves for needles — some of white flannel, daintily stitched with pink thread around the edges, and some of scarlet, stitched with white. When wrapped together, it was no larger than a cylindrical nutmeg-grater; but it was of such a marvelous potency in repairing rips and rents, that I fully believe, that, if my mother simply sat in the room with it, it could keep house itself.

How was I dressed?

First, the hair was cropped pretty close to my skull, after the manner of the recruit who volunteers to save his country. A pair of doeskin trousers; light top-boots, with the ends of the trousers inserted thereinto; a shortish frock-coat; and a planter's hat.

Thus rigged out, and equipped with a mighty jackknife, I left Raleigh on New Year's Day, 1868.

Nearly every body to whom I imparted my tremendous secret sought to dissuade me from the enterprise. I was solemnly warned that I should certainly be assassinated by the freedmen! The amount of wholly gratuitous advice I received, and the protestations as to the humbuggery and cheap clap-trap of the project, have laid me under an obligation so immense that I despair of liquidating it while I live, albeit they have awakened in my breast an undying gratitude.

Even Madge-howlet herself, sitting alone in a treetop in the solemn deeps of the pineries at evening, called out to me, "You fool! you fool! fool! fool!" Nevertheless, no enemy assailed me more terrific than the robber Reynard, prowling in the gloaming by the fence, and shooting back at me, Scythian-like, a couple of blood-red bullets from the end of his wry neck.

Awful is the gloom and the solitude by night in these philosophic pines of the Old North State. Presently there comes a mournful and pitiful moaning for a moment, as the wind soughs through the topmost branches. Then the wind is still, and the silence is doubly awful. Hear the dull thud of the assassin's bludgeon, and the gurgling of the blood! 'Twas only the hoarse and bloody-throated owl. Hist! see those dreadful bogeys, stalking through the woods in their flaming sarks! Fool! it is only the long

gashes on the turpentine-trees, faintly phosphorescing with gum.

Do you see that immense pine yonder, with a great mouthful bitten out of its cheek? Here it was that Sherman passed—the comet of the war—when, disdaining the meaner orbits of little men, he wheeled on his baleful flight through Confederate heavens, and his fiery train consumed sunny homes and hoary tyrannies together. Here it was that he returned, beneath the shadow of the Eagle and the Stars, while his cannon-wheels laughed their big, chuckling laugh as they went home, and these old woods winked with the bayonets. Here it was that the iron rain slammed and swashed through the woods, and here beside the road the little mounds of earth, covered, mayhap, with a few fence-rails, mark where the brave boys sleep their last sleep.

Ah! how many bright-star lives, both in Northern and in Southern orbits, were blotted out in the night when this comet crushed the rival luminary of the Republic!

Sad, sad, and piteous is the requiem which the Great Mother, speaking through the pines, sings above their little, lonely graves. Very sad and piteous is her lament over the sins and follies of her children. See where the gadding vine, or the ivy, or the trumpet-flower, creeping upon the little mound, like some mother wandering with many tears upon the battle-field for the body of her fallen son, lovingly embraces it with its tendrils, and seeks with its graceful foliage to conceal the unsightly rail-pen built above him by his comrades.

The first freedman I met, instead of assassinating me, gashed his own face horribly, almost from ear to ear, when he discovered I was a Northern man. One shoe was entirely absent in body, and the other was so dilapidated that his big toe dived its whole length into the sacred soil at every step. His trousers were sustained by a corn-husk belt, and he wore a Government blouse, split all the way down the back, and only kept to duty by a tow-string tied about his neck. Yet from his tattered breast fluttered a Union League badge—a bit of ribbon, worth five cents—for which he said he expended a dollar. He was trudging toward Raleigh, as innocent and as honest as Tom Pinch when he met Mark Tapley. Said I to him:

"Uncle, do you enjoy 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' in the Union League?"

"No, sah; I can't say as we does, sah."

"What stands between you and your soul's enjoyment, uncle? Tell me about your troubles."

He glanced rather dubiously at his badge, as if he had a faint suspicion I might be poking fun at it; then he shifted his weight upon his other leg, as if to shift off the burden of conscience for divulging the little family secret he was about to impart.

"Well, you see, sah, we was 'joyin' ourselves putty sharp, and feelin' de lub ob de Union in de sperrit ob de flesh, till dese hyur free Niggers jined in. Dey was comin' fur to rule de roast, and dey was all de time a-kickin' up a fuss."

"But you are all free Negroes now."

"But dese hyur is de ole free Niggers I mean, afo' de wah. Dey calls us, sence de wah, Sherman's ash-cakes, an' dey's all de time a-kickin' up a fuss, 'cause dey wants fur to rule."

Well, there is an idea. The Negroes liberated by the armies are the "ash-cakes," while those who had energy enough to purchase their own freedom are the good yeast-bread. Anticipating a little, I may say I found these jealousies and janglings between "Sherman's ash-cakes" and the original free Negroes frequent in North Carolina, but not elsewhere. The circumstance illus-

trates one of the less amiable of the African traits, to wit: the ease with which a Negro becomes overbearing under the sunshine of a little elevation.

Here, in a roadside shop, a dusky cooper beats his complaining barrel, in a kind of Runic rhyme, expounding the Constitution the while to his neighbors. It is very pleasant to hear these sable *Federalists* explain our national polity so absolutely, without any of the customary friction and fire.

"(Whackety—whang, whang, whang!) Mind, Sam, de gallantry ob de Cons'tution is 'zactly (whackety—whang!)—is 'zactly what I tell you: life, liberty, and de 'suit ob property. (Whackety—whang!)"

"'Tain't de 'suit ob property; it's de 'suit ob happiness, I tell you," said the other, earnestly.

"Go 'way, you fool nigger! Tell me I don't know! When you got property, you got happiness, ha'n't you? (Whackety—whang—whang!) It's all de same, anyhow."

"Dat's so, Jim. But dere ain't no *gallantry* ob de Cons'tution. De gallantry—why, dat's de *wimmen*."

"Go 'way! I knowed you didn't know nuthin' nohow. (Whackety—whang—whang—whang!) De gallantry ob de Cons'tution, I tell you, is de obscurity ob de fundibus principles. (Whackety—whang!)"

"Dat's so, Jim, come to think. De fundibus principles—yes, dat's so."

Did the late C. S. A., so-called, take the hint of its uniform from these most monotonous, wearisome and ubiquitous weatherboard cabins, I wonder? It is a pretty, soft, linten-gray, in itself considered, which they have taken on, in the long lapse of the rainy years. The Confederate gray, after all, is the best color for safety. How well do I remember that wintry day, when I stood on the hill beside the Franklin Pike, not far from General Thomas' bald head-quarters, and saw (and barely saw) seven miles of thin Rebel lines fleeing across the fields of dun grass which they so much resembled in color, while the denser line of the Blue-coats was perilously and painfully conspicuous. The red oriflamme of the Frenchman's trousers is responsible for a deal of monkey-capers and rubbing of the shins on the battle-field.

One day I sat down, took a pencil and piece of paper, and constructed, for my future guidance in the South, what might be called an *anthropometer*. It rendered me such frequent and valuable service, that I shall describe it for my readers. It was of a potency like to that of Asmodeus' right arm, which, being waved over houses, unroofed them and disclosed their interiors.

On my slip of paper I scaled off certain fixed points, regulating the intervals between by degrees, each of which represented one of the negro-cabins, grouped about the house. Of course, a house which had no cabins around it stood at zero; one with five, at five degrees, etc. Zero, I marked *loyal;* five degrees, *doubtful;* ten degrees, *opposed to secession, but went with his State;* twenty degrees, *fire-eater*, etc.

But this instrument gave me yet more specific readings. When I saw a small log-cabin alone, with three dogs in the door, I knew I should find a tolerably thrifty Negro; but if there were only two dogs, it would be a White Man, loyal as a sheep. But if the cabin was double, or saddle-bag shaped, it was possible that it might belong even to a State Senator, and be graded at fifteen degrees, though this reading occurred oftenest in Mississippi. At zero, we would discuss boiled bacon and collard greens for dinner. As for conversation, we would first enter upon a brief, comprehensive examination of the doctrine of predestination; proceed, next, to a debate on the comparative excellences of salted and gammoned pork; and invariably end with the "nigger," considered, pri-

marily, with reference to his abilities as a thief and a liar.

At two or three degrees, there was one of those monotonous, gray, weather-board cabins. A small pile of dog-eared school-books lay on the table, but no newspaper. Even thus low down on my scale, the cooking must be performed by a Negro wench; and the fare, by consequence, was even less toothsome, though enlarged by wheaten biscuits wherefrom one might quarry alarming geological specimens of yellow soda. At zero, the host himself was conscribed, but soon "took the bush;" whereas here, all the sons volunteered, though one protested he always aimed over the Yankees' heads.

At five degrees, the house was still paintless and weather-gray, but the yard was garnished with half a dozen rose-bushes, and some china-trees for hen-roosts, while the table contained a copy or two of the county paper. The sons never aimed above the Yankees' heads. When Sherman came along (and where in the South didn't Sherman go, I wonder?) he found this family "good Union people;" but, at night, their boys stuffed the soldiers' guns with disloyal earth. The Yankees dug up all their collards, seeking for jewelry, and even investigated their turkeys for hidden treasures. They had a "faithful Nigger" (I found every Southern family had one, when Sherman came), but the Yankee soldiers pricked him with bayonets, to make him disclose the hiding-place of the horses.

At about ten, the house was painted and plastered, and there were a piano, library, etc. The family were cultured enough to talk half an hour or so, very agreeably, on other topics, before they made the entirely original and pleasing assertion, "The Niggers won't work." The father of the family said he was a Union man from the beginning—meaning thereby, that he desired the South to "co-operate," for secession or against; but that, when his State seceded alone, he felt bound to "go with his country."

From twenty degrees, upward, there was splendid culture, plenty of silk and of silver (unless Sherman's boys had been there), and lusty disloyalty. Their turkeys also had a singular infatuation for swallowing Federal ramrods. Here I had to listen, for the thousand-and-first time, to the curst words, "The Nigger is the natural inferior of the White Man," and, "Without a master to care for him, the Nigger will lapse into barbarism, and become extinct." For one bringing letters or a great name, there was princely welcome; but for a humble footman, the truest and heartiest hospitality was found at about five degrees.

I never had an opportunity to extend my anthropometer above thirty degrees; but I am bound to say, that real, effective, bread-and-meat kindness toward the freedmen increased almost *pari passu* with the degrees on its scale. From an observation of innumerable instances, I state, without hesitation, this general law: *Tolerance toward the freedmen broadens with the planter's acres.* Like all laws, it has exceptions.

And here, I will mention a singular superstition which I discovered elsewhere, during my journey. Two men in South Carolina, and one in Mississippi, all of them apparently the most downright and religious men, told me, that, during the times of slavery, the Almighty had decreed, in some mysterious manner, that no man should ever own a thousand slaves. The two in South Carolina insisted on it, with the greatest gravity and earnestness, that there was also an express enactment of human law, in their State, forbidding men to own a thousand! All these men cited instances, from their personal observation, where planters, owning nearly a thousand, had determined—to satisfy their curiosity or flatter their vanity—that they would, for once, own a thousand; but, in every in-

stance, before they could bring their new purchases home, some they already had would die or escape, and they would still have only nine hundred and ninety-odd. They attempted it several times, but always with the same result. The reader may, perhaps, be reminded of that Scriptural injunction, forbidding the rich to lay field to field.

At the Cape Fear, one of those gigantic Negroes who may occasionally be seen in North Carolina, nearly seven feet tall, sitting in the stern of a frail punt, ferried me across the river. He had never before seen a Northern man, and he screwed his countenance to mine, riveting his great earnest eyes upon me, in rapt admiration, only finding time, now and then, to draw in a long breath, as if he had forgotten to breathe, and ejaculating, "So, you is a Yankee!" He gently smote the yielding waters with his paddle, first on this side, then on the other, with a motion as abstracted and unconscious as if he were slicing invisible cheese, while we were drifting far down the river. Not for one moment did he remove that intensely earnest and curious gaze, until, at last, his eyes chanced to wander down and rest upon my traveling-bag, which was somewhat attractive, though I confess I had, in deference to the solemn warnings of murder, caused the shiny brass plate to be removed. Not even when I dropped a bit of crisp new currency into his hand, did his gaze wander one moment from that fascinating bag; and he still sat, silent and immovable, in the stern, until I had clambered up the bank and gone two or three rods away. Then, I heard him call; and, looking back, I found he had arisen and was advancing to the bow, but still had his glistening eyes screwed upon that irresistible bag.

"Say, boss, you ha'n't got nothin' to sell dar, has ye? Rings, or sich like truck?"

"I am not a peddler, uncle. Worldly goods have I none; but I am richly endowed with justice and an equal mind."

"Well, 'scuse me, boss," said he, looking sadly disappointed; "I thou't, bein's you was a Yankee, you mout have somethin' fur to sell."

Well, here is another idea. Here is this poor soul, who has never seen a Northern man before, and who knows only one thing concerning them: to wit, that they peddle.

All the way from Jonesboro' town, I walked down through a silent wood, now and then through a little glade let down like an auger-hole in the vast, solemn pinery, in which the sun streams down with a fat and piney yellowness, as it does alone in the sunny Carolinas. The floor is carpeted over with yellow and tawny broom-grass, and fringing the edge of the glade all around are copses of myrtle, cassena, green-brier, and saw-palmetto—the unfading green of spring rimming the gold of autumn. That gorgeous but shameless parasite, the Spanish moss, swings its tender, pearly-gray festoons athwart the green of the pines, or the purple-frosted berries of the cedar, giving exquisite effects of color. Here, in this sequestered glade, a January noon is the finest relish of the year. The slanting beams of the sun, streaming among the pines in a long warp, with alternate threads of light and shade, are woven into a web of "sky-tinctured grain" upon the haze, with a wavy, shimmering lustre of dancing motes. Sweet are all sounds: the straight, swift whiz of the lonely bee, shooting past on a fruitless quest; the twitter of the red-winged blackbirds, sounding like cheerful snatches of a persimmon-puckered, juvenile whistle; and the plaintive moan of the Carolina dove in the piney deeps. But best of all is the occasional rattling warble of the bobolink, bubbling out of that sweet flute of a throat. A genuine Yankee is he, spending the winter in the South, but not for the quinsy. He talks

so fast one might think he had come down here peddling, too: "Notions here! notions here! cheap, cheap, cheap!"

But the bird which it is my dearest delight to listen to above all others whatsoever, is the robin; and I indignantly protest, with all my might, against Mr. Lowell's impeachment of him as a "feathered Pecksniff." In all the volant tribes, there is not another bird more honest, careless, blithe-hearted, and unconscious than Robin Redbreast. Listen to him in the early morning, as he sits on the topmost spire of some mighty sycamore, and blurts out his haphazard notes, one at a time, "Blurt—spurt—worms—good —worms—calico—cackle—robin—good —worms — blurt — squirt." The very soul of honesty is in him. Ah, the gay-hearted, careless robin, who could shoot him but a black-hearted villain!

In the piney-woods I passed at long intervals a turpentine village. Besides the usual frouzy, lank, gray houses, there would be two or three saw-mills, as many more turpentine distilleries, and some very long, squat, narrow buildings, with square, false gables, wherein turpentine is exchanged for "pinetop" and groceries. Long tiers of turpentine and rosin lay stored beneath the sheds in barrels, and the very eyes of the Negroes, drowsily rolling them about, looked fat and yellow as rosin. Refuse rosin lay heaped about, or shining glare and smooth in congealed ponds, brilliant as amber, giving aroma to the air, and to any wandering coal the possibility of destructive conflagrations. These turpentine villages show an incredible fecundity in those strange, little, timid, sand-colored children, whom it always makes me melancholy to see. But, dear heart, they are healthy enough. Every breeze is medicine, and every pine-tree is a midwife.

Fayetteville. The wide, sunken, sandy streets; the inevitable rows of China-trees and mulberries, shedding a golden mosaic on the streets in October; the moldering, rain-cracked, stucco fronts; the street lamps, smashed in some Ku-klux row; the back-broken, wooden steps; the rheumatic plantation-coach, with one axle withed, the harness pieced with gunny, and far less shiny-black than the driver atop, gorgeous in a silk hat, breastpins galore, and white grocery twine in his shoes; the exquisitely beautiful, pale maidens, robed in black, and closely veiled, gliding noiselessly along, proud as a Roman matron; the moping wenches, with buckets of water on their gaudily turbaned heads, which they twist around so carefully to catch every sight; the tatterdemalion Negroes, convulsively clutching the lamp-posts to keep from falling over with laughter, or chatting, two together, across half the garden-fences; the long-haired youths, sitting sharply angular on the goods-boxes, whittling; the country dray, with a strapping Negro perched on one little fagot of pine splinters, and drawn by a donkey so comically little that he could stand crossways between the thills—such is a Southern country town.

The typical piney-woods men of North Carolina, although "unlettered, small-knowing souls," are opinionated and egotistical as Gnostics. Of this trait of character, Johnson and Helper are notable examples. Yet there is in the best representative piney-woods character a certain sombre and grand tranquillity of steadfastness, like the great, windless deeps of their forests. Jackson, Benton, Polk, Bragg, and Hill are good examples.

I had an amusing illustration of that small and obstinate egotism which seems to belong to the piney-woods. One day I came upon a very old man, in the midst of a mighty pinery, sitting sheer on the ground, dressing shingles, amid great drifts of the golden, aromatic snow of the sunny Carolinas. He had the whitish face and the whitish-gray gar-

ments characteristic of these people. We discoursed awhile about various matters, and then he questioned me, with much earnestness and curiosity, about the national debt. He was very anxious to know precisely how great it was. I rehearsed it to him in all its portentous proportions of millions and billions; but his mind seemed unable to compass it, so I took a nice, smooth shingle, and wrote it out with my pencil. Thereby I committed a great mistake, as appeared afterward, for it insulted him. He took the shingle, held it wrong side up awhile, looked blankly at it, then turned it carefully over and laid it down, wrong side up, saying never a word the while, and commenced shaving again. Presently he stopped, and asked:

"How much mout rosom be woth when you left Raleigh?"

"Really," I said, "I don't know. It didn't once occur to me to look in the paper for the market price of rosin."

A quick gleam of satisfaction passed over the old man's hard and gristly face, and I fancied there was the least bit of a twinkle in his eye, as he looked straight at me, and said:

"Well, now, straänger, 'scuse me; but 'pears like you orten't to come all the way down hyur from Raleigh without knowin' what rosom was woth."

The old man had his sweet revenge. He knew that I knew he could not read the shingle, and he felt insulted and hurt that I had written it for him. I could not help smiling, and I was really glad I had given the old man an opportunity to wreak this little harmless revenge, which evidently did him such a great amount of good.

PERILS OF THE GEORGE'S FISHERY.

GEORGE'S BANKS lie about one hundred and sixty miles southeast of Cape Ann, Massachusetts; and Gloucester—the principal port of the Cape—is the only place on the coast engaged in the George's fishery. It is a quaint old sea-port town, has a fine harbor, and five hundred sail of fishing schooners, employed for eight months of the year in mackerel-catching. For beauty of model, sailing, and sea-going qualities, these schooners are not surpassed by any vessels in the world. About one-half of the fleet engage in winter-fishing; the remaining half preferring the berths alongside the wharves to the winter perils of the George's fisheries.

It is useless to talk of danger to the men who go on George's: they know all about it. But they must have something to do. They have been idle since hauling up in the fall, and need money, change, and excitement. In February, immense schools of cod-fish and halibut make George's Banks their spawning place, and if the weather is only propitious, there is a certainty of full fares and good returns to the fishermen. So they fit away, running the risks of the fearful gales which sweep over these treacherous Banks, the dangers of being run down during the night by some outward or inward-bound merchantman or steamer, of collision among themselves, of foundering on the shoals, and of suffering by exposure in midwinter.

The winter of 186– found me out of employment; and my health being somewhat impaired by too close office duties, I determined to gratify my long pent-up inclination of going to George's. It was early in February. The weather had been extremely mild for the season, and there were busy times at the wharves in Gloucester, fitting away the vessels.

Some had already sailed, and many were nearly ready. I had little difficulty in getting a chance, although efforts were made to dissuade me from my purpose. Procuring the necessary additions to my outfit, I entered heartily into the work of getting our craft in readiness. The ice-house in the hold was filled with the crystal blocks, the cable and anchors overhauled, gurry-pens placed in position, bait of fresh herring packed in the ice, provisions taken care of, and the vessel put in a taut and strong condition.

On the morning of February 11th we started, and, in a glorious run of twenty-four hours, sighted the fleet on the Banks—nearly a hundred sail, riding at their anchors, a quarter, and, in some instances, half a mile apart. It was a pretty sight; and the fine, clear weather rendered it highly enjoyable. We could distinctly see the men at the rail pulling in fish, rapidly as hands and arms could move. Soon our position was selected, anchor down, and the crew busy getting ready to try their luck.

The cold was intense, and it pierced into the very marrow of my bones, although thickly clothed. But this deep-sea fishing was so exciting that I stood at the rail sometimes a full hour, without changing my position, pulling in the big cod-fish, and occasionally a halibut. It was a moment of supreme gratification when I hauled in my first fish of the latter species, and saw him floating alongside with the hook securely fastened in his mouth. One of the crew helped me to gaff him in over the rail, and I felt myself master of the situation. Our steward, a Portuguese, was a clever fellow, and, in honor of my first halibut, brought me a mugful of hot coffee, and a pancake with plums in it, called by the fishermen a "joeflogger." Pulling in these big fish from so many fathoms down, against a strong tide, was work I was not accustomed to, and glad enough was I, after partaking of a hearty supper, to turn into my bunk, and be lulled to sleep by the tossing of the billows.

The crew were a jolly set, and for seven days the weather was fine, the fish plentiful, and the fun immense. We had changed our berth twice, each time drawing nearer to the body of the fleet, and each time found the fish more plentiful. I began to think that the George's fishery, after all, was not so bad as it had been represented, although it used to fret me exceedingly to see so many of the vessels lying so near together, knowing full well that, in case of a sudden storm and they dragged their anchors, chafed off their cables and went adrift, collision would be inevitable. But there being no apparent danger, I dismissed the thought in keeping busy.

We now had more than half a fare, and the skipper remarked, one afternoon, as he lit his pipe:

"Boys, if our luck holds on, by another week we'll think of putting our craft on the homeward-track."

This was cheering, and we finished up the day with a good catch. At sundown, there was quite a sudden change in the weather. The clouds massed, and the rising wind made the sea rough. All signs indicated an approaching storm. It was a wild-looking night: the vessels tossed up and down like cockle-shells. At eight o'clock, the skipper began to get uneasy. He kept looking up at the sky, and then glanced along the horizon. Ben, my chum, whispered to me:

"Depend on it, we're going to have a tough one out of this, and I shouldn't wonder if you had a chance to see more o' George's than you'll ever want to see ag'in. I've been with the old man halt a dozen years, and when I see him walkin' and lookin' that way, I make up my mind that som'thin's goin' to happen."

By this time, the sky had grown inky-black, the wind had veered to the north-east, and was increasing in violence. It

began to snow, moderately at first, then thick and fast fell the white flakes. The skipper went forward and examined the cable, then gave orders to pay out ten fathoms more. Our lights in the rigging had been lit since sundown, and all about us were the lights of the fleet, looking like jack-a-lanterns as they danced up and down with the motion of the waves. The wind howled through the rigging, and our safety depended on the anchors and cable.

The skipper, upon being asked what he thought, replied: "We'll have a tough time on it 'tween now and mornin', and the watch must keep a sharp lookout for drifting vessels. I'd like to be outside the fleet, but it can't be helped now. If any of you want to take a nap, do it now, as there won't be much chance a couple of hours later."

All hands, except the watch, went below at about half-past eight. I could not remain there. Being thickly clothed, I did not suffer much from the wet and cold. My anxiety kept me moving, and I would have given all I possessed to be on land. But wishing was of no avail: here I was, and here I must remain and take my chances with the rest. We can die but once, I thought, and I began to have serious reflections. Perhaps it is as well not to tell all my thoughts at that fearful time. We have singular fancies in dangerous hours.

It was now eleven o'clock. The gale was upon us, and the snow came down spitefully in sharp crystals; the sea had risen higher than I ever supposed it possible to rise, and had lashed itself into billows of foam. The violent tossing of the vessel, the utter darkness, and the increasing fury of the storm were terrible to me, and every plunge the vessel made I thought would be her last. But the little craft breasted the storm bravely: now up on the crest of a monster billow, then down in the trough of the sea, rising again and shaking the water from her prow, renewed for the contest. Toward midnight the gale increased in violence. The stories told on board of the mackerel-catchers with whom I had made several cruises during vacation, now assumed a truthful aspect. The wind shrieked through the cordage, and the waves leaped, seemingly impatient to add us to the many victims of the treacherous Banks of George's.

My shipmates showed no signs of fear. They were now all on deck, and, with the skipper, were keeping a sharp lookout. Ben was also on the alert, and, being considered the coolest and most reliable man on board, had been intrusted by the skipper with a hatchet, placed near the windlass, in readiness, should it be deemed necessary, to cut the cable.

As Ben came near where I stood, he remarked, "that if we didn't break adrift, or some other vessel didn't, and run into us, there was a chance of our ridin' it out; and that the greatest danger was from collision, as, in case either of the vessels broke adrift, by parting their cables or dragging their anchors, away they would go; then, if they struck another craft, good-by to both — there wouldn't be the ghost of a chance for either. He'd seen it done, and he dreaded George's on this account."

Gazing out into the darkness, watching for dangers on every hand, momentarily expecting the crash of collision — when our last trip would soon be made — we looked eagerly and longingly for the first streaks of dawn. Once the storm lulled, and the snow slackened its fury, but only to burst upon us with redoubled force. We knew how we lay, before sundown; but now, we must wait till daylight, being unable to see the lights of any of the fleet. The hours dragged heavily along—anxious hours they were.

During the night a large, inward-bound ship passed, like an apparition shrouded with snow, so near that we could have touched her with an oar. Right in the

track of the fleet, this vessel must be responsible for some of the dreadful effects of that gale. Although we escaped, we were doubly conscious of our danger, and rejoiced to see, at last, the east begin to lighten. Morning dawned! What a relief the coming day brought! Yet our danger was not over, but there was comfort in the light: the fearful darkness of the night and the terrible uncertainty were relieved; we could now see our position, and the better guard against danger. Our vigilance was not relaxed, for the storm still continued, in unabated fury. Suddenly, with a summons as it were for eternity, the skipper sang out: "There's a vessel adrift, ahead of us! Stand by with the hatchet, and cut when I give the word!"

Ben was at his post, with the confidence of all on board.

All eyes were now bent on the drifting vessel. On she came! helpless, swiftly driven, in a direct line toward us. It was a fearful moment; and it was evident that the men, some of whom had followed George's fishing for ten years and more, thought there was danger now. They were prepared to do the best for their lives, and my fate rested with theirs. The drifting vessel neared us; a moment more, and the signal to cut must be given. With the swiftness of a gull she passed by, just clearing us, and we are saved from that danger, thank God! The hopeless, terror-stricken faces of the crew we saw but a moment, as they went on to certain death. We watched the doomed craft, as she sped on her course. She struck one of the fleet, about half a mile away, and we saw the waters close over both vessels, almost instantly.

We had little time to think of others, as we began to drag our anchors, and yaw about too much for safety. This was dangerous in the extreme, for if the anchors did not take hold again, we must cut the cables, and, once adrift, we knew our fate. Fortunately, the anchors fastened, and we rode again in safety.

All through the day we watched. Thrice was our safety endangered by vessels adrift. At sundown, the gale had spent its force, but a new danger awaited us. It grew intensely cold, and at sundown it was bitter, with a strong, piercing wind, and rough, choppy sea. Wherever the spray flew, it froze, and the water shipped over the bows, as the vessel plunged into the sea, soon became ice. This accumulated very fast, and its immense weight threatened to carry us down head foremost. All hands were detailed to beat ice, and relieve the pressure. Two of the crew, with handspikes, broke ice as long as they could stand it—from five to ten minutes—and were then relieved by two others. All night long this was continued, and by the most active and persevering efforts, attended with constant risk of life, the vessel was kept free. Toward morning the weather moderated, and the skipper, to my surprise and great disappointment, ordered lines in readiness for fishing, just as though there had been no storm, no peril or danger, a few hours ago. I had seen enough of George's to last me for a life-time. The men smoked their pipes, and talked of getting a fare, and selling them at a good price, with so much coolness, that, to the question, "Suppose we should catch another gale?" I received for a reply, that "they had come to get a trip of fish; I, to see how I liked George's." We fished through the week, had good luck, and it was a happy moment when the skipper said, "Get the anchor; we'll turn her nose homeward." Eastern Point Light, when first sighted, looked cheering and friendly. Much anxiety was felt as to the fate of the fleet, and, as vessel after vessel arrived, there was much rejoicing over the saved, and equally as much mourning for those not yet returned.

That storm, as I afterward learned, swept fifteen vessels to the bottom, carrying with them 138 men. Not one was saved. We, who were there, knew how they went. This is not the average loss every year; but scarcely a season goes by which does not chronicle the names of six, eight, or ten of the fleet that sail from port, and never return. If three weeks pass, and the vessel is not in, then the anxiety commences; and no vessel was ever known to return after four weeks' absence from the time of its sailing. Thus the business is prosecuted. If the weather is favorable, and fish plentiful, it is more profitable, and the men make better wages than during the mackerel-catching season, and this is the incentive; and, notwithstanding the dangers, there is never any lack of men to man the vessels.

As I write this, from my chamber-window I can see nearly a hundred of the fleet lying in the harbor, all ready to start. They are waiting for a fair wind, and perhaps to-morrow will find them on their perilous cruise to the George's Banks.

AT THE HILL'S BASE.

O singers, singing up the laureled height
  Whereon song dwells—with thoughts to rhyme that run
  As flowers unfold and gladden to the sun—
    Have ye no room for one
Whose soul uplift with longing infinite,
    Findeth in song alone
The perfect meed and measure of delight?

Like to a reed in some still river-bed
  That grew, with drowsy lotus-leaves afloat—
A reed some child hath plucked and fashionéd
Flute-wise, to take within the young mouth's red,
  And blow one shrill, clear note;

Lo, such am I! Upon the crownéd hill,
    For one so lacking skill
Have ye no room, O singers, at whose feet
    The lowliest place were sweet?
No space where one that can not sing, indeed,
May pipe the slender music of the reed,
    O, thou divinest song,
    That I have loved so long!

THE SPIRITUALISTIC DRUM.

THE veracious incident I am about to relate took place in Sonoma, California, in the year 1860. The place was then a growing village, as it is now a pretentious town, and numbered in its population a couple of gentlemen whom it is my intention to introduce to the reader with more or less particularity. One of these was Dr. Charles Verdant, who had passed the half-way house of life, and was on the down-hill grade. His form was still erect, his step firm, and he neither wore glasses nor carried in his hand a staff to support him on his journey.

The other was George Bottler, commonly spoken of as "Mr. George" by his obsequious admirers, who constituted the wild youth of the neighborhood, and formed a cordon around him when he ventured into an exploit of mischief, which was by no means an unusual thing with him. He had done many acts to scandalize his name among his pious neighbors, but would neither brook a moral lesson nor seriously contemplate reformation. The teachings of philosophy he regarded as chaff, and snapped his fingers in the face of those who undertook to chide him.

Dr. Verdant was anxiously in pursuit of reputation—a *desideratum* he had not as yet fully achieved. His efforts to attain it were earnest, but, in a general sense, futile. He was, nevertheless, a "character," as that term is understood in its application to men of genius with idiosyncrasies. He was, in fact, a sort of cross between Micawber and Sangrado—having all the playful characteristics of the former combined with the erudition of the latter. His skill, however, had a much wider range than phlebotomy and ministrations of hot water. It was his wont to say, "Febrifuges for fabricient maladies, medicaments for contusions, pills for stomachic diseases, but the scalpel for compound and comminuted fractures."

In nervous temperament, the Doctor was eminently ebullient. In his practice, he made no diagnosis of a disease, but guessed at its character and virulence, and treated it accordingly. In other words, he took the short-cut to conclusions, without troubling himself about forms, or consulting the results of analysis. His medical satchel contained ordinarily but one box and a phial: the first with blue mass "for the liver," and the second "camphor pills for headaches and nervous debility."

By appearing wise, the Doctor was thought to be so; and what he failed to accomplish as an allopathic practitioner, he attained, or sought to attain, through the medium of the phylactery; not the African fetish, nor the Hebraic amulet, nor the priestly rosary, but a higher order of charm, with invisible agencies to produce visible effects, in which the volitions of mind proved superior to the dull inertia of matter. This nepenthe was no more nor less than the spiritual *séance.*

There was not a single point of resemblance between young Bottler and the Doctor, and yet, at times, they mutually attracted.

Bottler consorted with the Doctor, because he was patient as the butt of a practical joke, and the Doctor "took to" Bottler, because joking was his predominant talent. In fact, it was the Doctor's pleasure to style the youth "his *protégé*," and to defend him against

attacks, which he considered slanders, although they were by no means unfrequent, and at times involved a considerable amount of shrewdness to gloze, when direct contradiction was impossible.

The principal hotel in the town of Sonoma was a place of general resort. Here Bottler and the Doctor were thrown often together.

Bottler was educated and intelligent, but disputatious. It was a pleasure for him to hear the Doctor talk, or, as it was inelegantly expressed in the phrase of the period, "bloviate," that he might take issue with him, and confute his not always irrefutable arguments. While lending an impatient ear to the panegyrics of the Doctor upon the writings of spiritualistic authors — one of his favorite subjects — he chuckled at their absurdity; and, on one particular occasion — that which I am now about to relate — set his wits to the work of devising some plan by which his medical friend might be cured of a belief in this heresy, or, at least, to prove to his converts that it arose from a species of insanity peculiar to certain temperaments, and was liable, sooner or later, utterly to dethrone reason.

It was not long before an opportunity presented for Bottler to carry out his design.

One evening, as usual, there was a bevy of loungers at the inn. It was a pleasant summer night, with the moon nearly at its full.

In the bar-room was a drummer-boy, who, for an hour or more, had been pounding upon his instrument, and keeping up an almost uninterrupted din. The drum upon which he played was well known to be the only one within a radius of fifteen miles.

Bottler resided with his mother, a mile and a half from Sonoma. The Doctor was among the visitors at the inn. He accepted an invitation to ride out with Bottler to the family mansion, to pay its inmates a visit, and in a short time they were seated together in a buggy on their way thither.

As they receded from the inn, the clamor of the drum could still be heard, but they felicitated themselves that they would soon be beyond earshot of its rattle. In due time, the Bottler residence was reached, and the occupants of the buggy alighted.

Salutations being over with the ladies of the household, of whom there were several, a bottle of wine was discussed, which had a warming and genial influence.

The Doctor's weakness was no secret to those present. They had more than once had opportunity to witness his attempted summonings of the spirits with indifferent success; but as this was his manner of rendering himself agreeable, they joined in a request for another trial. It needed no urging. A table was brought, the lights dimmed, and a "circle" formed, after the approved method of such occasions. The "tippings" were easily produced. These, however, were not considered satisfactory.

There was a slight intermission.

"Doctor," said young Bottler, removing the glasses after a second bottle of wine had been drank, "these manifestations are the ordinary evokings of the merest tyro. Legerdemain is capable of much more. Houdin, Alexander, Martin, all perform feats in the alleged domain of spiritualism to which these table-tippings are simply child's-play."

"Tricks, Bottler—nothing but tricks."

"That is all they are believed to be; and yet they are none the less remarkable."

"Machinery, Bottler, obeys the material touch. It is the automata, not of the will, but of physical force. Its performances are mere genuflexions, limited in power and contemptible in capacity. Spiritualism comes of a higher source.

It is an essence of the Deity—old as Deity itself. The Rosicrucians had an occult science, and Cagliostro pretended to transmute the baser metals into gold; but it was reserved for Swedenborg to mingle with angels—for Böhme and Molinos to pierce the *arcanum* where the dead immortals reside—to evoke language from the voiceless, which the vision, without the aid of the ear, may easily understand."

"But, Doctor, I supposed spiritualism to be of modern invention."

"Modern, in a relative degree, I grant you—as the telegraphic wire is modern; but having its principle, like electricity, from the beginning, needing only, as electricity needs, the battery and key to make it communicative and intelligible." The Doctor's countenance glowed with enthusiasm, as he strongly emphasized the concluding portion of this address.

"We shall not invoke the past for examples," said Bottler. "Science is progressive. If antiquity, or the mediæval ages, could found schools of ethics and philosophy, it becomes us, who are more learned and better practiced, to confound their primitive triumphs or establish their correctness. I have heard and seen much of spiritualism, but all that I have heard and seen is to me yet as an enigma. The professors are surpassed by the neophytes, and the pretensions of the doctrine have often been unmasked, and its revelations disproved in the very attempts that are made to verify them."

Bottler uncorked a third bottle of wine, and filled the Doctor's glass.

"Now," he continued, "if, as you say, these communications come direct from the spirit-world, and are limited only by the amount of intelligence that dictates them, you can give us further and more convincing evidence of this fact; can you not?"

"I can," said the Doctor, mechanically, doubting at the same time his ability to fulfill the promise.

"Then we will resume our places at the table, and await results. By the way, Doctor, rapping, writing, and the playing of instruments are among the loftier performances of first-class 'mediums.' You and I have been annoyed this evening by the beating of a drum. The sounds must yet be fresh upon your memory—impressed, as it were, by note—and these tones could perhaps be reproduced by invocation."

Assent was given by the Doctor with a nod. He then bowed his head toward the table. His hands were spread out, and a nervous twitching seized upon his fingers. Drops of perspiration broke out over his face. He communed profoundly with himself. There was a slight movement of his lips, but no utterance.

Rat, tat, tat, tat, in deliberate measure, from the hall.

The Doctor looked up, pale and distrustingly.

Rat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, loud and quickly.

"There! Listen! The drum! The drum!" he exclaimed, wildly, mingling his voice with the strains of a rattling tattoo.

He stared around him vacantly for a moment; uttered a moan; trembled, as if stricken by the ague, and fell back insensible upon the floor.

It was ten or fifteen minutes before—under the kind ministrations of those present—he recovered from the shock. In a brief period after, Bottler was driving him back, in the direction of Sonoma. As they neared the town, the clangor of the drum could again be heard—the same torturing strain, and from the same spot, where it had been kept up at the time of their departure.

Arrived at the hotel, the Doctor was the first to leap from the buggy.

"Young man," said he, approaching the drummer-boy, "how long have you kept this up?"

"How long? You ought to know.

You were here when I commenced beating."

"And have you remained here ever since?"

"I should think so, since you find me here now."

"There, Bottler," said the Doctor, turning to his *protégé*, who straightened his face rather hastily and confusedly. "You are now convinced, are you not? Let this night be memorable as an epoch in the history of the divinest of theories, for it introduces the shekinah of spiritualism to a doubting mind, and crowns, as with a nimbus, a revelation of mystery which shall hereafter be sanctified as an undying truth."

Rubbing his hands together, in an ecstasy of pleasure, the Doctor strode from the hotel, and disappeared in the direction of his office.

Bottler made sure that he was out of sight and hearing, when he beckoned the drummer-boy to him, and giving vent to his feelings in a burst of laughter, slipped a five-dollar gold piece into the hand of that scapegrace, with the remark:

"Splendidly done, Bob! You can be relied on. How the old fellow has been fooled—ha? Come, boys, let's take a drink!"

The few idlers present were not slow in obeying *that* summons.

In time, Doctor Verdant learned that he had been hoaxed. He forgave "the young scamp," who had been his persecutor, for the talent with which he had devised the trick, and the adroitness with which it was executed. He is a pretty old man now, and still has his spiritualistic leanings. Occasionally he attends a "circle;" but no one, since the eventful night of which we have been speaking, ever knew him to vaunt his abilities as a "medium," or volunteer to evoke strains from a drum or other musical instrument.

COOK'S INLET, ALASKA.

THE sea, named after the great navigator, Cook, who discovered it, is an arm of the ocean, beginning at 60° north latitude. It is about sixty miles wide, and extends north about one hundred and thirty miles.

When Russian America came under the flag of the United States, Battery F, Second Artillery, under command of Captain McGilvray, was ordered to proceed to Kenay Harbor, Cook's Inlet, Alaska, and establish a military post, to be called Fort Kenay.

We set sail from Port Gamble, Washington Territory, June 8th, 1868, on the bark *Torrent*, having on board Battery F, a crew of fifteen, and four or five soldiers' wives and their children—about one hundred and fifty in all. Our cargo was stores and provisions for six months. The lumber and materials to build the fort were to follow on the *Milan*, in about one week.

Our voyage was tedious, it being thirty days before we saw land. On the evening of July 7th, we came in sight of the highlands of the island of Kodiak. While lying here, becalmed, we saw the first fur-seal, which came up alongside the vessel and played around it for some time; his bright eyes, full of intelligence, seemed almost human. The next day, with a fair wind, we sailed north-east, in sight of the Barren Islands, which extend across the mouth of Cook's Inlet. Most of them were merely high rocks, raised above the water-line; but a few showed clumps of small trees, and were covered with bright, green moss. Over their tops, far in the distance, appeared

the snowy mountains of the main-land: giant peaks and high ridges, covered with snow to the water's edge. All day we were busy with our glasses, scanning every mile of coast, and speculating about the character of the unknown land we were approaching. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we made the entrance of Cook's Inlet, and, although we were only ten miles from the islands which form the sides of the channel, and had a strong and fair breeze, it was ten o'clock before we entered the inlet, owing to the strength of the tidal current. The scene that broke upon us as we entered will never be forgotten. On each side was a rocky island—a cone of dark-brown rock, several hundred feet high. Astern was the dark-blue water of the Pacific, from which the heavy ground-swell was rolling into the inlet, and, beating through the thousand caverns of the Barren Islands, filled the air with deep, reverberating rumblings. The sun was slowly setting in the waters of Cook's Sea, throwing his golden arms higher and higher, until the cloud-covered sky mingled with the sea, fused into an ocean of golden light. On our port-beam were the hills of Kenay peninsula, covered with bright-green moss, save where the remnants of last winter's snows glistened on their summits. On the starboard was the island of St. Augustine, a snow-mountain, surrounded by water. A vast dome reflecting the rays of the setting sun, it seemed built of burnished brass, the work of some great magician of the East. Beyond were other peaks, and mountains piled on mountains, whose whiteness dazzled our eyes, and whose outlines we could not see, being blinded by the glory of the setting sun. The golden light disappeared, and the distant mountain-tops grew dim, as the twilight deepened, and vanished in the darkness.

Muskets were loaded and a watch set, for the instructions said: "Beware of the Northern Indians. They are represented to be savage, treacherous, and warlike, and should, on no account, be trusted." This character the natives of Cook's Inlet do not deserve. We found them generally truthful; by no means warlike, although great hunters, and thieves only under great temptation. Even when we were shipwrecked and at their mercy, they stole no more than wreckers' law permits.

The next morning found us in Chugachnik Gulf, the eastern arm of Cook's Inlet, with a fair but light wind, the ship rolling heavily on the ground-swell. The air was warm, for Alaska, and down the sides of the moss-covered hills on our right a hundred little streams were flowing, from the melting snows above. About two o'clock, we saw, through the glass, a few log-huts on shore—an Indian village near Lower Kenay, and shortly after the flash of a paddle drew our attention to a canoe, pulling out to meet us. In an hour, the boat, which held three men, had reached the ship. By the Russians, these canoes are called *bydarks*. The one at our side was a beautiful model, about twenty feet long, and not more than three feet across, at the widest part. The frame, which was like wicker-work, was tied together with thongs of whale sinew, and covered with seal-skin. The whole boat was so light that two men could carry it with ease, yet so well modeled and strong as to make safely a long voyage in a rough sea. In the middle was an old man, evidently the Chief, who climbed the ladder and came on deck without hesitation. He was about five feet in stature, and very bow-legged. He was thick-set and powerful. His hair was long and black, and shining with oil. Eyes small and bright, observing every thing. His complexion was clear, and showed no trace of "copper-color." Our arrival was evidently a great event for him, and he had dressed himself for the

occasion: clean white pants, three or four shirts—the upper one of figured calico—a short, blue coat with brass buttons, and a glazed cap, formed his costume. He seemed to be a fine old gentleman, and said his name was Alexander. He brought a letter from Captain White, of the cutter *Wyanda,* who had been at Kenay a few weeks before, wishing us success. The master of the ship endeavored to get the old man to pilot us to Kenay, but, dissatisfied with the presents he had received, he went away, saying, in Russian, that we were going to a "bad place."

About sunset, we were in sight of Kenay Harbor. Directly ahead was a low sand-bank, projecting into the gulf for about five miles, and forming the western boundary of Kenay Bay. As we neared the point the wind died out, and, drifting nearer and nearer the shore, our ship, drawing nearly twenty feet of water, in a few minutes was fast aground. The sun had set behind the hills, but it being midsummer, a bright twilight continued all night. After trying some time to tow the ship off the bank by the small boats, we got out a kedge-anchor, and, putting every man to the line, soon hauled the ship into deeper water, where we dropped anchor.

From the maintop, we could look over the sand-bank, and had our first view of the harbor. Before us lay a beautiful bay, about ten miles wide and fifteen long, completely land-locked. On the south side of the bay, the hills were abrupt, looked rugged and uninviting, and between two towering hills we saw an immense glacier. The coast on the west was a barren sand-bank, and the east was bounded by snow-mountains, but the north side of the harbor, with its beautiful trees and grass-covered hills, seen by the mingled light of Arctic twilight and moonlight, seemed a little paradise.

We retired for the night with light hearts, for we thought we had reached a place very different from the barren wilderness we had pictured Kenay to be. When morning came, our confidence increased. Deer and foxes had been seen on shore. A crab, more than four feet across, and several fine fish, had been caught during the night; and when the anchor came up, a pearl-oyster was found clinging to one of the flukes. The men were in a high state of excitement, because the hills were tinged with red, and they were sure to find gold. As we rounded the point and entered the harbor, the north shore, with its dense forest and grass-covered hills, had an inviting appearance, after our long sea-voyage. To some of us, the green seemed of too deep a hue, and the vegetation too rank, to be the natural growth of the soil.

The anchor was dropped about three miles from shore, and a boat sent out to find a landing-place, and explore the coast. After four hours' explorations, they reported that they had been unable to find a landing-place, on account of the shallowness of the water. They had coasted along the north shore of the harbor a distance of ten miles, but had been unable to get their boat within a mile of the beach. In the afternoon, another trial was made, and after wading more than half a mile through the water, they reached land, and on their return brought specimens of coal, but reported that they had been unable to climb the bluff, which was several hundred feet high. The coal proved to be lignite, or brown coal, of a good quality, and was said to form a bed extending ten miles along the beach. It was stated that persons in San Francisco knew of this bed of coal, and the reason troops had been sent there was to protect a company, which had been formed in California, while working it. On further examination, Captain McGilvray concluded that the place was unfit for a military post, and sailed early in the

morning, in the life-boat, to examine Lower Kenay, leaving orders for a thorough examination of the land near Kenay. We spent two days exploring the harbor, and soon found that we had been deceived by the appearance of the place. We concluded that the learned Professor, who had recommended the harbor as a fit place for a military post, had examined it with spectacles from the deck of his ship, and had never been on shore. From the deck of the ship, Kenay appeared, indeed, like a paradise; but, as a soldier remarked, while dripping wet, as he stumbled through the swamp, holding his musket in one hand, while he fought mosquitoes with the other, "I tell you, boys, this is h——." After wading through the sea for nearly a mile, we found ourselves on a beach a few yards wide, from which a perpendicular bluff rose several hundred feet high. From the side where the sea had washed against it, alternate seams of brown coal and slate cropped out. Higher up were layers of peat and earth, undergoing the various changes necessary to form coal. The whole process was beautifully shown. It originated evidently from the same kind of vegetation that grew on top of the bluff. In summer, sheltered from the north winds by the range of hills on the north, the place is exposed to the rays of the sun for many hours daily, so that vegetation grows with an almost tropical luxuriance, some kinds of grass reaching the height of four and five feet. In winter, snow covers the country to a great depth, and, when melted, in spring, owing to the peculiar shape of the basin, floods the whole north side of the harbor. From the surrounding hills, in spring, floods and avalanches carry down immense deposits of earth, covering up last year's vegetation, and subjecting it to great pressure. As each succeeding year's growth is covered up by earth and moss, it is pressed down by a constantly increasing weight, and, subjected to chemical action, becomes first peat, and then coal of various degrees of hardness.

After great difficulty, we climbed the bluff, and found ourselves in a swamp. Around us was green, rank grass, growing as high as our heads, and many species of stunted and worthless trees. The surface was carpeted with thick moss, full of concealed pits, into which we frequently fell. As we pressed on, the grass grew thicker, the holes became deeper and more frequent, and we were walking in water up to our knees. The sky we could not see, so thick were the grasses and trees, and over the whole morass a thick mist had settled. Weighed down by our overcoats and muskets, perspiration streaming from every pore, we traveled on, surrounded by clouds of mosquitoes, until we could go no farther. It seemed as though we were in some great tropical swamp. We retraced our steps, and climbed to the highest part of the bluff. Selecting the driest point, we dug through the moss, hoping to find solid earth below; but at thirteen inches we still found the moss-fibre, but frozen hard, and this in midsummer, and the swamp as hot as an oven. We walked for miles, and everywhere found the peat bog. There was no place where the land was solid enough to support the weight of the smallest house. Our stores could not be landed without great difficulty, and, when landed, we had no place to take them. We might have camped on the sand-bank; but this was evidently subject to overflow, and swept by the breaking up of the ice in spring. The natives said they could not live there, on account of the severity of the winter. The doctor gave it as his opinion that the place was extremely unhealthy, and that he believed the command would be destroyed in a few months by miasmatic disease.

After obtaining all the information pos-

sible, and being satisfied that we could not remain at Kenay, Captain McGilvray determined to change the location of the post to Lower Kenay, near Cape Elizabeth, and directed the commander of the transport to proceed to that place. So the San Francisco company did not mine the coal of Kenay, and probably never will.

Our voyage down the gulf was pleasant until near Anchor Point—a promontory that stretches out into the gulf—where we nearly went ashore. In tacking we "missed stays," and slowly drifted toward a high, perpendicular cliff. Not a word was spoken, save the necessary orders of the Mate, as we drifted nearer and nearer the breakers. The sails flapped idly against the masts, and we waited anxiously, expecting every moment that the ship would strike. At the extreme of danger, a light puff of wind came down from the land, filled our sails, and in a few minutes we were slowly sailing away, with sighs of relief. The wind increased gradually until it became a gale. During the gale an incident occurred which we all regretted: Two discharged soldiers from the island of Kodiak had stolen a *bydark* from an Indian, and obtaining some provisions and mining implements, had sailed for Upper Kenay, at the head of the inlet, on a prospecting tour. Nearly one hundred miles of their voyage was on the open sea, when they were overtaken by a storm, and cast away on one of the barren islands, losing their boat. They remained on this island for six days, without fire or provisions, suffering greatly, when our old acquaintance, Alexander, who was fishing among the islands, discovered them, and took them from the island. While we were trying to run out of Chugachnik Gulf, these men saw our ship, and, with a *bydark*, endeavored to intercept us. At this time, every thing on board the *Torrent* was in confusion. The gale was gaining strength. The chart showed several sunken rocks in the course we were sailing, and in all probability there were more not on the chart. When the men reached the vessel, the Captain, being intoxicated, paid no attention to their entreaties. We were towing the lifeboat astern, and, finding they could not board the ship, they caught hold of the boat, and would have had no difficulty in getting on board had not the man in the bow of the canoe let go, and, to prevent the *bydark* capsizing, they were obliged to abandon the boat, and in a few minutes were far astern, having left their paddle in the life-boat. We afterward learned that the *bydark* got into the surf, and the men, having but one paddle, were unable to manage it, and one poor fellow was drowned.

In the evening the gale became so severe that several of our sails were blown away, and, finding we could not weather Anchor Point, the Mate—now in command—put back to Kenay Harbor, where we lay at anchor all night. The following day we passed Anchor Point, and reached the open waters of the inlet. At night the gale increased, and a drizzling rain commenced to fall. At daybreak the gale subsided, in the afternoon the fog cleared up, at sunset we were in sight of Lower Kenay, and on the morning of July 15th the Mate headed the ship into the harbor. The coast appeared very rugged: as far as we could see it was a high, rocky cliff, against which the surf was beating furiously. There was but one landing-place—a little, sandy cove—toward which the ship was headed. Extending out from the land was a reef of rocks, about a mile and a half in length, some above water, others sunken, and only marked by the breaking of the sea. Across the end of the reef, a current was setting at the rate of seven miles an hour. The Mate, fearing the responsibility, left his post on deck, and run-

ning below, called the Captain. He being still under the effects of his debauch, came on deck, and knowing, probably, his condition, said, "We will not go in now; we will send a boat ahead to sound," and gave the order to tack ship. But, while he had been hesitating, the current had carried us fearfully near the rocks. The yards were hauled, but the ship did not answer to the helm, and we saw that she was doomed. In two minutes after the order to tack was given, she struck the end of the reef, stern first, and swinging round, a wave carried her bodily upon the rock, knocking a large hole in her bottom. In a moment every thing was in confusion. The Captain's orders were not obeyed. Soldiers and sailors ran about the deck in great excitement. The sails remained set, and the ship rolled fearfully in the white foam of the breakers, striking alternately on the bow and stern. Every time the ship struck the rock, dozens of men would fall and be carried across the deck. To add to the confusion, the great "spanker-boom" broke loose, and thrashed about the quarter-deck at every roll the ship made. It was soon evident that the ship was sinking, and the waves began to break over her, amidships. The soldiers made a rush for the life-boat, which was hanging at the davits, and in a moment it was full of men. Captain McGilvray and his officers threatened to shoot into the crowd if they did not come out. They obeyed very quickly, and with this exception behaved well. We had a large life-boat, two ship's-boats, and a small yawl, besides two large lighters, which were lashed to the forward deck. The boats were lowered, the women and children placed in the life-boat first, and then ordered ashore with as many men as they would hold. In about ten minutes after striking, the bark went down, but, fortunately, did not slide off the rock. Alongside, the water was forty fathoms deep. As she went down, the lighters were full of men, and a wave, striking them at the right time and in the right place, carried them safely into the water and outside of the surf; and, after several hours' hard work, they reached the shore, greatly exhausted, with the lighters half full of water.

Lower Kenay, where we were wrecked, is in north latitude 60° 30′. The Russians formerly had a trading-post here, and the places where the store-houses for their furs had stood were still plainly marked. From the sandy beach an old road led over the bluff into a little valley. Here were still standing a few log-huts, unoccupied, and in ruins; also, an old church, with its cracked bell, that formerly called the pious Indians to their devotions. Farther back was a dense forest of fir-trees, and the ground was covered, as usual, with moss. On the south side was a large bay—called English Bay—into which a small river flowed, and where the soldiers found large quantities of fine salmon. At the point where the reef of rocks joined the land, the bank was more than two hundred feet high. From this point we could see the ocean, and the waters of Cook's Sea; to the west and south, the Barren Islands, and the distant, snow-clad mountains of the main-land. To the north was Anchor Point, extending out into the sea, where we had so narrowly escaped shipwreck. To the east, we could see the waters of Chugachnik Gulf, and, on the horizon, the mountains that skirt the shores of the delectable land of Kenay. It was on this point that a watch was kept for a sail, and many times did some deluded mortal cry out, "A sail! a sail!" when there was nothing to be seen but some rock of the Barren Islands, uncovered by the tide, or some white cloud near the horizon. About two miles from this point the sea had formed a natural bridge out of the rock. At our feet the surf

was beating, undermining still further the cliff, and stretching for miles was the cold, blue water of the inlet; in the distance a range of snow-clad mountains, in the midst of which stood the great volcano of Illyamni.

While the life-boat was being repaired, the other boats went out to the wreck every day, at low-tide. The tide rises at Kenay about twenty-five feet above low-water mark, and when it was lowest there were only about seven feet of water above the main-deck of the ship. Her sides were stove, and it was supposed that many articles of her cargo could be taken out, if we had proper tools to work with. The sailors made several grappling-irons, and fished among the *débris* with great perseverance. Very few provisions were taken out, however, that had not been destroyed; but a box of revolvers, a few cases of ammunition for the battery, and even a small mountain howitzer, were recovered. We were glad to get the pistols, and thought that, by opening some of the shells, we could obtain powder enough to load them; for up to this time we had been somewhat fearful of an attack from the Indians. In opening the shells one exploded, and injured severely the First Sergeant and a private.

After we had been ashore about two weeks, we determined to make another effort to reach Kodiak. Our provisions were getting low, and had all along been poor as regards quality; and we must have help soon or starve. We had not changed our clothes for two weeks, sickness was beginning to make its appearance, and the wounded men needed better quarters. August 2d came, and the boat had not started: we still hoped to see a vessel come in sight, before sending the boat on such a dangerous voyage. All day the Master of the ill-fated *Torrent* sat watching the ocean with a glass he had saved, and, about four o'clock, after having examined a point of the horizon closely for a long time, he sprang to his feet, crying, "There she is, gentlemen—a sail!" At first, we could not see what his experienced eye told him was a sail; but after looking some time, we saw a speck on the horizon that could only be a ship. While we were watching it, two canoes were discovered, pulling quietly into the harbor, and in one we plainly saw a White Man. He was an agent of the Fur Company, from Kodiak, and brought letters from Lieutenant Huggins, commander of the post at Kodiak, saying that the steamer *Fideliter* had sailed for Cook's Inlet, and would undoubtedly stop at Lower Kenay; that there was no vessel at Kodiak, but, if the *Fideliter* failed to find us, he would send the first ship that came, to our relief. Meanwhile, the sail we had seen had disappeared behind a bank of fog. About one o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by the sound of a gun at sea, and, springing to our feet, we looked down the bay, and saw the red lights of a steamer, coming in. It was the *Fideliter*, belonging to the Fur Company. The Captain had seen pieces of the wreck floating about when they entered the inlet, and had come to Kenay, having learned from the Indians where the ship had been wrecked. The next evening we went on board, and sailed for Kodiak. It was a beautiful, clear, cold evening. Overhead, the bright, blue sky was without a cloud. As we passed out of the harbor, on our right, the remnant of the mainmast of the *Torrent*, projecting above the water at low-tide, showed where all that remained of the good ship lay. Looking up Cook's Inlet, the smooth sea, without a ripple, stretched as far as the eye could reach. Along its edge, the range of snow-clad mountains towered between us and the setting sun, casting a dark-blue shadow over their slope. Long ridges of gray granite, swept by the wind, climbed their sides,

like giant serpents. Five mountain peaks looked down on them, the highest and centre one, Illyamni, pouring out from its summit a tall cone of black smoke. As the sun set, the shadows deepened, and the golden light of the mountain-top changed to crimson, which died slowly, until the gloomy masses above us turned ashy-gray, and we saw a red fire glow on the top of Illyamni, where the molten lava flowed, and its funereal plume faded in the darkness. The men had turned in, and not a sound was heard, as we passed between the Barren Islands, but the moan of the sea among the caverns of the island, and the labored beat of the engine, until the fiery eye of Illyamni was lost in the darkness, and we were once more upon the broad Pacific.

ABOUT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.

WHERE the Columbia meets the sea, in an almost continuous line of surf, is some distance outside the capes; but from the one to the other of these—that is, from Cape Hancock to Point Adams—is seven miles. Should the sea be calm on making the entrance, nothing more than a long, white line will indicate the bar. If the wind be fresh, the surf will dash up handsomely; and if it be stormy, great walls of foam will rear themselves threateningly on either side, and your breath will be abated while the quivering ship, with a most "uneasy motion," plunges into the thick of it, dashes through the white-crested tumult, and emerges triumphantly upon the smooth bosom of the river.

Of the two channels, the south is most used. Should you happen to go in by the north one, you will find yourself pretty close under a handsome promontory, with a white tower, in which a first-class Fresnel-light is burning from sunset to sunrise, all the year round. This promontory is the Cape Hancock of Captain Gray and the United States Government, and the Cape Disappointment of the English navigators and of common usage, since the long residence in the country of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The steamers of the North Pacific Transportation Company will not land you before reaching Astoria, a dozen miles inside the bar. But, for this once, we will "subsidize" our Captain with many fair words, and persuade him to send us ashore in a ship's-boat, that we may miss nothing in our voyage up this river we have come a long way to see.

As we round the base of the cape, we find ourselves in a pretty little harbor called Baker's Bay, with an island or two in it, and surrounded by heights of sloping ground covered with a dense growth of spruce, fir, and hemlock, with many varieties of lesser trees and shrubs. Along the strip of low land, crescent-shaped and edged with a sandy beach, are the officers' quarters and soldiers' barracks; for the cape has been fortified, and has three powerful batteries on the channel side. Nearest of all is the residence of the light-house keeper—a modest mansion under the shelter of the cape.

At this place we will call and get our bearings. We wish to pay our respects to the post-commander, and have the quarters pointed out to us. That formality—a very pleasant one—disposed of, we gladly accept a proffered escort to the fortifications. If the day be warm, we take the path through the thick woods, winding around and about up to the top of the promontory. What fine trees! What a dense and luxuriant undergrowth!

Sauntering, pulling ferns and wild vines, exclaiming at the shadows, the coolness, the magnificence of the forests, we come at last to the summit, and emerge into open ground. Here all is military precision and neatness: graveled walks, grassy slopes and terraces, whitened walls. As for the guns and earth-works, they are of the first order. When we have done with these, we turn eagerly to gaze at the sea; to watch the restless surf dashing itself against the bar; to catch that wonderful monotone —"ever, forever."

The fascination of looking and listening would keep us long spell-bound; but our escort, who understands the symptoms, politely compels us "to move on," and directly—very opportunely—we are confronted with the light-house keeper, who offers to show us his tower and light. Clambering up and up, at last we stand within the great lantern, with its intense reflections; and hear all about the life of its keeper—how he scours and polishes by day, and tends the burning oil by night. When we ask him if the storm-winds do not threaten his tower, he shakes his head and smiles, and says, it is an "eerie" place up there when the sou'-westers are blowing. But, somehow, he likes it; he would not like to leave his place for another.

Then we climb a little higher, going out upon the iron balcony, where the keeper stands to do his outside polishing of the glass. The view is grand; but what charms us most, is a miniature landscape reflected in one of the facets of the lantern. It is a complete copy of the north-western shore of the cape—a hundred times more perfect and beautiful than a painter could make it—with the features of a score of rods concentrated into a picture of a dozen inches in diameter, with the real life, and motion, and atmosphere of Nature in it. While you gaze enchanted, the surf creeps up the sandy beach, the sea-birds circle about the rocks, the giant firs move gently in the breeze, shadows flit over the sea, a cloud moves in the sky; in short, it is the loveliest picture your eyes ever rested on.

The friendly keeper explains to you, as you turn to look up the coast, that the beach north of the cape extends, in one unbroken level, about twenty miles; and that it is a long, narrow neck, divided from the main-land by an arm of Shoalwater Bay, extending almost down to the light-house. A splendid drive down from the bay! It is in the sandy marshes up along this arm of Shoalwater Bay, too, that we may go to find cranberries.

When we ask, "What does he do when the thick fogs hang over the coast?" he shows us a great bell, which, when the machinery is wound up, tolls, tolls, tolls, solemnly in the darkness, to warn vessels off the coast. "But," he says, "it is not large enough, and can not be heard any great distance. Vessels usually keep out to sea in a fog, and ring their own bells to keep off other vessels."

Then he shows us, at our request, Peacock Spit, where the United States vessel of that name was wrecked, in 1841; and the South Spit, nearly two miles outside the cape, where the *Shark*, another United States vessel, was lost in 1846. The bones of many a gallant sailor, and many a noble ship, are laid on the sands, not half a dozen miles from the spot where we now stand and look at a tranquil ocean. Nor was it in storms that these shipping disasters happened. It was the treacherous *calm* that met them on the bar, when the current or the tide carried them upon the sands, where they lay helpless until the flood-tide met the current, and the ship was broken up in the breakers. Pilotage and steam have done away with shipwrecks on the bar.

We are glad to think that it is so.

Having exhausted local topics for conversation, we descend the winding stairs, which remind us of those in the "Spider and the Fly"—so hard are they to "come down again." How still and warm it is down under the shelter of the earthworks! Descending by the military road, which is shorter than the one we came by, we come out near the life-boat house, and, being invited, go in to look at it. It seems well furnished and commodious, and we are told it is safe, but, happily, has seldom been needed. Lastly, we take a look at the fishing-tackle, with which the light-house keeper goes out to troll for salmon. Glorious sport! The great, delicious fellows, to be caught by a fly! But we, humans, need not sermonize about being taken by small bait!

Baker's Bay is not without its little history; albeit, it is nothing romantic. In 1850, a company conceived the plan of building up a city, under shelter of the cape, and expended a hundred thousand dollars, more or less, before they became aware of the fruitlessness of their undertaking. By mistake, portions of their improvements were placed on the Government Reserve, to which, of course, they could have no title. Yet, this error, although a hinderance, was not the real cause of the company's failure, which was founded in the ineligibility of the situation for a town of importance. Nothing remains of the buildings there erected, their sites being already grown over with a young forest of alders, spruce, and hemlock.

There being nothing more of interest to be seen at the cape, we take the little steamer *U. S. Grant*, which has run over from Astoria, with the mail for the garrison, for Point Adams on the opposite side of the river. The wind has freshened, and the steamer rolls a good deal, the river here feeling the ocean-breezes very sensibly. Such is its expanse, that, although our course brings us off Chinook Point, we have but an indistinct view of it. Not as it was seventy years ago—a populous Indian village: the dwellings of White settlers are now overshadowing the ancient wigwams. Even its burial-ground—its *memelose illihee*, or "land of spirits"—is profaned. Alas! nothing of one race is sacred to another; least of all, are the poor Indians' bones sacred to White Men.

Several localities are pointed out to us, while we cross the river; but, at this distance, we can not see much more than that to the north of us is a range of high, wooded bluffs, with a narrow strip of level ground along the river, more or less inhabited. That which does attract our attention is Sand Island, close to which we pass. It is scarcely above the level of the water, at mean-tide, and presents a waste of sand, in which a few dead trees are embedded. It is fringed with a colony of eagles, who sit motionless, but keen-eyed, watching for their prey—their pre-emptive title being disputed only by a shoal of seals, whose antics furnish a pleasing contrast to the gravity of their feathered rivals. In little more than half an hour, we are landed at Fort Stevens, on Point Adams.

There is nothing handsome in the situation of Fort Stevens. It occupies a low, sandy plain, and is just a little inside of the actual point of this cape; but the fort itself is one of the strongest and best-armed on the Pacific Coast. Its shape is a nonagon, surrounded by a ditch, thirty feet wide. This ditch is again surrounded by earth-works, intended to protect the wall of the fort, from which rise the earth-works supporting the ordnance. Viewed from the outside, nothing is seen but the gently inclined banks of earth, smoothly sodded. The officers' quarters, outside the fort, are very pleasant; and, although there is nothing attractive in the appearance of the fort, or its surroundings, it is a pleasant-enough place to those who

have the good fortune to have the *entrée* of its society.

The view from the embankment is extensive, commanding the entrance to the river, the opposite fortifications, and the handsome highlands of the north side, as well as a portion of Young's Bay. A system of signals is established between the two forts, and signal-practice is made a portion of the daily duty of the officers. Standing on this eminence, our curiosity is excited to know why a certain small sailing-craft keeps anchored out near the bar, and we are told that it belongs to the United States Surveying Service, and that its business is to observe the tides and currents on this station.

Point Adams is the northern projection of a sandy peninsula, formed by the Pacific Ocean and Young's Bay. It is a narrow neck of sand-ridges, or irregular sand-hills, interspersed with ponds and swamps, and thickly overgrown with spruce, hemlock, and other trees of similar species. Where the trees have been cleared away, thickets of wild roses, willows, and *spiræa* have sprung up, covering the ground.

Below this swampy point, the sand-ridges continue for sixteen miles to Tillamook Head, a promontory four or five hundred feet in height. A species of wild clover grows in the sand, flourishing until midsummer, when it is succeeded by a good crop of grass. The wild strawberry grows finely here; and, wherever cultivated, vegetables do well. This narrow sand-belt is known by the name of Clatsop Plains, and is nowhere more than a mile in width. Back of it, toward Young's Bay and Skippanon Creek, the land is heavily timbered, the timber extending back to the coast mountains.

Clatsop Plains, and all the level country between them and the Coast Range, together form the county of that name. It is famous for its dairies, its strawberries, its vegetables, but, most of all, for its sea-bathing. No one is presumed to be in the fashion, who has not been to Clatsop Beach: therefore, to Clatsop we are going—have gone. We like the place, though it is as little like Newport or Long Branch as possible, having for a hotel a one-storied, wooden building, brilliant externally with whitewash, internally not brilliant at all, nor elegantly furnished, being the residence of a family of French half-breeds. The *cuisine* is all that a Frenchman could desire; but the house and grounds are decidedly of a by-gone order of architecture and arrangement. When the house is overrun with visitors, the later comers are domiciled in tents. Perhaps it is this very lack of conventional luxury which makes the place popular; for it never is deserted during the warm season, but every year increases the number of its visitors. Sea-air, bathing, riding, hunting, good living, and the absence of those usual conventionalities which make life refined and monotonous, continue to "draw" more and more largely, so that shortly some sharp-sighted party will be found erecting the hotels and cottages of a crowded watering-place.

There are certainly here many attractions lacking in most sea-bathing resorts: a trout-stream, a forest for hunting in, where any thing may be found, from a deer to an elk, or a bear. Geese, ducks, plover, and snipe frequent the mouth of the creek, while sea-gulls, cranes, and eagles give picturesqueness to the beach-views. Three or four miles to the east, the peaks of the Coast Range fret the blue of the summer sky, a spur from which range comes down quite to the sea, in a bold promontory called Tillamook Head, closing in the southern view.

Having taken in all these features of the place, and pronounced it good, let us take the light wagon, and, driving across the plain and through the woods nearly sixteen miles, find the *Grant*—ubiquitous little steamer—waiting for

us in Young's Bay. As we steam toward Astoria, the accomplished Captain of the *Grant* — the first white male child born west of the Rocky Mountains — becomes our guide, and points out the mouth of Lewis and Clarke's River, on the south side of the bay, where those hardy explorers spent the winter of 1805-6 in a log-hut, to which the severe rains confined them nearly all those dreary months, in imminent danger of starving. Not only have sixty years effaced all traces of their encampment, but a house, which stood on the same site in 1853, has quite disappeared, the site being overgrown with trees now twenty feet in height. Of a saw-mill that furnished lumber to San Francisco, in the same year, nothing now remains except immense beds of half-rotted sawdust, embedding one or two charred foundation timbers. A dense growth of vegetation covers the whole ground.

At the eastern extremity of the bay is the mouth of Young's River—a handsome stream, with densely wooded shores, and a fall, at one place, of fifty feet perpendicular—furnishing one of the attractions to boating-parties of summer visitors at Astoria.

From the deck of the steamer we have a fine view of the Coast Range, and of one double peak higher than the range, which goes by the ugly misnomer of Saddle Mountain. Not snow-capped in summer, it is still very lofty and very picturesque, reminding us of "castled crags of Drachenfels." We, for our private satisfaction, name it Castle Mountain, and try to forget that it has another name.

As we round the high, wooded point which hides Astoria from sight, as it must, also, shelter it from south-west storms, we observe that the banks are covered with a most luxuriant growth of shrubs of many varieties, and promise ourselves a ramble along a just visible "trail," at an early day, in order to ascertain whether or not they are as beautiful close at hand as they are in the distance.

Our eyes are engaged, in another moment, with some glimpses of our destined port; and, very shortly, the *Grant* comes alongside a great wharf, and, seeking her own slip, makes fast; and, the tide being out, we cautiously clamber up a steep incline, to the level of the Astorians.

The situation of Astoria, in point of beauty, is certainly a very fine one. The neck of land occupied by the town is made a peninsula by Young's Bay on one side and the Columbia River on the other, and points to the north-west. A small cove makes in at the east side of the neck, just back of which the ground rises much more gently and smoothly than it does a little farther toward the sea. The whole point was originally covered with heavy timber, which came quite down to high-water mark; and whatever there is unlovely in the present aspect of Astoria, arises from the roughness always attendant upon the clearing up of timbered lands.

Standing, facing the sea or the river, with your back to half-cleared lots, made unsightly by the blackened stumps of trees, the view is one of unsurpassed beauty. Toward the sea, the low, green point on which Fort Stevens stands—the Cape Frondosa (leafy cape) of the Spanish navigators—and the high one of Cape Hancock, topped by the lighthouse tower, mark the entrance to the river. Above them is a blue sky; between them, a blue river, celebrating eternally its union with the sea by the roar of its breakers, whose white crests are often distinctly visible. There is a sail or two in the offing, and a pilot-boat going out to bring them over the bar.

Opposite us, and distant between three and four miles, is the northern shore—a line of rounded highlands, covered with trees, with a narrow, low, and level

strip of land between them and the beach. The village of Chinook is a little to the north-west; another village, Knappton, a little to the north-east. Following the opposite shore-line with the eye, as far to the east as the view extends, a considerable indentation in the shore marks Gray's Bay, where the discoverer of the river went ashore with his Mate, to "view the country."

On the Astoria side the shore curves beautifully, in a north-east direction, quite to Tongue Point, four miles up the river. This point is one of the handsomest projections on the river. Connected with the main-land by a low, narrow isthmus, it rises gradually to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and is crowned with a splendid growth of trees.

Between Tongue Point and the present town is a cluster of rather dilapidated buildings, known as Upper Astoria. They were erected by the first Receiver of Customs for Oregon; but the old custom-house and wharf are rapidly going to decay.

Following the curving and beautifully wooded shore back to the Astoria of to-day, we naturally inquire for the site of the Astor establishment of 1811. This is it, just back of the little bay before mentioned, where you see a long, one-storied house in a state of decay. There was built the fort of Mr. Astor's company. It consisted of a square, inclosing ninety by a hundred feet of ground, with palisades in front and rear, one of the sides protected by the warehouse fronting on a ravine, and the other by the dwelling-house and shops, with a bastion at each corner, north and south, on which were mounted four small cannon. As all the buildings were constructed of hewn logs, roofed with cedar-bark, they constituted a very good defense against the Indian arrows, especially as they were made formidable by the four small cannon.

In the cove, in front of the fort, was built the first vessel ever launched on Oregon waters—the little schooner *Dolly*, whose frame was brought out from New York in the *Tonquin*. She proved too small for the coasting service, for which she was intended, and, like every thing else connected with this ill-starred enterprise, a failure.

We find the modern Astoria neatly built, and containing four or five hundred inhabitants. The chief improvement going on, at present, is the new custom-house—a costly, but ill-looking structure, built of sandstone from the opposite side of the river. The Columbia, opposite Astoria, is six miles in width, being one mile less than between the capes. The stage of water on the bar, is: mean low-water, twenty-four feet; high-water, thirty-two; from which it will be seen that there is abundance of deep water, and room for shipping, about Astoria.

If you ask an Astorian, what constitutes the wealth and commercial importance of his town, present and future, he will tell you, that it has a commodious harbor, with depth of water enough to accommodate vessels of the deepest draught, with good anchorage, and shelter from south-west (winter) storms. He will point to the forts at the mouth of the river, and say that they make business; to the custom-house, and that it makes business. He will remind you of the pilotage of all the incoming and outgoing vessels, and that it brings in a great deal of money. He will point to the villages growing up on the north side of the river, and tell you they bring trade; that the men employed at Knappton, in making cement, lumber, etc., spend their wages in Astoria.

If you inquire what back country it has to support it, he will point to Clatsop, and the valley of the Nehalem, south of it; and tell you, that it is but seventy miles into the great valley of western Oregon—the Willamette; and

that a railroad is to be built into it from Astoria, through the coast mountains. He mentions, besides, that there are numerous small valleys of streams running *into* the Columbia within twenty miles, which are of the best of rich bottom-lands, and only need opening up. This is the Astorian's view of his town, and we know nothing to the contrary. Indeed, from inquiry, we are convinced that there are in the neighborhood of Astoria many elements of wealth, both mineral and agricultural, which only require time and capital to develop.

Having satisfied ourselves of the material prospects of the town, let us take a friendly guide, and go upon an exploring expedition on our own account. We want to go on foot around the Point, by the trail through the woods: but, no; our guide says we must not attempt it, the trail is in such a condition! "It is low-tide, and we will go by the beach."

By the beach we go, then, stopping now and then to fillip a jelly-fish back into the water on the end of our *alpenstock.* A beach, indeed! we had always thought that sand, or fine gravel, at least, was essential to that delightful thing in Nature—a beach. But here are *bowlders*, growing larger and larger, as we near Young's Bay, until just at the extremity of the Point they require much exertion to scramble over. But our guide is entertaining, which compensates for great exertion.

In stories of "peril by land and water," of shipwrecks and legends of treasure-trove—that should be—he drowns all thoughts of mutiny, and we toil ahead. "To be sure, there have been wrecks at the mouth of the Columbia—a century—two centuries ago." Then he takes from his pocket, where he must have placed it for this purpose, and shows to us a thin cake of bees-wax, well sanded over, which he avers was portion of the cargo of a Japanese junk, cast ashore near the Columbia in some time out of mind. When we have wondered over this, to us, singular evidence of wrecking, he produces another, in the form of a waxen tube. At this we are more stultified than before, and then are told that this was a large wax-candle, such as the Japanese priest, as well as the Roman, uses to burn before altars. The wick is entirely rotted out, leaving the candle a hollow cylinder of wax.

By this self-evident explanation we are convinced. Certain it is, that for years, whenever there has been an unusually violent storm, portions of this waxen cargo are washed ashore, ground full of sand. As bees-wax is a common commodity in Japan, we see no reason to doubt that this, which the sea gives up from time to time, originally came from there. The supposition is the more natural, as the mouth of the Columbia is exactly opposite the northern extremity of that Island Empire; and a junk, once disabled, would naturally drift this way. The thing has been known to occur in later years; and that other wrecks, probably Spanish, have happened on this coast, is evidenced by the light-haired and freckled-faced natives of some portions of it farther north, discovered by the earliest traders.

Our hour of toil, at length, brings us to a pretty piece of level, grassy land, away from the beach, where are lofty trees, and lower thickets of wild roses, white *spiræa*, woodbine, and mock-orange. Here, in this charming solitude, is an Indian lodge, the residence of the native Clatsop; and we have a strong desire to see its interior. Exteriorly, the Clatsop residence can not be praised for its beauty, being made of cedar planks, set upright and fastened to a square or oblong frame of poles, and roofed with cedar-bark. Outside are numberless dogs, and two pretty girls, of ten and twelve years of age, with glorious great, black, smiling eyes.

Peeping inside, we saw three squaws,

of various ages, braiding baskets and tending a baby of tender age, with two "warriors" sitting on their haunches and doing nothing; and salmon everywhere: on the fire, on the walls, overhead, dripping grease and smelling villainously, are salmon—nothing but salmon. Our guide holds a conversation with the mother of the little stranger, in jargon, which he informs us relates to the fair complexion of the *tillicum*. One of the warriors, presumed to be its papa, laughs, and declares it is all as it should be. Such are the benefits of civilization to the savage!

A little farther on, we fall in with a different sort of savage—an Irishman—on a little patch of ground, which he cultivates after a fashion of his own, at the same time doing his housekeeping in preference to being "bothered with a woman." He is cooking his afternoon meal, which consists of a soup made from boiling a ham-bone, with thistles for greens, and a cup of spruce tea. Think of this, unlucky men, bothered with women, who, but for them, might be subsisting yourselves on thistles and spruce tea!

Our guide points out to us the peculiar features of Young's Bay, and the adjoining country. While we admire again the peaks of Castle (Saddle) Mountain, we listen to a legend, or tradition, which the Nehalem Indians relate of a vessel once cast ashore near the mouth of their river, the crew of which were saved, together with their private property, and a box which they carried ashore, and buried on Mount Neah-car-ny, with much care, leaving two swords placed on it in the form of a cross.

Some treasure-seekers have endeavored to find the hidden box, but without result. One enthusiast expressed it as his opinion, that he could go right to the spot where it is hidden; but why he did not do so, he failed to explain. Like the treasure of Captain Kidd, it would probably cost as much as it is worth to find it. Casting backward glances at the beautiful mountains, with their romantic foreground of forest and river, we turn toward Astoria. All along the edge of the wood, which covers the Point, are hazel, wild cherry, alder, vine-maple, *spiræa*, mock-orange, and elder, besides several varieties of ferns, some of a great height.

Of the elder, there are three varieties, all beautiful. The trees grow to a considerable size, and to a height of thirty feet. The colors of the berries are lavender, scarlet, and orange. We find also some other orange-colored berries, resembling immense raspberries, which, our guide tells us, are "salmon-berries." They are so juicy they will hardly bear handling, and literally melt in your mouth. Of the trees in sight, the most are fir, hemlock, cedar, and yew. But of whatever species are the trees, their unusual size and beauty make them interesting.

When we reach the point of the peninsula again—Point of Bowlders, we should call it—we are just in time to witness the golden changes of the sunset over Cape Hancock, and to see an ocean steamer coming in. She has passed Fort Stevens, and, by the time we have clambered over rocks and driftwood to a smoother portion of the beach, is abreast of us, and almost within a stone's throw. We wave our handkerchief wildly, knowing, by experience, how pleasant is any signal from the land when our ship is coming in. Then, as if to answer us, she fires a gun, which stuns us with the report. We hasten to the wharf and scrutinize her passengers, while her Captain exchanges courtesies with custom-house officers. In half an hour she is off again, leaving us to wonder how long it will be before Astoria gets her railroad, and ocean steamers discharge their cargoes within a dozen miles of the sea.

THE NEW HOUSE.

THE BUILDING.

A stranger in the village street,
Shines the new house in morning light—
No quick enchantment sprung by night,
A vision for the sun, complete,
Like that the Arabian story shows:
For the slow toil of hours and days,
With steadfast hands and stalwart blows,
Wrought with the builder's brain, to raise
This temple, yet unconsecrate,
Of Home and Household Deities,
The stronghold of Domestic Peace,
Familiar Church and private State!

The builder he has watched it long,
Since first the pencil-plan was made
And the deep under-stone was laid—
The fast foundation, firm and strong;
Through slow processes, day by day,
While floors were fixed and rafters hung,
Till now—the workmen passed away—
He wakes from slumber, blithe and young:
Behold, at last, his work is done!
His house-in-air no longer dream,
Illumined by the morning gleam,
Transfigured by the rising sun!

THE DWELLERS.

Come at morning—you shall see
What a blissful company
Enter in the open door!
Children, children, evermore,
Dancing, singing, laughing, play,
Making merry holiday—
Happy faces, garments gay!—
Introducing Fairy-land,
Back to barren desert sand
Bringing flowers flown from earth:
The long coming-in of Birth!

Come at midnight—you shall see
What a ghostly company
Pass from out the open door!
Old men, old men, evermore,
Wrinkled, dusty, travel-spent,
Burden-bearers bowed and bent,
Songless, sighing, halting, slow,
In funereal garments go,
But, upon the threshold, lo!
Sudden children, vanish there,
Lost in light and lifting air,
Beautiful with blissful breath:
The long going-forth of Death!

STATE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

EVERY two years the State Geologist is brought before the Legislature of California and the bar of public opinion, to give an account of himself, whether his works be good or evil. He appears, to some persons, a criminal, who has basely made way with a large pile of the people's money, for private purposes of his own, drawing a comfortable salary, and spending it in the enjoyment of an ignoble ease. There are some persons in California, and a good many outside of this State, who know better than this—know that the Geological Survey of California is a work of great magnitude and importance—and who think that they have good reason for believing that it has been carried on with fidelity and economy, and that the results will compare favorably with those of any other survey of the kind, the amount of expenditure being taken into consideration.

It is safe to say that there are many more persons living beyond the borders of California than there are within it who

are interested in this work, and that it has been mainly kept alive by the exertions of friends at the East and in Europe. It has more than once been urged, as a reason why the survey should be stopped, that it was "run for the benefit of outsiders;" a charge, which, when sifted, has been found to amount to this, that the work has met with favor and appreciation abroad rather than at home. The reason of this is not very difficult of comprehension. Californians are, as a general rule, too busily occupied with their own affairs to go much out of their way to get information in regard to that which does not connect itself directly with the advancement of their own material interests. The benefits of the survey are, to most people, only indirect; hence, these do not waste precious time in trying to find out whether the work may be of benefit to others, and possibly, in the not distant future, to themselves. A great many intelligent persons in the State are not aware that there is any survey going on at all, although its five or six published volumes have been accessible, at a low price, some of them for years, and have been written and talked about, more or less, in almost every country of the globe. The officers of the survey are constantly meeting persons who seem entirely ignorant of the existence or objects of this work; but when such persons have become informed in regard to what the survey is trying to accomplish, it is extremely rare that a warm interest is not manifested by them in its progress. Hence, and for various other reasons, which it is hardly necessary to enlarge on here, it seems entirely reasonable to believe that after the work shall have been completed, and its results have found their way before the public, it will be fully appreciated; and, instead of being sneered at and ridiculed, it will be looked upon with just pride—other States being called upon to admire the liberality and far-sightedness of California, as foreign papers are even now doing, little knowing how near the survey comes to receiving its *coup-de-grace* at the hands of each successive Legislature.

What, then, is this work, and what its object? Let us try to answer this first, and then endeavor to show how near it is to completion. We will state what has already been done and published, what is now in process of publication, and what remains to be done in order that the survey may assume something like a complete form.

The object of the geological survey may be best made intelligible, by stating that it is taking an inventory of the natural resources of the State; and by the term "natural resources" is meant the innumerable good things which she has inherited from Mother Nature—her soil, valleys, mountains, plains, rivers, lakes, the creatures which live upon her soil and in her waters, the plants which grow within her borders, the treasures of mineral and metallic substances which lie beneath her surface: these all need to be described and catalogued, just as a merchant needs to have his stock of goods inventoried, or a farmer the boundaries of his fields determined.

That the Legislature, which, in 1860, set this survey on foot, took this comprehensive view of the matter is clear enough, for the Act authorizing the work calls for "an accurate and complete geological survey of the State, with proper maps thereof, and a full and scientific description of its rocks, fossils, soils, and minerals, and of its botanical and zoölogical productions." This was the language of the original Act, and it has not only never been repealed, but it has been confirmed again and again by successive Legislatures. The State Geologist has, therefore, had no option in the matter: he must either resign, or else use the funds placed at his disposition in making a thorough, and not a superficial, survey. To carry out the idea of

a thorough survey—such a one as was contemplated and especially ordered by the Legislature—the work was naturally and necessarily divided into three distinct departments: I. Topography and Physical Geography; II. Geology, both General and Economical; III. Natural History, including Zoölogy and Botany. Let us now briefly consider what has been attempted in each of these divisions.

I.—TOPOGRAPHY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

It seems hardly necessary to insist on the desirability of a geographical basis for the geological work, or on the value of geographical knowledge in general. We have a State of enormous dimensions. Spread out on the Atlantic Coast, it would reach from New York to Florida, and cover the whole range of the Appalachians. No such wide area had ever before been intrusted to one head for a combined geographical and geological investigation. Great countries, like Russia and British India, have, it is true, their official surveys; but the geographical portion has always been distinct from the geological. Almost all the European Governments have had topographical surveys in progress for a long time, before commencing the geological examinations of their territory, so that the geologists have always worked with accurate maps in their hands of the regions they were exploring. Geological determinations, in fact, unless made available and permanent by being recorded on suitable maps, are of little value, and of hardly any account for practical use. To be available, the information must be accurately located. As well might one attempt to paint a picture on the air, or put a roof on a house before the walls were built, as to convey geological information without a map on which it can be embodied.

But, aside from the absolute necessity of the topographical work, as preparatory to the geological, this department of the survey is, of itself, of high value, not only in its scientific, but in its practical bearings. Californians are pre-eminently a migratory and traveling people: hence, there are few countries where maps are more in demand than here. Those who have not examined the subject, can hardly realize how imperfectly the geography of the State was known at the time the survey was commenced. The official statements of its area differed as much as twenty-five thousand square miles from each other—an area more than half as great as that of one of the largest States east of the Mississippi! Thanks to the United States and the skillfully executed—and therefore necessarily costly—work of the Coast Survey, our coast-line had been nearly all laid down with accuracy; but for the interior we had, ten years ago, absolutely nothing to show in the way of a delineation of its complicated topography. No portion, either of the Coast Ranges or of the Sierra Nevada, had been mapped with any approach to accuracy; and great regions, as large as Switzerland, remained quite unexplored, so that even their most prominent features could not be laid down on the map, any more than those of central Africa. They had, indeed, been traversed by explorers and prospectors, who had a more or less accurate knowledge of portions of the mountain recesses; but as they had no instruments to work with, nor skill to use such if they had been furnished with them, their knowledge was utterly unavailable to any body but themselves. The geography of the State could not be taught in our schools, for we knew not the position nor the elevation of our principal mountain masses, nor of the passes which traversed them; neither was it possible to construct a map which should give any thing more than the rudest outlines of our valleys, lakes, and river-courses.

It is true, that a thoroughly accurate mapping of a large extent of country, especially if that country be rough, mountainous, and uninhabited, is a work demanding much time and an enormous outlay of money. It is not necessary to parade the figures indicating the years of time, the millions of money, and the thousands of men employed in the great topographical surveys, like those of France, Great Britain, or Germany. It might, with justice, in view of such a presentation of facts, be argued that California could not afford the expensive luxury of a minutely accurate map. The area of the State is too great, and its population too thinly scattered over it. The geological survey has endeavored to meet this difficulty—on the principle of "half a loaf is better than no bread"—by mapping with considerable accuracy those portions of the State which are of special importance on account of the density of the population, or the value and extent of the mineral deposits, and getting a general idea of the remainder. What has been accomplished in this way will be noticed a little farther on.

Closely allied to, and almost forming a part of, the topography proper, or the simple mapping of the surface, is the physical geography of the State, or the study of the geographical facts from a generalized point of view. For instance, as related to the climate, and as thus directly bearing on the agricultural and sanitary condition of the people. Consider, for a moment, how important even one class of simple facts, in this department, may become. We refer to the determination of heights above the sea-level, by which the relative differences of elevation between various points are determined, and the form of the surface made out. This kind of information is of the greatest practical value, in its bearings on all questions of drainage, irrigation, road-building, and the like. There is hardly any great branch of industry in the State which may not be, in some degree, benefited by this part of the survey-work.

II.—GEOLOGY.

The geological department of the survey is that portion of the work which concerns itself with the nature and structure of the earth's crust. The geologist seeks to determine and account for all the forms of the surface of the earth which have resulted from the action of inorganic forces. By the aid of what he sees upon the surface, he learns all he can in regard to the interior, availing himself for this purpose of all the artificial sections of the earth's crust which are to be found, such as wells, mining shafts, railroad cuts, and the like. But he is most assisted in this line of research by the fact that the rocks themselves do not lie undisturbed, and resting flatwise upon each other; on the contrary, they are, especially on this coast, often broken and turned up on edge, so that great thicknesses of them are as well exposed for examination as the interior of a cheese is, when cut in two in the middle, and presented with its edges to the observer.

The geologist seeks, also, to ascertain the chronological order of succession of the different series of beds, that he may find his way through the labyrinth of strata, torn and uplifted as they have been by a multitude of catastrophes. For this purpose, he searches for and describes the fossils which the rocks contain, these being among the most useful of the guides on which he relies for help in this arduous task. He also seeks for all the metallic ores and minerals, and endeavors to ascertain all about their mode of occurrence, so that it may be determined in what formations and localities they are most likely to be found in such quantity and under such circumstances as to be of economical

value. All the more generally and scientifically interesting results thus obtained are discussed under the head of General Geology; the practically important part, or that which relates to mines and localities of valuable ores and minerals, building materials, and the like—this belongs to Economical Geology.

All civilized Governments throughout the world, including every one of the States east of the Mississippi, excepting, perhaps, Florida, have had geological surveys made of their territory, or else have such works now in progress. The principal reason for this seems to be the uncertainty and risk attending the development of the mineral resources of every country. Such is the nature of mineral deposits that they lead to more wasteful expenditures, in their exploration and working, than any other sort of ventures. Hence it is the duty of Governments to limit the field for explorers and prospectors as much as possible, so that no more of the resources of the State need be wasted, in this way, than is absolutely necessary. Had Congress authorized a geological survey of the Territories twenty years ago, and had the work been well and thoroughly executed, the saving to the country would have been many times the cost of the work, in one direction alone: namely, in limiting the area within which search for valuable deposits of metals and minerals need be made.

It is popularly supposed that the geological part of the survey means merely "prospecting" the ground for the purpose of making new discoveries of valuable deposits of ores or minerals. This is by no means the case. There are prospectors enough already in the field; if any thing, this is the one business which has always been overdone in California. There have probably been times when over ten thousand persons were engaged within this State, or near its borders, in exploring for minerals, and it would be difficult to find a gulch in California into which some indomitable individual had not already penetrated; neither would it be easy to find any kind of worthless rock which had not been supposed by some one to be of value. The object of the geological survey, in reference to mines and minerals, is something very different from mere prospecting. It is, rather, to examine every thing which has been already discovered, and from the accumulation of such observations, to combine and harmonize the experience and knowledge of all, so that general results may be obtained, which will be of great value, as tending to put a stop to wasteful expenditure and misdirected explorations. Incidentally, of course, a large amount of information is obtained, which is of essential service in the development of our mineral resources. It is certainly desirable, and has been deemed by most Governments indispensable, that there should be some unprejudiced and disinterested source from which information in regard to mining matters may be obtained, and this source is naturally a geological survey. If the information obtained from the office of the geological survey is not disinterested and trustworthy, then, indeed, this work has failed to perform its mission, and may justly be accused of being in either dishonest or incompetent hands. It stands to reason, however, that the means must be placed at the disposition of the survey for acquiring the information demanded; there is no conceivable method of getting it without labor and expense.

III.—NATURAL HISTORY.

If the geological portion of the survey appeals to the material interests of the State chiefly, the natural history department, on the other hand, is largely educational in its direction. It will readily be conceded that the study of the botany and zoölogy of the State is not particu-

larly a matter of importance, when looked at exclusively from the pecuniary point of view. But as a matter affecting the educational interests of the people, it may be confidently asserted that the natural history work of the survey is of great value. No one would deny that the subject of botany should be taught in our schools and colleges. The study of plants and plant-life is an agreeable and healthful means of developing the mental powers. There are many persons, especially among the girls, who have no patience with mathematics or the dead languages, and who can best receive mental training through natural history studies. There are many men, also, who make an earnest piece of work of the investigation of some branch of zoölogy or of botany, and to whom the publications of the survey are an absolute necessity in the prosecution of their work.

The facts in regard to the botany of California are simply these: During the last seventy years, more than one hundred and twenty professional botanists and collectors have visited parts of the region west of the Rocky Mountains, and more than seventy of them have traveled in California. Their collections have gone into the various herbaria of this country and of Europe, and the printed data relating to them are scattered through hundreds, or even thousands, of volumes; so that it would be almost impossible, even with an unlimited expenditure of time and money, to procure a complete collection of these works. But even if this could be done, and the library thus collected transferred to the Pacific Coast, our botanists would still be unable to name their specimens. And for these reasons: Not unfrequently several collectors have obtained the same species in different localities and seasons, and consequently in varying forms. Specimens thus collected have been referred to different botanists for description, the amount of material being often meagre and insufficient, and the results have been published at places widely distant from each other. Thus what was one and the same species has often had several names attached to it; but to discover this fact, in each case, and clear up all the difficulties, so that all the synonyms should be arranged under the real name, or the one first given, and consequently, according to the universally recognized rules of scientific nomenclature, the one by which the plant ought to be designated, requires not only the extensive collections of the survey, made under the most favorable circumstances, in all kinds of localities, and under all conditions of growth, but also an actual inspection and diligent study of the original specimens collected by all botanists prior to the work of the geological survey. Luckily, a large portion of these are gathered together in the grand herbarium of Harvard University, where Professor Gray, the leading botanist of the country, has, for the last forty years, been zealously getting together every thing which relates to American plants. Without his aid, it would have been impossible to reduce into order the chaos of California botany. And almost every other eminent American authority, in the various specialties of this science, has lent his aid to this arduous undertaking; and not only the herbaria of this country, but even those of Europe, have been ransacked to furnish material for perfecting the work, the preparation of which is under the special superintendence of Professor Brewer. We shall thus have a work in which each plant, in every important group of families, will be authentically named by the highest authority in that branch of the science—a book which every student can use with perfect confidence in its reliability, and which will be the indispensable guide of every teacher of botany throughout the State. And we could

not have had it in any other way than this. It required the combined effort of all the leading botanists of the country, sanctioned by the State, to do the work; and, with all the facilities thus afforded, the task is an arduous one.

Having thus presented the claims of the different departments of the survey to public favor, we will now endeavor to show, as concisely as possible, what has already been accomplished in the way of bringing the results before the public.

The form of publication adopted was that of royal-octavo volumes of from five to six hundred pages each, handsomely printed and illustrated, in order that the work might have an attractive exterior, and one corresponding with its permanent value as a statement of the resources of a great State. The progress of the survey has been indicated, at each session of the Legislature, by official statements to the Executive, in which the nature and amount of the work accomplished have been briefly stated. In the statement of progress for the years 1864-5, it was announced, that, according to the plan adopted, there would be from eleven to thirteen volumes required to complete the work, and that the whole might probably be finished and issued by the end of the year 1868, *provided liberal appropriations were made for this purpose.* These liberal appropriations never came, however, the amount appropriated for the work averaging but little over $12,000 a year; while for two years nothing at all was given, and the whole thing would have come to a dead stoppage, had not the State Geologist carried it on at his own risk and expense, rather than let so important a work be nipped in the bud. The last Legislature—that of 1869-70—was the first to make what may be called a fair appropriation—namely, $2,000 a month for two years.

The first of the regular series of volumes of the report was issued in 1864, and formed a portion of the Palæontology, being devoted to a description of the invertebrate fossils belonging to the formations lower than the tertiary. It was finely illustrated with plates engraved on steel and stone, the text being the work of Messrs. Meek and Gabb. The next volume was published in 1865, and was one of the Geological series, being entitled a "Report of Progress and Synopsis of the Field-work from 1860 to 1864." This volume was rather a concession to a general desire on the part of the public to have some results presented at once, even if they should be incomplete. The volume was essentially a report of a geographical and geological reconnaissance of the State, and was not unfairly designated, by Murchison, as "an ample store-house of facts relating to the geology and topography of California." Another volume of Palæontology followed, three years later, completing the account of the invertebrate fossils of the cretaceous and tertiary, which are much the most prolific in organic remains of any of the formations on the Pacific Coast. The large map of the Vicinity of the Bay of San Francisco, on a scale of two miles to an inch, was also published in 1867. On this map, which embraces some four thousand square miles of the most thickly settled portion of the State, the minute details of the topography were exhibited, together with the ranch and township boundaries, and all such data as were required to make the work popularly useful. A second edition was issued two years later, on which were embodied the numerous changes in the ranches made in the preceding two years, and a third one is now in preparation. By special direction of the Legislature of 1866-7, a Guide-book to the Yosemite Valley and its Surroundings was issued in 1869, in two distinct editions: one, a superb quarto—intended to be a masterpiece of printing—illustrated with

twenty-eight photographs, by C. E. Watkins; the other, in octavo form, also beautifully printed and illustrated with wood-cuts, and large and accurate topographical maps of the region described. The quarto edition was limited to 250 copies, which were sold by subscription, and the receipts used for carrying on the work of the survey. A third edition of this guide-book was published recently, in pocket form, to meet the often-expressed desire of travelers for something portable and cheap.

During the present year, a volume of the Zoölogical series was issued, it being the first of two devoted to the Ornithology of the Pacific Coast, and comprising the land-birds of the North American Continent, north of Mexico, and west of the Rocky Mountains. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated with 662 engravings on wood and copper. The plan of the illustrations of this volume was novel and peculiar, and has excited much interest among naturalists. Each species—over three hundred in all—has a life-size figure of its head, colored from the life by hand, while full-length figures illustrate the general appearance of some one representative of each genus, to which are also added diagrams, carefully drawn, and executed in relief on copper by the "Jewett process," which exhibit all the minute details of the external anatomy. The text of this volume was prepared by Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, from the notes and collections of Dr. J. G. Cooper, the zoölogist of the survey. Besides these works, several smaller ones have been published, in pamphlet form, including a Catalogue of the Shells of the Pacific Coast, with notes on their geographical distribution; also, a pamphlet on Mining Statistics, which would have been followed by others if the United States had not taken the business of collecting this kind of information off the hands of the survey.

Besides the map of the vicinity of the bay of San Francisco, mentioned as already issued, there are two others in the engraver's hands. One—the largest and most important topographical publication contemplated by the survey—has been under way for six years. It is a map of central California, on a scale of six miles to an inch, embracing about sixty thousand square miles of the most thickly settled portion of the State, and extending across the whole breadth of California, from Owen's Lake, on the south, to Lassen's Peak, on the north. This map is in four sheets, of which one is already done and engraved, and a second will be finished in February next, these two making together the southern half of the whole map, and embracing the belt which extends from the bays of Monterey and San Francisco across the highest part of the Sierra Nevada, and the White and Inyo Mountains. The northern half of the map is nearly all drawn, so that the engraving can be steadily carried on, if the means are forthcoming, and the whole completed and placed in the hands of the public in about two years. A map of the whole State, on a considerably smaller scale, eighteen miles to an inch, is also in the engraver's hands, and will be completed during the present winter. This will be extremely useful for general reference, and it will be issued both as a topographical and a geological map, in two distinct editions. The same will be the case with the map of central California. Still another large geographical and geological map is in preparation: this embraces the principal mining region of the Sierra Nevada, and is on the same scale as the map of the vicinity of the bay of San Francisco—two miles to one inch. This is especially intended for designating the range and extent of the deep gravel deposits, worked by the hydraulic method; it will also have upon it a large amount of information of other kinds, not only

of value to the miner, but to men of all professions and employments.

Besides the maps above mentioned as being under way, there are several volumes in hand, and which will all be issued during the next two years, if the Legislature now in session looks with favor on the work of the survey. The second volume of the Ornithology, comprising the water-birds of the whole country, can go to press very soon, as the numerous and beautiful illustrations are nearly all ready. This volume will be edited by Professor Baird and Dr. Brewer. The work on the volume of Conchology is also laid out, and the preparation of the illustrations commenced. The Botany can go to press soon after favorable action by the Legislature has taken place. The work on the geological portion of the report will be pushed with vigor, and on a scale corresponding to the amount of means furnished.

Hardly any thing now remains to be done in the way of topographical field-work, except the completion of one corner of the central California map, comprising the region which lies along the eastern side of the Coast Ranges, from Clear Lake north to Shasta City. A portion of the mining belt is, however, yet to be worked out in more detail, both geologically and geographically, than has hitherto been possible with the amount of funds at the command of the survey. This portion of the work is now attracting the attention of the well-informed among the mining men, who will not allow it to be stopped without an earnest protest against such short-sightedness.

On reviewing what has been done by the survey of California within the past ten years, and considering the present condition of the work, so near to completion, it would seem as if there should be but one opinion with regard to the propriety of its continuance. This survey has been earnestly and warmly commended by the highest authorities in science, at home and abroad—including such names as those of Agassiz, Dana, Guyot, Henry, Lea, Leidy, Lyell, Murchison—and it would be no more than reasonable that their verdict in regard to the value of the survey should be accepted as final. It seems hardly possible that the Legislature should be willing to incur the odium of stopping a work in which the whole scientific world is interested.

THE SOUL OF THE CORPORATION.

THEY say that corporations have no souls. That is a mistake. There is always in your "Great Corporation" a soul—a presiding mind full of activity, energy, keenness, and foresight—which has worked itself up to the topmost round from small beginnings; which has, in its time, waited patiently on others, and so, at last, makes others wait patiently on it.

I once tried to see the Soul of a Great Corporation—a corporation more powerful than a handful of States, and about which men and even women, with plans and schemes, hovered as do flies about the honey-pot.

I became for a time one of these flies—an insignificant insect among the rest. I was a simple fly, then. I deemed the Soul of the Corporation to be as accessible to common men as a Congressman, or the President of the Great Republic. But the soul of any thing is a mysterious and invisible property, especially the Soul of a Corporation.

I went to the office, where, at certain stated hours, the Soul of the Corporation presided. It was an office most

complicate. It consisted of three rooms: First, there was an anteroom. It contained a long, oblong table, such as in pictures you may see the President and his Cabinet, seated; there were cushioned chairs, sofas, a grate, a coal fire, a Brussels carpet, and an African. This was the waiting-room. It was a comfortable place to wait in, if one could make of waiting an enjoyable occupation. The waiting-room opened into the Private Secretary's room. The Private Secretary's room opened into the inner sanctum—the holy of holies—where the Soul of the Corporation pondered over its own greatness. The door of this shekinah was labeled "private," in gilt letters, on a dark, funereal ground. Well it might be. Little hope is there for many who see it that ever for them it opens.

The first time that I entered that anteroom, I was full of hope. I anticipated a speedy and triumphant interview with the Soul of the Corporation. I found there five or six weary-looking men. They were waiting to see the Soul of the Corporation. They looked as if they had been waiting there for years. I said, "Is the Soul of the Corporation in?" I thought that one of these men might be the Soul of that Corporation. At first no one answered. Every man seemed rigidly attending to his own business. Then, the African spoke. He purposely allowed a few seconds to elapse, that I should be impressed with the fact, that questions asked anywhere in the neighborhood of the Soul of the Corporation should not be answered with the readiness with which a pop-corn man would reply to one's interrogations. For the whole atmosphere of the place about the Soul of the Corporation was surcharged with slow dignity. That any man seeking an interview with that Soul should be instantly admitted, was a thing impossible. I had all this to learn.

"Is the Soul of the Corporation in?" Thus spoke I to the African. The African replied, "He is engaged."

The African, in air, attitude, and manner, was impressive. He replied to me from the luxurious depth of a cushioned arm-chair.

I took my place with the other weary waiters. No one spoke. All seemed ensconced in a triple armor of reticence and reserve. The hours rolled by like centuries. Only the roar and rattle from the street were heard, with an occasional gape or sigh from some weary waiter on the Soul of the Corporation. The African, from his chair, surveyed us with an expression of amused contempt. He knew how eager all of us were to interview the Soul of the Corporation. He knew the days that must elapse ere some of us caught a sight of the Soul. He knew that some of us would never see that Soul. This African was the outer tentacle of that Soul's dignity.

It grew darker. One by one the weary waiters arose and left. At last, I said respectfully to the dignified African, "Is the Soul of the Corporation still engaged?"

He replied, with elocutionary grace: "Guess you won't see him to-day. Better call to-morrow."

I left. I had passed my first degree of initiation. I returned at an early business hour the next morning. The waiters of the day previous were all there. All, as usual, were reticent and silent.

On this day, I advanced my first parallel toward the door of the Private Secretary's room. Because in and out of that room there bustled important-looking men, and to me their faces seemed to shine with a glory caught, possibly, by reflection from the inaccessible Soul of the Corporation. So I knocked. The door opened. A young and prepossessing face appeared at the aperture. It was that of a man. I said to him, "Is the Soul of the Corporation in?"

He replied, "He is."

"Can I see him?"

"He is engaged."

"He is engaged."—I know now how many unnumbered hundred times that prepossessing Private Secretary utters those words; how, in the depths of his heart, he must smile as he utters them so blandly—utters them to eager, anxious men after situations; to men with schemes; to women with schemes and designs; to widows with designs and schemes; to ministers after special favors; to school-masters and mistresses, ditto; to politicians with plots—Tom, Dick, and Harry—all pushing forward to grind their axes on the osseous heart of the Soul of the Corporation.

This was my second degree of initiation in the attempt to behold the Soul of the Corporation. It was a step in advance of inquiring for information of the anteroom African, although the knowledge thus acquired did not vary much in character from that gained the day before.

I retired again to the anteroom. I waited many hours. I was now a veteran waiter. Raw recruits from time to time entered, who deemed the Soul of the Corporation to be in that very room; who sometimes advanced toward one of us, saying, "Are you Mr. ——?"—meaning the Soul of the Corporation. We, the veterans, now regarded such with amused contempt. We allowed them to flounder about for a few minutes, as men unaccustomed to the necessary formalities of a great American business office will, not knowing whether to sit down or stand up; to keep their hats on or off; to go or to stay. When, finally, the Ethiopian would condescend to remark, "The Soul of the Corporation is engaged," we smiled to think of the years which might elapse ere that last, awkward applicant might obtain the desired interview.

The second day ended, and still for me the Soul of the Corporation was a myth.

I went again forth. I met a friend—a man of business. I said to him, "I deem it very strange I may not more readily see the Soul of that Corporation."

"Do you imagine he can see every body?" said he; "do you think he can see and talk with a thousand men a day? You must make up your mind to wait, and take your turn. Persist, young man, persist! Persistence is the soul of success in any sort of business. To be sure, persistence may to one so sensitive as yourself involve some disagreeable consequences. You may be snubbed and scorned. You may be shown the door, or you may be forcibly ejected by the menials, who guard the approaches to the sacred persons of our merchant princes. Never mind—persist! Persistence laid the Atlantic Cable; it built the Pacific Railroad. Go back, daily, to the anteroom. Stay there! Camp there! Bring with you provisions! Stir not until the Soul of the Corporation comes forth, or bids you enter. Be a living encumbrance on his threshold. P-e-r-s-i-s-t!"

His words strengthened me. I resolved to persist. I took, however, new counsel with myself. I said, "It requires tact, skill, and some outside influence to gain access to the Soul of this Corporation."

There was in a neighboring city a man of commercial weight and influence. I traveled toward him. I met him. I said, "A, how may I gain access to the Soul of the Corporation?"

"The easiest thing in the world," said he. "I will give you a letter to B. B can break through the frozen dignity which bars your progress."

B resided in another town. I took the letter, and presented it. B was bland and pleasant. "Now, your best course," said he, "is to get E to accompany you, and through E's influence you shall surmount the African, the Private Secretary, and all barriers, and find yourself

face to face with the Soul of the Corporation."

I was not acquainted with E. Now, E resided in the city whence I had started, and wherein I must see the Soul of the Corporation. So I went back. Not much gained by swinging around a circle of some three hundred-and-odd miles. But I was determined to persist. So I went to F, who knew E, and from F received a letter of introduction to E. E, like all business men, was bored, of course, by a letter of introduction; still, he said pleasantly, "What can I do for you?"

"I want," said I, "to have two minutes' interview with the Soul of the Corporation."

"I can not," he remarked, "go with you myself, but I will give you a note to G."

I thought to myself: "At this rate I shall be introduced to the entire business world of the Pacific Coast. But I will p-e-r-s-i-s-t—lead me where it may."

G was a man of great weight and influence in the mercantile world. Every body said, that a word or note from G would bring the Soul of the Corporation to terms. So I went to G. Most readily he consented to serve me. He gave me a letter addressed to, and aimed point-blank at, the Soul of the Corporation. "I have you now," I said to myself. "The open sesame is gained at last. Ten days of labor, two days of waiting, four of railroad and steamboat travel: net result, one page of writing addressed to the Soul of the Corporation."

I walked with this letter straight over the imposing Ethiopic guardian of the anteroom, and into the Private Secretary's room. I laid it, signature uppermost, on his table. I said, "Will you be kind enough to take this note to the invisible Soul of the Corporation?" He was kind. He bore it within the sacred and mysterious portals. I sat down triumphantly among the other waiters. I expected momentarily to be summoned from among them. They were all there: mostly, the old veterans; the fat woman in seedy black, who, every few minutes, interviewed the Private Secretary to know if the Soul of the Corporation would soon be disengaged; the man marking figures on the crown of an old hat; the red-haired young man, recently shaved by a ten-cent barber, odoriferous by cause of newly oiled hair; the old man, apparently from the country.

I was not summoned immediately. The potent note was not working quite so effectually as I had anticipated. At last, the Private Secretary came forth into the reception-room. His course lay for me direct. His eye singled me out from among the veterans.

The hour, I thought, has arrived. In a twinkling I shall be in the presence of the Soul of the Corporation. No! It was said unto me, that the Soul was just then very busy—could not see me immediately.

I was still in a triumphant and obliging humor. I said: "Why should I, even in thought, demand that this man hurry? What is my little speck of business compared to the vast concerns which agitate the Soul of the Corporation? Mine to his is as the springing of a mouse-trap to the complicated whirls and interwhirls of the eternity of starry universe above us."

And so I waited three hours longer. The last veteran left the field. Only I and the Ethiopian remained. Did I see the Soul of the Corporation? It was astonishing, but he sent that Private Secretary out to say that a meeting afar off pressed upon him. He could not see me just then.

I am still waiting. Day by day, week by week, month by month, I take my place in the anteroom among the veteran waiters. We have formed warm friend-

ships and attachments for each other. The story of the fat woman in seedy black has touched me. I have quite forgotten my own trouble. But I will p-e-r-s-i-s-t! Cyrus W. Field persisted: he laid the Atlantic Cable. General Grant persisted: he took Richmond, and was made President. I will p-e-r-s-i-s-t: I may yet see the Soul of the Corporation!

DEAD IN THE SIERRAS.

His footprints have failed us,
  Where berries are red,
And madroños are rankest.
  The hunter is dead!

The grizzly may pass
  By his half-open door;
May pass and repass
  On his path, as of yore;

The panther may crouch
  In the leaves on his limb;
May scream and may scream—
  It is nothing to him.

Prone, bearded, and breasted
  Like columns of stone;
And tall as a pine—
  As a pine overthrown!

His camp-fire gone,
  What else can be done,
Than let him sleep on
  Till the light of the sun?

Aye, tombless! What of it?
  Marble is dust,
Cold and repellent;
  And iron is rust.

ETC.

THE circling years glide by with noiseless haste, and already 1871 is numbered with the past. Let it go: it was a turbulent, pestilent, pitiless twelvemonth, carrying blood and rapine, fire and famine, suffering and death, on its angry pinions. Progress, that exacting policeman of civilization, insists that we must "move on." It will not permit us to stand still nor retrograde. Onward, ever onward, is the stern command in the great battle of life. Are we not striding faster than our ability can fully appreciate? Nearly every day fresh conquests are added to man's dominion; but, after all, how little do we know of what we have, much less of what is yet to be won. Verily, when a lifetime is measured by the sum of information acquired, or of happiness achieved, it seems only a passing dream. We must continue to fret, and toil, and fardels bear: it is destiny. We must "move on."

THERE is sublimity in the thought, that, on a prescribed day, all the Christian nations of the earth unite in adoration of the MOST HIGH. It is not our province to institute any inquiry as to the comparative merits of the doctrines taught by Zoroaster, Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ; nor to investigate the religions respectively advocated in the Vedas, Zend-Avesta, Shu-King, Koran, or New Testament: but it is a significant fact, that the most enlightened, powerful, and progressive are Christian nations. It is not known on what particular day the Saviour was born, but universal consent has adopted the 25th of December as the natal anniversary. The Christmas holidays are anticipated with feelings of delight, by old and young. It is then that the brain yields to the heart, and the finer emotions hold sway over politic considerations. The gathering of families long separated; the assembling beneath the patriarchal roof of those who are united by blood and kindred; the interchange of gifts; the glittering eyes and glowing hearts teeming with pure and mutual affection; the ringing laugh of merry children, and the unfeigned delight of grown-up boys and girls; the cheerful hearth, and decorated Yule-tree, are all beautiful evidences of love. Anon they gather round the social board, heaped with good things. But stay. Is there no vacant place, no unoccupied seat? Do we not miss some manly form, some lovely face? Perhaps, a little one has gone before, to grace the spirit-land. Does the closing year leave no regrets, no cause for mourning? Let us cease from grieving. The past is gone—forever gone; the future is possible, and the present only is ours. It is the season for merriment, for congratulation, and happiness. Listen to the recitals of that hoary-headed veteran. Learn how he fought for liberty; how he struggled and bled, that we might have independence. Watch the animated countenance of that fair girl, as she hearkens to the tale, and turns her beaming look upon a manly figure in the group. Observe those blithesome children, as they sit absorbed by the relation. It is pleasant to be there. But let us also give a thought to the thousands who have no homes; to whom Christmas brings no fond associations; who may be exposed to the peltings of a winter storm; who are acquainted only with misery. For them the FATHER has prepared a mansion not built with hands. They will keep their Christmas there.

ONE often hears of the solidity of British political institutions; but is that a desirable condition when the whole political *status* of a country, together with its material interests, seems to depend on the life of a single individual? Can that be sound which is so easily moved, so readily agitated by fear and apprehension? After all, republicanism has

many compensating attributes, which endear it to those who live in accord with its unpretentious system.

All around us lie the wrecks and *débris* of many a handsome fortune. Money-kings have tumbled from their thrones; shoddy greatness is leveled with the dust. Materialism is the Destroying Angel of the times. It is that quality of the mind which imprisons and crushes the nobler attributes of the heart, when suffered to have sway. When held in check, and allowed only its proper limit, it is an invaluable balance-wheel. With us it has run riot. It has failed to comprehend and provide for the future. It has ignored the situation, and shut its eyes to the advantages which accrue from a liberal policy. It has sealed its pockets against enterprise, and is devoting its energies only to immediate accumulations. It is permitting invaluable natural resources to become the possessions of residents in foreign lands. Grinding, exacting, selfish, and penurious, it is the hard task-master of its possessor. He who lives only to coin cent. per cent.—to bend his whole soul before the shrine of Mammon—is but a galley-slave to himself, the serf of his materialistic disposition. No fine imaginings, no delicate perceptions, no generous emotions, no beautiful instincts, no gentle proclivities, irradiate his darkened nature. He is the proper subject for pity, as well as condemnation.

Our princely Muscovite visitor was shuttlecocked from one Eastern city to another and back again with such unflagging vigor that he could not come to California. He is the seventeenth or eighteenth prince that has ventured across the Atlantic, having been preceded by Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, Jerome Bonaparte, several of the Orleans family, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, two of the Murats, and quite a number of others. Much complaint was made that the reception committees were too exclusive, did not permit the great body of the people to approach the Grand Duke, nor afford him an opportunity to know and understand them. Possibly, there was a deal of flunkeyism in the homage of some persons; but it may be doubted whether the masses would cross the street to see him after they had once looked upon his stalwart figure. It would be strange if there were not some flunkeys in a population of nearly forty millions. We are sorry that he could not behold the majesty of Yosemite, nor smoke his pipe in the hollow of a big tree. He would have delighted to career over the great plains in pursuit of the bison, or to have heard the growl of fraternal welcome from a grizzly of the Rocky Mountains.

Atrocity seems almost a weak epithet to designate the acts of Cuban volunteers. They literally revel in the commission of fiendish deeds. A steady stream of blood has flowed in the "ever-faithful isle" from the commencement of the struggle for independence. Spain has been thrown into a fever of excitement over the cool, deliberate murder of eight boys in Havana. They had foolishly desecrated the grave of a man whom they detested while living, and for that offense were tried by court-martial, and shot to death. Quite a number of others were found guilty, and sentenced to be penitentiaried for a series of years. For unalloyed brutality, commend us to your Cuban volunteer. King Amadeus has at length succeeded in dispossessing them of the Moro and other fortifications, which are now garrisoned by regular troops from Spain. It is easy to conceive what must be the temper of a people subject to the infliction of such terrible barbarities. It is our impression that the dominion of Spain over Cuba is destined to be of short duration.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Second Series. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This book is a compilation of magazine articles and addresses, all of which have already been published. The former papers were contributions to the *Westminster Review* and *Frazer's Magazine;* the latter essays were read at St. Andrew's, before the students of the university, and before a scientific society at Plymouth. The contents-table presents a striking variety. The opening paper, on "Calvinism," was the theme of a rectoral address at St. Andrew's. It is, perhaps, the most noticeable essay in the volume, and is in marked contrast with *The Nemesis of Faith*, published by the same author some twenty years since. The readers of that gloomy production, the tendency of which is to throw doubt on the usually accepted theories of revealed religion, can not fail to be both surprised and gratified with his *quasi* indorsement and eulogistic exordium of Calvinism. The announcement of his theme in the very metropolis of Calvinism, must have begotten somewhat of a startled feeling of apprehension and alarm. Mr. Froude is a bold and original thinker, with strong partialities and prejudices interlinked with, and intensified by, a rare mental and moral fervor. His warm sympathy with the High Church views led him to entertain the idea of studying for the ministry at one period of his life; and he proceeded so far as to be ordained deacon shortly after the close of his collegiate career. But he never undertook any clerical duty, and speedily abandoned theology for literature. Judging from his subsequent movements and writings, it would be reasonable to suppose that of all theological creeds, Calvinism would be most obnoxious to him, but, on the contrary, he sees in it something grand and noble, and he frankly admits that the first symptom of its operation, wherever it established itself, was to obliterate the distinction between sins and crimes, and to make the moral law the rule of life for States as well as persons; that it was a creed which was able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority; and that in one or other of its many forms it has ever borne an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint, than to bend before violence or melt under enervating temptation. He further adds, "If Arminianism most commends itself to our feelings, Calvinism is nearer to the facts, however harsh and forbidding those facts may seem."

It seems a little paradoxical to hear Froude deprecating controversies, and discountenancing attempts at a doctrinal solution of problems, the conditions of which are so imperfectly known. He compares the moral system of the universe to a document written in alternate ciphers, which change from line to line. If we contrive to read a sentence, at the next our key fails us, and if we venture a guess at it, we are guessing in the dark; and hence, he comes to the conclusion that "it seems more faithful, more becoming, in beings such as we are, to rest in the conviction of our own inadequacy, and confine ourselves to those moral rules for our lives and actions on which, so far as they concern ourselves, we are left in no uncertainty at all."

Mr. Froude's disquisition upon Calvinism may certainly lay claim to originality; his method of treatment is fresh, fertile, and suggestive. A close and critical survey of his argument forces the conviction, that, with him, Calvinism and conscience are convertible terms. In order to show what this moral sense is, he aggregates historic *data* wherewith to illumine and illustrate his theme. It is evidently his purpose to eschew what is

technically called revelation, and treat these matters as phenomena of human experience, the lessons of which, he contends, would be identically the same if no revelation existed. His illustrations are gathered from the most remarkable of the great religious movements of history. Beginning with the ecclesiastical hierarchy of Egypt, he hints, also, at the sacerdotalism of mediæval Europe, when the word of the priest—"nine parts a charlatan, and one part, perhaps, himself imposed on"—was absolute. He halts at the seventh century before the Christian era, to cast a hasty glimpse at Buddhism, and passes on to a fuller review of Parseeism, Judaism, Stoicism, and Mohammedanism. His generalization is broad, bold, and masterly; the facts are indisputable, but his philosophic deductions and metaphysical and spiritual theology are not so clearly demonstrated. In his thesis he fails to clearly present and enforce the moral and practical power of his theme. To be sure, he asserts the fact, that, at bottom, there are but two possible religions: that which rises in the moral nature of man and which takes shape in moral commandments, and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe.

"The power of Calvinism," says Mr. Froude, "has waned. The discipline which it once aspired to maintain has fallen slack. Desire for ease and self-indulgence drag forever in quiet times at the heel of noble aspirations, while the shadow struggles to remain and preserve its outline, when the substance is passing away. Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth—the spirit which has appeared and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion, and man be as the beasts which perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves toward them—inherent, like the laws of gravity, in the nature of things; not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril."

There are three other ecclesiastical and theological papers: "A Bishop of the Twelfth Century;" Father Newman on "The Grammar of Assent;" and the "Condition and Prospects of Protestantism." Among the social essays, we note "A Fortnight in Kerry," in two parts; "Education;" and "The Merchant and his Wife." The political subjects treated are, "England and her Colonies;" "Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject;" "The Colonies Once More;" "England's War;" and "The Eastern Question." The paper "On Progress" recently appeared in *Fraser*, attracting much favorable criticism. It has a tropical luxuriance of thought; autumnal richness and ripeness of ideas; rare delicacy, strength, and skill in handling the theme; beauty, sparkle, and symmetry of expression, and a freshness and pictorial power rarely met. The volume is worthy a conspicuous place in every well-assorted library.

MUSKINGUM LEGENDS, WITH OTHER SKETCHES AND PAPERS. By Stephen Powers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Let his own works praise him within the gates!" The author of this fascinating volume deserves to be crowned with praise, and he may

> "With honest pride
> Confess it just, and listen to its music."

The first four papers give the name to the book, and, to us, possess less of interest than those which follow. They have their action on the banks of the picturesque river, which is thus beautifully described:

> "A jolly, twinkling little river it is on a summer's day, winking at all the old, red-jowled farmers, winking very slyly with one eye at their red-cheeked maidens, and with the other at the broad-shouldered, gawky hobbledehoys; winking at the sleepy villages, and the many fields of dark-green maize; winking at the great white-armed sycamores and the willows, whose leaves dance all day in a silly flutter of delight at such flattery; winking at the bright May-weed, and the spring beauties, and yellow dandelions along the grassy bank; winking at the huge eyes of the coal-mines, which glower blackly down upon the little river as it goes dancing, bobbing, blinking, skipping, and winking along."

This exquisite bit of word-painting and descriptive portraiture rivals in delicate beauty the choicest efforts of Beecher in his *Star Papers*, than which the English language

contains nothing more ornate, picturesque, and pleasing. There are subtile wit, inoffensive sarcasm, and spontaneous humor, that keep the reader on the best of terms with himself, with the writer, and with the world generally. He is consciously invigorated, as with a fine, delicious tonic. An interpreter would, doubtless, be of service, in bringing out the evident "hits" made in these first-named papers, as they have more or less bearing on sectional politics. But, like a beautiful landscape, the general effect is so charming one has no desire to pick it to pieces and examine it in detail with an eye-glass.

With an irrepressible "Well done," we take leave of the legends, and greet the "Papers from Germany" with a good-natured welcome. However much we may have admired the constructive skill, beauty, and architectural finish of the opening chapters, they were but as the vestibule to the temple. From this point we have the happiest commingling of the imposing Doric, the graceful Ionic, and the magnificent Corinthian orders. The charming variety affords something in which even the most fastidious may delight. We have oiled photographs, in the highest style of art, of "The Young Men of Germany," and "The Old Boys of America." In "Old Fritz on Guard," we have this pen-portrait of the "terrible old Fritz," with "that broad face, those half-closed eyes, that Burnside beard, that clean-shaven chin, shining almost like the razor with which it was daily polished. It was a heavy face and a fluffy, but sensual, kind, with beetling eyebrows, and inclined to a scowl, serious, but not severe, when in repose. It was eminently a negative face, the scowl seeming to denote a painful labor *for* thought, rather than *with* thought."

And farther on he paints the "old schoolmaster," silent in seven languages, who "flogs the naughty nations without even letting them behold his rod; and who has all Europe mapped on his subtile brain; who coiled his legions like a boa around Metz and crushed it in his folds; who took the Emperor in a trap, and Paris, the world-city, in a mouse-trap. That is Moltke."

We feel the most tantalizing inclination to permit Mr. Powers to do all his own talking; and why not, when he is his own best and sweetest interpreter? Why essay to gild pure gold, or paint the rose? We counsel our readers to hear Mr. Powers for themselves. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have decked him out in befitting apparel, so tastefully decorous that one sees only the wearer, and wonders what it is that so pleases and harmonizes!

Some of the author's choicest contributions to the OVERLAND find a place in this volume.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Benson John Lossing. New York: Putnam & Sons.

It would require a volume quite as large as this history of England to tell the story, as it ought to be told, of what Mr. Lossing has done in the world of letters, printing, and book-making, to say nothing of his watch-making and engraving before he became journalist, illustrator, and author. If we are not in error in our reckoning, not quite sixty winters are upon his head, but whether it is like John Anderson's "My Jo John," a "frosty pow" with a thousand blessings, we can not say, but we hope it is. For, as watch-making was his earliest occupation, and the "Poughkeepsie Telegraph" his second stage in life, it is fair to infer that he has hastened slowly through life in an orderly manner, and is therefore a well-preserved old gentleman. From the newspaper, he advanced, or went up backward, if you please, to a semi-monthly journal, and then took to engraving and drawing in the school of the American Academy of Design in New York city. But engraving on wood did not satisfy his ambition. He set up a "Casket," and then a "Family Magazine illustrated," hoping, very properly, to make deep impressions on the soft heads and plastic minds of youth. And still mounting higher, he gave the world his *Outline History of the Fine Arts*, and then followed "1776," and *The Signers of the Declaration of Independence*. And happily the *People's Mirror* could not keep him from the *Pictorial Field of the Revolution*, in which we have a thousand or more of his own illustrations. These pictures are the fruits of travel "ten thousand miles away" —not "in a Government ship," but on foot and by stage, and common conveyances, to the spots celebrated in the great struggle of

1776. Every body has seen his history of *The Great Civil War;* memoirs; histories for schools; *The War of* 1812, *The French Empire in America*, and many magazine articles have come from his pen. At one time he was a contributor to the *London Art Journal*.

From such a life of successful toil, with such experience, education, and practice with pen and pencil, we should expect a valuable contribution to our school-book literature in this *History of England*. Nor are we disappointed. The plan of the book is simple and easy, compiling facts and arranging eras, so as to bring into proper connection the civil, political, and social condition of the country, as the history proceeds from period to period. It is a great recommendation to the book that a running concordance is presented in the form of marginal references, by which the relation of facts scattered through the work is kept up. The dates are also given at the heads of the chapters, and the pages have appropriate headings. And not the least is the appendix, presenting us with the royal families and principal contemporary European sovereigns, from A.D. 1066 to the present time. There is also a chronology of events in the history of England to 1871. The index is full; and no such book, by the way, should be allowed to be published without an index. There are three maps: one of Britain under the Romans, one under the Saxons, and one of Britain under the Tudors and to the present time.

East and West Poems. By Bret Harte. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The present volume, in addition to a few new poems written since Mr. Harte's departure for the East, contains "The Lost Galleon," and a number of the pieces first collected in the little book to which it gave its title, printed by the author in San Francisco, in 1867. Such of Mr. Harte's poetical contributions to the Overland as did not appear in the *Poems*, published at the beginning of the year, by Osgood & Co., are judiciously included in this volume, and the two may be reasonably presumed to embrace all the author's productions in verse which he cares to present to the public in a permanent form. Indeed, the desire to find sufficient material for a book of respectable dimensions seems to have led to a reconsideration of the critical judgment which excluded several of the pieces contained in *The Lost Galleon* from the first Boston collection. We do not think that Mr. Harte's numerous admirers will regret the exigency which has so far softened the rigor of the criticism he exercises upon his own productions as to cause the restoration to favor of the previously condemned poems. It is, in fact, one or two of the later ones, if any, that we should feel disposed to pronounce unworthy of the company into which they have been introduced. The "Songs without Sense," for instance (which are most aptly named), might have been omitted without other loss than the diminution, by a few pages, of the bulk of the volume; while "In the Mission Garden" is the crudest and least felicitous of all the author's attempts on California themes. Of the recent poems, we like "The Hawk's-Nest" and the "Grayport Legend" best, though the latter is marred by one of Mr. Harte's characteristic protests to prevent the imputation of being too much in earnest, embodied in the lines:

> "It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
> A theme for a poet's idle page."

This is not like those little sarcastic returns upon one's own sentimentality which writers of arch verses often indulge in, and which in that species of composition come in with a happy effect. It seems rather to result from a morbid dread on the part of the poet, lest he should seem to look too seriously upon his own work. "A Newport Romance," which we do not at all admire, develops the same trait in a manner that gives a tone of artificiality and even of affectation to the whole poem. In reading this and Mr. Harte's other poems in a similar vein, we become impressed with the idea that his Muse plumes herself upon an equanimity which is not to be ruffled by any thing so vulgar as an emotion. She is, in fact, a perfectly well-bred Muse, and, like Lady Dedlock, "if she were to be transplanted to heaven to-morrow, might be expected to ascend without any rapture." It has always seemed to us that if Mr. Harte were somewhat less hampered by his reverence of the *nil admirari* canon,

his pathos would often gain in depth, and his humor in heartiness. "Seventy-Nine"—which is the best thing of its kind that we have recently seen—conveys one of those peculiar lessons which abound in the poetical gospel according to Mr. John Hay, and is more in the manner of that writer than any thing from Mr. Harte's pen which we remember. As it admirably illustrates the author's remarkable skill in telling a whole story in very few words, and by hints, as it were, and is moreover one of the few pieces in the volume that we have not seen going the rounds in the newspapers, we give it entire:

"SEVENTY-NINE."

MR. INTERVIEWER INTERVIEWED.

Know me next time when you see me, won't you, old smarty?
Oh, I mean you, old figger-head—just the same party!
Take out your pensivil, d—n you; sharpen it, do!
Any complaints to make? Lots of 'em—one of 'em's *you*.

You! who are you, anyhow, goin' round in that sneakin' way?
Never in jail before, was you, old blatherskite, say?
Look at it; don't it look pooty? Oh, grin, and be d—d to you, do!
But, if I had you this side o' that gratin', I'd just make it lively for you.

How did I get in here? Well, what 'ud you give to know?
'Twasn't by sneakin' round where I hadn't no call to go.
'Twasn't by hangin' round a-spyin' unfortnet men.
Grin! but I'll stop your jaw if ever you do that agen.

Why don't you say suthin', blast you? Speak your mind if you dare.
Ain't I a bad lot, sonny? Say it, and call it square.
Hain't got no tongue, hey, hev ye. O guard! here's a little swell
A cussin', and swearin', and yellin', and bribin' me not to tell.

There, I thought that 'ud fetch ye. And you want to know my name?
"Seventy-nine" they call me; but that is their little game.
For I'm werry highly connected, as a gent, sir, can understand;
And my family hold their heads up with the very furst in the land.

For 'twas all, sir, a put-up job on a pore young man like me;
And the jury was bribed a puppos, and aftdrst they couldn't agree.
And I sed to the Judge, sez I—Oh, grin! it's all right, my son!
But you're a werry lively young pup, and you ain't to be played upon!

Wot's that you got—tobacco? I'm cussed but I thought 'twas a tract.
Thank ye. A chap, t'other day—now, look'ee, this is a fact—
Slings me a tract on the evils o' keepin' bad company,
As if all the saints was howlin' to stay here along 's we.

No; I hain't no complaints. Stop, yes: do you see that chap—
Him standin' over there—a hidin' his eyes in his cap?
Well, that man's stumick is weak, and he can't stand the pris'n fare;
For the coffee is just half beans, and the sugar ain't nowhere.

Perhaps it's his bringin' up; but he sickens day by day,
And he doesn't take no food, and I'm seein' him waste away.
And it isn't the thing to see; for, whatever he's been and done,
Starvation isn't the plan as he's to be saved upon.

For he can not rough it like me; and he hasn't the stamps, I guess,
To buy him his extry grub outside o' the pris'n mess.
And perhaps if a gent like you, with whom I've been sorter free,
Would—thank you! But, say, look here! Oh, blast it, don't give it to ME!

Don't you give it to me; now, don't ye, don't ye, don't!
You think it's a put-up job; so I'll thank ye, sir, if you won't.
But hand him the stamps yourself: why, he isn't even my pal;
And if it's a comfort to you, why, I don't intend that he shall.

ZANITA: A Tale of Yosemite. By Thérèse Yelverton. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The literary *gourmands* who feed on novels, probably learn to distinguish the flavors of each class, and it is possible that those whose tastes are more delicate than the average readers have a decided preference for certain authors. There are books by young women who write brilliantly, but evasively; books by young men who are analytical, but, unhappily, ungrammatical; and books by anonymous writers who possess neither gen-

ius nor judgment, yet their ingenuity is not exhausted in an octavo of three hundred double-columned pages. *Zanita* is not included in this meagre catalogue; but, rather, it seems to us, belongs to the increasing library of amateur authorship, which is so largely contributed to by women.

A work of decided genius stamps itself upon the mind: it is like a statue, whose shadow is clearly cut, so that with your back to the original there is enough of its character in the shadow to give satisfaction. The shadow of *Zanita* is indefinite and incomplete: the original is not sound and whole. There is a certain incoherency in the plot, and a spasmodical development of the story, that are not calculated to win the confidence of the reader. "Egremont," in whose haughty presence the distinguished authoress incessantly burns incense, fails to impress the unsusceptible reader: he is, in fact, little better than a rather sensuous automaton. The outline of "Kenmuir" is more worthy of her enthusiasm. Perhaps the little drama of *Zanita* is somewhat dwarfed by the stupendous shadows of the great amphitheatre, wherein the actors appear exceedingly small; but they all pay homage, in their own fashion, to every point of interest in the valley, and there is much that is charming in what they have to say, and very much that is suggestive.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE, including a Transcript from Euripides. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

There is something chivalric in the origin and purpose of this poem: An artist (Mr. Leighton) having contributed to the London Exhibition a fine picture of "Hercules Wrestling with Death for Alcestis," a countess suggests this picture to a poet as an excellent theme for his next song. The poet assures the countess that it "has proved the most delightful of May month amusements," as he begs to lay his lines at her feet with becoming gratitude. Indeed, any poet might feel deeply grateful for having written so well at the request of any countess. The key-note of Mr. Browning's poem is a stanza from the pen of his lamented wife; he harps upon it with a lover's fondness. He says:

"I knew the poetess who graved in gold,
Among her glories that shall never fade,
This style and title for Euripides,
The Human with his droppings of warm tears."

In his poetic fervor, he forgets not to pay tribute to the painter whose picture fired the countess with the contagious enthusiasm to which the poet soon fell a willing victim:

"I knew, too, a great Kaunian painter, strong
As Herakles, though rosy with a robe
Of grace that softens down the sinewy strength:
And he has made a picture of it all.
There lies Alkestis dead, beneath the sun
She longed to look her last upon, beside
The sea, which somehow tempts the life in us
To come trip over its white waste of waves
And try escape from earth, and fleet as free.
. . . . I pronounce the piece
Worthy to set up in our Poikilé!"

It has always seemed to us a fair test of a poem, to sound it, line by line, and see whether or not, by itself, it is able to sing a little. Probably there are few lines in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" that will not instantly be recognized as fragments of a poem, though read disconnectedly and apart from any relationship with any poem. The flavor is there, just as the odor and the tint are represented in every rose-leaf, though the rose is wanting. *Balaustion's Adventure* is made up of these lines, though they are sometimes welded with meaner ones. Where two great artists play upon the same instrument, it is difficult to distinguish the small differences of style peculiar to each. There are passages in this poem that might safely be attributed to Tennyson; here, for instance, where the adventure of "Balaustion" seems likely to result in shipwreck:

". . . . . . In a frenzy, so the noble oars
Churned the black water white, then well away
We drew, soon saw land rise, saw hills grow up,
Saw spread itself a sea-wide town with towers
Not fifty stadio distant."

And here again:

"'So sang Euripides,' she said; 'so sang
The meteoric poet of air and sea,
Planets and the pale populace of heaven,
The mind of man, and all that's made to soar!'
And so, although she has some other name,
We only call her wild-pomegranate-flower,
Balaustion; since, where'er the red bloom burns
I' the dull dark verdure of the bounteous tree,
Dethroning, in the Rosy Isle, the rose,
You shall find food, drink, odor, all at once;
Cool leaves to bind about an aching brow,
And never much away, the nightingale."

These passages might as well come from one of Tennyson's "Idyls" as from Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure*. They are as rich and resonant from the one page as the other; and, so long as it is masterly in either case, the reader cares not to question the original source. Where a poet sings like one rejoicing in his strength, the listeners are apt to think more of his song than of his personality. In *Balaustion's Adventure* there is an occasional vagueness which is Browning's own; but there are fire, and strength, and skill, which are his also. Witness this passage, descriptive of a hero, who, in a moment of forgetfulness, becomes very human, but recovers in season to save his reputation:

"He plucked the chaplet from his forehead, dashed
The myrtle-sprays down, trod them underfoot!
And all the joy and wonder of the wine
Withered away, like fire from off a brand
The wind blows over — . . . .
* * * * * * *
Not long quenched! As the flame, just hurried off
The brand's edge, suddenly renews its bite,
Tasting some richness caked i' the core o' the tree—
Pine, with a blood that's oil — and triumphs up
Pillar-wise to the sky and saves the world:
So, in a spasm and splendor of resolve,
All at once did the god surmount the man."

BEHIND THE BARS. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The author of this volume has evidently been there himself: he knows whereof he speaks. He thinks the Pennsylvanian Quakers struck the key-note of what an asylum for the insane should be when they gave it the descriptive appellation of "The Bettering House!" In accordance with the true demands of enlightened humanity, he seeks to point out details of the system described so evidently defective, as to insure all practicable reform as soon as they are generally known, and to render such aid as is possible toward elevating the standard of treatment, and hence improving the condition of the most unfortunate beings of the human race. It is certainly true that whatever tends to throw a ray of light upon this dark valley of the shadow of death is of infinite human concern.

The author is, however, a trifle reckless in the assertion that the idea of the work is thoroughly original, nothing of the kind having ever been attempted before. In scope and detail, it may differ essentially from many other works of similar intent; but this same publishing-house sent out, not long since, an admirable work, by Dr. Storer, of Boston, on the *Causation, Course, and Treatment of Reflex Insanity in Women*, in which he presents a careful elucidation of the true causation of mental disturbance, and suggests a more rational treatment than is generally adopted. And yet, Dr. Storer assumes to be a pioneer rather than a discoverer. Formerly, all cases of insanity were treated under one head, with uniform similarity of method, without classification or studied analysis. But now, the conditions, phases, and types are multiform, diffusely treated, and analytically handled. The treatment of the insane is a topic that is stirring the best minds of this country and of Europe. Well it may, when the increased complication of modern pursuits, the severe taxing of the mental powers, the cruel exactions made upon the physical strength, the crushing experiences of social and domestic life, the numberless abuses of a false and fashionable career, are tending largely to multiply its forms and manifestations. Men and women in the highest social positions; men of learning, energy, strength; women, intelligent, brilliant, and gentle, fall alike victims to the terrible scourge. The hush of an ominous silence can no longer be maintained upon so grave a subject. Like any other disease, it must be studied, discussed, diagnosticated, and assiduously treated.

The author of the work before us handles the abuses of insane asylums without gloves. He has evidently been "behind the bars." He does not speak in parables when he describes "the waking of the patient to see if he is asleep;" when, through grief, wakefulness, waiting, watching, home-sickness, bewilderment, some poor victim is made even more frantic with torture and violation of nature; when some demented creature has had his ribs crushed in by the knees of his attendant while kneeling upon him — there is the ring of truth in these sad and harrowing details. He says of asylums: "Professedly, they are for the cure of insanity; literally, they are for encouraging, and, in some cases, it almost seems, making

insanity. Thus, for instance, in the dictionary of this opinion, it might be defined as follows: INSANE ASYLUM — A place where insanity is made."

Let us hope, for the sake of humanity, that the author of this volume is an enthusiast, and unduly energized upon the subject which he so zealously treats. His work can not fail to excite interest in the heart of every lover of his kind, despite the execrable grammar and ludicrous skirmishes with philosophical and metaphysical subtilties in which the valiant chieftain seems to "see men as trees walking."

A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. By Xavier De Maistre. Translated from the French, by H. A. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is a beautifully printed little volume of 152 pages, from the Riverside Press. Some of the chapters have illustrated headings, which are in themselves studies worthy of attention. Though the work is nearly half a century old, and the author made his last voyage in 1852, not *round his room*, but from it, to "*that* undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," still it has all the freshness of a new work. It has been, in fact, but little known to the English-speaking world, until very recently.

We confess to having read this little volume with delight, being very much charmed with the *naiveté* and impudence of the first chapter; and then, when we found ourselves at the last page, we wondered why we read it at all. We could not answer the question why we were pleased with it, nor recollect any valuable lesson from it, except that a man is always more amiable and happy in a clean shirt than without one. Yes, we do remember a spirited discussion as to the comparative merits of painting and music; and as the author was a painter himself, it is no wonder he gives the prize to his own art.

De Maistre also sympathizes deeply with Milton's Satan, declaring that he was hardly used, and was, in fact, a great hero. But if his orthodoxy is as loose as his quotations from Milton are incorrect, he will do but little harm. De Maistre is an honored name. Our author was brother of Count Joseph de Maistre, an able writer upon political and philosophical subjects. He was born in Chambéry, though the family was of French origin. He was an officer in the Sardinian army, then a resident of St. Petersburg, and became a major-general in the Russian armies against Persia. He began life as a miniature-painter, then a soldier, and then a word-painter, with considerable acquaintance with science, art, and literature. His versatility and good humor seem never to have failed him. This little volume is, in part, his own biography. He wrote several other books, which contain charming pictures of domestic scenes. In one of his little chapters, he tells us that the fumes of his indigestion beclouded him so that he could not finish it. There are few, we fancy, whose fumes of indigestion will prevent them from going through this volume if they once begin to read it.

STOLEN WATERS. By Celia E. Gardner. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

In this volume we have 326 solid pages of the most remarkable verse that the "iron sibyl" has in our generation distributed for the delectation of the literary world. Miss Gardner is not one of those light-minded triflers with the Muses, who "work without a conscience or an aim." On the contrary, she comes before the public with the clearly defined purpose of pointing a moral, or, rather, three several and distinct morals, which she is at the pains of declaring and setting forth in a "Prelude," as follows:

"Three things it has been my endeavor to show;
And lest I have failed in portraying them so
That they may be discerned — like an artist I know,
Who writes o'er the landscape he paints, "These are trees" —
So I o'er my work write the points, which are these:
First! That no one can tell what they'll do till they're tried,
Must in like circumstances be placed to decide;
That those the most strong in asserting their own
Immaculateness, are most often the ones
Not alone to be tried in that special respect,
But to yield to the offered temptation when met.
Second! That it is possible for e'en a love
That's forbidden — impassioned and earnest above
All expression — to be not alone true, but pure,
And that love without marriage not always insures
Criminality for those who to it succumb;
And that a true love can but act upon one
Beneficially, and a refiner become.

And, *Third!* That though conscience and principle may
For a time be crushed down, in the end their full sway
They'll resume, and accomplish what naught else could do.
And with this Prelude brief, I my work leave to you."

The high moral lesson that "love without marriage not always insures criminality for those who to it succumb," is illustrated by what the reader is led to infer to be an ingenious narrative of the personal experiences of the author, who relates, in amazing verse—the peculiar construction of which is dimly suggestive of the earlier style of Martin Farquhar Tupper—how her maiden fancy was captivated by the "angel voice" and "manly form" of the handsome tenor of the Bethel where her father weekly repaired with his family for "stated ministrations." The fact that the handsome tenor is a married man does not present itself to the mind of the heroine in the light of an objection to making him the object of her virgin affections. On the contrary, she gives frank expression to her broad and unprejudiced views on the subject of the social relations, and proceeds to open a correspondence with her hero, whom she thus describes:

"He was not very formidable, after all;
He is neither quite short, nor is he very tall.
His shoulders are wide, and you'd feel you could rest
Safe sheltered from harm on his broad, manly breast.
Dark hair, soft dark eyes, and a mouth passing sweet;
Soft mustaches and whiskers shade both lip and cheek;
Hands white and well shaped, moderately small feet," etc.

The correspondence leads at last to an interview, and to an acquaintance, which we should feel bound to regard as platonic, but for the fact that such an interpretation would rob the second "moral" declared in the "prelude" of its point. At length, however, the wife obligingly dies, and the hero and heroine get married like commonplace people. *Stolen Waters* is characterized in the publishers' catalogue as "one of the most remarkable books of the season." This is putting the merits of the work much too feebly: there would have been no breach of truth or modesty in declaring it to be the most remarkable poetical performance since Mr. Tupper's volcanic muse, in a state of animated eruption, produced the famous verses, commencing:

"From the vext bowels of my soul
Lava-currents roar and roll,
Bursting out in torrent wide
Through my crater's rugged side."

The poem is published simultaneously in London and New York: a thoughtful arrangement, which prevents any invidious discrimination against the lovers of literature in the elder continent.

A POET'S BAZAAR. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

We do not at present recall a writer who confides in the public to so great an extent as Andersen. *The Story of His Life* is a heart-confession that keeps no secret from the world. *A Poet's Bazaar* is a supplement to that confession, as though the poet had not been explicit enough in the story, and hastened, therefore, to elaborate detail. We confess the charm of this ingenuous trust in humanity. The sincerity of the author is stamped upon every page, and few men are so keenly observant and so sympathetic. These pictures of travel in Germany, Italy, Greece, and the Orient are highly colored, and exquisitely finished. Many of his descriptive passages are extremely poetical, and the poet thus apologizes for his enthusiasm:

"A poet sings, because, like the bird, he can not help it; something swells in his breast, and in his thoughts. The song will out; it spreads like the light, it rises like the waves. But very often Nature places a leaf of her great music-book before him, and it is a challenge to sing—and then he sings from her notes. Naples and the whole coast lay like a large piece of music before me—a song without words."

He is not long in giving words to the song, almost as musical as the waters of the lovely bay that surrounded him.

Here is a "profile," such as he sketches hastily:

"We are in Volksgarten. Gentlemen and ladies stroll under the green trees in lively conversation; the waiters fly in all directions to procure ices. The tones of a great orchestra spread through the garden. In the midst of the musicians stands a young man of dark complexion; his large brown eyes glance round about in a restless manner; his head, arms, and whole

body move. It is as if he were the heart in that great musical body, and, as we know, the blood flows through the heart; and here the blood is tones: these tones were born in him, he is the heart, and all Europe hears its musical beatings; its own pulse beats stronger when it hears them. The man's name is—Straus."

He thus discourses of another sort of concert, in which he took an active part:

"A real Danish toothache is not to be compared to an Italian one. Pain played on the keys of my teeth as if it were a Liszt or a Thalberg. Sometimes it rumbled in the foreground, and then anon in the background—as when two martial bands answer each other—whilst a large front-tooth sang the *prima-donna's* part, with all the trills, *roulades*, and cadences of torture."

The readers of Hans Andersen's *Life* will remember his early poverty, and his life-long struggle with the critics of Denmark. Nothing can be imagined more malicious than their repeated attacks upon his reputation. They are not satisfied with ill-using his books, but seem to take malicious pleasure in ridiculing every act and misinterpreting every motive of the man who has done more for the glory of Denmark, than any other of the score of Danes whose fame has spread beyond the border of their little kingdom.

Andersen, having been *fêted* in many countries, returns to his own people with a sad heart. He says:

"My voyage is now over. A dejection of spirits creeps over me, and presses on my heart—a prediction of something evil! In our little Denmark, every person of talent stands so near the others that each pushes and treads on the other, for all will have a place. As regards myself, *they have only eyes for my faults!* My way at home is through a stormy sea! I know that many a wave will yet roll heavily over my head before I reach the haven! Yet this I know full well, that posterity can not be more severe to me than are those by whom I am surrounded."

Yet he has comprehended the philosophy of travel who says: "The first moment of arrival at home is, however, the *bouquet* of the whole voyage."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Popularize ideas if you would propagate them, in this present day and generation! A world of trouble would be saved, if children could only read themselves into virtue and well-doing. And why not? Their susceptibility to moral polish is wonderful, if only one knows the happy knack of applying it.

Let Master Tommy discover a fascinating octavo, in blue and gold, dangling beside his distorted stocking-leg on Christmas morning, and his exultant, boyish heart will give a perceptible bound, as he ruthlessly turns to the title-page. But the doom of that book may be pronounced by the opening paragraph. For instance, let the first offensively suggestive injunction be, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!" in leaded minion, and the pugnacious little tyrant, "by his minions led," will make off for the first accessible apple-orchard, or watermelon-patch (that is, provided apple-orchards and watermelon-patches offer succulent inducements about Christmas-time). Young America brooks no such assault upon his integrity. Sanctimonious selections, which devout old dames consider amazingly proper and wholesome for the rising generation, are repudiated with a kind of ferocious disdain by the generation in question. They have an innate sense of the ridiculous impropriety of planting a heavy piece of artillery to batter down a bird's-nest.

To be a judicious and helpful writer for the young, is to deserve and exact perpetual veneration. An ancient Athenian orator compared the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, to that which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The detriment which the public sustains from wrong predilections given to children by the mental pabulum prepared for their use, is an evil not less deplorable in its results; as it vitiates and enfeebles, and thus robs the world of beauty, excellence, and strength. Too much discretion could scarcely be exercised in the selections for juvenile libraries; and in the sweeping avalanche of this sort of literature, it is no sinecure to hunt out the gems from among the mass of verbal rubbish. Of course, there are names which carry their own credentials along with them—such as *Hans Andersen*, *George McDonald*, *Mrs. Whitney*, and others which we might cite—whose works are all calculated to lead childhood forth into sunny paths, never for once deploying into dubious routes, infected with miasma and pestilential vapors.

But there are other authors, less known to

fame, who contribute their quota to this department of literature, and whose works deserve honorable mention. Among the more stirring and ambitious books for boys, we note *Fire in the Woods*, from the B. O. W. C. series, all of which have been exceedingly popular. There is an ingenious blending of artistic finish with rustic roughness, calculated to fascinate and inspire the boy-nature. *The American Home Book of In-door Games* is a valuable acquisition to juvenile literature; and it will be to the parlor and nursery what *Marion Harland's Recipe Book* is to the *cuisine*. *Houses not Made with Hands* is of a semi-religious tendency—a book of distinctive excellences, though a trifle too philosophical for ordinary childish comprehension. For the trundle-bed fraternity, we can heartily commend *The Kathie Stories*, as sprightly and attractive. A peep at "Hila Dart," "the pluckiest girl in all the town," is provocative of noise and turbulence. She is full of her little naggings—as the English would put it—but irresistibly lovable, for all that. If the equilibrium needs to be restored after a tilt with "Hila," just turn to *Little Jakey*, whose pathetic history will beget becoming solemnity; and the little folks may then march off to bed, keeping step to *Mother Goose Set to Music*, decidedly one of the most pleasing and original novelties among the Christmas offerings.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

THE SPARK OF GENIUS. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

FIRE IN THE WOODS. By James DeMille. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE HOME AT HEATHERBRAE. A Tale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

MORNING GLORIES. By Louisa M. Alcott. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

VICTORY DEANE. A Novel. By Cecil Griffith. Boston: A. K. Loring.

THE RIGHT ONE. By Marie S. Schwartz. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE. New York: Holt & Williams.

LADY JUDITH. By Justin McCarthy. New York: Sheldon & Co.

OVERLAND. By J. W. DeForest. New York: Sheldon & Co.

AMERICAN HOME BOOK OF IN-DOOR GAMES, RECREATIONS, AND OCCUPATIONS. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE LAND OF LORNE. By Robert Buchanan. New York: F. B. Felt & Co.

HOUSES NOT MADE WITH HANDS. By Mamma Geegee. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

MOTHER GOOSE SET TO MUSIC. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD. By J. T. Headley. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

RICHARD VANDERMARCK. A Novel. By Mrs. Sidney S. Harris. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

HILA DART, A BORN ROMP. By Mary E. Mumford. Philadelphia: W. B. Evans & Co.

EATING AND DRINKING. By Geo. M. Beard, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Miscellaneous:

THE EXPLORER'S, MINER'S, AND METALLURGIST'S COMPANION. By J. S. Phillips, M. E. San Francisco: Dewey & Co.

THE WANDERER. A Colloquial Poem. By Wm. Ellery Channing. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

THE PIONEER'S CHIMNEY, etc. By John James Piatt. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

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VOL. 8. NO. 2.

THE

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

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VOL. 8.—FEBRUARY, 1872.—NO. 2.

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.

No. III.—PROCESSES AND VARIETIES.

THAT the making of wine may be done in a proper, as well as profitable manner, every available portion of the grape should be made use of. All the juice that can be easily pressed out should be made into wine, and the remnants of the grapes after the pressing should be used to produce brandy. Unfortunately for the wine-makers of the State, the laws and regulations made by Congress for governing distillers generally, are entirely impracticable as applied to the distillation of the product of grapes. These regulations have proved in practice to be so onerous and burdensome to this class of distillers, that not one-quarter of the brandy is manufactured even from the refuse of the press that should be made. Wastefulness is never considered profitable, but if these Federal regulations are carried out (as they are), it is almost an advantage to the wine-maker to throw away the leavings of the press. And this is just what has been done ever since the unwise legislation of Congress has been enforced. The wine-makers everywhere, with hardly any exceptions, simply press out the juice as much as is practicable, and then throw away the balance, thereby losing, for themselves and the community, the value of ten proof gallons of brandy to every original ton of grapes. Instead of there being, as there should be, a small still attached to every vineyard, no matter what its size, there can hardly be found one to every hundred vineyards, under the present regulations. This is all wrong; and a strenuous, as well as united effort, should be made to bring Congress to a just understanding of the damage that its inapplicable rules are causing. As a single illustration of the absurdity of the law, we will mention the capacity regulation. This consists in making a survey of the still, and fixing thereby its capacity for distilling per diem. Now, some of our wines will yield sixteen per cent. absolute alcohol, while the remnants from the pressings, in many instances, do not yield five per cent. The difference is eleven per cent. when half

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and half are distilled, and much greater when more of the weaker wine is distilled; in fact, it is impossible to reach the Government survey with any thing but a right strong wine, and hence but little other is distilled with profit. There is another part of these regulations, which is a very heavy burden to wine-makers: it is that which compels them to pay the Internal Revenue tax upon their brandy so soon after distillation. This tax amounts to two-fifths of the salable value of the brandy, and its tendency is to make the producer dispose of it at the earliest possible opportunity. He can not keep it to acquire the proper quality by age, when, besides its original cost to him, he has to add one hundred per cent. more in the shape of a cash outlay; so, instead, it is hurried upon the market long before it has attained any of the necessary qualities. The Government should build, or cause to be built, bonded warehouses, at convenient distances, in the wine districts, where these brandies might be bonded and be left to attain age, and only exact the taxes thereon when removed, or after a reasonable number of years, say from two to four. The distillers of grapes throughout the State would immediately avail themselves of this privilege, and in a few years we would seldom meet any raw California brandy. It is even more important that brandy should have age than wine, for when new it is uninviting, and even unpalatable. There is still one thing more which should be allowed to grape distillers: that of exemption of taxes upon all brandies exported without the limits of the United States. If this were done, there would hardly be a limit to the trade that would be carried on when the business of exportation had once properly begun. Our brandies would then be within the reach of the whole world—France not excepted. Pure and entire grape brandy could be sold, if exempt from taxation, at eighty cents per gallon—less, even, than it is sold for in France. It would, from its very cheapness, immediately become an article of export to all the countries bordering upon the Pacific Ocean. All our pure wines and grapes would be distilled into brandy; the refuse would no longer be thrown away; hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved to the community, and as many more returned as a result of our export. Wines themselves would bring fairer prices, not being in competition with those only fit for the still, and a new era of prosperity would begin. It is to be hoped that proper representations will be made to Congress with regard to this great interest of our State.

As to the progress we have made in the improvement of the qualities of our brandies, it has been equal to that made in our wines. We have no brandies of any considerable age; but still, limited quantities are procurable which are from three to four years old, and which, though not presenting the exact taste of any particular brand of Cognac, nevertheless are just as pleasant and drinkable as most of them of the same age, and of less than one-quarter the price. It is not essential that our brandies resemble exactly any one kind of French Cognac, for no two brands from France are counterparts. Each house dealing in Cognac has adopted a certain flavoring, and they all differ. Our distillers have not got so far yet as to make a general use of flavoring in their brandies; and we must say, that when these are properly distilled and refined, aided by reasonable age, they require no artificial flavoring, and become rich, mellow, and inviting.

There have been various methods and processes suggested and tried, to give the qualities of age to brandies and wines. One process consists of heating the wines or brandies; and another, of freezing them. One consists of pumping air into the wine; while another

pumps it out. Each and all claim perfection for their processes; but those who have tried them thoroughly have condemned all these expedients, as entirely inefficient in producing the benefits promised. The only change effected was a vapid softness, that in no manner resembled the qualities acquired by age. Age develops the flavor, through a long, slow, and gradual change of the natural ingredients of the wine; and when this flavor has become fully and agreeably developed, it is called bouquet. There is no artificial process yet invented which can produce this result. It is much to be regretted that many of our wine-makers are so enterprising, because they have been, and still will be, victimized by every sanguine process-inventor who comes along. Thousands of gallons of good wine have thus been spoiled annually, by people who wish their wines to acquire all the qualities that age alone can communicate. But we learn as we grow older; and the good days of these would-be inventors have passed. We are fast coming to the conclusion, that Nature's laboratory, managed by Time, is the most perfect of all; and man can follow closely, but not excel, nor even equal, Nature's silent work.

During the first few years of grape culture in California, considerable quantities of wine were made, and put upon the market; and, as it did not find an immediate sale, the producers became almost disheartened. They had serious cause for fear, as the California wines had not yet been extensively introduced, and the consumption was still very limited. The wine merchants would gladly have purchased, but the limited means they possessed were already invested, the banks refused them credit, and capitalists were unwilling to invest their money in what they considered a hazardous business. Little did either the bankers or capitalists imagine to what an extent this enterprise would be carried in a few short years. Neither did they know that wine was one of the best and safest securities upon which money could be loaned; for, instead of decreasing in value, it improves, becoming more and more valuable as it grows older, and in greater proportion than the cost of care, storage, and interest. But bankers and capitalists begin to understand the real value of such security, and but little difficulty is now experienced by wine-merchants in obtaining all needed accommodation.

The dealers of San Francisco, after receiving and storing the wines until they attain the age they desire them to acquire, clarify them, and then offer them to the trade. This is done either in bottles, in demijohns, or in small barrels, according to the respective classes of trade they are engaged in. Very large quantities of wine are shipped to the Eastern States, *via* Cape Horn and the Isthmus of Panama. A great deal is also sent overland, by railroad, to the Territories, and the States in the Mississippi Valley. The business with these latter has increased in the most encouraging manner, ever since the railroad began to carry freight.

The reputation of California wines in the Eastern States is at this moment undergoing one of the severest trials that can be put upon the product of any country: that of palming off upon the confiding public spurious, inferior, and barefaced imitations of the same, which never saw the soil of our State, nor resemble our wines in any particular. This unscrupulous traffic is carried on openly throughout the Eastern States, and millions of gallons of these compounds over and above the actual product of this State are probably sold. It is of the greatest importance to our wine-makers to ascertain by what means this evil can be stopped, or at least mitigated, else it will soon become difficult to retain the fair reputation we have al-

ready gained. This imposition can only be practiced upon those who are not accustomed to our wines; and it is so unskillfully manufactured that it is a matter of surprise how any wine-drinker can be deceived by it. The basis is generally cider, while the other ingredients are alum, cream-tartar, sulphuric acid, catechu, sugar, water, alcohol, and logwood, and the resulting liquid is flavored and called wine. It is labeled German Hock, Château-Yquem, or California White Wine, according to that which is most in vogue at the time of manufacture.

Another circumstance, much to be regretted, is the universal custom of Eastern houses, who deal in California wines, to purchase the cheapest, not the best, of our wines; and these are, of course, offered to their customers as having been selected by themselves from the finest products of our State. It seems as if these houses aim more at the extent of their immediate sales than the foundation of a future reputation—striving to outdo each other in the decreased prices, and not in the superiority of the wines offered; every year sending out their agents, who purchase the lowest-priced wines that can be found. It will be necessary for some of our own houses of known reputation, in pure self-defense, to establish depots of their own in the principal cities of the East. This is constantly urged by Eastern men of influence, who are all loud in their praise of the wines they find here, but equally loud in their denunciations of those which are sold as California wines throughout the Atlantic States.

It was once thought that New York would be the future central distributing point of all our wines, but the potent influence of the railroad has already made itself felt, and it now becomes more and more evident that San Francisco is destined to occupy that important position. The orders which formerly were filled in New York, are now being filled in San Francisco; and this extends not only to the States of the Mississippi Valley, but even to those bordering on the Atlantic. These direct orders would be more frequent and to a larger extent, if our rates of interest were lower and a more extended credit were given, as is customary with Eastern houses. The difference in currency also acts as a drawback. But even in the face of these inequalities, the change is being rapidly effected.

The value of our wine from any particular district, or from the whole State, has not yet been definitely determined, and we are therefore without a positive wine market. The preferences of the consumers can alone establish true values; and these will be ascertained by time and experience. The vineyards which rank as the very best, one year, may have to recede from that position the next season, and give the palm to a new vineyard, which is bearing for the first time, or whose superiority remains unknown till the comparison has been made.

Our wines are generally considered cheap, but they are not as cheap as some of them should be, nor as high-priced as a few will surely become. It is of the greatest importance that we have wines that can be used instead of tea or coffee, and at a reduced price they can take the place of both these articles. That wine is healthier and contains more nourishment than either, is a fact upheld by the most reliable chemists and physicians. Growers should not receive less than their present profits: and hence we suggest the necessity of planting varieties, which, at the same cost in cultivation, will produce more to the acre; that they secure casks at a less cost, money at lower rates of interest, cheaper labor, and more perfect machinery. The wine-merchant must also practice economy—secure low interest and in-

crease the amount of his sales, so that his profits on each gallon shall be less, but in the aggregate more. It is by such united efforts that wine can be sold cheaper to the consumer; and when this has been accomplished, this industry will attain that firm and important position that it is destined to occupy in our commerce. The higher prices for certain wines will be established by known preferences, and limited by the ability to supply the demand. Heretofore our wines have reached the consumer under the too general and too sweeping denomination of "California wine." This, however, is now fast being done away with, and each district is being recognized as producing certain characteristics of its own, and is receiving such reputation as its merit entitles it to. Thus, we have Sonoma, Anaheim, Los Angeles, Napa, and El Dorado wines, each bearing its peculiar characteristics, and purchased on that account. Gradually the classification will advance, and the distinction made be greater among the vineyards in each district. Even now this distinction is made by several of the prominent wine-houses in San Francisco, who are willing to pay an increased percentage for wines from certain vineyards in the same district.

We are now enabled to point out with great precision the character of wine which our best-known districts are capable of producing, and there are probably but few wines made in any part of the globe whose general characteristics can not be reproduced very closely, in some portion of our State. For instance, Sonoma is best adapted to produce white wines, resembling those of Germany; the upper part of Napa Valley and certain portions of Santa Clara County will make excellent clarets; the Sacramento Valley, near the foot of the inclosing hills, is destined to produce our future sweet muscats; El Dorado County is best adapted to the production of a wine resembling the far-famed Burgundy; Solano County produces a wine which is a natural port; San Joaquin and Stanislaus counties give wines which closely resemble, both in flavor and taste, the best Madeira, but they have to attain an age of from five to six years before this taste is sufficiently developed; Anaheim and certain portions of Los Angeles County produce light white wines, which very closely resemble those of Chablis, in France, and they, too, must be some four years old before this peculiarity shows itself distinctly, and the last two years should be in bottle. Many other districts will, in time, manifest their characteristics, and be classified.

THE GLEICHEN LEGEND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE Sultan who, at that time, held the sway over Egypt, was the valiant Malek al Aziz Othman, a son of the celebrated Saladin. His greatest proof of valiancy, however, was in his numerous progeny, of which the Princess Melechsala was the last and most lovely. The only surviving daughter of the Sultan, she was so richly gifted with Nature's treasures, that Court and people were unanimous in their praises, and the father's eye could not but dote on her beauty. She was the pride of the Sultan's family, her brothers even competing with one another to show her esteem and affection. The grave Divan sat often in solemn consultation as to what prince to attach to Egypt's benefit by an alliance of love. But the father cared for little else than how to gratify the slightest wish of his favored daughter, so as to keep her mind in constant brightness, lest the slightest cloud should cast a shadow over her pure and lovely face.

The Princess had passed the first years of her childhood under the care of a nurse, who was a Christian, of Italian parentage. In her youth she was carried off by pirates from the shores of her native town, sold in Alexandria, traded over from one to another, until she came into the palace of the Sultan, where she became the nurse of the young Princess. Gifted with a good memory and a smooth and fluent tongue, she knew so many stories and tales, that the Princess delighted in them—not a thousand nights, but a thousand weeks. But when a girl has lived a thousand weeks, she is no more contented with strange stories: she begins to find material for a story of her own.

Now the fairy tales gave way to vivid pictures of European manners and customs; and the nurse, remembering her youth, gave such pleasing descriptions of Italy, that the tender imagination of her princely nursling never could forget these warm and glowing impressions. The more she grew in years, the more the Princess Melechsala became passionate for European habits and ornaments, and her whole appearance seemed to discard the usages of her country, and to lean to European fashions.

From her childhood she loved flowers, and if in other things she had European fancies, in this one she gave proof of Arabian descent, that she delighted in expressing the feelings of her tender heart by significant bouquets and floral crowns. Yea, she contrived ingeniously to embody whole sentences and verses of the Alcoran by a happy combination of various flowers. Then she gave her companions the task of guessing, in which they seldom missed. Thus she one day formed a chalcedonian *lychnis* in the form of a heart, encircled this with white roses and lilies, supporting it with two slender lilies—inclosing a beautiful anemone; and when she offered it to her attendant ladies, they all spoke, "Innocence of heart is above birth and beauty."

Father Othman rejoiced in the playful ingenuity of his beautiful daughter. His talents in that line were poor. A strict and honest Moslem, he sympathized little with the foreign propensities of the fair Melechsala; but, as a tender

and affectionate father, he rather encouraged her floral predilections. Then he contrived to combine these with her European tendencies, and had imagined to lay out for her a garden according to the taste of the Western nations. The idea struck him so as to communicate it to his favorite Sheik, Kiamel, pressing its execution with the utmost speed.

Aware that his master's wish was law, the Sheik did not care to speak of difficulties. He knew as little about a European garden as the Sultan himself, and, in all Cairo, he knew not a soul who could assist him. Then he inquired after a gardener among the Christian slaves, and got, as we have seen, the wrong man for the business. No wonder that he felt uneasy, when beholding the strange reform in gardening: should the Sultan feel about it like himself, he might, at least, reckon to lose his favor.

The new garden had been kept a secret for the Court. No one belonging to the seraglio had been allowed to see it. For the Sultan wished to surprise his daughter on her birthday, lead her with pomp and ceremony into the new domain, and give it to her as a royal present.

The day approached, and his Highness manifested the wish to see beforehand the new plantation, so as to be enabled himself to explain to the beautiful Melechsala its peculiar beauties. The Sheik had strange misgivings, and, for the sake of prudence, thought of a protecting discourse, in case the Sultan should feel displeased.

"Commander of the Faithful," said he, "thy wish is the line of my steps; my feet run where thou leadest them, and my hands hold firmly what thou confidest to them. Thou desiredst a garden after the Frankish fashion: here it is before thine eyes. These unmannerly barbarians know nothing but barren deserts, which, in their rough country, where date nor lemon grow, and *kalaf* and *bohobab* are unknown, they plant with grass and weeds. For the Prophet's curse casts the dust of barrenness over the fields of the Infidels, nor does it allow them the foretaste of Paradise, by the fragrant balsam of Mecca and the spicy fruit of Yemen."

The day was at his decline when the Sultan, accompanied by the Sheik alone, entered the garden. He was all expectation. The palm-tree grove had disappeared, and he beheld, with the joy of novelty, a wide view of part of Cairo, the smooth-running Nile, covered with boats and skiffs; while, in the background, rose the stately Pyramids and a chain of blue and misty mountains. A fresh and balmy air increased the pleasure. New objects pressed around. The garden was strange and foreign-looking, but gave him a sensation of novelty which the old and dreamy park, through which he had loitered from the years of childhood, never afforded.

Smart Curt had judged rightly: the attraction of novelty did not fail its aim. The Sultan judged not as a connoisseur, but by the first impression on the senses, so easily caught by the allurement of something extraordinary. All seemed good and well done. Even the curved, unsymmetrical pathways, paved with cobble-stones, afforded elasticity to his foot, accustomed to walk on the soft carpets of Persia, or on green and even sods. He did not tire walking through them in all directions, and expressed his particular satisfaction with the many herbs cultivated with the utmost care, though, on the other side of the wall, they might be found blooming at liberty and in greater profusion. At last, the Sultan sat down to rest, and spoke, with joyful countenance:

"Kiamel, thou hast not deceived my fondest expectation. I thought thou wouldst make something extraordinary out of that old and dreamy park—something foreign, something different from

what we have seen all our life. I am pleased with thee. Melechsala may take thy work as a garden after the manner of the Franks."

The Sheik was amazed, and, rejoicing that things went so well, he was not a little glad to have kept silence concerning his dissatisfaction with the artist. He perceived that the Sultan gave him all the credit, and turned the rudder of his eloquence to the favorable breeze.

"Powerful Commander of the Faithful," said he, "thou shouldst be aware that thy obedient slave has pondered night and day how to create something new and unheard of—something which Egypt never saw—out of this old and decaying palm-tree grove. Sure, it was an inspiration of the Prophet, that I should form my plan after the ideal of the Paradise of the Faithful, for thus I hoped to fulfill the wish of his Highness."

The honest Sultan had about the same clear perception of the Paradise of the Faithful as the Christian believers possess of the Heavenly Jerusalem. At the mention of the Paradise, the image of the dark old park came before his mind, and this he never liked overmuch. Now his imagination took another turn; the future abode seemed at least to take a more cheerful appearance. He thought to have a model of it in the new plantation, and the garden rose in his estimation so high that he immediately elevated the Sheik to the dignity of a Bey, and presented him with a magnificent *caftan*.

Kiamel was a courtier, and no courtier ever was very conscientious. He took, without the least scruple, the praise which belonged to his agent, never said a word about him to the Sultan, and thought him more than sufficiently rewarded by a few *aspers'* daily increase of salary.

When the sun entered the ram—the sweetest season in the mild climes of Egypt—the "Flower of the World" entered the garden so carefully prepared, and found it entirely in agreement with her foreign taste. She certainly was its greatest ornament: even the Desert of Sahara, or the ice-fields in Greenland, would assume the appearance of an Elysium to any one beholding the sweet Melechsala, fragrant with holy innocence. The many flowers, by chance mixed together in endless rows, gave occupation to her eyes and mind; for she created a sort of methodical order in the midst of confusion, through her ingenious allusions to their various qualities.

Whenever the Princess visited the garden, all male attendants, laborers, planters, water-carriers, were carefully removed. The lovely angel, for whom the artist had labored, remained, therefore, hidden from his eyes, however anxious he was to behold the "Flower of the World," so long an enigma for his botanical ignorance. But the young lady—in this, like in other things, spurning the national custom—became tired of the eunuchs, who went before her in solemn procession, and at last dispensed with their attendance, as she more than once a day visited the garden, which more and more attracted her attention. She often came alone, sometimes leaning on the arm of a favorite companion; but always with a thin veil hiding her beautiful face, a light and small basket in the hand, walking up and down the alleys, and culling flowers, which she arranged in such a way as to become the interpreters of her thoughts to her intimate companions.

One morning, in the cool of the day, when the dew reflected yet the colors of the rainbow in the grass, she went to her Tempe, to enjoy the balmy spring. Her gardener was just engaged taking from the soil some plants which had finished flowering, replacing them with others newly blooming, which he nursed carefully in pots, then artistically planted, as if in a single night a magical vegetation had produced them from the earth.

The Princess observed with pleasure the ingenious device, and, discovering the secret, she wished to give the gardener some directions where and when to plant such and such flowers.

The Count looked up, and saw the angel form surrounded by a halo of beauty. The apparition surprised him so that he dropped a flower-vase with a magnificent colocassia. He stood motionless as a statue, overcome by a nameless emotion, but the sweet voice of the Princess recalled him to his senses.

"Christian," said she, "have no fear: mine is the fault that thou art here with me. Go on with thy work, and range the plants as I tell thee."

"Glorious 'Flower of the World,'" answered the gardener, "before whose blazing beauty the brightest rose must pale, thou rulest here in thy firmament, as the queen of stars in the vault of heaven. A wink of thine eye gives life to the hand of the happiest of thy slaves, who kisses his chains if thou thinkest him worthy to fulfill thy commands."

Little did the Princess expect a slave to open his lips to her, much less that he would dare to pay her a compliment. The flowers, and not the planter, had drawn her attention. She now looked at him, and was amazed to see a man before her who far surpassed whatever she had seen or dreamed of manly beauty.

For the Count von Gleichen was celebrated through all Germany for his good looks. Already, at the tournament of Wurzburg, he was the ladies' hero. When he opened the visor of his helmet to breathe fresh air, the boldest lancer lost his chance: the ladies had eyes only for him. And when he closed the visor to begin a tilt, the chastest bosom swelled, and the hearts of all were beating with sympathy for the magnificent knight. It is true, seven years' poison behind the iron bars had paled a little the blooming cheeks, weakened somewhat the strong arms, and damped the fiery gleam of the eagle eye; but open air, activity, and work had mended all, and he was, like a laurel, greening with fresh vigor, after a tedious winter.

The Princess was so partial for all that was foreign! She could not help admiring the handsome stranger. With smiling lips, she told the gardener how to arrange, asked his advice, and talked as long as a floral idea was at her command. At last she left him, but scarcely had she made five steps, when she turned, and gave some more directions; then, walking through the curved pathways, she called him again, sometimes asking a question, sometimes proposing an improvement. At cool of evening, she felt a peculiar wish to breathe the garden air; and scarcely began the rays of the morning sun to play over the waters of the Nile, when she wished to see the flowers just opening in the cool of morning, and never failed to find the place where our gardener was at work, to give him new orders, which he was but too happy to fulfill.

But one day she sought in vain for her *Bostangi*, or chief gardener. She went through all the pathways; she turned round all the rose-bushes and evergreens; she waited for him in the grotto; she espied all the bowers—but in vain.

Then came Curt, the faithful follower of the Count, with a load of water. Him she called, and asked after the *Bostangi*.

Said he, in his off-hand way, "In the claws of the Jewish quack, who is sure to make soon an end of him!"

The tender-hearted Princess felt a pang. She returned to the palace, and her waiting-ladies saw with astonishment that their mistress had lost her sprightly humor. None but sorrow-boding flowers had she gathered; and this she did for several days.

And truly the Count had overworked himself, in his anxious desire to please

the Sultan's daughter. Whether it was an innocent knightly impetus which moved him, or something else, we can not tell. But the fact is, he was ill, and it took some time before the Jewish Hippocrates, or rather his own strong constitution, made him all right. And in the meantime the love-bud had swelled in the heart of Melechsala. No day passed without pleasant talk with her *Bostangi*. Her sweet voice enchanted his ear, and flattering were her words. But Count Ernst kept within the bounds of "propriety." And as the simple-minded Princess had no idea of "flirting," they might have continued simply in sweet intercourse, had not something occurred which gave the whole affair another turn.

On a beautiful summer evening, the Princess paid a visit to her garden, and, in joyful mood, talked with her *Bostangi*, just to talk; and when he had filled her little flower-basket, she went in a bower, and, selecting a handsome bouquet, she offered it to him. The Count received it with rapture, and placed it near his heart, without ever thinking that these flowers might have a secret meaning. For he knew nothing about the language of flowers; but she, in her simplicity, thought it the mother-language of all. So when her favorite received the bouquet so respectfully, she thought he thanked her for her praise for faithful service. To test his capability of answering her in the same language, she asked him for a bouquet.

The Count was enraptured with so much condescension, and hurried to the end of the garden in a secluded bower, where he kept his nursery. A spicy plant was just in bloom—a sort of hyacinth, called by the Arabs *muschirumi*. It was the first of the kind in the garden. With this novelty the Count meant to surprise his fair protectress, and, placing it on a large fig-leaf, he knelt down and offered it with humble affection.

But, alas! the Princess averted her face, and, with downcast look, placed the flower on the seat. Her pleasant humor was gone. She assumed a majestic, somewhat proud, demeanor; and, after a few moments, left the bower, without taking further notice of her favorite, but carrying the *muschirumi* away, which she hid carefully under her veil.

The Count remained thunderstruck, and, as a penitent, on his knees. At last he went home and took his supper with Curt, who was not the man to unravel the mystery. He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning, at the hour when the Princess used to visit the garden, he looked, and looked. But the gate of the seraglio remained closed; and so it was the second day, and so the third. The gate remained shut.

Had the Count not been an ignoramus in the flower language, he would have understood. Without knowing it, he had made a formal declaration of love, by presenting her with the *muschirumi*. This word, in Arabic, has but one rhyme—namely, *idskerumi*, that is, "Love-token;" and when an Arab wants to "declare his intentions," he sends a friend with a *muschirumi* to the object of his love. Happily, the Princess was good and kind—perhaps, too, her natural pride was under control of real love—else it might have cost the poor Count his head, and our tale would have an end.

But, though hurt by the sudden "declaration," the amiable Princess felt an echo in her heart. When she received the flower, a purple hue flushed her cheeks, her bosom heaved, shame and tenderness struggled; she did not know what to do: she would not reject the flower; to accept it, was an assent. But tenderness triumphed; she carried the flower away, and the Count's head was safe.

But when the Princess was alone in her sleeping-room, she passed a restless

night. To whom could she go for advice, without endangering the head of one who became daily dearer to her? What a night she had of it! In the early morning there was a general hubbub among the waiting-maids. There she lay, pale and feverish, unable to explain. The Court physician—the beardy Hippocrates—was called. Through a small opening in a screen, the Princess passed her neatly formed arm, and even this was wrapped in muslin, and Hippocrates felt the feverish pulse.

"God help me!" whispered the doctor to the lady in waiting; "it is wrong with her Highness!" He shook his head with professional importance, prescribed a calming tonic, and foretold a slow fever.

But toward noon the Princess fell into a sweet slumber, from which she awoke in her usual mood, to the no small astonishment of her physician. She needed no more medicine, only rest for a few days. And during these days of rest, how she thought and pondered over the ways and means how to ratify the silent contract which she had, after all, made by accepting the *muschirumi!* Now it seemed all easy, then again she saw nothing but peril and grief to come. But all this doubting and thinking, planning and scheming, confirmed her firm resolution to follow the dictates of her heart.

At last the gates of the seraglio opened, and beautiful Melechsala passed through them, like the beaming sun, into the garden. The Count, from behind a jasmine-bower, saw her coming. Then his heart began to knock and hammer in his manly breast, as if he had run a race. Was it joy, or fear, or expectation, or something else? Who knows!

The Princess sent her followers away—a good sign! She walked to the bower, and found, of course, the Count, who did not intend to play hide-and-seek; but when she was approaching, he fell with downcast eye on his knees, and looked as a criminal on whom the Judge is going to pronounce sentence. The Princess spoke with soft and tender voice:

"*Bostangi*, arise and follow me to this bower."

The *Bostangi* obeyed, and when the Princess sat down, she said:

"The will of the Prophet be done! For three days and nights I have called on him to show me a sign if I am wrong. He keeps silence. He approves of the resolve which the dove made, to loosen the chain of the slave, and to nestle with him. The Sultan's daughter has not despised the *muschirumi* from the hand of a slave. My lot is cast! Go to the Imam; he will bring thee to the mosque, and give thee the seal of the Faithful. Then my father will, at my intercession, allow thee to grow as the Nile when it floods the valley. And when thou rulest as Bey a province, thou canst look up to the throne: the Sultan will not reject the son-in-law whom the Prophet has provided for his daughter."

The Count was thunderstruck. He looked at the Princess without life or motion. His cheeks paled, his tongue was tied. He understood, *in toto*, the Princess' words; but how he could become the son-in-law of the Sultan of Egypt, was a riddle to him.

Not a very happy position for a lover whose wishes are accepted! But love, in its budding, gilds all, like the rising sun. The Princess saw, in his silence, an excess of rapture. Yea, her maiden heart spoke in its turn: had she been too hasty?

"Thou art silent, *Bostangi*. Do not be astonished if the fragrance of thy *muschirumi* brings back to thee the fragrance of my love: my heart has never known the cloak of dissimulation. Why should I, by wavering hope, make heavier the steep path which thou must ascend before the bridal-room opens to thee?"

Meanwhile the Count had come to himself, and as a warrior surprised in his sleep by the alarm-bugle, he took heart, and said:

"Glorious Flower of the World, how could a miserable sprig growing among thorns dare to bloom under thy shade? Would not the watching hand of the gardener weed it out? When the breeze blows a little dust on thy royal diadem, are there not a hundred hands ready to wipe it off? How could a slave dare to look for the precious fruit which blooms in the Sultan's garden for the happiness of princes? At thy command I sought a costly flower for thee, and found the *muschirumi*, of which I knew neither the name nor the mysterious meaning. I intended nothing but to obey."

The words were clear. The well-arranged plan of our Princess went off in bubbles. How could a European misunderstand the meaning of a *muschirumi* offered to a lady! But the mistake was evident; and yet Love, once rooted in the little heart, knew to turn and twist the thing, as a seamstress does when she has made a wrong cut, and finally succeeds in making the whole come out pretty correct. With her beautiful hands she played with her veil, hiding her confusion, and after a few moments' silence, she said, with tender affection:

"Thy modesty is like the violet hiding from the sunbeams, nor anxious to show her beautiful colors, but to be loved for her sweet fragrance. A happy luck has become the interpreter of thy heart, and drawn forth the affection of mine: thou knowest it. Follow the law of the Prophet, and thou art on the road to obtain thy wish."

Matters became now more and more clear to the Count, and the tempter, whom he had expected in the barred prison, came to him in the form of a winged Cupid, and began to press on him. He should deny his faith, betray his tender-hearted wife, forget the pledges of chaste connubial love.

Said the tempter: "Thou canst exchange the chains of slavery with the bonds of love. The princely beauty of Egypt smiles at thee; a flame as pure as the fire of Vesta is burning in her bosom, and will destroy her shouldst thou, in ignorant obstinacy, refuse her favor. For a little time hide thy faith under the turban: Father Gregory can wash the blot off. Perhaps thou canst gain the maiden's soul, and bring her to heavenly abodes."

The Count listened with some complacency to the speech of the tempter, when his good angel pulled his ear, and said, "Stop listening." And the Count, a brave knight as he was, ceased consulting with flesh and blood, and saw that he had to gain the victory in a hurry.

"When the traveler has lost his way in the Libyan Desert," said he, "the wish to quench his thirst in the cooling springs of the Nile were a craven wish, since at the end he must perish; therefore, O most lovely Princess, do not imagine that such a wish could arise in my soul: as a gnawing worm, it would consume my heart. Learn that in my home I am bound by sacred vows to a virtuous wife, and she the mother of three sweet children, who lisp the name of father. How could a heart, torn by grief and yearning, strive for the pearl of beauty, to offer her a divided love?"

This was clear talk, and the chivalrous Count imagined he had decided the battle with one well-aimed blow. He expected the Princess to see her error, and give up her plan. But he was much mistaken.

The handsome maiden could not believe that the young and thrifty Count had no eyes for her: she knew her charms, and what he said about his heart's situation did not at all distress her. A child of the Orient, she did not

at all expect to appropriate to herself its sole possession. In her eyes, the tenderness of man was like a silken thread, which may be untwisted and divided; and had she not seen the Sultan's favorites live in sisterly concord?

"Thou callest me the Flower of the World," replied she; "but see, in this garden are many blooming flowers, rejoicing eye and heart with their variegated beauty; nor do I hinder thee to divide this joy with me. And should I require from thee to plant in thy own garden but one flower, whose constant view might tire thine eye? Thy wife shall partake of the happiness which I prepare for thee; thou shalt bring her into thy harem; for thy sake she will be my dearest companion; for thy sake she will love me, too. And thy little ones shall be mine: I shall give them shade and room to take root in our country."

Count Ernst was touched, and, as far as he was concerned, might have yielded. But then Lady Ottilia—would *she* like the partnership? And, above all, that visit to the Imam?

No, he could not do it! He said so, and the "conference" ended; yet in such a manner as to surmise a resumption of the same.

Brave Curt had seat and voice in the secret musings of the Count. That evening he told him all; and we verily believe that a love-spark had darted from the maiden's heart into that of the knight, and began to stir a fire which the ashes of his lawful love could not quench. Seven years' absence, lost hope of reunion, a chance of busying the thirsty heart anew: these three are enough to cause a fermentation.

With wondering eyes and open mouth, the honest squire listened; then he thought awhile, and spoke:

"Sir Count, you are erased from the book of the living in your country; from the depths of slavery you can not escape, unless drawn by the bonds of love. Your dear lady must be dead or married. But to deny your faith, that's a hard thing. That won't do. Nor is it necessary. Nowhere is it customary for the wife to teach the husband. I, too, have a wife there at home. Well, if I lay in the portal of hell, I'm sure she would run after me, and cool me with her fan. Therefore, stick to it: the Princess must give up her lying Prophet. And as she loves you really, she will certainly exchange her Paradise for the Christian Heaven."

Long did Curt talk and press the necessity of forgetting older bonds, to break the bonds of slavery by those of love. But the poor fellow made a gross mistake in quoting his faith in the love of his own wife. It reminded the Count of his sweet Ottilia. He became restless. No sleep for him that night. But toward dawn, exhausted by mental and bodily fatigue, he fell into a heavy slumber. He dreamt, as one is sure to dream at that time! He had lost one of his snow-white teeth, and looked with dismay in the mirror to see if it disfigured him very much. But, lo and behold! a new tooth had grown up, as white as all the rest, and the loss was not perceptible. He woke, and was anxious to know what the dream could intend. Our smart Curt was quick at work, and found a gypsy, whose business it was to explain palm and face, and, what was more to the point, to unfold the mysteries of dreams. The Count narrated to her his night-vision. Long did the dark-faced sorceress think and speculate. At last, she said:

"What most thou lovest, death has taken away, but fortune restores to thee."

Now it was clear as daylight. The squire was right: Ottilia had died in grief and sorrow. The poor widower suffered, but soon came to the conclusion, "It is God's will; we must abide by it."

Considering himself free of all re-

straint, he began to hoist all sails, and intended to run his skiff with flag and colors, so as to reach the port of loving happiness. When he next saw the Princess, she appeared to him more beautiful than ever; his yearning eye admired her elegant figure, and, as a goddess, she seemed to glide toward him.

"*Bostangi*," said she, in musical melody, "hast thou spoken to the Imam?"

The Count kept a moment's silence, lowered his fiery eye, put his right hand on the manly breast, and, bending one knee, he said, with decision:

"Serene daughter of the Sultan, my life depends upon thy wink, but not my faith. The first I am ready to sacrifice at any time for thee. But leave me my faith, which is one with my soul."

The Princess foresaw an end of her lovely plans. She tried, *en dernier ressort*, a rather powerful means: she withdrew the veil from her face!

There she stood in the full splendor of her matchless beauty, as the sun in the heavens. A soft hue of red was spreading over her cheeks, and the purple of her lips began to glow with heightened tint; two arched eyebrows overshadowed the love-speaking eyes, and two golden locks seemed to kiss each other on her lily-white bosom. The Count was amazed and kept silence, while she spoke with angel's voice:

"See, *Bostangi*, if this form pleases thee, and if it is worthy of the sacrifice I require."

"The form of an angel!" exclaimed the Count, in rapture, "and worthy to shine with the halo of a saint in the portals of the Christian heaven; and what empty shadows are the joys of Paradise, which your Prophet promises, in comparison with these."

His words, spoken with the glow of real conviction, found a ready entrance into the open heart of the damsel, and the halo seemed to her a rather acceptable addition to her toilet. Her oriental imagination caught at the idea; she desired some explanation, and you may be sure the Count did not fail to paint her the Christian heaven in glowing colors.

May be heaven was propitious; may be the foreign tastes of the Princess extended even to religion; may be the personal appearance of the new-fangled apostle had something to do with it: but one thing is certain, the Princess was all ear, and if it had not been for the approaching evening, she would have listened for hours more. As it was, she dropped *at last* her veil, and returned to the seraglio.

It is said that royal children learn fast. It may be true, we don't know; but it is certain that the Sultan's daughter knew in a very short time the whole Church system of those "enlightened" days, and that the tables were turned: not that the Count should be converted, but she should be converted by the Count, and with a direct view of culminating in loving union.

But how to bring this about? She asked the Count, the Count asked Curt, who decided the matter at once.

"Beat the iron while it is hot; tell the Princess of your rank and birth; propose to her to flee with you, to cross the waters, and in Thuringia to live together, as Christian people united in lawful marriage."

The Count rejoiced in the plan, and, forgetting the endless difficulties to overcome, at his next "catechetical" lesson he thus addressed his pupil:

"Thou glorious image of the holy Madonna, elected by Heaven from the midst of a reprobate people to conquer error and prejudice, and to receive an inheritance in the abodes of bliss! hast thou faith enough to renounce thy country? Then prepare for a sudden flight. I'll lead thee to Rome, where the guardian of heaven's gate, the Vicar of St. Peter, dwells. He will receive thee in

the bosom of the Church, and bless the bond of our love. Thou needst not fear the far-reaching arm of thy father: the clouds of heaven will become our vessel, guarded by thousands of angels invisible to mortal eye. Nor will I hide from thee that by birth and fortune I am all that the Sultan's highest favor could make me. I am a Count, a born Bey, who rules over land and people. In my domain are cities and villages, also palaces and strong castles. Knights and squires are at my command; horses and chariots. Free from the walls of a seraglio, thou shalt rule in my country as a Queen."

The Princess took the words of the Count for a message from heaven: she had not a moment's doubt of his truthfulness, and she was not sorry that the "dove" should nestle with the "eagle." Her warm heart, so full of pleasant images, was as ready as whilom the people of Israel to cross the Red Sea. Such was her confidence, that she would have followed her guide immediately. But he made her understand that many things had to be prepared for a happy result.

And, indeed, it was not an easy thing. The Princess filled her jewel-case with as much of her treasure as she could; then she exchanged her royal costume for a *caftan*, and, thus arrayed, slipped one evening, in company with her knight, his faithful squire, and the water-carrier, Veist, quite unobserved, out of the palace into the garden, to begin her distant journey to the far-off West.

The maiden's absence was soon observed; her waiting-women sought her in vain; great was the amazement in the seraglio. Now and then her secret audiences with that *Bostangi* had excited comment; suspicion and fact came together, and the ladies had to report to higher authority. Judge of the Sultan's mood! As a suddenly awakened lion he shook, and swore by the beard of the Prophet ruin and destruction to all, if before sundown the Princess was not found. The Mamelukes were ordered to mount, and chase in all directions; and a thousand oars swept over the broad Nile, to overtake the fugitives, should they have left that way.

It seemed that nothing but a miracle could save them; but no miracle came. Curt had taken some measures which worked as a miracle indeed. He made the fugitives invisible in the darkness of a cellar under the house of the great Doctor Adullam. This honest Israelite honored Mercury not only as the protector of physicians, but also the patron of merchants and—thieves. He trafficked on a large scale with the Venetians in spices and herbs, and where there was a sequin to make he was at home. Our smart Curt had gained him with a costly jewel to undertake the "expedition" of the Count, with three followers, to Alexandria, where a Venetian ship was freighting. The Count's rank was kept from him, and of course Curt took care not to tell him that he was going to make contraband of his lord and master's daughter.

The Jew inspected the living cargo, and the handsome page *did* strike him; but he never thought of Melechsala. Meantime, the news spread: the Princess gone! Adullam's eyes opened; fear and trembling seized him. But it was too late. To save his own life, he had to take all measures for a happy result. He began by laying his living cargo under a strict quarantine, and waited till investigations relented, hope became faint, and zeal to find the Princess had cooled. Only then, he packed the caravan in four neat spice-boxes, put them on board a Nile-boat, and sent them with a freight-list, under God's care, to Alexandria. The Venetian lifted his anchor, and, when at sea, our friends were released and free.

The Count had spoken of a host of

angel guardians; and really it seemed as if there was something of the kind. The four winds of heaven seemed to unite into one steady breeze, and the vessel sped like an arrow over the Mediterranean waters. When the moon began to show her crescent form for the second time, the contented skipper ran into the harbor of his native city.

The watchful emissary of Countess Ottilia was always there, observing with anxious scrutiny any passenger from the Levant. He stood on his post when the Count and his beautiful charge came on shore. His master's features were so well engraven in his memory, that he was sure to recognize him among thousands. But the outlandish costume, and the changes which Time works even in seven years, made him doubt. He neared the retinue of the stranger, and approaching faithful Curt, he asked:

"Comrade, where from?"

Curt was glad to meet a countryman who spoke his language; but used prudence, and said:

"From the sea."

"Who is the handsome cavalier?"

"My master."

"From what country dost thou come?"

"From sunrise."

"Where art thou bound?"

"For sundown."

"What province?"

"Our home."

"Where is it?"

"Hundred miles away."

"Answer me one question."

"Let us hear."

"Hast thou news from Count Ernst von Gleichen?"

"Why askest thou?"

"Because."

"Fiddlesticks! Because what?"

"Because I am sent through the whole world by Countess Ottilia, his wife, to inquire and find out if he is yet alive, and where."

This answer brought Curt to a standstill. "Wait," said he; "perhaps the Chevalier knows about it."

He approached the Count, and whispered to him the novel tidings. You may imagine the mixture of our hero's feelings! Joy and gladness at the thought of sweet Ottilia waiting for him; and, withal, a bewildering dread lest a lawful union with his lovely traveling companion might become impossible. For a moment he was undecided; but the yearning wish to know how it was "at home" got the better of it, and with a wave of the hand he called the messenger, in whom he recognized his old and trusty servant, who with his tears wetted the hand of his master, and repeated over and over how rejoiced the Countess would be at his return.

He guided the Count to a decent inn —they had no brilliant "hotels" in those days—and there our traveler began to take a view of the "situation." The result was, a long and graphic epistle, containing the faithful history of his slavery, his deliverance by the help of the Sultan's daughter; how for the love of him she had forsaken throne and country, under condition of marriage, which he had promised her, deceived by a dream. Not only was this dispatch intended as a preparation for accepting a "copartnership," but it urged her consent, for many "serious" reasons.

Poor Ottilia! There she stood, in widow's apparel, at the window, when the messenger spurred his flying horse up the steep ascent to the castle. She soon descried him; and when he caught sight of her, he lifted high the letter-bag, as a sign of good tidings.

"Hast thou found him, the man of my heart?" she cried to the approaching rider. "Where is he, that I may dry the sweat from his brow, and give him rest in my faithful arms?"

"He is all right, my gracious lady!" replied the messenger. "I found him in Venice, whence he sent me with this

letter, to announce to you his arrival at that city."

The Countess broke the seal in a hurry, and when she saw her good lord's writing, it was as if a breath of life came over her. Thrice she pressed the parchment to her breast, and thrice she touched it with her yearning lips. Then, when she began to read, it was a flow of tears; but when she read farther and farther, the tears became more scarce, and, before the epistle was finished, the fountain was dried up.

"Alas, that unhappy Holy War!" she cried. "I loaned the Holy Church a loaf of bread, on which the heathen have lived, and now I get only a crumb of it!"

She lay down for a troubled night's rest, and passed many sleepless hours. But at last a sweet slumber closed her eyes, and in the clear vision of a dream she stood at her window, and saw two pilgrims from the Holy Land ascending the curved road to the castle-gate. They asked hospitality, which she freely gave. One of them threw back the cape of his frock, and, behold! it was the Count, her lord and master, who embraced her with joy and eager fondness. The little children entered, and he took them in his arms and hugged them, and rejoiced in their growth. Meantime his companion opened a traveling-bag, drew from it golden chains and bracelets of pearls and precious stones, and encircled with them the necks and arms of the little ones, who seemed to enjoy the costly presents. The Countess, in amazement at this liberality, asked the stranger who he might be. And the stranger said, with melodious voice:

"I am the Angel Raphael, the guide of loving hearts, and I brought thy husband from far-off countries back to thee."

Then the pilgrim's cloak vanished, and there stood before her a shining angel's form, in sky-blue, floating robe, and with golden wings!

The Countess awoke. There was no gypsy sibyl, and she herself explained the dream. Yes, the Angel Raphael was so much like the Princess Melechsala, that she had no doubt but the last one had been shown to her under the angelic form. Then she considered that, without her, the Count might never have been released from slavery: he who restores a lost property to the rightful owner has some rights, for he might have kept the whole. Yes, she had made up her mind that she would give up the half of her marriage rights—she would be just; and forthwith she summoned her faithful messenger, who was soon on his way to Venice, with the full consent of sweet Ottilia.

Now the question was, would Father Gregory consent to such a matrimonial anomaly? Well, to Rome they went, and there the Princess was received into the bosom of the Church. The Holy Father rejoiced as if the kingdom of Anti-christ had been destroyed; and, after the baptism, wherein she received the name of Angelica, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in St. Peter's.

The Count thought it best to take the Pope in this good humor, and came out with his heart's desire. But, alas! the conscience of St. Peter's Vicar was too tender. The Count pleaded in vain: no dispensation for such a heterodox performance could be obtained.

Anxious and sorrowful was the Count. But Curt had thought the matter over. To him it seemed an easy thing for his lord and master to get the Princess as his wife, without any possible interference of Pope or Christian world. He kept his counsel to himself: he felt somewhat afraid it might displease the loyal knight. At last he came out with it.

"My dear lord," said he, "there is more than one pathway to the forest. If the Holy Father's tender conscience forbids you to have two wives, you may as well have a tender conscience, though

you are only a layman. Conscience is a cloak which covers every bare spot, but turns with wonderful ease to every wind. Now the wind is contrary; well, turn the cloak the other way. See if you are not in some way or other related to the Countess, in a degree which the Church disallows. If that is the case—and such a thing is easily made up, if you have a tender conscience—the game is won. Get a bill of divorce, and who can hinder you from marrying the Princess?"

The Count had listened till he well understood the drift of his squire's talk; then he spoke two words, short and clear, "Silence, rascal!" and Curt lay sprawling before the door, in search after a tooth which he seemed to have lost in the sudden expedition.

"Alas, the good tooth," he cried; "that's what I get for my faithful service!"

"Alas, the confounded tooth!" repeated the Count; "the tooth which I lost in a dream, is the cause of all my misery!" His heart was wavering between self-reproach and love. He loved his faithful Ottilia; he loved his saving Angelica, and, what pained him most, he had given his knightly word to marry her. He brooded and brooded, and lost his jovial appearance. Angelica saw it, and finally resolved to try the dispensation business herself.

She asked an audience from the conscientious Gregory, and came veiled as tightly as ever oriental Princess was. No Roman eye had seen her, as yet, except the priest who baptized her. The Pope received the new-fledged daughter of the Church with great distinction, and offered her, not the slipper, but the palm of his right hand. The beautiful stranger lifted the veil a little, to touch with her sweet lips the blessing hand; then uttered her prayer with touching voice. But her words did not seem to go to the heart, but rather to take their exit through the other ear. Father Gregory's expostulations were long and serious. He showed her an excellent way to fulfill her heart's desire. She might become a bride, indeed! She might exchange the oriental veil for the convent's veil!

This proposal awakened in the Princess such a dread of veils, that she tore hers down, fell on her knees before the Holy Father, lifted her arms and weeping eyes on high, and besought him, in fervent accents, not to force her maiden heart, which was pledged, for once and forever.

Her surpassing beauty electrified all who were present, and the pearling tears in her uplifted eyes fell upon the heart of Father Gregory as burning naphtha drops, for a moment lighted the few remainders of earthly cinders, and warmed it into benevolence for the pleading beauty.

"In three days," said he, "thou shalt know if thy prayer is acceptable to the Holy Mother."

Then he called a congregation of all the casuists in Rome, locked them up in the Rotunda, allowed them each a loaf of bread and a flask of wine, and told them they would not be released unless they came out with a unanimous verdict. That kind of jury is apt to discuss and bother much, as long as the stomach is quiet. But when the bread and wine began to fail, and the hungry casuists, some way or other, were informed that the Count had prepared a splendid repast to regale the jury and all their clerical friends, the balance began to strike, and, happily, in favor of the Count. The dispensation was made out in proper form, but not without a deep dive of Angelica's hand in the Egyptian treasure-box. Father Gregory gave the noble couple his blessing, and sent the lovers away with full permission to leave St. Peter's patrimony, and in the Count's domain to celebrate their marriage.

When the Count had crossed the Alps,

and breathed his native air, how sweet and glad his heart began to be, how he swung himself on his Neapolitan courser, and, leaving the Princess under the care of Curt, to continue her journey at ease, how joyfully he trotted with clumsy Veist to reach his native home! And when, on the far horizon, he discovered the three Gleichen castles, how his manly heart began to beat! He thought to surprise the sweet Countess Ottilia; but rumor had gone far ahead, and with a numerous train of cavaliers and ladies she met him, half a day's journey from the castle, in a valley which to this day is called Freüdenthal—that is, the "Valley of Joy."

Sweet and loving was their meeting, after so many years! And when in Ottilia's bosom a secret pang would arise, she scolded herself for it, as ungrateful toward the angel form to whom she owed her actual bliss. Yea, she rued her first murmurings, and resolved to do a penitential work. You remember the very broad bedstead in the ruins? Well, she had it made, and adorned it with a splendid canopy whereon the Angel Raphael was painted, as he appeared to her in the dream, next to the Count, in pilgrim's dress.

After a few days the Princess arrived, and was received as a royal bride by the Count and numerous attendants. Ottilia welcomed her with open arms, and made her at home in the residential castle. Meanwhile the Count went to Erfurt, to arrange the marriage ceremony with the Bishop. The good prelate was amazed, and said, "No such thing!" But when the Count came out with the original Papal dispensation, the Bishop's mouth was sealed, and the happy day settled upon.

It was a day of pomp and splendor. Ottilia was to give the bride away, and, as a loving mother, she spared no expense. The counts and knights from Thuringia were gathered in bright array. And before the Count led his bride to the altar, she opened her jewel-case, and presented him with all her jewels as her dowry, while the Count settled on her the castle of Ehrenstein. A myrtle branch was twined in the golden diadem, which the Sultan's daughter then and thereafter wore as a mark of her noble birth, on which account the vassals called her always "the Queen," and served and honored her as a queen.

In love and harmony they lived together many and many a year. Angelica remained childless, but loved and fostered Ottilia's children as if they were her own. She was the first to fade away in the fall of life; then Ottilia departed, and the sorrowing widower followed after a few months.

As they had lived together, so they rested in death; and now you understand the threefold monument on the grave-stone which you have seen before the Gleichen altar, in St. Peter's, at Erfurt.

Forward we went, putting the question to every one we met, until, fairly tired, we stumbled on the whereabout of the guide to the palace.

He was a civil man, and gave us rest and refreshments. A Russian never hurries. For a half-hour or more we sat in his pleasant apartment, sipping Rhine wine and munching biscuits, until he rose and led the way to the various *suites* of apartments. This was so unlike what every traveler expects upon visiting public buildings in Europe, that we noted it as something to be remembered.

Room after room, gallery after gallery, hall after hall, were visited—confounding us by their splendor and interminable variety. But of all the public rooms, there were two in which wealth, consummate skill, and exquisite taste had met and done their utmost. White Hall, one of the two, is the ball-room. Its walls, pillars, decorations, and furniture are all white—pure white—with gold enough, but *just* enough, to prevent monotony, and add richness. It is in color and effect the chastest ball-room in Europe. When its grand chandeliers are alight, its draperies disposed, and its broad floor thronged with splendidly attired men and women, the *tôut ensemble* must be perfect. St. George's Hall, the second of the two, is different. If White Hall be exquisitely beautiful, St. George's is passing grand and imperial. It is a great Doric temple—simple, massive, majestic—built of glittering, snowy marble, and relieved here and there with burning gold. As a council-room—a chamber where magnates and embassadors are presented to the Czar, where knightly orders gather, where splendid honors are conferred, and where all the pomp of a vast empire concentrates—it, probably, has no equal in the world. Standing at its extremity, when all is silent, you feel that it is a fit place for the head of a great people to receive the homage of princes and nobles.

A long account of gorgeous rooms and halls is tiresome. But even were it not, a description of those in the Winter Palace would be impossible, after only a single visit. Magnificence, perpetually changing form—beauty of color, shape, and carving, forever metamorphosed into still more exquisite beauty—all so exciting as to tire and bewilder the memory! As a whole, the glories of the Winter Palace can not be surpassed; and the perfect taste of every part is equal to its splendor. In the older palaces—the creations of Catherine and Paul—there is an abundance of painting and gilding, and every thing partakes, more or less, of the semi-barbarism of their Courts. Alexander I. and Nicholas were not barbarians, but men whose tastes were as perfect as their heads were clear, and who gratified those tastes in adorning and perfecting the imperial palaces.

We were heartily glad when the show-rooms were gone through, and turned with pleasure to look at the private ones. In the Empress' *suite* a few were undergoing repairs. Those which were visible were very beautiful, and in perfect order.

We were not told so by our guide, but heard the information elsewhere from what seemed an authentic source, that the Czar has no sleeping-room properly his own, but that among the many which stand unoccupied he chooses some one, into which he slips quietly at night when his work is done, and others slumber and sleep. Thus no person knows where he takes his rest; and so, probably, he is safer than if his door were well known, though guarded even by his trustiest Cossacks. Such a precaution—although he is much loved by his subjects, and the times are greatly changed—might have been suggested by the manner in which his grandfather Paul met his death. His habits are indeed of the simplest, and such nocturnal migra-

tions would cost him no trouble or annoyance.

In a little room used by the Empress, there was a bower covered with creeping plants, and fitted inside like a garden summer-house. Here she sits during the long nights of winter, when public occasions do not require her presence, and gathers her children and grandchildren about her to work, or gossip, or drink tea. It is a fairy-like spot, where, hidden in green leaves, and breathing sweet odors, they all forget the dullness of more splendid pleasures. Luxuries like this are common among the more wealthy Russians. In many of the palatial mansions, ivy is trained on trellises so as to form beautiful screens.

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He was a civil man, and gave us rest and refreshments. A Russian never hurries. For a half-hour or more we sat in his pleasant apartment, sipping Rhine wine and munching biscuits, until he rose and led the way to the various *suites* of apartments. This was so unlike what every traveler expects upon visiting public buildings in Europe, that we noted it as something to be remembered.

Room after room, gallery after gallery, hall after hall, were visited—confounding us by their splendor and interminable variety. But of all the public rooms, there were two in which wealth, consummate skill, and exquisite taste had met and done their utmost. White Hall, one of the two, is the ball-room. Its walls, pillars, decorations, and furniture are all white—pure white—with gold enough, but *just* enough, to prevent monotony, and add richness. It is in color and effect the chastest ball-room in Europe. When its grand chandeliers are alight, its draperies disposed, and its broad floor thronged with splendidly attired men and women, the *tout ensemble* must be perfect. St. George's Hall, the second of the two, is different. If White Hall be exquisitely beautiful, St. George's is passing grand and imperial. It is a great Doric temple—simple, massive, majestic—built of glittering, snowy marble, and relieved here and there with burning gold. As a council-room—a chamber where magnates and embassadors are presented to the Czar, where knightly orders gather, where splendid honors are conferred, and where all the pomp of a vast empire concentrates—it, probably, has no equal in the world. Standing at its extremity, when all is silent, you feel that it is a fit place for the head of a great people to receive the homage of princes and nobles.

A long account of gorgeous rooms and halls is tiresome. But even were it not, a description of those in the Winter Palace would be impossible, after only a single visit. Magnificence, perpetually changing form—beauty of color, shape, and carving, forever metamorphosed into still more exquisite beauty—all so exciting as to tire and bewilder the memory! As a whole, the glories of the Winter Palace can not be surpassed; and the perfect taste of every part is equal to its splendor. In the older palaces—the creations of Catherine and Paul—there is an abundance of painting and gilding, and every thing partakes, more or less, of the semi-barbarism of their Courts. Alexander I. and Nicholas were not barbarians, but men whose tastes were as perfect as their heads were clear, and who gratified those tastes in adorning and perfecting the imperial palaces.

We were heartily glad when the show-rooms were gone through, and turned with pleasure to look at the private ones. In the Empress' *suite* a few were undergoing repairs. Those which were visible were very beautiful, and in perfect order.

We were not told so by our guide, but heard the information elsewhere from what seemed an authentic source, that the Czar has no sleeping-room properly his own, but that among the many which stand unoccupied he chooses some one, into which he slips quietly at night when his work is done, and others slumber and sleep. Thus no person knows where he takes his rest; and so, probably, he is safer than if his door were well known, though guarded even by his trustiest Cossacks. Such a precaution—although he is much loved by his subjects, and the times are greatly changed—might have been suggested by the manner in which his grandfather Paul met his death. His habits are indeed of the simplest, and such nocturnal migra-

tions would cost him no trouble or annoyance.

In a little room used by the Empress, there was a bower covered with creeping plants, and fitted inside like a garden summer-house. Here she sits during the long nights of winter, when public occasions do not require her presence, and gathers her children and grandchildren about her to work, or gossip, or drink tea. It is a fairy-like spot, where, hidden in green leaves, and breathing sweet odors, they all forget the dullness of more splendid pleasures. Luxuries like this are common among the more wealthy Russians. In many of the palatial mansions, ivy is trained on trellises so as to form beautiful screens.

Wandering on, a door was opened upon a tasteful garden. There were shrubs, parterres, flower-beds, edges of box, winding walks, and artificial rocks. The windows were thrown back, and the sparrows, who were evidently familiar with the retreat, flew out, upon our intrusion, with great alarm. This retreat, with its flowers, walks of gravel, fountains, arbors, exotic plants, and all, is inside—a room, in fact, of the Czarsko-Celo. No wonder that the members of the imperial household, in pulling nosegays and feasting their eyes on flowers, are in danger of forgetting, in midwinter, the wild storm which pelts the poor *moujiks* outside!

Within the palace there is also another and larger garden, open to the sky. It is made over the stables, and has earth enough to rear grape-vines and large trees. Its measurement is forgotten, but it is capacious, full of broad and pleasant walks, where lovers might saunter and children play, and is admirably kept. In entering this garden from one of the grand apartments, it is scarcely possible to believe that all is artificial under foot, and that hundreds of horses are stabled below. This garden is intended to be a lounge for the Court generally, the smaller one, before described, being private.

The apartments in the palace once occupied by Prince Nicholas, the late Czarewich, who died in 1865, at the age of twenty-one, are not shown. The guide stated that the Empress, when at Czarsko-Celo, spent a part of every day in performing her religious devotions within this *suite* of rooms; that she permits no servant to arrange them except under her own personal supervision; and that many vases of fresh flowers stand upon the brackets and mantelpieces—flowers arranged by her own hands, every morning and evening.

Alexander, the present heir-apparent, with his beautiful wife, Princess Maria Sophie, and their children, occupy a section considerably removed from the apartments of the Empress. They are fitted up with great taste and appropriateness, but among them all the nursery for the children was most interesting. It was a lofty, large, and handsome room, with little furniture, but containing a good supply of toys. There were carts, hobby-horses, sentry-boxes, sledges, wheelbarrows, and soldiers; there were also dolls, furniture, cradles, wardrobes, china, bowls and ewers, knives and forks—all of playthings' size and quality. It seemed pleasant in a palace, where selfishness and coldness are supposed to be at home, to find that the good-natured Czarewich and his womanly and wise wife had one sacred spot, wholly their own, in which holy feelings were nurtured and grew, and where these inheritors of greatness can forget, for a season, the artificial existence by which they are surrounded.

The room appropriated to the Crown Prince and the Grand Duke Alexis, and in which they grew up from boyhood to manhood, is shown to strangers. It is large, is fitted as a study, and contains every thing which a Russian—or any other—prince could require, and some

things which many princes make but little use of. There are swords, fire-arms, military accoutrements, models of every kind, and some books. These boys, like all their countrymen, were familiarized with war, and learned much of its theory here. Each had a high writing-desk, at which he either sat or stood. The stools in use have the seats made like saddles, so that the student must mount and sit with feet in stirrup. Thus, perhaps, he gets on faster than if he used a common stool, since it requires no great stretch of imagination to make him, at least, believe that he writes *currente calamo.* There was a huge model of an iron-clad ship-of-war here, occupying a whole side of the room, so completely and beautifully rigged that the boys could sit at home and become profound in the use of nautical phrases, and familiar with all a ship's gear. Altogether, this room was of paramount interest, because it not only showed how the dukes had been educated, but the wisdom and pains that had been taken in doing it.

The chapel is a grand sanctuary. As we drew near the gorgeous screen which veils what is called "the holy of holies," a verger in charge pointed out a stand supporting three articles, any one of which was notable. One was a hand of John the Baptist, with only three fingers, the other two being miraculously preserved somewhere else. It is a dry, distorted, mummy-like affair, the genuineness of which was evidently undoubtingly believed. Another was a small piece of the true cross, so secured that unworthy hands can not touch the sacred wood. The third was a portrait of the Virgin Mary, painted by the evangelist Luke. It is a black, dim, dirty daub, almost faded out, which has about it not the slightest merit. The superstitions of the lower classes of members of the Greek Church must be terrible, when the attendants upon service in the chapel-royal regard with reverence relics like these.

In this chapel the imperial infants are all baptized, and the Czar and his family all worship here when the Court is at St. Petersburg. As one surveys its groined roof and lofty arches, its Corinthian pillars and elaborately wrought capitals and bases, its rich carvings, gorgeous altar, and exquisite paintings, he is convinced that here, at least, the sensuous must enter into the worship.

We saw the crown-jewels, wonderful in number and brilliancy. Of their value no estimate was given. In Russia, no one knows any thing: it is not safe. The man who showed and explained the rich variety knew nothing, and no one else knew more. There were crowns weighted with diamonds, sceptres, tiaras, necklaces, bracelets, buckles, pendants, earrings, rings, clasps, brooches, and dazzling gems innumerable. It was a grand sight in its way, and also a sad one; for there was not a glittering speck in the mighty collection that did not preach a sermon upon man's inequality.

It took three hours, never sitting down and never tarrying, to walk *through* the Winter Palace. So we returned, with our obliging guide, to the spot where we started.

Leaving Czarsko-Celo, let us cross the Neva, to the church of Peter and Paul. From the last royal interment in the Archangel Church, in Moscow, the line of deceased Czars is continued to the present period here. The lofty and graceful spire of this edifice, rising to the height of 350 feet, and so slender for the last 150 that it must be climbed like a tree, is its only peculiar external feature. Gilt with gold and glittering in the sun, it marks, to the distant observer, nearly the centre of St. Petersburg, the locality of the fortress where it is situated, and the mausoleum of Russia's sovereigns since the assumption of the imperial dignity. The fortress is on the

opposite side of the Neva, almost in a direct line from the Winter Palace, and the church occupies an open space in the centre of the embrasures. Nothing can be more simple than the tombs, ranged on each side of the altar. The coffins are in the vaults, and over them, in the church, are plain, stone sarcophagi. Each is covered with a red velvet pall, on which the names of the deceased, or merely the initials, are embroidered in gold. As, for example, "His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Alexander I.," or "His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Constantine." Military ensigns, taken in various wars, are suspended as trophies about the tombs. They consist of flags bearing the Persian Sun and the Turkish Crescent, the English St. George and the French Eagle; the silver *bâtons* of Commanders and Grand Viziers; the triple horse-tails of Pashas; the keys of fortresses, and insignia of defunct janizaries. As in life, so in death, the Czars appear as Men of the Sword, surrounded with the symbols of military power, entombed in the church of a citadel. Granite walls, five regularly fortified bastions, one hundred cannon, and a garrison of five thousand soldiers, defend their bones.

The bodies in the vaults are those of Peter the Great, who founded Russia as a European empire, with a hatchet for his sceptre; of Catherine I., his wife, who could neither read nor write; of Peter II., a boy; of Anne, Elizabeth, and Catherine II.; of Peter III.; of Paul, strangled by his nobles with his own scarf; of Alexander, who, but for his weaknesses, might have been great; and of Nicholas, with numerous princes and princesses of the imperial family. One member only of the royal line is wanting—the baby Czar, Ivan VI., who had a twelvemonth's unconscious reign under a regency. On the 24th of November, 1741, hard snow lay upon the ground in the capital; sledges were driving to and fro; regiments of guards before the Winter Palace protected the infant sovereign, and the people had just saluted their legitimate ruler, who had been presented to them in his nurse's arms at an open window. The next day the streets were deserted. A revolution had taken place. In Russia, with what the nobles do the people acquiesce. The heir of the throne and his parents were prisoners. The baby, Ivan, was immured in the casemate of a fortress, into which for four-and-twenty years no ray of sunlight ever entered. He grew from infancy to boyhood, and from youth to manhood, knowing no difference between night and day, and taking no note of time. He was taught nothing. His dungeon was a place of silence. No question was ever asked of him, no answer returned to his inarticulate inquiries. Casper Hauser's mind was no more complete a blank than was Ivan's at the age of manhood. It was the purpose of Elizabeth, who had superseded him, to keep him in the imbecility of infancy; and she succeeded. He knew no language, understood only the simplest signs, and in all physical developments was feeble as a confirmed invalid. What he might have been, can never be known. What he was, the testimony of his keeper for the last seven years of his life reveals with terrible clearness. At the age of twenty-four he could not speak an intelligible language, nor understand the simplest question, nor stand upright, nor walk with erect gait, nor look any person in the eye. His body, if not deformed, was unequal and undeveloped; his mind, if not idiotic, a blank. At last, two of his guards dispatched him, upon the pretense of a conspiracy in his favor. Thus ended one of the saddest tragedies which history records. With Ivan terminated the legitimate line of the Romanoffs, the succeeding Czars having German, not Muscovite, blood in their veins.

In the rude, barbaric building on the height of the Kremlin, in Moscow—the Arkangelski Sabor, or "church of the archangel"—Ivan the Terrible and his son, the murderer and the murdered, sleep side by side, as if nothing in life but love had passed between them. In the same manner, in the St. Petersburg Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the slayer and the slain—the second Catherine and the third Peter—rest side by side in the grave. The Empress, having dethroned the Emperor, made sharp work of it in the execution of her plans, issuing a manifesto seven days afterward, in which she informed her loving subjects of his death. It mentioned "a violent, griping colic" as the cause of the event, instead of a dose of poisoned brandy, followed up by a scarf with a running knot around his neck, which Orlof and Baratinsky held firm till he expired. "We have, therefore," said the manifesto, "ordered his body to be conveyed to the monastery of Nevsky, in order to its interment." The Empress had plainly no intention to be near her husband in the sepulchre. But, after thirty-four years had rolled away, Catherine herself was summoned to judgment. Paul, her son and successor, performed an act of retributive justice. He ordered the body of his father to be exhumed and laid in state by the coffin of his mother. More than this, Orlof, the main agent in the murder, being then alive at Moscow, was summoned by the Czar to attend the funeral. With faltering steps and folded hands, eyes fixed upon the ground, and face pale as death, the assassin walked behind the coffin of the victim he had helped to poison and strangle.

On the first of March, 1855, the writer was in St. Petersburg. Thousands who rose careless that morning became anxious, restless, and apprehensive as the day wore on. One concern absorbed every mind: the Angel of Death, it was whispered, had crossed the threshold of the Winter Palace, and was wrestling with its master. The heave of public feeling had subsided when the next morning dawned. Nicholas was dead. That very night "his thoughts perished"—his thoughts of arms and armies, fleets and battalions, batteries and battles, camps and sieges, diplomacy and protocols—and the mighty lord of a territory stretching from the shores of the Arctic Ocean to the southern slopes of the Caucasus, from the barren rocks of Kamtchatka to the sandy coasts of the Baltic, lay upon a couch, as indifferent to empire as the thick-ribbed ice which mantled the surface of the Neva. With storm-like rapidity, the sentence addressed to the great ones of the earth, "Ye shall die like men," was executed in the case of Nicholas; for he was a helpless corpse when the cabinets of England and France were engrossed with him as an active enemy—the vigilant and unwearied ruler of all the Russias.

Thus Nicholas, the greatest of his race since the days of Peter, was added to the number of deceased Czars. His struggle with death lasted through Thursday, the first of March, and ended soon after the succeeding day commenced. It is curious to note, that the event was not only an epoch in the politics of Europe, but as well in the annals of scientific skill. The electric cable had not then, in 1855, bound together the eastern and western continents. But, for the first time in the history of the world, intelligence of the decease of an imperial potentate traveled by land without horse or chariot, and crossed seas without the aid of sails or steam. Death's doings, on the banks of the Neva, were known on the day of their occurrence on the banks of the Seine and the Thames. We think little of it now, but men remarked, with wonder, sixteen years ago, how along the telegraphic wires tidings that th

Czar was no more were transmitted to his brother-in-law at Berlin, his daughter at Stuttgart, and his sisters at Weimar and the Hague. Close upon the same hour, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Amsterdam, Paris, and London were stirred by the important news. Swifter than the wind's wildest breath it flew by the forests, marshes, and moors of Livonia and Courland, across the sands and swamps of Prussia, over the heaths of western Germany, through busy Belgium, and thence, with unabated speed, beneath the waters of the Channel, to the shores of England. Nicholas expired at ten minutes after midnight, and, on the same day, the fact was known to every Court in Europe.

The bones of those Czars preceding Peter the Great, still remain in the Arkangelski Sabor. It is a rude, barbaric building, on the height of the *Kremlin*, remarkable only for its dark interior—the small windows scarcely admitting sufficient light to reveal its sepulchral monuments and bedizened shrines. Men of furious passions and evil deeds lie beneath its pavement, to some of whom the blackness of darkness is appropriate. Portraits of the Czars, large as life, are painted in fresco on the walls. Each appears wrapped in a white mantle, placed by his own tomb, as if watching it. They are wholly without artistic merit, and are not likenesses, having been apparently copied from a common pattern. The tombs are mere heaps of whitened brick-work, with inscriptions in the following style: "In the year of the world 7092, and in the year after Christ 1584, in the month of March, on the nineteenth day, departed the orthodox and Christ-loving Lord, the Czar and Grand Duke Feodor, the son of John, Ruler and General of all the Russians."

The great attraction of Arkangelski Sabor is the body of the last Demetrius, regarded as the last offshoot ot the old dynasty of Rurik. This is the mummy of a boy of five or six years of age, for two centuries canonized and worshiped. The tradition relates, that, after a vain search for the body of the stripling in the place where he was murdered by the usurper, it arose out of the earth. On festivals, this relic of humanity, magnificently clad, is exposed in an open coffin, and infatuated crowds struggle to kiss the forehead of St. Demetrius.

A PAIR OF EARS.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

IN a heavy diligence, drawn by two horses and fourteen mules across Mont Cenis, sat two gentlemen exchanging their views on Italy in general, and the women of Italy in particular. At the last station, where the names were called off and places assigned the passengers, they had discovered each other to be countrymen—both Germans—the one an author.

"But you must admit that those charming, sentimental Italian maids and women are altogether creations of your own brain—ideals that do not exist in Italy."

"I admit that by no means," was the response; "and besides, I am not writing treatises on the national character of the Italian people. I am simply writing stories."

The other passenger listened with doubting smile to all the poet said in defense of his model maids of Italy, and then asked: "Were you ever in Pisa? Were you ever on the broad street call-

ed Borgo; and did you hear from the windows of the second story a trumpeting soprano voice singing that duet from Norma:

"'Ah, sin' all' ore, all' ore estreme?'"

"No."

"You may thank your Creator, then—for you see this voice led me almost to destruction. Not, however, with its harmony: had I understood any thing of music, it would have warned me off rather than attracted me. But it was in the midst of the session; the students had taken possession of all eligible quarters, and it was quite a temptation, this clean-looking house, on which was displayed a notice of 'rooms to let,' and from which issued the trumpeting female voice. But I must tell you how I came to Pisa, and for what purpose. I am an architect, as you know; and in the particular little Fatherland to which I belong, was the only one of my profession who could design or build any thing above the customary three-storied barracks in which people are wont to congregate. Should you ever pass through our country, don't fail to inspect our arsenal, where our seven pieces of ordnance are kept under lock and key, to prevent them from shooting out over the borders of the country. This arsenal is my work, which gained me the favor of our Most Serene Highness in such measure that I am sure, should he carry out his intention of building a wall around his country, your humble servant would be the one chosen to construct it. For the present, he has shown me his satisfaction in a less ostentatious, but to me more gratifying manner. He has sent me to Italy to make scientific researches. You must know that among the greatest curiosities in our kingdom—standing in the park of the king's castle—is a tower which hangs considerably to one side. A beautiful piece of art, we say; but wicked, unpatriotic subjects say that this little watch-tower, which it was formerly, came to lean over to one side in consequence of a fish-pond being dug too close in its vicinity, which saturated the soil about it, and caused the mason-work of the tower to settle. There is nothing that so much hurts the feelings of our 'Landesvater' as to intimate that this is the true cause of the hanging of the tower; so one day, when he asked my opinion, as one versed in such things, I was diplomate enough to answer, that, since I was not familiar with Italy and its architecture, I could not say what relation our tower sustained to Italian works of architecture of the same kind. Only a thorough study of the whole mediæval 'hanging architecture' could lead to a correct estimation of the amount of art displayed in the building of this tower.

"The effect was that the very next day there was sent me a cabinet order, directing me to visit Italy for the purpose of studying mediæval architecture; which order I promptly complied with, as I am engaged to be married to a very fascinating young lady, and would hardly have torn myself away to see a country it was necessary for the sake of my profession to visit, had it not been for this order.

"I had left the hanging tower of Pisa for the last, and had meant to remain there some four weeks, to study as well as write, so that I could bring his Serenity something to read besides drawings, and maps, and charts.

"At the time I heard the soprano voice, I was almost desperate, not being able to find a place where to lay my head at night; and the moment I saw the placard with '*Camera du affitare*,' I determined that here would I rest.

"The untidy servant-girl, who came to open the door, crushed my hopes by informing me that specimens of humanity of the masculine gender could not find lodgings here; for her mistress was a widow, and would entertain only la-

dy lodgers. Seeing my disappointment, she good-naturedly offered to intercede for me with her mistress, and left me alone in the room that was to be let.

"During her absence, my eyes fell on a large-sized, square, solid table in the middle of the room. It was such a one as I had long dreamed of and coveted—just the right kind to spread maps, and charts, and draughts on—and here I determined to stay at all hazards.

"The singing in the next room was hushed, and on the threshold appeared the widow in faultless *négligé* costume of doubtful purity, casting on me her fiery, black eyes, which looked out from under a lot of curl-papers covering her head. I knew at the first glance that her manners had been acquired on the stage, and, though well-preserved, she was rather too much inclined to be fat; but had the figure resembled the leaning tower of her native city, I should have thought her charming, as the possessor of that splendid, large table, so I concentrated my whole energy in the eloquent appeal I made to her heart.

"She seemed touched by my earnest desire to remain, and said at last that it was the particular wish of her uncle—who was the guardian of her children—that she should not let the room out to gentlemen, as she was a young widow, and necessarily careful of her fair fame.

"I offered to try my power of persuasion on her gallant uncle, but was told that he was in Florence; and at last went away with the permission to call again in the afternoon for a final answer.

"When I mounted the stone stairs again in the afternoon, my heart beat in doubt and expectation, as though it were the woman and not the dumb, wooden table I was anxious to secure; but it was no small matter to know of the existence of such a table in Pisa, and then, perhaps, be compelled to rig up a scaffolding of cane, umbrella, and chairs, to spread my maps on! The widow was attired in deep mourning, her hair dressed becomingly, and she seemed slightly embarrassed—signs which I interpreted in my favor. In the absence of her uncle, she said, she had obtained the views of her aunt on this subject; and the aunt had said that a young widow like herself, who regarded the wishes of her family concerning some future alliance—— 'Certainly,' I said, and assured her that I would be the last one to interfere with the happiness of any individual who would be so fortunate as to—— But how long had the fortunate possessor of all these charms been dead?

"'Ten months,' she said, without any visible emotion. 'He went to Naples, fell into the hands of brigands, and never returned. Will you look at his photograph?'

"She preceded me into an adjoining room—evidently the *salon*, where the piano stood, and the sofa and tables. From the ceiling hung cages containing canaries and parrots; the walls were covered with portraits of theatrical celebrities, in rich gilt frames; above the sofa, poorly framed and covered with dust, hung the picture of the 'late lamented,' and from under the sofa a King Charles dog rushed out to bark at me, while the birds screamed, and the maid-servant's half-smothered snicker sounded through the key-hole. In the midst of this tumult, the widow stood placidly explaining to me how it was that she had not yet made choice of a second, though, only the day before yesterday, a young count had asked her hand in marriage. 'Of course,' she observed, 'it was hard to break a handsome young fellow's heart;' but how could she marry all who went crazy through love for her?

"'What may your name be, fair lady?' I asked; to which she answered, 'Lucrezia!'

"'Then, fair Lucrezia,' I said, 'it may be the work of destiny that to-day

I am seated on this sofa. I have wandered far in search of what my heart craved (my eyes rested on the large, square table in the next room, and I spoke merely of my perambulations in Pisa, while she understood that I had 'roamed the world o'er'), but never before did I feel tempted to lay aside my staff and make a home.'

"'Then you do not return to your former home?' inquired Donna Lucrezia.

"'It will depend entirely on you,' I replied; and to her question whether I was married, I returned, with shameless duplicity, 'Not yet; but I am determined not to remain a bachelor for six months longer.'

"Then the noble soul confessed, without hesitation, that she had four children: the two youngest stopped overday at her aunt's; the two oldest, with their grandam, in Florence.

"'Ha!' said I, 'I hope soon to see the little angels. I love all domestic animals: dogs, children, and canaries.'

"'Oh, what a happy exception I have met with in you!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands joyfully. 'My Carlo used to say that it drove him distracted to hear the dogs bark, the birds chatter, the children cry, and myself singing *solfeggios* in between. My Carlo always told me that Englishmen were people who had queer tastes——'

"'I am only a German, Madonna. But you have given your consent, and I may bring my trunk; may I not?'

"I arose, kissed her hand, and vanished before she could push her conquest any further. You see, if she had spread out before me a contract, in the first part of which were stipulated that I should marry her, my double-dealing would have been exposed at once; but as she abstained from any measure so decided, my perfidy was not brought to light.

"Within an hour, my baggage was unloaded at the door, and I had spread maps and charts out on that splendid, large, square table. I was not troubled much the first few days; my handsome captor thought I was sufficiently safe to watch from a distance; and, surely, a milder, steadier, more submissive 'second choice' than your humble servant proved in those days, she could not have found. The morning hours I passed in studying and surveying the bent tower, from whence I returned straight to my great, square table, for the purpose of laying down my observations on paper. From the next room would come the melting strains of

"'Ah, sin all' ore, all' ore estreme!'

which fell harmlessly on my dull ear, without in the least accelerating the pulsations of my calloused heart. The two youngest little angels were sent into my room once or twice, where they played the mischief with maps and drawings; but a few oranges bought me off from this trial, and things went on harmoniously as before. In the cool of the evening, I, with the rest of the population, walked on the Lung' Arno, where I was met, at different turns, by the Donna Lucrezia, in widow's veil, leaning on the arm of some female friend, and bowing to me with the most finished, girlish embarrassment. With a little study, I learned to return home after she had retired for the night. Her mind not being of the most cultivated, she could find nothing to interest her after it had grown too dark for her to look out of the window and be admired.

"Thus quietly passed our days: it was almost like paradise, where the wolf and the lamb rest peacefully side by side. Pretty soon the lamb seemed a little surprised that the wolf was so very tame: it hurt the lamb's pride that there were no attacks of the wolf to ward off. Finally, the lamb prepared to reverse the original intent of Nature, and the wolf was attacked: first, with fresh bou-

quets, placed among the maps on the square table, then with little tidbits and dishes that Madonna herself claimed to have cooked. My slippers, which were not what they had been, had disappeared one evening, and in their place stood a pair of elegant Turkish house-shoes, which had once graced the feet of my wolf-predecessor. One day, while being fed at Madonna's fair hands, I went so far as to repudiate my honest German *sauerkraut*, giving the palm to the mess of Italian artichokes I was swallowing. This seemed of such deep significance to the lamb, that a stronger attack was ventured on the next morning. Thinking of neither harm nor danger, I had climbed to the upper stories of my tower, when I was suddenly startled by the strains of

"'Ah, sin all' ore, all' ore estreme!'

coming up from the depths below; and, behold! Donna Lucrezia mounting the winding stair-way of the tower. Of course, there was no escape for me, and I had to make my appearance with her on the *plaza* of the dome, at midday, before all the people.

"That same afternoon she carried me off to one of those open theatres—the Politiama, I think, it was. Vainly I told her that it might compromise her in the eyes of her friends. She only replied that 'we had compromised ourselves already, and that the veil must fall sooner or later, in any event.' 'And the scales from your eyes, too,' I said to myself; 'but, if you insist, I am not to blame.'

"I thought at first that her only intention had been to 'compromise' herself as well as myself thoroughly in the eyes of the world; but she had another object. The piece played was a tedious modern tragedy; but between acts a singer made his appearance on the stage—a strange figure, that I had more than once noticed on the streets. He always wore a cinnamon-colored doublet, and wide hose of the same shade; a picturesque black hat pressed on his heavy, black curls. He was led through the streets by a little, dark woman, sharp-featured, with an expression of stony sorrow in her face. I had been told that this man was once a celebrated singer, Tobia Seresi, who had lost his mind, and therefore could no longer appear in operas; but he was brought on the stage, occasionally, to sing and receive liberal pay for it from the sympathizing public. At such times his little wife stood behind the scenes, watching him closely; for he had fits of violence sometimes, in which this little woman, whom he loved tenderly, could alone quiet and tame him.

"Hardly had he sung the first notes of his *aria*, when Donna Lucrezia turned to me, and explained at great length how she herself had really been the cause of Sor Tobia going crazy. Six years ago, in the midst of a tender duet, his madness had suddenly broken out. He had pressed her passionately to his bosom, as the *rôle* required, and had whispered, with flaming eyes, that unless she responded to his love, he would make away with her and himself through means of a poisoned potato-salad. I listened only half to her chattering, because the poor, crazed singer really interested me; and at the end of the song I applauded heartily, when a huge bouquet was handed Sor Tobia, which he received with his usual half-ironical smile. Every body seemed to give expression, in some shape, to their pity for the singer; Donna Lucrezia, alone, sat coolly fanning herself, and disposing of candied orange-slices.

"The Donna seemed to think that my subjugation was complete, and that matters must come to a crisis between us. She spoke of her circumstances, which were brilliant enough, and of how her husband had married her away from the

stage, on account of her beauty, though as musical composer he had, of course, highly appreciated her voice—

"'There it is,' said I, groping blindly about, in my despair, for a straw to cling to: 'that beautiful soprano voice of yours would be hopelessly ruined. All southern voices are destroyed by the frost and snow of our German winters.'

"She replied, pathetically, that she 'was willing to bring this sacrifice: marriage was one continuous sacrifice on the altar of Love.'

"'But the poor little Bimbi,' I suggested; 'how could they live in that rough country?'

"The children, she said, were well off where they were, and could be left there.

"Then a sudden inspiration came to me.

"'Fair Lucrezia,' I said, 'there is one point on which I must be satisfied: you say your late departed had fallen into the hands of brigands, and never returned. How do you know but that he *might* return, and break my neck for having taken his place?'

"'Wait a moment,' she said, coolly, and unlocked a little writing-desk in the corner. From it she brought to me—what? Two little bottles, well corked, containing each an ear, trimmed neatly from a man's head.

"'Ecco!' she spoke, 'my Carlo had very sensitive ears; and think you he could have lived after these were cut off? No; I knew my Carlo better than that. They sent me the right ear first, asking 5,000 *lires*' ransom for the man who had been attached to it. I sent the money, and shortly after received the left ear; and, in spite of all inquiries, I have not been able to discover the remainder of my Carlo. My uncle is now in Florence, for the purpose of procuring the legal testimonies of his death.'

"She locked away the ears carefully, and then proceeded to the piano, and intoned, '*Ah, sin all' ore;*' but I rushed out of the house, on the plea of a violent headache. I fled to my *trattorio* Nettuno, where I tortured my brain, while drinking his red wine, how to shake off this dreadful marble woman. Eat I could not, after having seen those ears in alcohol; but I sat drinking, against my usually temperate habits, till at last the wine seemed to illuminate my head. Yes, I would fly; would leave all: big table, and my own possessions, with the exception of maps, charts, and drawings. Buying a trunk, I had it carried to Nettuno's, and then returned to my charming widow's house. Little by little, in packages and bundles, I carried my things to Nettuno's the next morning; and when I left my room for the last time, no one could have suspected, from the looks of it, that I meant to leave it for good. The rent had been paid for a month in advance.

"You may imagine that I felt like a convict escaped from

"'Ah, sin all' ore, all' ore estreme!'

for life, as the train carried me swiftly toward La Spezia. There I could eat, drink, and sleep with a light heart. In the little room I occupied was a table hardly large enough to write a wash-list on; but I fairly gloated over that little table. The most delightful day dawned the next morning, and I crossed the bay to the old pirates' nest, Portovenere. I could hardly believe that I was among the living, as I passed through the single, narrow street, where the women sat under the door-ways, dressed in the most primitive style, spinning and gossiping, and looking on me as though the waves had just washed ashore some wonder of the deep. At last I entered a *trattoria*, and was shown to a smoky, dingy *salone*, where an old crone soon brought me a very passable dinner. She entered the room just as I was about to open a door that led from the *salone* into some other room, and her angry gesture told me at

once to desist. To my explanation that I had wanted to ascertain whether I could find room to remain over-night, she replied that she had no room vacant.

"Before she had brought me the dry figs and rock-like biscuit for dessert, I had fallen into a quiet nap, from which the sound of music awakened me. It seemed to be an ancient clave-cymbal, and the tones came from behind the door I had tried before. Again I approached it, this time looking through the key-hole, in my curiosity, for I heard such fragments as

"'Deh perfido — Ah Barbaro
Come? Tiranno — O Dio il cor dal seno ——'

issuing from the mysterious room. The instrument from which the music came stood against the wall, opposite the door, and before it sat Sor Carlo, the husband of my widow! There could be no mistake; I had too often studied his photographed face hanging over the widow's sofa: I knew it, line by line.

"The rattling at the door startled him, and he called out to know who it was. I spoke his name, and asked permission to enter, which was granted, after some hesitation.

"'My dear Sor Carlo,' I exclaimed, reproachfully, 'how can you bury yourself here, when all Pisa is in alarm about you, and your affectionate widow ——' He interrupted me, fortunately, or I might have gone so far as to describe Donna Lucrezia as inconsolable.

"'My widow?' he asked, in consternation. 'Does not my wife know that I am alive and well?'

"Then I told him, without betraying the mourning widow's tender designs on myself, how matters stood in Pisa, and advised him to return instantly, and change the widow's grief into rejoicing. He listened, half stupefied, to all I told him; but when it came to the ears in alcohol, his indignation broke loose, and he dug his hands deep into his hair, and showed me an uninjured pair attached to his head. He raved and ranted about in his narrow, little room, and at last told me the tragi-comic story of his self-banishment. He had first seen his wife on the stage, and had fallen as violently in love with her beauty, as he detested her singing. Her false notes had not only been a trial to him, but had actually driven a celebrated singer—Tobia Seresi—out of his wits; for, after having been compelled to sing in the same operas with her all winter, he had gone clean mad at the end of the season. To his despair Sor Carlo found, after he had married Donna Lucrezia in sheer self-defense, that he had by no means banished her from the stage, for sing she would, in spite of household, children, and all. Soon he found, that, between the crying of the children, the screeching of the birds, and the barking of the dogs—with which she insisted on surrounding herself—and Lucrezia's own singing, it was impossible for him to compose one bar of music; and, at last, he knew that he must fly, or lose his senses. He concluded to go to Naples, for recreation; and here, at the house of his friend, a physician, he met a young poet who had just written the text of an opera, which, Sor Carlo believed, if rightly set to music, would at once make them both immortal.

"But already Madonna was growing impatient, and threatened to hunt up (or hunt down) her beloved Carlo, if he did not return. His friend, the physician, had insisted on Carlo's immortalizing himself, and had promised to pacify Madonna, and keep her at bay, if Carlo would consent not to write a single line to her for six months. He gladly assented. Then the Doctor had taken his own measures, and, with the assistance of some 'subject's' ears, had carried them out almost too effectually. Sor Carlo raved much about being made the laughing-stock of a whole city, should he

return; but I assured him that those ears had been exhibited only to Madonna's most intimate friends (he looked up, with some suspicion, and I hastened to speak of my betrothed in Germany), and that it was nothing unusual for a musical genius to fly from all disturbing elements and live in solitude till his work was finished and presented to the world.

"'Advise me how to act,' he implored. 'My head is quite wild.'

"I did advise him, that it was probably best for me to return and prepare his loving wife; his sudden appearance might cause her death, or, at least, a severe nervous shock. He consented to this arrangement, and I hastened back; but, while at the wharf, looking for my old boatman, a veiled lady seized me by the arm, and called me a traitor.

"'Donna Lucrezia!' I exclaimed, 'what in the world are you doing here? Don't you know——'

"'O Ferdinando,' she declaimed, with much pathos, 'I fly to you, for refuge from the malice of the wicked people. My uncle has returned from Florence, and threatened to kill the man who so compromised his niece. I pleaded with him to spare your life for three days—my heart told me that I should find you—and now——'

"'You have come just when I wanted to see you,' I interrupted. 'Your widowhood has come to an end.'

"'Very well; then let us go back immediately in this boat. Ah! I knew you would not compromise me so, unless you meant to act well and honorably by me.'

"I lost no time in telling her of my meeting with her dear departed, and the result of the interview. She was struck dumb, at first, but listened attentively; and, at the end of my communication, she drew her veil back over her face, bowed graciously, as she would have done to a stranger who had just shown her the way, and saying, 'A pleasant journey to you,' she walked off, to meet and embrace her beloved Carlo."

THE STORY OF A SPANISH EXILE.

DURING the last two centuries the world has steadily advanced in its avowed purpose to ameliorate the condition of all the races of mankind, and to make the bond of human sympathy broader and more distinctly defined. The same interval of time has witnessed the greatest triumphs of human genius and benevolence. Spain, my native land, has remained dormant and utterly indifferent to the grand forward movement of the neighboring nations. The touch of Nature, which gave a mighty impulse to emancipation in the nineteenth century, failed to reach the hearts of her Most Catholic Majesty and her successors in power. There it found no welcome. Neither the crimson sacrifice made by the Great Republic, nor the Christian example offered to the world by the Russian autocrat in the cause of human emancipation, nor the united protest of Christendom against the continuance of the slave-trade, produced any visible effect upon Catholic Spain. It is true, as matter of history, that she long since bound herself to abolish the infamous traffic; but, notwithstanding her plighted faith, the continued connivance of the Cuban authorities in the slave-trade has provoked stern remonstrances from England and America. The present trouble with the traders in human flesh is this: that they are treated as pirates, whenever they are caught by the vigilant cruisers of either of those great Powers. Hence, the traders are more wary. But human slavery is the

curse of Cuba. That island is one of the last remnants of American soil upon which the crime is tolerated.

My nativity, which occurred at Madrid in the year of our Lord 1845, gave to Spain the power to claim me as her subject. Alas! I never felt that honest pride which swells the heart of an American when he contemplates his native land. To him, the recollection is a cause of exultation and joy; to me, it brings humiliation and vain regrets—for Spain bequeaths to her children nothing but a legacy of shame—nothing but memories of violated faith—nothing but a sense of individual and national inferiority. The history of monarchy in the Spanish peninsula is simply a calendar of crime.

The Spanish conscription, which followed quickly upon the heels of the Cuban insurrection in 1865, forced me into the army. To my comrades and myself it was a sentence of deportation and expatriation. The ties of kindred were pleaded against it in vain. Spain is, at home, as she is abroad, merciless and implacable. The assassin's argument, which sent Prim to his account, is the only certain mode of redress that haughty Spain has left to her unfortunate subjects. The character and policy of Spanish royalists are repugnant to the idea of liberty; the nation rejects, with contempt, the grand code, which was declared in 1776 by the thirteen United States of America, "that all men are created equal." And when the insurrection was developed in Cuba, the parent Government did not hesitate to adopt severe measures toward the rebels—to teach them, in fact, that they had no share in the great proclamation of manumission and emancipation which President Lincoln thundered from the American Capital. True, that proclamation embraced all the slaves in the States and Territories of the American Union, including the slaves in the peninsula of Florida, which is almost within cannon-shot of the "ever-faithful isle;" true, the tidings of freedom were borne, by every breeze, from the American coast to the bondsmen of Cuba, and they asked themselves, why it was that liberty was not illimitable: however, when, at last, they learned that liberty, like any other beneficent thing, must be purchased with a price, they sternly resolved to attain it, and raised the standard of revolt—but their sad condition of servitude ill-qualified them to measure arms with the veteran soldiers of Spain.

The troop-ship, with the Spanish conscripts, misnamed volunteers, on board, sailed from Cadiz, and reached Havana after a stormy passage across the Atlantic. My position as a commissioned officer in a Spanish regiment-of-foot—from which I was, subsequently, a deserter—necessarily made me a custodian of the secrets of the revolting service to which the army was assigned in Cuba. I am enabled to give, from personal knowledge and experience, an interior view of the military *status* and social condition of the island.

The following telegraphic dispatch was received from Washington, December 11th, 1871, and published in the San Francisco newspapers of the same day:

THE CUBAN OUTRAGES.—An effort will be made in Congress, to-morrow, or some day this week, to have some action taken to prevent the outrages committed on Americans in Cuba. The orders given to our fleet, recently, are all very well, but do not reach the necessities of the case. A declaration by Congress, it is believed, would have some effect. Dispatches to the Government confirm fully the reports of the brutal conduct of the Cuban Volunteers.

It would not become me, perhaps, to enlarge upon the manifest obligation which every Government owes to its citizens to protect them from outrages in foreign lands. I could make disclosures, in relation to the torture and execution of American citizens by the Spanish authorities in the island of Cuba, which would send a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world.

Respecting the right and duty of the United States to interfere in Cuban affairs upon the score of humanity, I have to remark, that it is conceded by Vattel as well as other distinguished commentators upon the law of nations, that when war degenerates into a carnival of blood, it becomes the duty of Samaritan nations to stanch the crimson tide, and enforce a peace. The Spanish authorities in Cuba anticipating such a result, have constantly held possession of all the channels of communication between Cuba and the American Union. Every port and inlet have been jealously guarded; every letter, either arriving or departing, has been inspected, and every dispatch passing through the telegraphic cable is subjected to the rigid scrutiny of the Government censor.

On May 5th, 18—, six thousand men of the Spanish contingent were ordered to march from Havana to Matanzas—thence to move in the direction of Soledad and Villa Clara, in the interior. Information was communicated to the army, in the form of "general orders," that no quarter would be given to insurgents, and the army was to take no prisoners. There were also distributed among the commissioned officers, printed lists containing the names of hundreds of "suspected persons," creole planters, Cuban sympathizers, and heads of families, living upon their estates in the island. To these printed lists were attached peremptory orders to kill, without ceremony, or examination, or the form of a trial, every person named in the lists, and to give their families and property to the soldiery for pillage!

In the narrative of these scenes, something must be left to the imagination of the reader. There are crimes so inconceivable, that a description of them stains the page of history, and gives to the cynic new arguments in support of his false theory of universal depravity. It is better, therefore, to blot out the record.

The army marched from Havana, in obedience to the orders of the Captain-General. It consisted of a squadron of cavalry, four field-batteries, and five thousand infantry. In respect to discipline and efficiency, the forces of Spain are very inferior to the English and American troops; and our army evinced, from the beginning, a spirit of insubordination. The soldiers could not be restrained by their officers. The abdication and flight of the Queen, and the temporary disruption of the Government at home, very naturally produced in the army a condition bordering upon anarchy, and a defiance of all restraint or authority. Attempts on the part of the Captain-General to enforce discipline and order were met by threats of assassination, and that officer, upon the demand of the army, was superseded. In fact, he deemed himself fortunate in being enabled to leave Cuba with his life. The advance of our army was surprised by a body of insurgents within a few miles of Havana, and was hurled back upon the main body with heavy loss. The insurgents, however, were not in great force, and they successfully retreated before our heavy columns of infantry. This disaster made the men eager for vengeance. The rank and file of the army were generally fit instruments to execute the brutal orders of their superiors, and to wage indiscriminate war.

Without entering upon a detailed report of the military operations in which I was actively engaged in Cuba, I will state, generally, that the savage policy of the home Government has been most unsparingly executed upon the unfortunate inhabitants of that island. Terrorism is the word which describes the interior condition of the Queen of the Antilles. Everywhere she is dotted with the blackened ruins of homes, and the

bleaching bones of corpses. Everywhere the traces of rapine and spoliation remain—silent, but eloquent witnesses of a guilty power guiltily administered. The armies of Spain have, however, sustained terrible punishment in their protracted conflict with the insurgent population. The guerrilla system of warfare which Spain adopted during the peninsular struggle, is now being visited upon her in Cuba, and she may yet find her struggle there as profitless as that in which Russia engaged in the mountains of the Caucasus.

The Cuban insurgents, ill-clad and without discipline or military organization, yet possess the material for an army. Their greatest need is competent officers. Give them efficient commanders, arms, and subsistence, and, in twelve months, they will end Spanish rule on this continent. That rule is now only nominally maintained in Cuba, by means of the Spanish cruisers. Once withdraw them and open the ports of the island, and Spanish supremacy ends forever.

Within a very brief interval after I discovered the nature of the service to which we were assigned in Cuba, I deliberately formed the determination to desert from the army. I had learned that the service was one in which no gentleman could remain with honor. For several months after leaving Havana, my command was actively engaged in the field; and, during that period, we murdered in cold blood more than one thousand human beings, without the form even of a drum-head court-martial. We came to destroy, and we fulfilled our mission with the brand, the fagot, and the bayonet. My regiment was eventually detailed for garrison-duty at Santiago de Cuba, in the extreme eastern portion of the island. Here I formed the acquaintance of Don José de Santerre, a Cuban planter, whose magnificent estate was situated at a distance of twelve leagues from our quarters in the city. He was a gentleman of culture and refinement—boundless in his wealth as in his hospitality. I formed for him an ardent attachment, which, on his part, was, I believe, warmly reciprocated. I was but too happy to avail myself of the urgent invitations given me by Don José to visit him at his home, and I became his guest as often as I could obtain relief from the monotony of garrison-duty. My noble host was a native Cuban. His estate consisted of a tract of land about one league square, and the fortunate proprietor was widely known not only as a successful planter, but also as one of the most influential men in south-eastern Cuba. All that wealth could procure, or refinement suggest, had been lavished upon his beautiful home. Paintings adorned his walls, and sculpture his grounds. His library abounded with works of scholars and scientists, and had been collected at heavy cost in Europe and America. The furniture throughout this princely residence was of great value. Fruits, flowers, and fountains were supplied by Nature with the same beneficence which she displays everywhere in tropical climes.

José de Santerre was a widower, with an only child—Isabel de Santerre—fourteen years of age. But, like all the blossoms that are yielded beneath the Southern skies, women in Cuba mature earlier than they do in the cold latitudes of the North. And this sweet child of Nature exhibited a precocity of person, as well as intellect, far beyond her tender years. She was a living embodiment of beauty, in its highest sense. To say that I loved Isabel, would be but a poor form of words to express the bewildering feeling which took possession of my soul. For many weeks these pleasant relations continued, and I fondly hoped that they might never be interrupted. One morning, while seated at breakfast in my

quarters, a messenger was announced. He was admitted by my orderly, and, after delivering a packet, withdrew. Perceiving that the communication was official, I immediately broke the seals. Had I been suddenly menaced with death in its most horrid form, I could have confronted the grim spectre without fear. The contents of that packet froze my young blood. It was a peremptory order from the Captain-General at Havana for the summary execution of José de Santerre, and the confiscation of all his property in the island of Cuba—and the execution of this order was intrusted to me! I was required to take a file of men, and shoot the man to death without the form of trial. No cause was assigned for the act. No accusation was stated. That fatal order changed my *status* from an officer of the Spanish army to that of a Spanish rebel. My nature revolted at the crime of which I was to be the instrument. I comprehended that even I, an officer of high rank in the service of Spain, had hitherto utterly failed to fathom the deeper depths of infamy into which my country was plunged. But I resolved to save the lives of my friends, or to die in their defense. The system of espionage established throughout the island, is, perhaps, the most perfect that ever existed in any country—not even excepting that which was matured by Vidocq, in the heart of France. I knew that prompt and decisive action and absolute secrecy were indispensable to my success in the desperate attempt upon which I had resolved—and that was, to conduct Don José and his daughter to the nearest seaport, where I hoped to place them safely on board some American vessel, and thus insure their escape from the island. Within thirty minutes after the fatal order was placed in my hand, I was mounted on a fleet horse who had borne me safely through many dangers. To divert suspicion, I rode out of the city in a direction opposite to the one I had marked out for my journey. Upon reaching the open country, I made a circuit and speedily gained the highroad leading to the estate of my honored friend. My horse seemed, intuitively, to know my will, and was eager to obey it. His stride seemed greater, and his action better, than I had ever known before. In three hours he carried me safely over those twelve leagues of broken country. But the faithful steed never again carried the master who loved him. To dismount and announce myself was but the work of a moment. In answer to my summons, Don José joined me in the library—his face radiant with the charm of a chivalrous spirit. Without a word, I placed in his hands the fatal order for his summary execution. He knew my rank in the army; he knew also the stern discipline which the service exacted. He knew that disobedience was death; but he little imagined that I had come to save him, or die with him. He read the order with a degree of composure for which I was unprepared. Not a muscle of his countenance changed. Taking my hands, he said:

"My friend, I have long expected this. I have long known that over my head, like that of Damocles, the sword was suspended by a single hair. My wife has preceded me to the land of souls, where I trust I may be reunited to her. There is but one tie which has bound me to the earth, and that is Isabel, my beloved daughter. Her I must confide to that Providence who is the Father of the fatherless. I am your prisoner, and am ready to meet my fate."

I need hardly say that I hastened to undeceive my friend, and to assure him that I was ready to offer my life in his defense. Then, without loss of time, I imparted to him the plan I had conceived for his flight from Cuba. As I proceeded, the barrier behind which he

had intrenched himself was broken down. The stoic who could die and make no sign, was conquered by my devotion, and tears welled up into his eyes. He agreed with me that to remain there was death. He knew as well as I that the sway of the man who sat in his palace at Havana, was absolute as that of the Czar in his own dominions. There was no respite or appeal—the alternative was, flight or death. We speedily decided that the Bay of Nipe, on the northern coast, was the surest point from which we might hope to embark and avoid the cruisers of Spain. Don José rang the bell, and, in a few moments, his daughter entered the library.

"We have no time for greetings, my dear child," said Don José, as she advanced to welcome me; and then, in hurried, but loving sentences, he told her of the fearful danger which menaced us, and the necessity for our instant flight. The daughter inherited the intrepid spirit of the father. She received the intelligence without any of that womanly emotion which is sometimes attributed to the fair daughters of Eve. Summoning the *major domo* of the estate, Don José told him that we were going to make a short excursion around the plantation, and bade him saddle the horses, with a fresh one for the Colonel—meaning myself. Suspense makes strong demands upon our fortitude, and sometimes paralyzes the strongest will. During the quarter of an hour which was consumed in making our preparations, I was, like Lear, "on a wheel of fire." At the end of that time, I lifted Isabel into the saddle; then, mounting the horse which the thoughtful care of my friend had provided for me, we silently awaited his coming. He was watching us; he suddenly raised one of the windows of the library, and said, in low tones: "There are some things that I must collect and carry with me. It will occupy but a few moments. Take the road by the *monte*, and go without delay. I shall overtake you."

To my companion the will of her father was law. She quietly turned her horse's head, and galloped slowly away from the dear home upon which she had unconsciously looked for the last time on earth. I followed closely at her side. A sharp angle in the road quickly screened us from the gaze of the household servants, and then we, indeed, commenced the race for liberty and life. On we sped like the wind, both too busy with our own thoughts to engage in conversation, and the silence was unbroken save by the *rataplan* of our horses' hoofs upon the flinty road.

The island was at that time thickly studded with military outposts, between which close communication was maintained by a system of signals. Every road was patrolled by mounted men, and a vigilant watch was kept upon all the accessible points on the sea-coast. My design was to avoid the patrol. If we encountered them, our doom was sealed. I conjectured that my sudden departure from the garrison, and my prolonged absence, had already aroused suspicion. In Cuba, suspicion is a sentence of death. There is no red-tape in that island. We had traversed several miles before we drew rein, or thought of easing our steeds. Then the pace became slower, and Isabel, for the first time, betrayed some anxiety for her father. We looked back, but he was nowhere to be seen. I confess, I secretly shared the anxiety and distress of my dear companion, but I did not betray it. I expressed entire confidence in her father's safety, and assured her that he would speedily overtake us. She regretted that she had yielded to his wish, and started without her father's company. I re-assured her with many words of encouragement, reminding her that every portion of the island was as familiar to her father as his own planta-

tion, and he would speedily rejoin us, either at or before the end of the journey. The coming twilight warned us to increase our pace; and, without any misadventure, we arrived in full view of the Bay of Nipe, just as the mists of evening were beginning to envelop its bright waters. The shores of this bay are abrupt, and in many places heavily wooded. We were at a considerable altitude above the sea, and our position enabled us to command a view of the bay and the open sea beyond. With the aid of my glass I could discern, in the distance, the spars of a vessel faintly traced against the sky; but I could not form any opinion as to her nationality, nor had I any means of communicating with her. In that latitude—twenty degrees north of the equator—the nights are delicious and balmy. For me—a soldier—a night bivouac in the open air was a luxury. I often preferred it to the sultry barracks of Santiago. But I was anxious for my young charge, and now, more than ever, anxious for her father, from whom we had received no tidings. As for Isabel, she could no longer conceal her agitation and distress. But I besought her to summon all her fortitude and courage. Again and again I assured her that her father would escape. I addressed to her every argument that love and duty could suggest; but it was in vain. Her terror increased, until, at last, I proposed to retrace our steps, and abandon the idea of quitting the island. If we returned, we might, at least, die together; and, even if the blood-hounds of the Captain-General should overtake us, she might, at least, receive her father's dying sigh.

While we interchanged these thoughts we suffered our horses to walk on unrestrained, and, almost unconsciously, had descended from the highlands and gained the eastern shore of the bay. Twilight had deepened into the sombre shadows of night, when, suddenly, I heard the sound of approaching oars. Withdrawing to a little distance, we silently awaited the course of events. Soon I observed a light, and presently heard the sound of a boat's keel grating upon the pebbly shore. Several persons disembarked. I correctly judged that this boat came from the vessel which I had seen in the offing, and I feared that it was manned by a Spanish crew. I listened intently to their murmured conversation. The respited criminal never felt a deeper joy than I experienced when, at last, I heard words spoken in a foreign tongue, and the stern order, "Bear a hand there, men!"

"Isabel," I exclaimed, "we are saved: these men are Americans!"

"Thank God!" was all her answer.

Dismounting, and throwing my *capote* over my uniform, I advanced to the shore. The idea that this proceeding might be attended with danger had not occurred to me. But I was speedily aroused to a sense of my situation when the muzzle of a revolver was pointed at my breast, simultaneously with the stern inquiries: "Who are you? What do you want?" I was almost entirely ignorant of the English language, but by the aid of signs I speedily made the Americans—for such I found them to be—understand that I was not an enemy. Fortunately, to Isabel the English tongue was almost as familiar as her own. Remembering this fact, I conducted her to the officer's presence. She frankly told him the history of our misfortune, and of our desire to escape from the island. Without hesitation, the gentleman offered to take us as passengers on board his vessel (the brig *Amazon*, of Baltimore), and convey us safely to the United States. He also promised that a boat should be stationed upon the beach, through the night, to bring off Don José, in the event of his arrival. It was not without a pang that I unsaddled our faithful steeds and gave them their

freedom. But I had planted my foot upon the plowshare: for me there was no backward movement—no resource but flight or ignominious death. I knew that I was already denounced and a price set upon my head, to be paid by the Government in the coin of the realm. I decided, therefore, to accept the manly offer of the American.

We were safely placed on board the vessel, and the cabin was generously placed at the disposal of the forlorn daughter of my patriot friend. Isabel made no objection or resistance, but submitted herself entirely to my guidance and protection. But from the moment she arrived on board, she preserved a profound silence. Every attempt to engage her in conversation failed.

The long night of suspense ended at last, and the wings of the morning were unfolded in the eastern sky. Miss De Santerre yet remained on deck, with her pale face turned shoreward. Suddenly a company of cavalry dashed down the mountain road leading to the shore of the bay, and at the same instant we observed the brig's boat hastily put off from the beach. The troopers charged down to the water's edge, and opened a rapid, though ineffectual, fire from their carbines upon the receding boat. This thrilling *tableau*, so suddenly enacted before our eyes, was a *fata morgana* to the fair, young fugitive at my side. She interpreted it as an omen of her father's tragical death. "Look!" she exclaimed, pointing to the shore. "My father is dead. Those men have killed him." And then, with a cry like the wail of a breaking heart, she fell senseless to the deck.

I did not learn his sad fate until I reached the United States. Then I ascertained, through a correspondent in Havana, that Don José was intercepted on the road, in his effort to overtake his child, and was shot to death by the troopers of Spain. The authorities attempted to justify his murder, upon the plea that he was a Cuban sympathizer and a traitor to the Spanish Government. But it was a false plea, and without any foundation in fact.

The safety of the vessel demanded instant action: the shore-signals had already made her presence known to the Spanish cruisers. When the boat arrived alongside, the brig's anchor was safely secured, and, without a moment's delay, she proceeded to sea.

Here, in my hands, was a beauteous blossom, suddenly and rudely torn from the parent tree—dying, dying, because its structure was so matchless and delicate that it could not be grafted upon any hardier plant. Death was, therefore, not only inevitable, but there was in her young heart a yearning, and a glad anticipation of his coming. Death claimed the peerless stranger for his bride. I disputed his claim, but he triumphed, and I walked forth from his presence, bearing upon my face and in my heart his ineffaceable scars. We bore the sacred ashes on shore at Baltimore, and they were buried in the Monumental City.

FROM ASTORIA TO THE CASCADES.

ABOVE Astoria, for some distance, there are no settlements on the river. But the grandeur of the wooded highlands, the frequently projecting cliffs covered with forest to their very edges, and embroidered and festooned with mosses, ferns, and vines, together with the far-stretching views of the broad Columbia, suffice to engage the admiring attention of the tourist. In consequence of fires, which every year spread through and destroy large tracts of timber, the mountains in many places present a desolated appearance, the naked trunks alone of the towering firs being left standing to decay. After a few years a new growth covers the ground, but the old trees remain unsightly objects still. It is true, however, in compensation for the ugliness of a burnt forest, that the shape of the country is thereby partially revealed, and that one discovers fine level benches of land fit for farming, in the openings thus made, where before no such variations from the general slope had been apparent.

The first point at which the river steamers touch in going up, is Cathlamet—a small trading post and salmon fishery, about twenty miles above Astoria, on the north side of the river. Ten miles farther up, on the south side, is Westport, situated upon one of the numerous sloughs which the river forms on the Oregon side.

This slough, or bayou, of the Columbia is a pretty bit of quiet water, with a level, wooded island on one side, and the main-land backed by wooded hills on the other. It is no place for a large town, but an excellent one for what it is—a flourishing trading post. The valley of the Nehalem—a considerable stream that runs nearly parallel with the Columbia, emptying into the ocean near Tillamook Head—is rapidly being settled up, and adds to the importance of Westport, which is the only trading post within twelve miles of the new settlement.

The steamer being detained for half an hour at this place, gives us an opportunity to step ashore and take a look at the salmon fishery of Captain John West. We find it a busy place, the fishing season, which begins in May and ends in August, being at its height. The manner of taking salmon in the Columbia is usually by drift nets, from twenty to a hundred fathoms long. The boats used by the fishermen are similar to the Whitehall boat. According to laws of their own, the men engaged in taking the fish, where the drift is large, allow each boat a stated time to go back and forth along the drift to hook up the salmon. The meshes of the nets are just of a size to catch the fish by the gills, when attempting to pass through; and their misfortune is betrayed to the watchful eye of the fisherman by the bobbing of the corks on the surface of the water.

When brought to the fishery, they are piled up on long tables, which project out over the water. Here stand Chinamen, two at each table, armed with long, sharp knives, who, with great celerity and skill, disembowel and behead the fresh arrivals, pushing the offal over the brink into the river at the same time. After cleaning, the fish are thrown into brine vats, where they remain from one to two days to undergo the necessary shrinkage, which is nearly one-half. They are then taken out, washed thor-

oughly, and packed down in barrels, with the proper quantity of salt. That they may keep perfectly well, it is necessary to heap them up in the barrels, and force them down with a screw-press.

A *fishery* proper is understood to mean a barreling establishment; while a *cannery* is one where the fish are preserved in cans, both fresh and spiced, or pickled. The establishment of Mr. West is both these in one. This establishment, also, has commenced the business of saving the oil, which, in barreling salmon, is pressed out, and is equal in quality to the best sperm-oil.

The method of canning salmon was kept secret for one or two seasons, and only a few of the fisheries practiced it. No effort is now made to conceal the processes. The result is the main thing in which the public are interested, and this is a delicious preparation of fresh, or spiced and vinegared fish, put up ready for the table. The market for canned salmon is rapidly increasing—the principal exports being, at present, to California, South America, China, and the Islands. It is expected to find a market for it in New York and London, as soon as the amount produced becomes large enough to supply those cities.

The whistle of *The Dixie* warns us to bring our observation to a close at this point. Turning back down the slough, we emerge once more into the Columbia, and soon arrive at a point in the river known as the "Narrows," but to which Lieutenant Wilkes gave the name of St. Helen's Reach, from the bold view of that mountain obtained here, at a distance of eighty miles. The Narrows is a famous fishing-ground, and the largest drift is here. Traps, or weirs, were also in use about the Narrows, but the high-water, this year (1871), destroyed most of them. There are no less than seven fisheries in a distance of three miles, two of them being large establishments. That of Hapgood & Hume put up, this year, 700,000 pounds of canned salmon; West & Co., 400,000 pounds. Hume & Co., another firm, have also a large cannery, and Reed & Trott, another large establishment opposite these last, on the Oregon side. In all, there are twenty-five of these fisheries, from Chinook up to a point just above the Narrows, employing, altogether, about three hundred men.

The profits of the fishing business may be roughly computed by estimating the value of a case of canned salmon. An average salmon fills ten cans. These are put into cases containing forty-eight pounds each, and worth $9. Hapgood & Hume must then have put up, this year, over 14,583 cases, amounting to $131,247. About twenty men are employed at such an establishment during the fishing season, and eight or ten during the winter months. The winter's work consists in making barrels and cans. The cost of the labor of twenty men during four months, and of half that number during the remainder of the year, with the first cost of material, must be deducted from the total results, the remainder showing a handsome balance. And this is for only one cannery. Besides the two or three others, the different fisheries put up, this year, 2,000 barrels of fish.

The first drift for salmon-catching was cleared, in 1851, by Messrs. Hodgkins & Sanders—afterward continued by Hodgkins & Reed, now Reed & Trott—and the first canning establishment started, in 1867, by Hapgood & Hume. The buildings erected at any of the fisheries are of a rude character, being constructed of unplaned fir lumber. The largest are built about one hundred feet long, by twenty-five feet front, with a deep shed projecting over the river, for convenience in cleaning the fish as well as to shelter them from the sun. From the platform, extending along the side of

the building, stairs run down to the water, where the boats are moored. In the lower story of this building are the vats, or "striking tubs," arranged around the sides. A commodious wharf, at which steamers and sailing vessels may receive freight, is also a necessary appendage.

There is no part of the Pacific Coast so well adapted to fish-curing as Oregon and Washington. The climate, either north or south of their latitude, is either too moist or too dry. Wood for barrels is close at hand; and, not yet utilized, close at hand, too, is the best salt in the world for curing meats of any kind. Seeing to what an immense business salmon-fishing is growing, one can not help wishing that Nathaniel Wyeth, who made such great endeavors, in 1832, to establish a fishery on the Columbia, and failed through a combination of causes, could see his dream fulfilled, of making the Columbia famous for its fisheries and its lumber trade. But he, like most enthusiasts, was born too soon to behold the realization of the truths he clearly recognized.

There are several species of salmon and salmon-trout which are found in the Columbia. Of these, three species of the silvery spring salmon, known to naturalists as *Salmo quinnat*, *S. gairdneri*, and *S. paucidens*, are those used for commercial purposes, and known as the "square-tailed" and "white salmon" —the third species being considered as smaller individuals of the same kinds, though really a distinct species.

When they enter the river, near its mouth, they may be caught by hook and bait. The Indians use small herring for bait, sinking it with a stone, and trolling, by paddling silently and occasionally jerking the line. Near the mouth of the Columbia they can be taken with the fly; but, as salmon do not feed, on their annual journey up the river to spawn, it is useless to offer them bait. They can only be caught at a distance from the ocean by nets and seines, or by spearing. The natives usually take them by using scoop-nets, which they dip into the water, at random, near the falls and rapids, where large numbers of salmon are collected to jump the falls. As these falls are all at a considerable distance from the sea, by the time they arrive at them the fish are more or less emaciated, from fasting and the exertion of stemming currents and climbing rapids, and, consequently, not in so good a condition as when caught near the sea. Hence, the superior quality of Chinook salmon.

The immense numbers of all kinds of salmon which ascend the Columbia annually, is something wonderful. They seem to be seeking quiet and safe places in which to deposit their spawn, and thousands of them never stop until they reach the great falls of the Snake River, more than six hundred miles from the sea; or those of Clarke's Fork, a still greater distance. All the small tributaries of the Snake, Boise, Powder, Burnt, and Payette rivers swarm with them, in the months of September and October.

Great numbers of salmon die on having discharged their instinctive duty: some of them, evidently, because exhausted by their long journey, and others, apparently, because their term of life ends with arrival and spawning. Their six hundred miles of travel against the current, and exertion in overcoming rapids, or jumping falls, often deprive them of sight, and wear off their noses. Of course, all these mutilated individuals perish, besides very many others; so that the shores of the small lakes and tributaries of both branches of the Columbia are lined, in autumn, with dead and dying fish. But they leave their roe in the beds of these interior rivers, to replace them in their return to the sea by still greater numbers.

Besides the salmon of commerce, the Columbia furnishes a great many other species of edible fish, including salmon-

trout, sturgeon, tom-cod, flounder, and smelt—all of which are excellent table-fish, in their proper seasons.

Just above the Narrows, and opposite to the Oak Point of Captain Winship, is the modern Oak Point, which seems to have borrowed the name, and shifted it to the Washington side. The name is pretty and distinctive, and ought never to be changed, as it marks the western boundary of the oak-tree in Oregon and Washington. Between this and the sea not an oak-tree grows. The only business at or about Oak Point is that of the fisheries already mentioned, and the lumbering establishment of Mr. Abernethy, which was erected in 1848–9. It is run by water-power, and capable of manufacturing 4,000,000 feet annually.

About ten miles above Oak Point, we come to the mouth of the Cowlitz River. Just below it is a high, conical hill, known as Mount Coffin. This eminence, together with Coffin Rock, seven miles above, on the Oregon side, formed the burial-places of the Indians of this vicinity, before the settlement of the country by Whites. Here the dead were deposited in canoes, well wrapped up in mats or blankets, with their most valuable property beside them, and their domestic utensils hung upon the posts which supported their unique coffins. Wilkes relates, in his journal, how his men accidentally set fire to the underbrush on Mount Coffin, causing a number of the canoes to be consumed, to the grief and horror of the Indians, who would have avenged the insult, had they not been convinced of its accidental occurrence. *Memelose illihee* is the name which they give to their burial-grounds. Freely translated, it means *Spirit country.*

The Cowlitz is a small river, though navigable for twenty miles when the water is high enough, and about half that distance, at all times. It rises in Mount St. Helen, and runs, westwardly, for some distance, when it turns abruptly to the south. The valley of the Cowlitz is small, being not more than twenty miles long, and four or five wide. It is heavily timbered, except for a few miles above its mouth, where the rich, alluvial bottom-lands are cleared and cultivated. No finer soil could possibly exist than this in the Cowlitz Valley. A few years ago, the town of Monticello, four miles from the Columbia, was all swept away in a flood. It has been replaced by a fresher edition of its former self, however, and looks as cheerful and ambitious as if it knew there could be no second deluge. Opposite Monticello is the old Insane Asylum for Washington Territory, in a location admirably adapted to confirm any incipient cases that may have appeared there. The asylum has recently been removed to Steilacoom, on the Sound—a very proper and delightful location.

This portion of the Cowlitz Valley does not depend alone upon its fertility for its future importance. There are extensive deposits of coal in the mountains which border the river, besides other mineral deposits, which the North Pacific Railroad and an increase of population will eventually bring into notice. There is, too, an almost inexhaustible supply of the finest fir and cedar upon the mountains which hem it in.

The Cowlitz River, as might be conjectured, is a rapid stream, and cold from the snows of St. Helen. Its waters in summer, when the snows are melting rapidly, are white, from being mixed with volcanic ashes, or some disintegrated infusorial marl or chalk. A favorite voyage for travelers coming down from Puget Sound, is twenty miles of canoe travel from Pumphrey's Landing to Monticello. An Indian canoe, with Indians to steer, carries one rapidly and pleasantly down stream—while the excitement of passing the rapids, and the splendid scenery of the wild, little river, furnish entertainment.

So disguised in a luxuriance of trees and shrubbery is the mouth of the Cowlitz, that, when we are in the open Columbia, we can scarcely detect the place of our exit from it. Crossing over to the Oregon side, we find ourselves at Rainier, where lumber is manufactured, chiefly for export. The location of Rainier is, in many respects, fine; but, at present, there seems to be little besides the lumber trade to give it business, though there are a few excellent farms in the vicinity. Any day in summer one may see at this place picturesque groups of natives hanging about the wharves, or paddling their canoes near the steamboat landing. Should they have berries to sell, they will offer them to you in neatly woven baskets of cedar-bark, which you are welcome to keep if you purchase their contents.

Without tarrying long, we steam on up, passing Coffin Rock—another *memelose illihee*—a promontory of basalt sparsely covered with trees, which have found soil enough in the crevices to support a stunted growth. Along here, on the Oregon side, is a tract of level land, extending back from the Columbia for some distance. It answers to the depression of the Cowlitz Valley; and it is remarkable, that, wherever a stream comes into the Columbia large enough to be said to have a valley, there is on the opposite side a break in, or a curvature of, the highlands, making more or less level country facing the valley which is perpendicular to it, so that the valleys of the streams may be said to cross the Columbia, and even to be widest on the opposite side. Somewhere in here the Claskenine, a stream with a fertile and partially cultivated valley, enters the Columbia from the Oregon side; but the entrance is hidden by islands and shrubbery.

While we are interested in observing the stretch of the river at this point, and noting the islands and bayous which make it difficult to determine its actual breadth, we have advanced several miles, and find ourselves abreast the infant city of Kalama, the initial point of the North Pacific Railroad, on the Columbia River. Already an energetic beginning has been made, and from this port to the Sound a railroad will be constructed within a year or two. The silent grandeur of the Columbia is to be made busy and vocal with the stir of human labor, and the shriek of "resonant steam eagles" that speed from ocean to ocean, bearing the good-will of the nations of the world in bales of merchandise. It is the dream of Jefferson and Benton realized—only could the latter have had his wish fulfilled to live until this day!

"In conclusion I have to assure you, that the same spirit which has made me the friend of Oregon for thirty years—which led me to denounce the Joint Occupation Treaty the day it was made, and to oppose its renewal in 1828, and to labor for its abrogation until it was terminated; the same spirit which led me to reveal the grand destiny of Oregon in articles written in 1818, and to support every measure for her benefit since—this same spirit still animates me, and will continue to do so while I live—which I hope will be long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce at the mouth of your river, and a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the Valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon."—*Extract from Letter of Senator Benton to the people of Oregon, in* 1847.

But Benton did not understand the geography of the coast; neither did he know much of the practical working of railroads in recognizing or ignoring any points but their own. He did not foresee the Central Pacific going to San Francisco, and the Northern Pacific to Puget Sound, and an emporium of Asiatic commerce at either of these termini, while a third great city distributed their

commerce along the Columbia and its tributaries, from its mouth to its sources. And that third city ought to be somewhere within a dozen miles of the present initial point of the North Pacific.

Turning this thought over in our mind, we are struck by the coincidence as some one points out to us, within the dozen miles, a place on the Oregon side which aspires to be that future city. It is a pretty town-site enough, certainly, sloping gently back from the river, which here, for two or three miles, has a smooth, gravelly beach, instead of the more usual abrupt and rocky shore. As we turn to the splendid view of Mount St. Helen, seen through the *cañon* of the Cathlapootle, or Lewis River, which rises in the snows of that mountain, we agree that the aspiring town-site must command a beautiful prospect, including in its range Mount Adams and Mount Hood, as well as Mount St. Helen.

An admiring word calls out some volunteer remarks from a fellow-passenger; and we ask, with augmented interest, what is claimed for this particular point. "In the first place," says our informant, "the Columbia River is the natural channel of commerce for the State of Oregon, as well as the southern border of Washington; for Idaho, and a portion of Montana. Its navigation is unobstructed from this point to the sea, which can not be said of it thirty miles farther up; besides, there are no good town-sites above the entrance of the lower Willamette. The navigation of the river being easy, and safe for vessels of the largest size up to this point, is one good argument for us."

"Oh," we ejaculate, "you are interested in this place—what do you call it?"

"We call it Columbia City. Our view of the case," continues our informant, "is, that wherever the North Pacific Railroad has its crossing, there the greater portion of the domestic trade of Oregon will centre. The merchants of eastern Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, in going to purchase goods, will not go by us, to San Francisco, or to the Sound, to purchase, if they can supply themselves just as well here, of which there can be no doubt. Direct importation by sea from New York, Canton, or the Islands, is just as easy here as to San Francisco, and only a few days longer from the first place. It is about two hundred miles nearer to China and Japan than any probable point on the Sound. It has to back it the great, fertile Willamette Valley, and the county which contains it has fifty miles of river-front."

"All that sounds reasonable enough; but can the Columbia River compete with the Sound in the matter of safety? How is it about the bar?"

"There is not, nor ever has been, any more danger on this bar than that of San Francisco or New York. Since the pilotage system was established, there has never been an accident on the bar. It is safer than navigating the Straits in a fog. There is no advantage in having more water than you can use, and there is enough and to spare in the Columbia. The Sound is 'the finest inland body of water in the world,' but you can not build a city all around it—there is nothing to support it. Talk about lumber and coal, and other minerals! Why, we have got the same here. Talk about ship-building and navy-yards, and all that! We can build ships, too; and we have the iron, within a few miles of us, to build into iron-clads, and *fresh* water for them to lie in. There's fifty to seventy feet of water right across the river at our point, and a mile wide at that!"

"Granting all you claim—that you could compete with San Francisco and the Sound—are not the Idaho and Montana merchants going to buy the bulk of their goods in Chicago?"

"Well, we hope to prevent that by judicious management. What we claim,

is, that the soil and population are going to fix the centres of commerce; and these we have on the south side of the Columbia."

There is so much common sense in this proposition that we refrain from contradicting it, and inquire the name of the little town with the beautiful location, at which the steamer is stopping. "St. Helen." A pretty name, and a pretty place; but why do the Oregonians repeat their names so much: Columbia River and Columbia City; Mount St. Helen and town St. Helen? Why not let every thing have a name of its own?

This is an attractive spot. The rocky bank forms a sharp, clear line of frontage, of a convenient height for wharves. A second bench, considerably more elevated, is covered with beautiful firs, in the midst of which stands a neat, white church. The village is grouped below, and has an air of cheerfulness not common to embryo towns. Our steamer is lying alongside the wharf of a lumber-mill, of a capacity evidently greater than any we have heretofore seen along the river. The mill is a fine structure, and the wharves are piled high with lumber, which is being loaded upon a vessel bound for Callao. There are several stores near the landing, and a whole fleet of little boats beached on a bit of sand close by.

We take pains to inquire into the business and history of the place. Its history is a little peculiar. "Hope deferred which maketh the heart sick" has been its fortune from first to last. As long ago as when Wyeth was trying to establish American commerce on the Columbia, he selected this spot for his future city, and it obtained among the first settlers the name of "Wyeth's Rock." Afterward it was claimed by a man named Knighton, who, holding the same view of it, laid it out in a town-site, having it properly surveyed, the streets named, etc. But Mr. Knighton entertained such exalted notions of the value of his lots, and of his ability to build up a town without assistance, that those men who would have "stuck their stakes" in St. Helen, in a fit of pique turned themselves into an opposition party, and built up the town of Portland. By wiser management than Knighton's, they succeeded in drawing away from him the business he thought himself able to secure—and the result is, a city of ten thousand inhabitants at Portland, and only a couple of hundreds at St. Helen.

Six years ago the town-site changed hands, and the present large lumber-mill was erected by the St. Helen Milling Company, cutting from forty to seventy-five thousand feet in twenty-four hours. Two or three merchants set up general merchandising, and trade revived to such an extent as to rekindle hope in the hearts of the faithful few; and, now, St. Helen again asserts her claim to be considered "the best point on the Columbia River for a town." From all which it appears that Columbia City and St. Helen are rivals. As there is only a mile or two between them, it would not seem that their rivalry could be very fierce. Probably there will be, sometime, an important town at or about one of these places.

St. Helen is the county-seat of Columbia County, and is situated at the junction of the lower Willamette with the Columbia River. The country back of it, for about seven miles, is a series of benches, the first two or three of which are sparsely and picturesquely wooded, while the higher ones are well covered with timber. These benches are good farming and fruit lands, but not so fertile as the bottom-lands adjacent to the town-site—those of Sauvie's Island, and those on the opposite side of the Columbia—all of which country may be considered tributary to St. Helen, and, being well settled up, furnishes the present local trade of that place.

Scappoose Bay is a sort of bayou of the lower Willamette, which sets back a distance of seven miles, and receives the waters of the Milton Creek — a fine water-power which might be turned upon the town-site of St. Helen, or made to furnish water-works for that place. There are, also, some fine grazing farms along Scappoose Bay on land subject to annual overflow.

Extensive beds of the richest iron ore lie adjacent to the township; coal exists in the mountains, six miles back; water-power and timber are plentiful; while ships, of any size that can come into the Columbia, could lie alongside the natural wharves of trap-rock, that will keep off, forever, any encroachments which the river might make on a shore of sand. The views from the town-site are beautiful—from the bench, just back, magnificent. Game abounds in the vicinity: black bear, deer, grouse, partridges, and quail in the woods, and trout in the streams.

The country lying opposite St. Helen is the finest on the lower Columbia. The Cathlapootle, or Lewis River, rises in Mount St. Helen, and, flowing southwestwardly, falls into the Columbia opposite the town of St. Helen. This river is a small and rapid stream, whose waters are as pure, cold, and clear as their mountain-springs. The valley of the main or north fork of the Cathlapootle is a rich, warm tract of country, producing excellent grain, fruit, vegetables, butter, and honey. It also raises stock for market, to a considerable extent. The road, or cattle-trail, from the Willamette Valley to Puget Sound, passes up this valley for some little distance. Annually, large numbers of cattle and sheep are driven to a market, on the Sound, by this trail, which, for want of a suitable ferry from St. Helen across, is not much used for wagons.

Another stream comes into the Columbia, within the sixteenth of a mile of the Cathlapootle. This is the Calapooya, or Lake River, which rises in a small lake near Vancouver, twenty-five miles to the east, and flows nearly parallel with the Columbia, until it empties into it. There is a large tract of excellent farming land along this river, also, most of which is already settled up. The farmers, from both these valleys, bring their produce to St. Helen to exchange for goods. The tide, at this point on the river, rises about four feet.

As we pass along up the Columbia from this point, we notice that the shores are level on both sides; for here, within a distance of twenty miles, the Cathlapootle, Lake, and lower and upper Willamette enter the great river. On the right is the fertile Sauvie's Island; on the left the bottom-lands, belonging equally to Lake and Columbia rivers — each shore densely wooded with cottonwood, ash, and willow, while, at a distance of several miles back, on either side, we behold the fir-clad highlands. This continues, without variation, to the head of Sauvie's Island, where a group of small islands, at the upper mouth of the Willamette, give grace and variety to the river-view.

Passing the mouth of the Willamette, we find that we are actually passing the foot of the Willamette Valley, and that the flat country on the left extends all the way from the mouth of Lake River to the foot-hills of the Cascades; but, growing narrower as we near the mountains, is but the continuation of the Willamette Valley into Washington Territory, according to the rule before noticed for the tributaries of the Columbia. Though this level country is now covered with timber, it must, from its alluvial nature, when cleared, prove very excellent farming land. That portion of it nearest the river is subject to the annual overflow; but there is no difficulty in determining the limits of submersion, for, wherever the fir-tree

is found, there the high water never comes.

At a distance of about six miles above the Willamette we come to the town of Vancouver, on the Washington side. This place is beautifully situated on a sloping plain, with a strip of velvety-looking meadow land on its river-front. It is the old head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon, where resided, for more than twenty-five years, the Governor and Chief Factors of that company, nominally holding "joint possession," with the United States, of the whole Oregon Territory, but, really, for the greater portion of that time, holding it alone.

Here lived in bachelorhood, or with wives of Indian descent, a little colony of educated and refined men, who, by the conditions of their servitude to the London Company, were forced to lead a life of almost monastic seclusion. True, it happened sometimes that naturalists, adventurous travelers, and others drifted to this comfortable haven in the wilderness, and, by their talk, made a little variety for the recluses; and very hospitable they found them—ready to provide every civilized luxury their fort contained, without money and without price, so long as it pleased their guests to remain.

There are few traces now of the old, stockaded fort. When the British Company abandoned it, the United States Government took possession of it for a post; and now, the traveler beholds scattered over the plain a town of a thousand inhabitants, and, bordering on it, the well-kept garrison grounds of the United States troops, with the neat officers' quarters encircling it.

Vancouver had, at one time, water enough alongside her fine wharves to accommodate large vessels easily; but now a sand-bar is said to be forming in front of the town, which is rapidly ruining her prospects of becoming an important river-port. There is, probably, no place along this low, alluvial land suited to the purposes of a large commerce. The changes likely to occur from the action of the annual flood on the sandy shores can hardly be calculated. Yet Vancouver must always remain the chief town of its county, and possess a good trade from the agricultural country back of it, which is already pretty well settled up, owning assessable property to the amount of $1,000,000.

Above Vancouver, for a distance of twenty miles, there are many beautiful situations all along on the Washington side, though the country is timbered heavily. The southern shore is lower; the Sandy—a stream coming down from Mount Hood—having its entrance into the Columbia above and opposite Vancouver, through alluvial, sandy bottoms. Beyond this the whole surface of the country becomes elevated, and we are among the foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains.

LE CHEMIN DE L'ECOLE.

A meadow greenly carpeted,
A strip of woodland, brown and cool,
Through which the wandering pathway led
Unto the village school:

The little pathway he and I,
Across the happy summer-land,
In happy summer-times, gone by,
Trod, daily, hand-in-hand.

The mountain-stream, far off, that drew
Its glittering length across the farm,
Reached softly down the vale, and threw
The path one cool, white arm;

And, careless as the truant tide
That flashed its crystal in the sun,
Or crept along the woodland side,
Our wayward feet would run —

Through tangled ferns, up furzy slopes,
Where the broad forest-shadow fell;
Through golden seas of buttercups,
Wind-rippled — down the dell;

We plashed the foamy water-brink,
We followed on the rabbit's track,
And rang the saucy bobolink
His merry challenge back.

How tenderly, from stone to stone,
Where the deep stream ran swift and clear,
He led my timid footsteps on —
My little cavalier!

He knew each haunt of bird and bee,
The secret of each nestling brood;
He echoed every melody
That thrilled the listening wood;

With many a carved and quaint design,
Would fashion acorns into beads,
Chains of the needles of the pine,
And whistles out of reeds.

Ah! many a time the brave voice spake,
An earnest pleader in my cause;
The tanned, round hand went out to take
Dire strokes for broken laws;

And many a prompting, timely said,
The master's dreaded anger turned
From the small, idle, flaxen head
Whose tasks were yet unlearned!

What quaint, sweet summer gifts he brought:
A white pond-lily filled to th' brim
With scarlet berries; buds, half shut;
Gold fruits on leaf and limb;

Some wide-blown flow'r with tawny dyes;
A butterfly with jeweled wing,
Or captive bird with frighted eyes
And wee heart fluttering!

Dear playmate, in those golden ways
Your heart found rest; my heart endures.
But, through the weary days and days,
Life gives no love like yours! —

Life gives no faith! Ah, child-mate dear!
When the appointed years shall fall
From off me, as a cloud, and near
And clear I hear the call,

And the new way is strange to me,
Reach thou, and lead me, hand-in-hand,
As down the path of old, till we
Before the Master stand!

There yet once more thy brave voice raise,
O playmate! in thy truant's cause,
For tasks unlearned, for wasted days,
For all His broken laws!

WOMAN SUFFRAGE—*CUI BONO?*

EVERY new project must expect to be assailed with the prudent, utilitarian interrogatory, *Cui bono?*—what good will it do? A scheme involving such grave interests as that of woman suffrage, can be, by no means, an exception to the rule. Confining ourselves to prescribed limits, it is impossible, in the discussion of a subject so broad, to do more than touch a headland here and there. The brisk *reconnaissance*, not the patient siege, is the plan contemplated. We shall indicate and suggest, rather than explore and exhaust.

The greatest good to the greatest number should be the inspiration and principle of all human law. It does not, however, follow, that what is really good, and what is earnestly coveted, are necessarily identical. The good and the true are one, and truth is eternal; and amid the perplexing discussions and opinions in regard to political economy, it is comforting to remember that truth or error, justice or injustice, are in no way dependent upon our own interpretation of them. No amount of legislation can convert falsehood into truth, nor pervert truth into falsehood. The ballot can never transmute right into wrong, nor wrong into right; these are inherent in the very nature of things, and human law seeks in vain to ignore or defy them. They are not to be trifled with. Happy the nation or the individual who discovers these truths, and yields cheerful obedience to the same. Civilization is but another mode of expressing a wise and reverent compliance with Nature's laws. Mill expresses it another way when he says, "Improvement consists in bringing our opinions into nearer agreement with facts."

We live in stirring times, in the midst of changes—religious, intellectual, social, and political. Questions profoundly suggestive and perplexing are constantly presenting themselves. Men and women engaged in a hand-to-hand tussle with life, have little time for carefully considering the *pro's* and *con's* of these agitating topics. Conscientious, truth-loving, and progressive, they would fain throw their influence in the way of righteous reform; and fearful lest an undue reverence for the old may stand in the way of the new, they often silence real conviction, and suffer themselves to be equipped with ready-made arguments and motives. They yield to the popular and the plausible, for lack of opportunity to study and decide for themselves.

Whether or not suffrage is woman's inalienable right, is a question we do not now propose to discuss. That which is inalienable is incapable of being put off or transferred to another; and the political Governments of the world would seem to contradict the statement, that suffrage is an inalienable right, even for man. That woman, under our own Constitution, has the right to vote, we are neither prepared nor disposed to deny. We are not aware that there is any thing in the Constitution prohibiting her from digging trenches, throwing up fortifications, leading armies, manning ships, building railroads, constructing steam-engines, or butchering sheep; but, somehow, we have always been content to leave the monopoly of this kind of work to men, satisfied to pursue avocations more in consonance with feminine tastes and predilections. We are clamorous neither for equality of labor nor excess of it, and would exultantly second, by word and deed, every

feasible plan for lifting the burdens from womanly hands and hearts. Could we discover in political enfranchisement the agency for emancipating woman from corroding care; for removing the anxieties consequent upon ungracious fortune; for relieving her vexatious struggles with poverty; for bringing her forth from her isolation and inefficiency into a more heroic life; for transforming cruel, exacting husbands into genial, considerate companions; for shutting up dens of infamy, and opening avenues of virtuous toil for their inmates; for closing liquor saloons, and eradicating the appetency in their slavish devotees; for making men more chivalrous, high-minded, pure, and devoted, and women more exalted, happy, virtuous, and loving—in short, for making men more manly, better husbands and fathers, and women more womanly, better wives and mothers—could we discover in female suffrage the instrumentality for effecting these results, or even a part of them, we should be among its most ardent advocates.

As yet, we confess, we do not see this. A careful and conscientious examination of the subject, as presented by John Stuart Mill, Tilton, Mrs. Dall, and other of its able advocates, and an attentive listening to the arguments presented by several of its best exponents upon the platform, have failed to convince us that the exercise of the right of suffrage would elevate woman to a higher altitude, either intellectually, socially, or morally, or add to her beauty, honor, or happiness. It is not to be expected that all minds can accept the same presentation of a subject, nor should the advocates of either side be charged with imbecility, want of conscientiousness, or a selfish disregard to the welfare of others. An inherent sense of personal dignity will beget a spirit of courteous consideration for the opinions of an opponent, which is but a just tribute to a proper self-respect. "Our antagonist is our helper," says Burke, and nothing is so subversive of truth as intolerance of discussion. Public opinion is by no means infallible: it may be simply public impertinence and absurdity. Agitation eliminates truth, and "the age that agitates the most and the wisest, has the most golden avoirdupois to stow away in its firkin."

To suggest that the natural, pre-ordained sphere of man and woman is radically different, is to invite ridicule from some quarters; yet, the sentiment and experience of mankind for ages affirm this. While we entertain no slavish deference for precedent, the supposition is not incredible, that, in long-established practices, or political and social formulas, there has been somewhat of wisdom, propriety, and adaptation. It is asserted that "what is now called the nature of woman is an eminently artificial thing, the result of forced repression in some directions, unnatural stimulation in others." By parity of reasoning, may not the same affirmation be made in regard to man? Are they not capable of far loftier attainments, and, by some hitherto undiscovered process of development, might they not be metamorphosed into a semi-feminine type of humanity? Would that alter the fact that from the beginning they were made male and female? Suppose the metempsychosis marvelously complete, and every well-to-do woman transmuted into a majestic-looking man, and every comely man into a radiantly beautiful woman! *Cui bono?* Is it probable that the functions of either would be more wisely distributed or performed, or that a greater amount of happiness would result therefrom?

The fact that a large majority of women manifest so little interest in the question of suffrage, and are so palpably indifferent in regard to securing the privilege, is evidence of the absence of any very extended dissatisfaction with their

present position. Female suffragists find their most formidable opponents among their own sex; and is not the instinct or inclination of this latter class as worthy of consideration as are the wishes and opinions of those who maintain the opposite view? Are they any less sincere? Should they be deemed illiberal, pusillanimous, apathetic, or imbecile, because they fail to discover in the ballot the Utopian glories of a redeemed womanhood?

There are those who believe women to be their own severest critics, their own harshest judges. Feeling thus, they have no tumultuous desire to secure the privilege of being tried by a so-called jury of their peers. They believe that, as a rule, the kindest judges of woman's strength or infirmity have been men; that in man she finds her truest and firmest champion. What women most lack, is charity and magnanimity to one another. Woman's weakness lies in her aptitude to forgive in the wrong place. She too often passes with a look of reproachful scorn the wretched victim of the seducer's wiles, while, perchance, at her very side primly walks the villainous coxcomb, who, with perjured arts, has effected this hopeless ruin. He finds sweet solace for his crime in the bewitching smiles and fascinations of others equally fair and trustful, while she, the blighted one, with heavy heart and poisoned life, moves on, "salvationless, almost." What has earth left for her? There is nothing but grief and gall in her heart.

> "What charm can soothe her melancholy,
> What art can wash her guilt away?
> The only art her guilt to cover,
> To hide her shame from every eye,
> To give repentance to her lover,
> And wring his bosom — is to die."

Will the ballot in woman's hand change all this? If so, God speed it. If men and women could only be made virtuous by Act of Congress, the prospect might be more re-assuring. The efforts hitherto made to legislate morality have not been very hopeful in their results. Repression and extirpation are as dissimilar in meaning as in effect. The utter inefficiency of the former has been clearly demonstrated by the workings of the liquor laws: to evade which, men even resorted to the manufacture of small canteens in the form of Bibles, in which liquors of all kinds were surreptitiously introduced and vended—by no means the first instance in which men have been known "to steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in;" nor do women lack the wit or the audacity to do likewise, if principle be in subjection to passion. Would female legislation be likely to be more effective in this direction? Is it not a deplorable fact that the use of stimulants is even now sadly frequent among women in all classes of society? Would not multiplied temptations inevitably increase the direful practice? Has it not come to be a dangerous experiment to bestow alms upon daily applicants for charity, lest the very aid extended prove only a means for the larger indulgence of a slavish appetite? It does not promote charitable growth to meet the recipient of one's bounty in a maudlin state of intoxication shortly after dispensing the same. Would the ballot in the hand of such women be calculated to further the reforms so much desired and needed? Yet, this is the class most likely to avail themselves of the prerogative, and who will sell their votes to the highest bidder as nimbly as do their distinguished consorts to-day.

There is no political calculus by which to discover the integral and differential of such problems as these. Their solution is dependent upon a moral calculus, the method and working of which only the Great Teacher can satisfactorily expound. But it is woman's pre-eminently happy and glorious privilege to point to that Teacher, and lead the way. It is instinctive in woman to turn her eyes

starward for guidance; man trusts more implicitly to the chart and compass: the *one* is the heavenly outlook, the other the earthly. Both are needed; but, in point of steadfastness and reliability, the former takes precedence. The moral power which woman is capable of exerting might dominate the world, and in this lies her supreme potency. Man's political sovereignty could be made to dance attendance upon the behests of an uplifted, pure, exalted, and consecrated womanhood; but just in proportion as woman affects masculine accomplishments and becomes a *quasi* man, will the sentiments of respect, love, and reverence diminish, until they will eventually be reckoned among the lost arts; and, in the eager pursuit of coveted rights, woman should be wisely cautious to avoid the assumption and arrogance which she so sharply reprobates in man.

The social evil is another national crime of such fearful prevalence as to threaten to provoke a judgment from heaven, like that which visited the doomed cities of the plain. Could female suffrage deal the death-blow to this hydra-headed monster, which infests not only the Lernæan marshes of society, but, with subtile, intrusive power, creeps stealthily forth, seeking to poison, also, the sparkling fountains of domestic bliss, and too often, alas, succeeds? The club of a Hercules would barely avail to cope with such a dragon. As in the matter of intemperance, so in this: legal enactments can do but little, even in the way of repression; still less in the way of moral elevation. It is the old story over again: making clean the outside of the cup and platter; the whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness. It is the moral and religious potency of woman that must be brought into requisition to insure genuine reformatory results. The root of the evil lies far back—back even of the doers of it. Mothers must beget and inculcate in their children the principles of truth and virtue. The more time they can secure to themselves for these disciplinary activities, and the more conscientious fidelity they bring to the work, the more surely and rapidly will approach the millennial day of social and national purity and peace. Careful training will bridle evil propensities. Amid the shifting experiences of fugacious centuries, the old-fashioned promises of the old-fashioned Bible have a marvelously emphatic way of verifying themselves to all who take the pains to test them; and none is more luminous with proof or irradiated with evidence than that hinging upon the training of children. Let mothers enfold their children in the mantle of an uplifting, prayerful affection, and the ghosts of hateful memories will never haunt the twilight evening of life. In the matter of social regeneration, the dashing *coup de main* of the ballot will never accomplish what the patient, severe, well-disciplined strength of the guiding maternal arm may do, directed and energized by a God-given faith and love. Prudent, well-advised motherly diplomacy, need not fear to cope with the keenest political Machiavelian astuteness. The social evil has its root in the feebleness and inefficiency of parental authority and training. As in the State, so in the family, the law to be respected must be obeyed, and its executors must command reverence and esteem by enforcing obedience. There are more obedient parents than children in this progressive age, and just here lies the sequel to so much of this moral tergiversation and unblushing crime. The generation just at hand will be the logical sequence of the generation of to-day. The ballot can not overthrow the despotism of Nature's laws and penalties. Education, not legislation, is the safest security against inebriety or carnality. Diamonds are best ground by

their own powder: so character is best molded by character.

But granting that legislation might do something in the way of repression, would the ballot in woman's hand be likely to prove a remedial agency? We have to consider the sad and terrible fact, that, according to the best statistical information, one out of every ten of the women in our cities, between the ages of fifteen and thirty, is leading a life of shame; and this applies not only to our large commercial centres and sea-ports, but also to inland, manufacturing towns and villages. A mournful spectacle for the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century to contemplate, but a truthful one, nevertheless. The sadly discouraging results heretofore attending the most faithful and earnest efforts that have been put forth for the reclamation of this unfortunate class, would seem to leave feeble hope for any reformatory effects from the ballot; but this is the very class who would be most eager to use it. Consider the character and power of the female-lobbyist, at present; multiply this influence a thousandfold, and then estimate the probable results upon legislation. Womanhood—cultured, sensitive, and refined—would instinctively shrink from encountering such an element in the body-politic; and thus the dissolute, the depraved, and the vicious, "emballoted" and bold, would dominate the weak, the timid, and the vacillating, and thus occupy the field. It is irrational to suppose that ignorance and vice, working through the masses, will beget wisdom, while in the individual they beget only folly. Corrupt legislation is the menacing curse of our nation to-day, and until a majority of the best and noblest women of the country manifest, at least, a willingness to exercise this so-called right of suffrage, would not the experiment inevitably increase the evils already existing? Scolding these delinquents for their stupidity and pitiable lack of patriotic zeal, will not prevent disastrous results. Statesmen inimical to republican institutions have alleged, that "the government of numbers is especially lacking in a healthy feeling of respect and reverence for what is superior, and that, wherever that system of government flourishes, there we find the rank hotbed of conceit, insolence, vain confidence, irreverence, and hollow pretension of all kinds." Let us hesitate to give confirmation to so ungracious an assertion, by acts of our own.

The champions for woman suffrage recognize in the ballot the arsenal in which are stored all the weapons for a successful warfare with every imaginable evil to which womanhood is exposed. Even if this were true, may there not be danger that traitorous hands in their own ranks would seize the weapons, and turn them upon their friends and allies? It was woman's wit that devised and directed the construction of the Trojan horse, which decided the fate of the doomed city. The Trojan horse of the *demi-monde*, dragged within the walls of legislation, would conceal a hidden foe, before which the most valorous Æneas might be found to fly. Those "whose lips drop as a honeycomb, whose mouth is smoother than oil, who lie in wait at every corner," did not live in Solomon's time only; and he, though wiser than many of the statesmen of to-day, has this unhappy record, "Nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin." Should the unflinching, almost miraculous probity of Joseph, under peculiarly trying circumstances, be hopefully cited in reply, we should be reluctantly compelled to call to mind the deplorable decrease of the Joseph-type of manhood, since that happy day, and a corresponding lamentable increase of the Mrs. Potiphar-type of womanhood. In view of all these facts, which is the more probable: that

woman would elevate politics, or that politics would degrade woman?

But just here we are met with the curt response: provide remunerative employments for these unfortunates, and this problem of the social evil will approach solution; while starving for bread, they can not resist the temptation to sin. We have no just reason to suppose that Mrs. Potiphar was hungry for bread; carnal appetite held sway, and there are not a few, to-day, cursed with the same inherent tendency to "moral vertigo." Increased facilities for divorce, love of admiration, an inordinate fondness for dress and display, and a sturdy disinclination for honest toil, undoubtedly add, also, large numbers to the ranks. But, granting that a large proportion might be saved, or rescued, from such degradation and sin by increasing the remunerative employments for women, would female suffrage compass this most desirable end? We can not see that it would. Let us take a careful survey of this, the most important problem connected with the question before us! Are not all avenues of trade, and all the higher professions, now open to womanly competition? Has she not the liberty to divide the honors with man? If all universities and colleges are not already thrown open to her, there are, at least, a sufficient number to show what she is capable of accomplishing; and, since man has so cheerfully accorded thus much to her, we see no reason why he will not willingly grant more, whenever she shall demonstrate, by actual achievement, that she is fitted for the same mental development as man. We strongly advocate the co-education of the sexes, believing that this offers the highest possibilities to both. The interblending of profound investigation with nimble intuition, of resolute purpose with zealous enthusiasm, would tend to balance the mental powers, and make the fire fly from every faculty. Let woman enjoy the most generous opportunity for culture, and let her avail herself of it. Her life, heretofore, has been too much after the style of a Roman punch—an incongruous mixture of dress, display, flirtation, and gossip. Genuine culture has given place to petty esthetic accomplishments. There must be less of frolic, fret, and discontent—these nervous ailments of modern life—and more of patient purpose in the way of solid culture; for culture is the true generator of power. It is this which commands position and influence.

"For just experience shows in every soil,
That those who *think* must govern those who *toil*."

Attainment is but the natural sequence of application. Nature knows no chance. She requires a pound to balance a pound. To cope with man in literary pursuits, woman must be equally prodigal of effort. She must cultivate a wholesome dissatisfaction for that which is superficial and inferior, as a spur to the attainment of that which is superior. The most potent antidote for domestic unrest and unhappiness is to be found in the loving companionship of good books and noble thoughts; and no fear but great thoughts will find embodiment—independent of the ballot—and make the world debtors to them. Poverty may cripple resources, but it can not repress and stifle aspiration. It is not so much from the lack of opportunities to escape, that so many poor souls lie stranded along the beach, but because from fear, from weakness, or from incapacity, these facilities are abused or neglected. Women too often starve their intellectual faculties, and weaken their mental muscle by drowsy inactivity; they reject study, scowl at books, sniff at music, denounce painting and sculpture, scorn the social *conversazione*—in fact, discountenance every natural and rational agency for self-culture and happiness, and then attribute all their wretchedness to an inter-

dicted suffrage: whereas, every woman, despite difficulties, has it in her power, if she so elect, to lead a grand, heroic life. If it is to the absence of the ballot that the ignorance and helplessness of woman are mainly attributable, what means the degradation and thriftlessness of so large a proportion of enfranchised manhood? Broad-chested, heavy-fisted, eager-handed men, who on election day vote early and often, seem little advantaged by the patriotic service. Clamorous for work, their anxious, woebegone faces darken every street-corner: if their fellows hold in keeping the keys to the work-shops, why do they not open to them; or, panoplied with the ballot, why do they not compel them to surrender?

What a pity to massacre so beautiful a theory with the ugly bludgeon of fact! It is but "to enact the tragedy of science." Sober, sedate truth may, for a time, be overawed or silenced by the "loud roar of foaming calumny." Sentiment, not logic, may shape conclusions. The tumultuous waves of feeling, and the deep surges of sympathy, which roll over the heart in the contemplation of womanly griefs and struggles, necessitate the strong anchorage of solid, unassailable fact, made fast to the cable of conscience. There are laws that dominate legislative enactments, and woman has it in her power to govern those who make laws. Let her but remember—

> "This above all, to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Hence, in lieu of the ballot for woman, we plead for culture in its broadest sense—for that learning which comprehends all knowledge. In this will she find her surest emancipation. This will open to her, avenues of virtuous employment. More than that, the exaltation of the race demands it; the increased felicity of home pleads for it; the congenial happiness of marital companionship testifies in its behalf; the proper training and discipline of childhood requires it; the wise repression and extirpation of evil call for it; the uplifting and ennobling of both sexes are dependent upon it; the foundations of individual and national character and attainment rest upon it; the very salvation of mankind, to a large degree, hinges upon it. Every true man should, then, by word and deed, do all in his power to promote a general and liberal culture among women. Is it true that they do seek to further this most desirable end? Have they done so in the past? Let them answer for themselves. "We can not deny," says Sidney Smith, "the jealousy that exists among foolish, pompous men respecting the education of women. They will have, besides the pedants, all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction; who, being bound in point of sex, as they think, to know more, are not well pleased, in point of fact, to know less." We believe, however, that the most clever, unprejudiced, and enlightened men of to-day are the earnest advocates for the fullest educational privileges to women. "It is your man-milliner, your ignoramus, your intellectual drone, who is too indolent to conquer knowledge for himself, who dreads the contact of educated women because he dislikes to appear insignificant beside them, and who seeks to interpose the shield of his sex, and to dart from behind it little arrows of spiteful and insensate ridicule." Such is the testimony of one of America's nobility—a man rich and ripe in both mental and moral development. With such champions, woman need not fear to rest her cause. There is a trinity in man to be invoked in order to secure his richest gifts, his warmest fellowship, his most ardent co-operation. There must be an appeal to the affectional, the intellectual, and the spiritual in his nature. The sentiment of the poet—

"What we admire in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect,"

is unworthy the age. There is too much pandering to the physical side of man's nature. The mischief arises from the fact, that woman consents to make herself what man in his unworthy moods desires her to be, instead of cultivating in him an inward purity and self-control which a true womanhood can perpetually reverence and honor.

Let education, then, be exalted and enthroned in the fane consecrated to woman's emancipation! Let thorough culture be her rallying cry! In this she will discover the surest palladium of her social and civil rights. This will best fit her to cope with man in the fields of labor available to both sexes. But the ballot can never regulate remuneration. This is a matter which transcends legislation, and is controlled entirely by the laws of political economy: the inexorable laws of supply and demand determine the rate of compensation. So long as there are twice as many female applicants for a position as there are male, the recompense for labor will be proportionably less. If the cotton crop is large, the ruling price is small, no matter how much labor has been expended in its cultivation. If apples are scarce and peaches are abundant, it is vain to endeavor to enhance the price of the latter by affirming the superiority of flavor. If one woman declines to labor unless recompensed equally with man, another will accept the position, so long as the supply exceeds the demand. We do not say this is just; we say it is the law which controls political economy. Where there is a dearth of female labor, her remuneration is proportionably high; as was the case in California in early times. No legislation has reduced her wages; simply an influx of the sex. Lack of careful and thorough preparation is another serious obstacle in the way of successful competition with men, in the different spheres of labor. If there is one school of art more than another for which woman would seem peculiarly adapted, and in which, from delicacy of mental organization and quick, intuitive skill, she would naturally excel, it would seem to be that of music. In this field, too, she has enjoyed unrestricted competition with men: and yet, as artists, they do not divide the honors; as instrumental performers, they lack the strength for the more vigorous passages; as instructors they can not successfully compete with men—they are too impatient for quick returns; as composers, they find no place in the front ranks. What great master-pieces are enrolled to their names? All the popular systems of instruction, *études*, oratorios, symphonies, *sonatas*, and operas are productions of the male mind. Is this from lack of devoted application, or from a want of enthusiasm? Does it evince a poverty of creative talent, and a dearth of originality? In the fields of painting and sculpture, the same may be said, with a notable exception here and there, showing that women of genius are recognized and rewarded, so soon as they demonstrate by their works that they really possess genius.

If this disparity of attainment is so apparent in professions equally available and suitable for both sexes, what would be the probable result of competition in the more masculine employments? Nor does this disparity prove at all the inferiority of woman, but that her gifts are of a different order. If it is asserted that this difference is the result of "artificial conditions," we ask, is it desirable that she should have a more masculine development? Why wish to transmute the blossoming peach into the sturdy pine, or the blushing strawberry into the bouncing pumpkin? Each has its function of beauty or utility, and neither is necessarily inferior. What justice in comparing a Florence Nightingale with a Dickens? yet both in their own happy

way, have ferreted out and ameliorated human suffering and wrong; or a Nilsson with a Bismarck? yet both sway human hearts. So, to compare the sexes is but to compare beings unlike in constitutional tendencies and development. The one is the complement of the other. One contributes strength, the other delicacy; one takes counsel of the sympathies and affections, the other of judgment and reason; one is moved by sentiment, the other by logic; one catches inspiration from instinctive presentiments, the other from discursive argumentation; one is quick, impulsive, magnetic, the other plodding, patient, polemical; one flings out the sparkling scintillations which are emitted from imaginative collisions, the other contributes the steady blaze which emanates from forensic attritions; one is potential through advice, admonition, entreaty, and example, the other through executive talent, administrative ability, mental energy, and physical prowess; one wins by commanding, the other commands by winning; one shapes and molds and conquers circumstances, the other may shape and mold and conquer even the conquerors themselves; one carries life's burdens hidden in her secret heart, the other binds them boldly on his stalwart shoulders; the one is Sheba with gifts of spices and gold and precious stones, the other Hiram with stately cedars and fir and algum-trees; the one bequeaths the beautiful and the ornamental, the other the serviceable and the useful; the one interprets the inner and finer life, the other the outer and ruder life—and all this diversity of endowment, power, and labor goes to make up one grand and harmonious whole. Hence, legislation should recognize the family as the unit, and not any one member of it. Father, mother, child—blessed trinity, three in one—this is the Divine idea. There should be such an absorption of individual interest as to make that which is for the good of one, for the good of all. If there are mournful exceptions, sad as it may be, they should be treated as exceptions, and not as the rule. This idea is the foundation-stone, whereon rests the perpetuity of the family, and any thing which tends to make woman less womanly, or man less manly, is subversive of the best and highest interests of the race.

In exact proportion as civilization advances, do these distinctive characteristics of the sex assert themselves. In barbarism we discover the nearest approach to sexual equality, both physically and mentally. Woman in that condition has the right and privilege to perform all menial service; and does it remain for the enlightened women of America to reinstate and perpetuate this servitude and degradation, by self-infliction? The evils and misery to which men and women are alike heir, and which the champions of woman suffrage are honestly desirous of remedying, are not the result of imperfect legislation, but of imperfect character; and there is as little hope of voting morality into a perverse heart, as there is of voting brains into the head of a born fool. In order to mitigate the woes of woman, "might not the debrutalization of husbands be a wiser project than the denaturalization of wives?" And the only agency for the successful accomplishment of such a result is to be found in a virtuous, conscientious, high-minded, self-devoted, self-sacrificing wifehood and motherhood. The reform, to be radical, must have its root in a maternity that anchors itself to the loving promises of God, and believes the law of sacrifice to be the law of life; that understands by sweet experience that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" that believes it to be true that "a woman's purest and loftiest mission is, after all, to minister, to heal, to comfort, and to encourage; that finds within

the four walls of home her fondest past, her most attractive future, her country, her world; to whom the cradle of liberty is not one-half as dear as is the cradle where her baby sleeps, and to whom a hundred Declarations of Independence are not half so potent as a single fresh declaration of love from the father of her first-born." Joy will be tangled in the meshes of such a household, and there will be no escaping it. The life of such a woman is visible theology. This is an exalted consecration, that wreaths womanhood with a halo that is luminous! The simple possession of such capabilities prophesies their design and use; and, estimating the results, we are forced to believe that the ballot promises no such tranquil, propitious, and re-assuring heights of female power and influence.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ABOUT the year 1838, Heilings Miller, father of CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, went into the Wabash district of Indiana with his wife, for the purpose of making a home. At that time Indiana was on the frontier line of settlements, and the position of a settler in that region was that of a picket at the outpost of civilization. Thirty-four years seems a short period in the life of a great nation, and it is a short period—a mere moment—in the history of past centuries. But in the light of the achievements of the last three decades in the United States—the immense increase of population and wealth, the boundless wilderness of mountain and plain reclaimed and peopled, the Western Continent spanned by a railway, and the commerce of the Eastern forced into new channels, and a vast and complicated system of civilization created, with a literature peculiarly its own—in the light of these facts, the life of a single generation of men is indeed a long time. A day of the nineteenth century is as a thousand years.

Taking his place thus in the van of the westward march of empire, Mr. Miller opened up the farm, and built the log-cabin, where, on the 10th day of November, 1841, the poet was born. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that at that time the child of a pioneer farmer in the Far West could have no opportunities for education.

In 1851 his parents emigrated to Oregon, by the overland route—a journey of five months, across the deserts, and over the mountains and valleys that stretched away from the Missouri almost two thousand miles to the west, without the habitation of a civilized man. It is probable that this journey, bringing under young Miller's observation, in panoramic succession, such infinite variety, beauty, and magnificence of natural scenery, contributed much to produce that familiarity with Nature, which forms so remarkable a feature in his poems. For it is not possible that a mind, possessing such wonderful susceptibilities in this direction as he has displayed, could fail to be impressed strongly and permanently by such scenes, presented even in early boyhood.

In his childhood Miller was a dreamer—absent-minded, taking no interest in the sports of his associates, and exhibiting a remarkable *penchant* for asking questions that his elders could not answer. But beyond this he discovered no unusual characteristics; was only very "old-fashioned," as the old nurse was wont to say of little Paul. And even this peculiarity was attributed to undue timidity and sensitiveness: that shrinking diffidence, so plainly observable in

the man, often reaching the point of absolute bashfulness, was not less prominent in the child.

Arrived in Oregon, farmer Miller settled upon a tract of land in Lane County, near the head of the Willamette Valley, when he again engaged in farming, and where the subject of this sketch worked on the farm for three years, much of the time performing the labor of a grown man. But he still indulged in day-dreaming, and his visions always pointed to a broader sphere of action and to pursuits of a more exciting nature than those to which he was now confined. So he became restless, and resolved to try his fortunes in the gold-mines of California. Visions of untold wealth now filled all his thoughts. He would go and gather up the heaps of gold that lay waiting for him in the mountains and among the pebbles by the brook, and then he would return in triumph to lift the burden of toil from the weary shoulders of his parents, change their humble cottage into a palace, and surround them with all the luxurious magnificence which his vivid imagination could picture. So to the mines he hastened; but the promised nuggets were not visible among the pebbles, nor glittering in the beds of the crystal streamlets that caroled their ceaseless hymns of contentment in the shade of the great fir-trees upon the mountain-side; and Miller made only such headway in amassing the precious dust, as might be reasonably expected under such circumstances. Still he dreamed on, forgetful of that irreversible decree by which man is doomed to eat bread in the sweat of his face, and which contains no saving-clause in favor of California miners. He was intensely desirous of getting gold; for to his mind wealth meant not ease and luxury alone, but perfect exemption from all the "ills that flesh is heir to." But it would require a long time to get it by the tedious, toilful processes of digging, picking, shoveling, sluicing, amalgamating; besides, these things were as unpalatable as farm labor, and far less certain in their results. There must be some shorter way; and he devised various methods of divining the exact location of rich deposits, all about equally imaginary, and predestined alike to prove delusive. Disappointed and discouraged at his repeated failures, his old peculiarities grew upon him perceptibly. But he wanted gold. He had left his home and come hither, through much toil and privation, for that alone. So he went far up the mountain gorges and consulted the huge cliffs and bowlders about it, and talked with the trees and birds, and even waited till the sun went down, and then courageously broached the question to the stars: "O, stars! how can I get gold, and all that gold can bring me? Where are Nature's great hoards deposited, and what sign shall I have, like the new star in the East, that I may follow till it rest above the place where my fortune lies, under the leaves and moss?" Thus, henceforth, from morning to evening, and from day to day, while his few acquaintances whispered fears that his reason was becoming unsettled, did he work in the mines of California to secure that pile of wealth which he first beheld from the mount of vision on his father's farm in the Willamette; until, at last, he found himself alone in a strange land, a mere boy, timid as a child, in the midst of a style of life whose hardships even strong men were unable long to struggle against, without a dollar in the world, or a friend within reach, and hungry withal. For the first time in his life, Miller "comprehended the situation," and fell upon a practical method of making himself master of it. What that method was, and how he carried it out, as well as something of his character, appears in the following extract from a sketch of his life, written by a gentleman of California, who first met him about that time,

and who speaks from personal knowledge:

"At that date, he was a gawky boy, fresh from the wilds of Oregon, quietly working for wages in the employ of a company of miners on McAdams Creek. Long, tow-colored hair reached to his shoulders, and, taken altogether, he was about the greenest-appearing specimen to be found on the creek.

"Literature was then, as now, his ambition, and he kept constantly scribbling. I was several times favored with a sight of his manuscript, some of which I thought had peculiar merit. But he knew nothing of the laws of versification, nor indeed of the rules of grammar. When I told him he must reconstruct his poetry, observing a rhythmical arrangement of words, and giving each line a certain number of feet, according to the kind of verse, his astonishment was great; and thinking, by my amazed appearance over his queer lines, that I meant to disparage his talent, he indignantly snatched up the manuscript from the table, exclaiming: 'Oh, d—— your rith-um and measurement! There's the ideas, and I know what poetic license means.'

"His singularities made him the butt of many rough jokes, to which he could never reply in kind. When smarting under some of these taunts, I have often seen his sensitive face express the keenest pain."

But his mining occupation, though it supplied his immediate and pressing wants, failed to fill his pockets with the glittering dust that had dazzled his vision. It was, therefore, no satisfactory solution of the problem he had dwelt upon so long; and he abandoned it.

The succeeding four or five years were spent in a wild, wandering, and somewhat irregular life, in different parts of California and Nevada, and the regions farther south: now in the mines, working in the most impracticable ways, and now away to the mountains alone, on a prospecting tour, based upon some wholly visionary and hypothetical theory of the formation and deposit of gold placers. Next with Walker, the Nicaragua filibuster—though he took less part in Walker's campaigns than is generally supposed; then roaming with a band of nomadic savages, the Gypsies of America; and now again on the broad plains of the Sacramento, mounted upon a mustang, with leggings and spurs, and the inevitable *riata*, darting and diving among the herds of Spanish cattle after the most approved fashion of those romantic days of California's transition from a semi-barbarous chivalry to a Saxon civilization. This yellow-haired stripling was miner, astrologer, poet, filibuster, Indian sachem, and Spanish *vaquero*. Not the proudest Spaniard was his superior in horsemanship; and few, if any, considered it safe to claim equality with him as a pistol-shot. Knight-errant by nature, he involved himself in frequent difficulties by embarking in Quixotic enterprises to redress wrongs that did not concern him. He closed this stormy epoch of his life in the fall of 1860, by returning to the home of his parents—a little clumsy in his gait, by reason of a gunshot wound in his left thigh, a little stiff in his right arm for a similar reason, and marked at a few other points by too close contact with arrow-heads—and quietly sitting down as a student in a lawyer's office, in the village of Eugene, the shire-town of Lane County.

The educational basis upon which he commenced to build for a professional career, was not such as to inspire great confidence of success in a mind accustomed to view matters from the stand-point of common experience. He had enjoyed no opportunities whatever for acquiring even the rudiments of an English education. The entire time he had attended school did not exceed six months; and, although he had, from

childhood, read with avidity such books as were within his reach and suited his peculiar mental constitution and habits, and had of late given considerable attention, in a discursive and unsystematic way, to those studies which are commonly supposed to constitute an education, he had made but indifferent progress, and his knowledge of the elementary branches was sadly defective. Certainly, his mode of life and habits of thought had all been most unfavorable to the development of that power of accurate and methodical reasoning which is indispensable to the lawyer. Nevertheless, by some singular good fortune, he gained admission to the bar, after only a few months of study, and while he was yet in his minority. He did not, however, attempt to enter immediately into the practice of his profession.

In the ensuing spring, there was an immense rush to the then recently discovered gold-mines in Idaho Territory. Thither went Miller; and thither, likewise, went nearly all the transient, migratory class of people of California and Oregon, and with them the desperate and reckless men of the entire coast. Miller now appears upon the field in the character of sole proprietor, forwarding agent, and messenger of an "Express"—that is, he owns two or three Indian horses, upon which he conveys letters, papers, small packages, and gold-dust from one mining-camp to another, and from the various camps to the towns where connection can be made with the mails and regular express lines. The roads in the mining regions were so infested by highwaymen—"road-agents," in the phrase of the time and place—that it was universally regarded as almost worth a man's life to travel alone through the country, carrying even a trifling amount of treasure; and on this account traders and others whose business required the transportation of funds from one place to another, were always ready to pay handsomely for it. Miller at once saw the opening which this state of affairs made for him, and the dreamer was merged in the man of business. His fine horsemanship and thorough knowledge of the tactics of life in the forest and on the desert, in camp and tramp, stood him in good stead. Of all the thousands of men who had drifted into that Mecca of money-seekers, there was no other so well fitted for this service as he; therefore, he was sure of a monopoly of the perilous business. Thus he reasoned; thus did the stars and streams at last vouchsafe their tardy response to the question he asked them so long ago: How shall I get gold? The flavor of adventure which pervaded the enterprise also lent its stimulus, and the future poet pushed his opportunity to its utmost possibilities. Faithful and active; prompt in fulfilling all his engagements; cautious and crafty in eluding the "road-agents," he was ready for any expedition, however perilous, if only it promised to be remunerative, and he soon enjoyed the monopoly he had predicted. It was nearly a year before the ordinary and better-organized means of transportation supplanted his primitive express; and during that time he handled a vast amount of money for others, and accumulated some $3,000 or $4,000 for himself. His career as an expressman was a decided success.

Returning again to Eugene, he took the editorial charge of a weekly newspaper published at that place, called the *Democratic Register*. Warmly espousing the side of the opposition, upon the momentous and exciting questions that then agitated the public mind and shook the Government itself, and wanting the prudence, which, in those tumultuous times when passion dictated the policy of all parties, was requisite in conducting a partisan journal—especially one opposed to the prosecution of the war against the revolted States—he attracted the atten-

tion of the authorities, and his paper, sharing the fate of some others, was forced to succumb to "military necessity:" it was suppressed. This event took place about a year after he became its editor.

Among the correspondents of the *Register*, when Miller entered its sanctum, was Miss Minnie Theresa Dyer, who resided at Port Orford. She was a writer of verses, and some of her productions evinced considerable talent, if not genius. Miller naturally succeeded to the former editor's interest in the poetess, and, being pleased with her verses, he resolved to pay her a visit. He reached her residence on a Friday afternoon, unannounced, and introduced himself. On the following Sunday they were married.

After the suppression of his paper, Miller and his young wife went to San Francisco, where they remained about a year, writing some, but devoting themselves mainly to pleasant society and amusements—vibrating between the literary weeklies and the play-houses.

Leaving San Francisco, late in 1863, with his wife and infant child—the little MAUD, to whom he has so beautifully dedicated his poems—he went to Cañon City, a brisk mining town in the mountains of eastern Oregon, where he took an office, and announced himself as an "attorney and counselor at law and solicitor in chancery." The writer of this sketch held the court in which he made his *début* inside the bar. The old bashfulness had come with him through all the various experiences and struggles of his adventurous life; and this, combined with a manifest distrust of his legal acquirements—not unreasonable under the circumstances—rendered his bearing awkward and embarrassed in the extreme. But his quick intuition, aided by a convenient intimacy with the other members of the bar, and some indulgent consideration from the bench, carried him through the business of the day and of the term, without discredit to himself or injury to his client.

In the spring of 1864, the Snake Indians became exceedingly troublesome to the people of Grant County, driving off stock, robbing houses, and sometimes murdering the settlers, and burning their dwellings. The small force of regular troops available, being insufficient to bring the marauders to justice, Miller resolved to organize a volunteer company, to operate in conjunction with the regulars commanded by Lieutenant Waymire. He took the field at the head of a command of about thirty miners, which was soon augmented to seventy-five, provided with such arms as they happened to have on hand, and marched into the heart of the Indian country. The regulars soon joined him, and, after some time spent in scouting and reconnoitering, they came upon the Indians, in force ten times their own numbers, and the battle of Stein's Mountain, remembered throughout that region as one of the most desperate struggles in the history of Indian warfare, was fought by the two commands together. Miller's men were as rough and ungovernable a crowd as ever fought savages in that or any other country, and it was impossible for him to keep them in such perfect order as the regulars observed; but he held them to the work, and every man did his duty. Mr. Waymire bears flattering testimony to the courage and intrepidity displayed by Miller in this engagement. His expedition not being authorized by the Government, he has never received any compensation for his services.

The campaign over, he resumed his legal business, and practiced his profession with reasonable prospects of success, till June, 1866, when he was elected Judge of the county, which position he held till 1870. During these four years he commenced to write his

poems, and published some of them: first, a small collection in paper-cover, entitled "Specimens;" then, a neat, little volume bearing the lawyer-like name of "Joaquin *et al.*," in which the poem, called in the "Songs of the Sierras," "Californian," was the principal piece, and appeared under the caption, "Joaquin." After the publication of this volume, he adopted the *nom de plume* of "Joaquin Miller."

In 1870 he aspired to a place on the Supreme Bench of the State; but, being out of health, he neglected to press his claims, and was defeated in the nominating convention. While he was attending this convention, his wife—who had left Cañon City a year before—commenced a suit for divorce, which was only formally resisted, and ended in their legal separation. Thereupon he gathered up his manuscripts, made such provision for his children as his limited means would allow, and departed for Europe. After traveling on the continent, he went to London, where he revised his old pieces, and wrote a few new ones; but, being without friends or influence, and almost without money, he could find no publisher who would undertake to bring out his poems, until he put two pieces, "Arizonian" and "Ina," into a little volume for private circulation, which, falling into the hands of the Rossettis, Locker, and Hood, they at once recognized his genius, and gave them their countenance and friendship. This indorsement enabled him to publish the "Songs of the Sierras," under the patronage of the most aristocratic publishing-house in London. His poems achieved for him, in a few weeks, such distinction as he had never dreamed of, even in his most sanguine moments. No book written since Byron, either in England or America, had produced a greater sensation in literary circles, or called forth so many reviews and criticisms.

And now, this uncultured son of an Oregon farmer, having secured that fine fame to which only genius of the first order may aspire, turned his steps homeward. Arriving in Oregon, in October, 1871, he spent a few weeks in visiting his parents, and providing for the care and education of his children, he again set out on a tour of observation and work, through California and the tropics, where he is now gathering material for further literary effort.

While in London, he lived—partly from necessity, and partly from preference—in the most retired and inexpensive manner. Professor Armstrong, of Queen's College, who has published a sketch of his life in London, says: "His lodgings consisted of two small rooms in a small house on Hemmingford Road, Barnsbury—a neighborhood sufficiently dingy, depressing, and unprosperous, away from wealthy and successful men. Here he remained, pursuing a very plain and simple life, when Fame had emptied both her hands upon him, when friends were thronging in to see him, and strangers to court his acquaintance."

In his personal appearance, manners, and dress, Joaquin Miller exhibits none of those glaring eccentricities, vulgarly supposed to be the invariable attributes of genius. He is quiet, unassuming, and modest; industrious and active; temperate, almost to abstemiousness, and as simple as a child, in his tastes; avoids company, and is particularly averse to receiving unusual attention; dresses neatly, but without ostentation; and has nothing about him that would be likely to attract attention or cause remark, save the flood of yellow hair that falls down upon his shoulders, and the fine play of expression that occasionally illumes his wonderfully delicate and sensitive face.

THE COMMERCE OF ASIA AND OCEANIA.

THE commerce of this State, and, in fact, of all the United States, between the Asiatic nations and those islands which loom like great continents in the sea, involves not only immediate intrinsic profit, but also the future competitive commerce as against the rivalry of the world; and if American commerce will thrive, it must keep pace with that rivalry.

Asiatic institutions—their right to consideration in the history of the world; ancient commerce and its resultant wealth, with their influence on the refinements of life, and the improvement of mankind, are such sudden apparitions above the horizon of American views of the superiority of race and intelligence, that even well-informed men stand astonished. In their doubt, they disbelieve, and disbelieving, reject the truth. In their affright, they "stand not on the order of their going," but the demi-wise and the ignorant quit the field in egotistical disdain.

His Excellency the President of the United States, in his Message to Congress (1871-2), presents the following suggestion:

"To give importance and to add to the efficiency of our diplomatic relations with Japan and China, and to further in obtaining the good opinions of these people, and to secure to the United States its share of the commerce destined to flow between these nations and the balance of the commercial world, I earnestly recommend that an appropriation be made to support at least four American youths in each of those countries to serve as part of the official family of our Ministers there. Our representatives would not even then be placed on an equality with the representatives of Great Britain and some other Powers. As situated, our representatives in Japan and China have to depend for interpreters and translators upon the natives of those countries, who know our language imperfectly, or procure for the occasion the services of *employes* in foreign business houses, or the interpreters to other foreign Ministers.

"I would also recommend liberal measures for the purpose of supporting the American lines of steamers now plying between San Francisco and Japan and China, and the Australian line, almost our only remaining lines of ocean steamers, and of increasing their service."

This modest proposition—all, perhaps, that his representative position would permit—is eminently sagacious. As wise in peace as he was conservative in war, he perceives the great interest of the nation he represents, and, independent of results, puts forth this conscientious and suggestive hint. How unpresuming does this appear when confronted with the action of the Orient, since the establishment of co-equal relations, by the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan, and the extraordinary display of amity by the Embassy sent back from the Orient to the reticent West, through Minister Washburn. Has not the Japanese Government invited our engineers to survey their land, and supplied the facilities—sent Embassies to learn our arts and progressive systems? Indifferent to foreign Powers, they now salute our flag. It is because they acknowledge our superior practical ability; and, in accepting the situation, they invite co-operation and affiliation. They send the youth of their nobility to our schools; establish schools at home to acquire our learning; and the only fear that leads them to hesitate in further advances, is, that we may seek to subvert their time-honored religion, or seek to revolutionize, by premature intrusion, their ancient forms of government. If statesmen and theocrats could be induced to let these two questions alone, and allow all nations to do as they please, there would be fewer wars, and more rapid approach to unity of faith in religion, as well as in commerce.

During the rebellion in China, when the Imperial Government was almost overthrown, a few American officers instructed a corps of Chinese in European and American military tactics and discipline. These forces checked the rebels, retook their conquered cities, and restored the reigning monarch. These considerations, with the friendly assurances of the United States Government, through Minister Washburn and all other available channels of communication, inspired unlimited confidence. The most friendly Embassies followed to America, and a noted amelioration in commercial facilities ensued.

In apposition to this, Mr. A. A. Low, before the New York Chamber of Commerce, on December 7th, 1871, in the course of his remarks upon a letter received from Olyphant & Co., of China, regarding outrages committed upon Chinamen, said:

"The Chinese in California have been subjected, from the first, to attacks from the lower classes in that State. There is an antagonism there between the labor of Chinamen and that of White Men, and this letter sets forth the danger that constantly besets the Chinese. Now these people are passing always to and fro; and these repeated acts of cruelty must lead to the discouragement of emigration, and to retaliation on the part of the Chinese. It is true, that we have no such class as these Chinese representing us in China; but the revenge will fall, by and by, upon a much better class of persons, unless the outrages cease. I think it is worthy of some action on the part of our Government, that the character of the nation, in its treatment of these people, may be sustained. We should treat them as we treat the lower classes coming here from Europe. They should not be met with ill-treatment at their very entrance into the country, nor at any time. Every one familiar with China knows that our difficulties in that country proceed from a deep-seated prejudice in the minds of the people of that country against all foreigners, which ought to be overcome."

"We look," said Mr. Low, also, "upon China and Japan as semi-civilized—I might say, semi-barbarous—and yet these nations are so well aware of the value of educating their youth in our civilization that China has voted several hundred thousand dollars for this purpose; and I know of one house which has subscribed as much as sixty thousand dollars to aid in the education of their youth in this country. I understand, too, that at the head of several classes in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute stand, to-day, certain Japanese pupils, one of them related to the reigning house."

The domain of the future commerce of San Francisco is not restricted to the Pacific and Indian oceans. The great rivers of Asia—the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Indus, the Ganges, the Cambogia, the Yang-tzi, the Hoang-ho, and the Amoor—all flowing from the inmost recesses of that vast and fertile continent—are tributaries. Enterprise will not be limited to the ports at or near the mouths of these rivers; but, as far inland as trade can be profitable, commerce will penetrate. A glance at the map of Asia will show, that, notwithstanding the lofty mountains of that continent, communication by steam, from Vienna to Nankin, is by no means an impracticable work. The co-operation of the nations of eastern Europe would open the way with ease, and the vast resources of the interior of Asia be introduced to the commerce of the world.

In Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," chapter ii, page 17, are the following remarkable lines: "Europe is, geographically, a peninsula, and, *historically, a dependency of Asia.* The boundless plains of Asia are prolonged through Germany

and Holland. An army may pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean—a distance of more than six thousand miles—without encountering any elevation of more than a few hundred feet." This fact may account, in some measure, for the facility with which the hordes of Asia, in former times, could overwhelm the fields of Europe, and form the Indo-European immigrations.

The commercial relations of California, now rapidly increasing in value and extension, are more dependent upon the coasts of the Pacific Ocean than of the Atlantic. The interests of the great Eastern cities of the Union are associated with the sea-ports of Europe; while *those* of the rising cities of the western coast of America rely for their prosperity upon the trade of Asia, and the islands of Oceania—indeed, upon every coast and harbor within the vast scope of the Pacific and Indian oceans. These great areas of commerce open a new, and not yet fully explored, region of wealth to the United States, and, interchanging their exports and imports with those of California, will create the future income of our treasury. The east looks to the Atlantic, the west to the Pacific, and the inland commerce of the country is the humble servant of both. The Pacific coasts are held by the Mongol races. How shall those commercial relations be established, if the people are scorned; the treaties with them ignored, and the migration solicited with other peoples is denied to them? The effect of the northern, central, and southern continental railroads is to divide with the great inland cities the interior commerce, and to diminish our own trade; therefore, the prosperity of this coast must lean upon its shipping interests. California looks forward with anxiety for the development of its iron mines, and the employment of the lumber of its forests; she seeks to create a commercial fleet of vessels, which shall navigate the Pacific, open intercourse with all these nations, build ship-yards, and import and export the immense product of their industry. But these objects can never be attained by antagonism to their race, and hostility to their associations. In a word: while we break down in Asia the Chinese wall of seclusion, we seek to use the same materials to build up a similar one in America. The "labor question" contracts the subject into a narrow and selfish monopoly; and the theory of high price and short time in labor has already partially paralyzed the enterprise and industry of the State. The very enterprise upon which labor depends for its aliment, has been arrested in its energy; and material improvements have languished, and manufactures been destroyed or choked in their birth. A salutary counterpoise to this impediment to progress in real-estate improvements, in agriculture, in manufactures, and in the lower industries, is to be sought somewhere, and is found in the labor of the oriental immigration. The true spirit of American institutions advocates it. The opposition comes from narrow-minded monopolists and egotistical associations.

So long as "the advocates of more freedom from work" persist in diverting labor from its natural energy and industry, so long will manufactures and agriculture languish; and all the more will an oriental immigration be demanded, to overcome the assumptions of the European tide.

The statesman-like views of Professor Pumpelly would prompt the quotation of his entire nineteenth chapter on "the Chinese as immigrants and colonizers," but space does not allow. He says, however (page 249): "The Chinaman in this country was for years excluded from all participation in the development of the national prosperity, and was grudgingly allowed to work only in those gold-diggings which were consid-

ered worthless by the Americans. But, when a pressing necessity arose for labor on the public works of California and Nevada, the Chinaman was found to answer every need; and now, having become identified with our internal improvements, he has obtained recognition as a necessary element of population. The execution of great enterprises is based on his co-operation. For weal or woe, the Pacific Railroad is uniting more distant extremes than the two shores of our continent."

The honorable Marshall P. Wilder, in a lecture before a large and intelligent audience in Boston, used the following language: "One day we came across a party of Chinamen, partaking of dinner in the shade of a tree. They asked us if we wanted some, and, on our replying 'yes,' they served us with some in a bowl, with chop-sticks, which we were delighted at our success in using. 'Want some cake? want some tea?' they said. We said 'yes,' and it was served to us. When we were going away, we proffered money, but it was indignantly refused, and we departed with a good opinion of Chinese hospitality. I think we need feel no alarm at the immigration of the Chinese in this country. The introduction of the Chinese into America is in accordance with the designs of Providence. We might as well expect to retard the motion of the heavenly bodies as to arrest this progress of civilization. We bid it, therefore, a hearty welcome, believing it to be the best means of ultimately Christianizing a great heathen nation. Already they are attending our schools, and we were generally surprised to find how they had taken up with our customs. One of the chief tellers of the Bank of California is a Chinaman, and he is surrounded by four of his countrymen. We say, therefore, to the Chinese: 'Come, if you choose, and sit beneath the genial shade of our tree of liberty.'"

The grape culture and wine products of the State are calling for more suitable labor. The present labor is not appropriate to the nature of the business. The vintage of 1871, say 7,000,000 gallons, proves the rapidly increasing value of this industry. But the American laborer in this field is unsuitable to the work. The heavy hand and strong arm are wasted on a toil for which boys and girls might suffice. These latter, however, are not in sufficient number, nor can they be had. We maintain, moreover, that their future happiness and worth to the State depend upon education, and that the *school* rather than the *field* is their proper place. To this industry the manual dexterity of the Chinaman is perfectly adapted, and his employment does not interfere with the assumed rights of other pretenders to the work. This applies as well to all our fruit culture, in its many varieties.

It has long been a favorite idea, expressed years ago, that the time had arrived when instruction in the oriental languages becomes essential—nay, indispensable—in the conduct of foreign commerce, and in the just appreciation of the Asiatic peoples. The Chinese and Japanese languages will soon be as productive of wealth and happiness to this State, as are the French and German. The Sanskrit, the parent tongue of all languages, or a near descendant, penetrates more deeply into the roots of European spoken languages to-day than do the Greek and Latin; and in the future, the researches in philology and ethnology must recur to the Sanskrit, before the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin can be employed. Why, then, should we not commence boldly? Why should not the young men of California begin the campaign of life by being initiated into this new, this vast career? Why should not a college of interpreters prepare the way for the grand series of enterprises which Asia and Oceania are

now opening their portals to receive, and which their peoples, at last awaking from their long dream of celestial seclusion, are ready to invite and encourage? If it can be maintained that the exclusiveness of Orientalism was imposed upon it in self-defense by the rapacity of outsiders, can the complaints urged against that system be justified? The life, the religion, the property of that system were assailed, both openly and insidiously. Its defenders retired within their ramparts, and have maintained an obstinate siege. But now these true soldiers to their own faith and laws perceive the new light which dawns upon humanity, recognize the more beneficent principles which actuate the civilized world, and propose to accept the new refinements of the age. Is it consistent with our national policy to adopt a system of intolerance, exclusion, and unchristian, unsocial prejudice? Observe the conduct of the Japanese statesmen, and answer if America should fall behind them in the march of intellect.

In view of all these facts, the assertion holds good that it is to the Pacific shores and peoples California must look for her commerce. We find that the aggregate exports from San Francisco to Asia and the islands of the Pacific, during the year 1871, amounted to $3,333,669. This is exclusive of the large sum of $4,237,621, in treasure, shipped in that direction. But what will become of this commerce if we denounce those nations, prohibit immigration, despise their customs and religion, and yet exclaim: O, yes; cultivate friendly commercial relations, and treaties, but only to get their trade and money?

SETH DENE'S REVELATION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IT was in the first term of my Junior year that the "Great Revival"—it is still known in the college traditions by that name—originating in the neighboring town, swept over the entire county and portions of the two adjoining ones, leaving upon our little academic community indelible traces of its progress. Among the first of the students to experience the irresistible power of this tidal wave of religious fervor, was a classmate of my own, Seth Dene by name—one of the marked characters of the college. Dene was already a man of mature age, which the settled gravity of his countenance and demeanor caused to appear still greater than it really was, when he presented himself for admission as a Freshman; and I remember that on the morning of the preliminary examination, he was alluded to as "the old man" by several of his and my fellow-candidates. Had he been younger, or less sedate in appearance, I doubt if he would have passed the ordeal successfully; for it was evident that his preparation had been of the scantiest description. But the examining Professors probably thought that the deficiencies disclosed by his answers were the result of a late resolution to go through a collegiate course, and would be made up by such earnestness of application as might be reasonably expected from a man of his years. Be this as it may, he was passed with the rest of the half-dozen applicants examined on that morning, notwithstanding some such eccentric construing of Greek and Latin sentences, on his part, as provoked the audible mirth of the more light-minded or unfeeling of those present. He was ar-

rayed for this important occasion in a new, ill-fitting suit of coarse satinet, which, in conjunction with a certain looseness of limb and awkwardness of movement, gave him an unmistakably rustic appearance. It was from this circumstance that the joke perpetrated by the Professor of Greek, as Dene was floundering hopelessly in the midst of the opening passage of the "First Book of the Æneid," derived such poor point as it had.

"Have mercy, Doctor," whispered the man of Greek to his brother, learned in the Latin language and literature, who had the unfortunate candidate in hand. "Though evidently a stranger to *arma virumque*, he should be at home in the 'Bucolics:' try him there."

These peculiarities, together with a difficulty of utterance that at times seemed almost a physical impediment, gained for Dene, before the close of his first week of college-life, the nickname of "Dominie Sampson."

If the utmost subsequent diligence can have the retroactive effect of justifying the admission of a student whose preparation falls palpably short of the standard prescribed in the college catalogue, the Faculty had an ample justification of that kind for their leniency in Dene's case. He soon became known as the most indefatigable worker in the institution, and, at the time of the commencement of the revival I have spoken of, it was generally believed among his classmates that he was in the habit of giving from twelve to fourteen hours out of the twenty-four to actual study. Yet, with all this application, his progress was slow, and his performance in the recitation-room was something distressing to witness. He was so terribly in earnest, and seemed to bring so prodigious a mental effort to bear in the rendering of a passage of Tacitus or Xenophon, or in going through with a mathematical demonstration, that when he became perplexed and lost his presence of mind, as not unfrequently occurred, his sufferings and struggles assumed a pathetic, and almost a tragic, character. On such occasions I have more than once seen him literally perspire in his agony, while the big veins stood out like whip-cord on his forehead; and his efforts to articulate, reminded one of the desperate straining of an athlete to lift a weight too heavy for his utmost strength. It could scarcely have been more harrowing to a sympathetic nature to look on at the keen torment of the thumb-screw and the rack.

When the revival came and Dene fell under its influence, he entered upon his career as a Christian confessor with the same painful awkwardness that had characterized his first appearance among us as a student. At the opening of a series of Students' Prayer Meetings organized about this time, he was called upon to "lead in prayer." The scene that ensued was a most distressing one. Naturally shy, morbidly self-conscious, and in the first stage of a novel experience, Dene still had a vague feeling that he could not decline the office required of him without a breach of fidelity to his new convictions. He, accordingly, stood up and addressed himself to the duty, which, as he conceived, lay before him—very much in the same spirit of martyr-heroism in which he would have gone to the stake in attestation of his faith. There was a prolonged and embarrassing pause before the husky articulation of the first abrupt, uncouth phrase; then another pause, followed at length by another fragment of a sentence, and so on for fifteen or twenty minutes that seemed hours to those who listened. His utterance was at times a groan, and at times almost a shriek. The language in which he clothed his supplications accorded well with the unnatural voice and jarring inflections in which they were spoken.

Thus, from the very beginning, Dene took up religion in a spirit of the sternest realism. Every statement of Scripture was accepted by him in its most literal sense, and he would have deemed it something akin to the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost to attempt to soften the rigor of doctrine by the arts of popular interpretation. I have been thus circumstantial in speaking of Dene's peculiarities, because they may serve to throw some light upon the psychological phenomena (there are those who will prefer to class them as purely physiological) which it is the chief object of this narrative to record.

It was written down in the convenient "chapter of accidents," to which our ignorance compels us to relegate all those minor events in the book of life which we fail to trace to the inexorable law of cause and effect, that Dene should be my room-mate. In this circumstance originated a kind of enforced intimacy, which gradually matured into friendship. I was not long in discovering that under the unattractive exterior of my strangely constituted comrade were concealed many sterling qualities, though they were not of the class that secures college popularity.

Before the commencement of our Sophomore year, I had come to understand that the very characteristics that caused him to appear at such disadvantage in his intercourse with others, sprang from a fine esthetic sense continually distrusted and repressed under the austere domination of a morbidly scrupulous conscience. His awkwardness and diffidence were the result of the dim perception of laws of harmony and symmetry to which he struggled in vain to adjust himself outwardly. The habit of introspection and merciless self-criticism had generated an ever-haunting consciousness, that precluded any possibility of the free natural speech and action that are so gracious and engaging in those who live a purely objective life, never turning an inward glance upon the mysteries of their spiritual nature.

From the day of passing his examination up to the period of the revival, Dene had worked harder than any man not exceptionally constituted can for any length of time persist in doing, without injury to his physical and mental health. But when the exhausting strain of intense religious enthusiasm, and the labors which a conscience, intolerant of self-pity, imposed upon a new convert so terribly in earnest, were added to the burden of his regular studies, he soon began to manifest symptoms that seemed to me to menace his reason, if not his life.

Among the very small number of visitors from outside the college who occasionally called at our rooms, was a young Italian physician, named Caracoli, who resided in the village. He had left his native country in consequence of having identified himself somewhat too conspicuously with revolutionary politics in his student days. He possessed talent enough to have enabled him to attain the highest rank in his profession, had he devoted himself to it exclusively. But an insatiable intellectual curiosity and a catholic sympathy with every branch of human knowledge, prevented this concentration of effort, and constantly allured him into new, and often unprofitable, fields of inquiry. When I first made his acquaintance, his house was nearly filled with a collection of cats, rats, snakes, toads, and lizards, for the purpose of testing a certain theory which he had adopted in regard to "instinctive antipathies." At a later period, he shut himself up for several weeks together in the apartment he used as a laboratory, and devoted himself to a series of experiments with a view to re-discovering the lost poisons of the Borgias. Whenever an impulse of this sort seized him, every thing but the matter immediately

in hand lost all interest for him, and his patients were utterly neglected. As might be expected, his practice was neither extensive nor lucrative, and he was obliged to eke out a subsistence by giving instruction in Italian. I was one of his pupils, and he came twice a week to my room to give me lessons. That, at least, was the stipulation and the theory; but the literally veracious statement of the matter would be that he came as often, and at such times, as suited his inclination; and such was the charm that his conversation had for me that these irregular and uncertain meetings were mainly spent to the utter neglect of their ostensible object, in discussions that wandered over the whole boundless field of intellectual speculation. I will merely add that Caracoli was a materialist of the most positive and uncompromising school.

One evening, while I was supposed to be furnishing my mind with a knowledge of the Italian language and literature, but was, in fact, listening to the Doctor, as he discoursed with a certain sedate enthusiasm on the vital principle, insisting that the discovery of means by which the term of human life may be indefinitely prolonged is not to be regarded as a scientific impossibility, Dene abruptly entered the room. He had been absent on a tract-distributing expedition ever since the close of the regular class-recitations, and I perceived that he had a peculiarly worn and even ghastly look. Barely nodding to Caracoli, he passed without speaking into the inner room of our little *suite*, where he slept, and threw himself on the bed with a heavy sigh. A moment afterward he called out to me, asking me, in case he should fall asleep, to wake him in half an hour, which I promised to do. The Doctor resumed his discourse, the current of which flowed so smoothly on, and with such a fascination in the theme, that when I at length bethought myself of Dene's request and looked at my watch, I found that nearly twice the time he had allotted himself for repose had slipped away.

"Yes," said Caracoli, who had just reached his peroration, "the time is not distant when the average term of human existence will be more than doubled, though the consummation is not one to be desired for the masses. It is only the life of the *savant*, or the searcher into the *arcana* of Nature, that I esteem worth prolonging. These are the only lives that have sacredness or value."

Stepping into the adjoining room, with these sinister words still ringing in my ears, I found Dene apparently in a profound sleep—so profound that I could not distinguish his breathing. After twice speaking to him without effect, I laid my hand upon his shoulder and shook him—gently, at first, but finally with considerable violence. All my efforts to arouse him proved vain, and, beginning to experience a strange alarm, I called to Caracoli, asking him to come to me and bring a light. Dene was lying on his left side; his face was paler than usual, but warm to the touch. The Doctor felt his pulse, and then took from his pocket a small oval mirror and held it to his lips. On examining it, it was not perceptibly tarnished.

"This is interesting," said Caracoli, with imperturbable coolness. "We will now, perhaps, be able to test some of Bourdin's hasty theories."

"We will have no testing of theories, if you please," I replied, eying him in vague alarm, and resuming my efforts to arouse the sleeper.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, with a satirical smile. "You waste your time," he said, quietly; "an electric shock will not awake him now. Nay, I think I might amputate his arm without his uttering an exclamation or moving a finger. Observe this!"

He took Dene's right arm and raised it until the hand pointed straight toward

the ceiling. When he released it from his grasp, instead of falling to its former position, it remained as he had placed it, rigid as marble.

"You do not mean that he is dead?" I asked, in a horrified whisper.

"Certainly not. It is simply a case of *katalepsis*—but a very remarkable case. So far is the young man from being dead, that I have no doubt he perfectly retains his consciousness, and hears our discourse. But the power of motion is completely suspended. Men have been coffined and buried in this condition, knowing all that was being done, and yet able to make no sign to save themselves."

"What must be done, then?" I demanded.

"In good time," answered Caracoli; "there is no danger to life. So, at least," he added, in a tone that sounded like a sneer, "declare the most learned authorities, with Bruhier and Engelbrecht among the number. Do not fear, then. I think I can answer for your friend. Meantime, hold the light for me, while I proceed with the examination."

He then laid the tips of his fingers on Dene's eyelids, and gently drew them back until the pupils were exposed. They seemed unnaturally contracted. He next directed me to hold the lamp close to the sleeper's face, so as to throw a strong light upon the eyes. I remonstrated against this proceeding as cruel.

"My young friend," said Caracoli, with some asperity, "I perceive that you are suspicious lest my devotion to science should induce me to experiment at the peril of your comrade. Pacify your foolish fears, or you will yourself do him an evil. Catalepsy is a disease which is little understood. Its pathology is obscure. But it so happens that it is a subject which has much engaged my attention. If you summon Dr. Staples, who is the only practitioner nearer than the county-seat, I think it more than probable that the excellent old gentleman, after feeling for the patient's pulse, and finding none, will bid you send forthwith for the undertaker."

"At least," I said, "I must insist on calling in one of the tutors."

"As you please," returned Caracoli, with a shrug of the shoulders; "but, in that event, the tutor will have to assume the responsibility in the case, inasmuch as I shall decline any function, save that of spectator."

I paused, in doubt what course I ought to pursue. But my perplexity was terminated by a startling occurrence. Dene uttered a frightful cry, and sprang into the middle of the floor, where he stood trembling in every limb.

"I have been to the very entrance of the Valley of the Shadow," he said, at length, sinking into a chair, as if utterly exhausted.

"Can you not relate your experience methodically?" asked the Doctor.

Dene drank off a large tumbler of water, which I handed him, and gradually recovered his composure.

"I must have fallen asleep immediately after lying down," he said, in reply to Caracoli's renewed demand for his "experience." "When I awoke, I heard you conversing about the Elixir of Life. Your voices seemed to come from a great distance; yet, I could easily distinguish the words. I, also, heard the bell for prayers; and, endeavoring to rise, discovered that I could not stir. I next tried to call out, but in vain. The muscles were no longer obedient to my will. I was terrified, and questioned whether this could be death. Then I made another great struggle to rise, but was unable to move even so much as an eyelash. When I heard you speak in the language of medical science concerning my condition, I was greatly comforted; for I inferred that you believed me to be in a state of trance, and would take all necessary measures for my restoration.

I, nevertheless, once again renewed the effort to gain control of my muscles, and, at length, it seemed to me that I succeeded in slightly moving the second finger of my right hand. I kept up this movement, until it extended to the other fingers; then my ears were filled with a sound like the rush and flutter of wings; a sudden thrill vibrated through my brain, and, believing that physical dissolution was at hand, I commended my spirit to God. In that same moment, I became aware that the benumbing spell was broken, and sprang from the bed."

Dene soon afterward left us to attend the prayer-meeting. The Doctor remained till the janitor's gong sounded its warning for visitors from the outer world to retire. We had been conversing on many themes, but, when he rose to go, he returned to Dene's case.

"Your friend will have another and more serious seizure," he said. "The person who has once had an attack is never free from peril of its recurrence; and, as religious ecstasy is one of the strongest predisposing causes, I think it will not be long before *Katalepsis* shall again overshadow him with her bat-like wings, and weave about him her blood-congealing spell—for why may I not personify her?" he added, with a little sarcastic grimace. "Has all the fine rhetoric become an exclusive possession of the Sophomore, and shall it be held unlawful for us plain men of science to ornament our speech?"

He had bidden me good-night, and was already half-way down the stair, when the sound of his footsteps suddenly ceased, and, the next moment, I heard him returning rapidly.

"I forgot to caution you," he said, thrusting his head in at the door, "to send for me immediately in case of another attack. The patient will not be able, the next time, to obtain a contraction of the muscles by an effort of his own will, and, unless he is intelligently treated, the consequences may prove serious—I might say fatal, were it not for the profound respect, which, as an humble student unknown to fame, I owe to the 'great medical authorities,' who are agreed that kindly *Katalepsis* never kills."

For several months after this occurrence, our college-life rolled away in its peaceful routine, with no incident germane to this narrative. Dene's general health seemed to be steadily failing, but there was no recurrence of what he spoke of as his "trance." His pietistic ardor, far from abating, ran to such extremes that he began to neglect his studies, and, indeed, every thing but what he considered his religious duties. He distributed tracts, taught in a Sunday-school in a neighboring village, visited the sick-poor of all the country round, and, in addition to all this, lost no opportunity of exhorting, or, as he called it, "laboring with the impenitent." This work, pursued with the best intentions and under an overpowering sense of duty, but without tact in the choice of time and place, soon caused him to be regarded as a nuisance by a majority of the students, who shunned him as the most intolerable of bores. The President, himself a man of fervent piety, undertook to mitigate the excess of Dene's indiscreet zeal with counsels inspired by maturer and more sober views of life and duty. But the fervor of a new convert was not to be cooled by such suggestions, which doubtless seemed to him to savor of lukewarmness and a spirit of compromise between duty and worldly convenience. He accordingly went on in his old way, until the intemperance of his proselyting ardor caused him to be generally shunned by the objects of his solicitude. So the autumn passed. At the beginning of the winter, Doctor Caracoli went to New York to attend a series of lectures at one of the medical schools, and for several months I saw no more

of him. Toward the end of March, Dene informed me that he had concluded not to complete his college course. His Master had work for him to do, and he felt like an idler while he was devoting precious time to gathering carnal learning. The fields were ripe for the harvest, and the laborers were few.

A few days before the time which he had fixed as the date of his departure, he surprised me by a request to join him in a Saturday excursion to the Sassafras Woods—a tract of pine forest, whither the village boys used to go in early spring to gather winter-greens and squawberries. I accepted the invitation, not anticipating any pleasure in it, but because Dene seemed to attach some importance to the matter, and it might be regarded as doubtful, whether, after our approaching separation, we should ever meet again. When he called for me on the appointed morning, his manner seemed more natural and genial than I had ever known it. "It is a lovely day," he said, "and it will be delightful in the woods. See! I have a basket of sandwiches and boiled eggs, and a bottle of cold coffee, so that we need not return until sundown, unless we choose." It was a distance of four miles to the wood, and we took an hour and a half to walk it; yet, during all the way, Dene did not say a word on the subject of religion. His behavior throughout the day impressed me as singular. I had a suspicion, at the outset, that his object in proposing the holiday was to gain an opportunity for a final attempt to make a proselyte of me. But if that was in fact his original purpose, he abandoned it, for he forbore any thing in the shape of exhortation or argument. Indeed, we talked but little after entering the wood. Seeking out a delightful nook, beside a limpid spring overshadowed by three mighty pines, we stretched ourselves upon the ground and gave ourselves up for hours to the luxurious indolence of reverie, only now and then exchanging a few words. I had brought with me a small volume containing Wordsworth's "Prelude," and, after our frugal lunch, I commenced turning over the leaves, reading here and there a passage aloud. Dene seemed singularly interested.

"That poem sounds as if it were written in a wood," he said. "At any rate, it has the very spirit of the woods in it." Among other extracts, I read the description of the model child, the product of the modern cramming system of education:

> "A miracle of scientific lore;
> Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
> And tell you all their cunning; he can read
> The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
> He knows the policies of foreign lands;
> Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
> The whole world over, light as beads of dew
> Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he weighs;
> All things are put to question; he must live
> Knowing that he grows wiser every day
> Or else not live at all, and seeing, too,
> Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
> Into the dimpling cistern of his heart."

This picture of the juvenile prig of whom so vast a multitude are annually reared in our educational hot-houses, seemed to strike him, and he asked me to turn down a leaf, that he might look at the passage again. When I had tired of reading and closed the volume, he inquired whether Wordsworth was a religious man, and what was the form of his theological belief. I told him what I knew on these points; and soon afterward we set out on our return to the college. As we issued from the wood, Dene, who had been a long time silent, looked back, and said, "The town is materialistic and atheistic: can you tell me what is the creed of the woods?"

"I think the woods have no creed," I answered. "It seems to me that they have a religion, but no theology."

"Nevertheless," answered my companion, "they have been preaching Deism to me all day long, and as persistently and subtly arguing against the literal inspiration of Scripture as if Satan

himself were whispering insidiously in every rustle of their boughs."

After Dene left college I saw him but seldom, though he lived with his mother and a spinster sister in the outskirts of the village. He read divinity with the Methodist preacher who, for the time, occupied the pulpit at the county-seat, and assisted him in his parochial duties. Toward the end of June he visited me one evening at my room, and asked to borrow "the Deistic poem" which I had read to him in the Sassafras Woods. I gave him the volume, with a protest against the epithet he had applied to it, and he went away without further conversation. A few weeks more brought Commencement, and the long vacation. On the second day after the close of the term, having taken leave of my few associates who remained during vacation, and dispatched my trunk to the railway station, I was in the act of following it, when I encountered the Latin tutor at a short distance from the college building. I observed, as he saluted me, that his countenance wore an unusually grave expression.

"Have you heard," he asked, "of the illness of Dene, your former classmate?"

I replied that I had not.

"That is singular," he resumed. "It must have been very sudden. I have just learned that he died last night or this morning. The funeral is announced for to-morrow."

This was all the information he could give me. As soon as I had recovered from the shock of this unexpected intelligence, I ran to the railway depot and reclaimed my luggage. While I was still engaged in attending to this matter, a train from the city came in, and the first man who sprang from the platform was Doctor Caracoli. He hastened toward me, and greeted me cordially. I told him, without preface, what I had just heard, and, five minutes later, we were on our way together toward the cottage of the Denes.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the Doctor, rubbing his hands together and smiling softly to himself, as we walked rapidly up the broad village street under the arches of the elms—"how fortunate, and how interesting!"

There was something in his words or his tone that affected me unpleasantly, and recalled certain half-forgotten associations connected with Dene's former seizure. I looked up at him in doubt that savored of suspicion.

"Of course," said Caracoli, taking note of my expression in a rapid, comprehensive glance—"of course, I mean only how fortunate it is that I am arrived at this timely juncture: fortunate for your friend's sake, as shall, I trust, be presently demonstrated."

The words were plausible, and smoothly spoken. But there was a strange exhilaration in the speaker's manner, and a peculiar inflection in his voice, that awakened in me a vague distrust; and of this distrust there was born in my mind a sudden, but inflexible, resolution.

SPADES.

IF the annals of the mining regions of California should ever be written, the reader would be surprised to find how great is the number of towns which once had a beginning, and a brief period of glory, followed by utter decay. Their sites are now desolate and bare, and nothing is left to indicate that they were once centres of population. Of this class was Snedaker's. Snedaker's Flat was the original christening, not because the site was level, but because every place was supposed to be either a bar, city, or flat. As it was not on a river, Snedaker's Bar was not available, and the pioneers who located the place were too modest to be guilty of the glaring assumption of calling it a city: hence there was but the alternative of Flat. It was called Snedaker's, after the first pioneer in this mining-camp. In the process of time the tail of this cognomen dropped off (like those of our ancestors, generations ago), leaving simply the possessive case of Snedaker as an appellation. As its rich placers developed, its fame spread abroad, and it became equally celebrated for its reckless gambling, lavish generosity, sluice-robbing, chivalrous devotion to women, and deeds of violence. After four years of prosperity, its greatness culminated, and then there happened the event which has passed into history as "the Ball at Snedaker's."

Madam Perron, in the early fall, had left the unappreciative city of San Francisco for what might be termed a Terpsichorean prospecting tour in the mountains. A new era then dawned upon that crude Sierra society, and there was a glad awakening from the lethargy of uncivilization. At that time, lectures and concerts were there unknown, drinking and card-playing being the chief amusements. Fair-haired hurdy-gurdies (dancing-girls, so called) from the Fatherland made occasional visits—brief, but delightful; and when the news went abroad that Madam Perron, with the assistance of her daughter Paulina (which had been abbreviated to Polly), were about to inaugurate a circle of dancing-schools, it was greeted with joy. So universal was the approval and support of the project by the miners, that when Steve Parsons growled out a rather ungracious opinion, he was looked upon as entirely beneath the refining influence of the saltatory art and of lovely woman.

Madam Perron, with an enthusiasm for her profession which the prospect of a golden harvest had aroused in her, went from camp to camp, organized schools and hired halls, purposing to teach six classes in as many places, and to give to each one evening of every week.

She was not only ambitious, but clever. It was easy enough to organize a dancing-school of gentlemen, even at $50 each for the term; but to a complete success a fair attendance of the respectable feminine element was necessary, and every one knows that the respectable feminine element is a great coward about every thing new, excepting new fashions. New ideas, new projects, new people, alike are denied recognition while awaiting the verdict of Mrs. Grundy, or waiting to be measured by the old and tried standard set up by our predecessors for the guidance of a weak and undiscriminating sisterhood. Though Madam Perron came with a fair fame, the keen-scented detective abiding in the

breast of this feminine element whispered that something must be wrong, from the very fact that the ladies traveled without a male protector. Contact with the world had sharpened the wits of Madam Perron, who, learning that the Clarks — the most influential family at Snedaker's — were relatives of some old pupils of hers in San Francisco, called to tell them about their nieces, and so won their respect and good-will that Mrs. Clark, with but little urging, joined the school. The battle was won, and the new idea was hugged with such warmth that each woman believed the scheme for a dancing-school to have originated with herself. Success being assured, the dancing-school fell into the routine of a weekly event, and was looked forward to, and prepared for, as a season of enjoyment by all, with one solitary exception.

Every mining-camp had, as every town has, its mystery, its human poser, its strange man or woman, who, not moved by recognized or permitted motives, must needs be an outlaw, a savage, and one seemingly outside the pale of Christian influence. Snedaker's had within her precincts a man, nearing the grand climacteric of life, who was yet youthful in daring and deed. He was a border man, and had migrated early to Texas; he passed through the Mexican War, and at its close found himself in California. He bore about with him the grizzly evidences of fervid suns and bleaching colds. The things which touch the hearts of most men he could look upon in cold disdain; yet it was said that once he laid a caressing hand upon the sunny head of Steve Parsons, and something like a far-off memory stirred within the depths of his stony eyes. All knew that Steve never lacked for money, and that he was always extricated from the consequences of his rash actions. This strange man could swear with polished blasphemy, yet never descend to vulgarity; he gambled with cut-throats and the lowest of his species, yet he had never been seen in a soiled shirt; many a time penniless, he had never complained of luck; and though he lived alone in his cabin, he had never whined for the companionship of man or woman. One pursuit engrossed him: gambling. He was a gambler: not one of those wretched frauds, dependent upon tricks and cunning for success; not one of those debased beings, who profit by material cheats,[1] by marked cards, and devices akin thereto. He looked deeper for the gauge of his wager, and saw, in the faces of the men about him, signs of the manner of hand he had to cope with. It was claimed by the fraternity, that he used in it only what the merchant-prince uses in his—sagacity—and the long-headed judgment that perceives, through the signs of the times, the coming misfortunes of others. These were the merits of the gambler, and their fullest exercise left him subject to the desperate chances that attend all of the profession. In the early days of California, familiarity with the use of deadly weapons was a necessary accomplishment of a gambler; and few were they who plied the vocation for any length of time without being engaged in murderous broils. From Texas and Mexico stories of homicides followed the chief of the fraternity at Snedaker's; but, as they had no odor of assassination, and as testimony was always borne to his dauntless courage, and his sense of justice which impelled him to give to his opponent a chance equal to his own, they threw a glamour about him, that much resembled glory. Fame, such as this, shielded him from minor quarrels, and obviated the necessity of resenting trivial insults, but exposed him to the attacks of desperate men, who then abounded on the borders of civilization, and in whose presence it was a mortal crime to say, "I am chief." What there is of terri-

ble import in these words, it is hard for an inexperienced person to conceive, but all people familiar with life in Nevada, Montana, and Idaho, will bear witness, that, even now, fearful affrays follow their use. When a man's hands have been once imbrued in the blood of his fellow, he is supposed to have overcome all scruples, and, ever after, will fight when called on. Since the chief's advent at Snedaker's, he had been assailed with knife and pistol, had met the assailants with similar weapons, and, in every case, his wonderful courage, coolness, and skill had given him the victory. His worst enemies did not allege that he sought opportunities to take life, but rather that he tried to avoid difficulties; but they said—and truly—that he declined no challenge—with or without cause, it was the same to him—and that if a person wanted to fight, was an abundant reason for fighting. In the far-off land of his birth, he had been called Oliver Mason; but when he stood before the world a homicide and gambler, it called him by the new and significant name of "King of Spades." Whether it was because in gaming his luck ran in spades, or that the spade is an emblem of mortality, or that he corresponded in appearance with the king of spades, no one knew: the name fitted, and was accepted. Usage, finally, dropped the first two words, and he was known, spoken to, and of, as Spades. He alone, seemingly, had never heard of the dancing-school, though daily discussed within his hearing; his senses, apparently, were dead to all things save gambling.

A long line of beautiful children, with feet incased in bronze or azure-tinted boots, with symmetric heels, the right daintily perched within the sheltering curve of the left foot, couchant and ready at the master's word to spring into that witchery we call "dance," is less suggestive, less picturesque even, than a stately row of full-grown miners, each with the entire length and breadth of a nowise stinted foot pointed at his right neighbor, carrying in its polished rigidness a suggestion of danger in its vicinity; with hands moist in the sweat of agony, and glued firmly to the sides; the resolute plunge at the first note of music; the invariable failure to catch the step and time; the renewed attempts; the stern resolve to do, the shifting expressions of face, as sickening doubts of his original symmetry creep over his mind; also, the awful suspicion, that midnight watches in the damp mine have chilled the oil of his joints: these render a dancing-school of miners an enjoyable affair, to an observer. Its teachers were in nowise discouraged, but feelingly promised each pupil great success in the Terpsichorean art, by the end of the term. For the two weary hours spent in spasmodic efforts to subdue the erratic movements of an Esmeralda or Schottische, the scholars were generally rewarded by seeing the Fisher's Hornpipe, or some other "fancy dance," performed by one or the other of the suave teachers. Never seemed feet to fly so fast—never looked feet so small—never looked blue silk so heavenly in color, or so imbued with the spirit of the dancer, as, in frolicsome freak, it would disclose the neat ankle, or sweep back, outlining the supple limb, then swing round in the full, graceful courtesy of a triumphant *finale* to the spectators.

Paulina was one of those healthy-natured beauties, who, to develop into a handsome woman, needed only a season of suffering. Joy so abounded in her, that a share in the struggles of the miners with unconquered Polkas did not suffice to damp her spirits. Round and round she went, her hand firmly grasping any available part of male clothing, and, just as the eye had become accustomed to plain sailing, an untoward swing would bring them to the centre of the hall; then a tottering, and lurch back

to the ring, where the couple would quiver and waver, for a moment, like a ship in distress; but, with the imperturbable and invincible temper of an educated machine, she would again attack the step, and boldly swing her partner into the proper time.

The end of the term, which was to be signaled by a grand ball, was at hand. Polly, piquant and saucy, had flirted indiscriminately, bestowing her smiles and dances on all alike. Her mother's eye held within its sweeping glance every action, and permitted no show of preference. Steve Parsons, notwithstanding his uncomplimentary remarks in the beginning, took great credit to himself for the success of the school, and, strange to say, fell deeply in love with Polly. Steve was more than ordinarily successful with the round dances: his legs had an innate good-breeding and masterly poise. But, ah, the rascal! never needed a man so much showing; never was pupil so adroit in claiming a trial when it wasn't his turn; never did scholar willingly give so much time to his task. Steve was an agreeable, impressionable fellow, easily acted upon by art or nature, and always astray through his impulses. Evanescent were his fancies and feelings; therefore, no one could really depend upon him, yet every one liked him. So plausible, so full of pleasant surprises of intellect and culture; for Steve was a gentleman born, and only a vagrant desire to see the world had placed him in the mines.

Harry Devoe—handsome, rich, and dissipated—was generally thought to be the favorite. He had a valuable mine, a house, and a Chinese servant. It was said that Madam Perron looked with a partial eye upon this son of Gallic extraction. Between Steve and Harry, there sprang up a jealousy. Steve referred boldly to Harry's misdemeanors; Harry enlarged upon Steve's short-comings. But not the hint of a preference could be wrung from the politic Polly—not a look, even, of astonishment at those dreadful crimes and errors. Miss Polly had been at a school other than the dancing—called Mercenary—which takes all the original and native flavor out of one: the school wherein one is taught to be all things to all men; to have no opinions; never to be shocked or surprised; to have no religion, no politics, no preferences. Poor little Polly, at seven years of age, far east of the Rocky Mountains, had struck the castanets with her baby thumbs, had kept step to their time before the public, and ever since had lived for the public and from it, and had been taught by it how to keep silent, and how to look pleased. These things she still did, and with a marvelously finished grace. Harry was well up in Man's philosophy of Woman, which makes her a strange and curious creature: loving deeply, but making no sign; saying No while meaning Yes. He thought that beneath that polished surface of vermilion and white, rolled a lava-stream of affection for himself. Upon this supposition, he let his thought run far into the future, and resolved to know his fate at the ball.

The dining-room of the best hotel in the place was secured for this ball—we might say the hotel itself, for the barroom, the gamblers'-room, and the billiard-saloon, which were partitioned off from each other by green baize only, each expected to profit by the ball, as well as afford gratification to every variety of taste.

At last the night came, and with it all the better class of the female population and their attendants of six mining towns. Mrs. Larribee, the bride, and representative of *ton*, who had spent a winter in Washington, was there in white silk, very tight in the waist, and very long in the skirt. She danced with no one but her husband. There was Mrs. Holcombe, who had brought all her things in a bandbox. Dan. Holcombe had

realized largely from the recently purchased tailings of the Great Empire Company: hence, Mrs. Holcombe's airs. Cyrus Dean came over from Smith's Flat with his new wife, his old one being yet alive and quite well in the States, and in hourly expectation of his return; also, his son Cyrus, Jr., with his wife, who had not thought it worth the trouble to unpack her trunk in so barbarous a country. Sophie Tyler was there in all the glory of a pea-green tarletan, in which she floated fleecily about. She was married at fifteen; divorced at seventeen; sent to a boarding-school by an admirer at eighteen; was finished and accomplished at the age of twenty-one years; was now visiting a sister in the mines, and deigned to grace the ball at Snedaker's with her presence.

So deeply engaged were the good people in dancing, gossiping, drinking, and card-playing, that no one noticed any thing unusual in the appearance of Polly; indeed, there was scarcely any thing unusual. She was well dressed, had adorned herself with a profusion of flowers, and, throughout the evening, had shown a childish desire to be near her mother. Once, while dancing in the same set, she threw out her arms as though to clasp her, but immediately let them fall, and finished the dance with decorum. But frequently her wistful eyes, with a new-born shadow in them, followed her mother about as she triumphantly conducted the ball.

At one o'clock, some one claiming the hand of Polly for a dance, inquired of Madam Perron where she was to be found. Alarmed, she closely scanned the ball-room, to find that her daughter was not there. She was not in the dressing-room; she was not in the house. After long searching, and much inquiry, the man was found who had seen Polly, in company with Steve Parsons, leave Snedaker's at a rapid speed behind a pair of horses.

Madam Perron had conceived an ambition, in Polly's early, promising youth, to take her back to *la belle France*—there to make her shine by the glitter of the gold gotten here; there to marry her to a position far above her own, by the influence of money. Through what miserable depths had she not waded for it! She had curried the favor of people whom she scorned; for it, she had dragged her innocent daughter from town to town, and had brought her in contact with doubtful men. In the mines she had realized so largely that she counted as nothing the degradation of her position as teacher of a dancing-school; for, with money in hand, could she not buy a Lethe for the memories of people who bore it in mind? All the activities of her life had centred upon the darling scheme of Polly's advancement. The light which had for so many years illumined the pathway of Madam Perron had now suddenly passed into eclipse; and it seemed to her that it would have been easier far to have met death than this terrible disappointment. Frantic with her loss, she rushed from room to room, unable to realize the fact of the elopement. Her daughter, for whom she had planned other and better things, to marry a miner—never! But the frenzied search proved fruitless; and, having had time to recover from the first great shock, she now felt the importance of immediate action.

Harry Devoe, in the bar-room, had just drank to the success of his love, when the wild mother sprang into the midst of the group of men around the bar to find him who, her woman's soul told her, would fly to the rescue. "Harry, Steve Parsons has carried off my daughter. You love her and hate him. Oh, bring her back to me. Who knows but they are already married. Ah, misery! and to such a one—a light-haired, silly boy." "But one," said Harry, "who has had years enough to de-

velop a craven and dastardly nature; for he who will rob a mother of that child for whose hand he dare not ask —he who will, under cover of night, steal away with the prize for which he dare not compete with other men—is a thief and a coward." Slowly parted the green baize curtains which divided the bar-room from the gamblers, and slowly emerged from the smoke of the den the outline of a man. Cold and unimpassioned was the manner of Spades; but there was a meaning and energy in the tones of his voice, as he said, "Stephen Parsons is not a coward." The jingle of glasses ceased; the hum of voices died away; even the distracted mother quelled her moan under the glance of Spades.

Spades again spoke: "Who says that Stephen Parsons is a coward?"

"I, Harry Devoe, say it," echoed back as clearly and strongly the voice of the disappointed man, as he confronted the statuesque figure. He looked almost handsome, as with one hand he flung back the mass of black hair, revealing a face marred with dissipation, but transfused for the moment with the shining light enthusiasm furnished. "I say it, sir. The man who steals in the dead of night what he would not dare to take in the day deserves to be called a coward and a thief; and I charge myself with visiting the penalty of these offenses upon him. Madam, return to your dance: I will bring your daughter back, safe, and unharmed as she left you."

"Hold!" said Spades. "The person who moves an inch, in pursuit of Stephen Parsons, has one to deal with who never missed his man, and who is as impervious to the cries of mercy as yon dull earth. Listen! They have been gone two hours; and though a man's thought may be swift to the woman he loves, his impotent steps are slow. The priest who is to unite them has been in waiting for hours, only six miles away. The words that make Stephen Parsons and Paulina husband and wife have already been said. But were it not so, no human being could, with my knowledge, leave this camp in their search. Look at me, you—you foolish, babbling, mercenary mother! Look at me, men! What see you? A something at which you all shudder, and shun—a devil in a piece of bloodless flesh! I know I am the terror of this region. What, think you, made me an outcast, and brought me to this condition? Madam Perron, hearken! I had a mother, in whose eyes of affection I read the hope of all great and good things for her son; but she died, and I was left alone. And soon there came to me, as to most men, honest and sincere love for a woman; but her mother—such another as you, madam—stepped in and forbade the union, which would have been a blessing to us both, and gave her in wedlock to another, a more prosperous man, who in two years' time put the sod over her broken heart. Sirs and madam, Stephen Parsons is the son of the one woman whom I loved and who was created for me: by her broken heart and life, I swear that no human being shall stand between him and his mate! I am scorched and riven by the sins of the world. I have seen much. I have traveled far. There has been no rest for my feet. But in no place where there are women have I failed to watch the curious workings of the heart called the mother's. It is ever the same: much love for sons, little love for daughters—ay, so little, that the godliest among them will sacrifice her first-born, her lily, to the fiend of mammon. Go, madam; enliven the dance with your presence; show yourself strong, once, by accepting the inevitable in a spirit of decency; for I tell you now, with this hand raised to heaven—this hand once warm with the return pressure of an angel's love, but now the deadly terror of every man—

that Stephen Parsons shall love, wed, and live with the woman he has chosen."

The wretched mother shrank away, not reconciled, but cowed. So dry and dusty had been the ways of her own desert life, that she had forgotten the green spot of an early love: it came back to her as this strong man poured out his history to the amazed crowd, and she went to her room, overwhelmed with the strange thoughts that burned within her.

Harry Devoe, defiant, and with a keen sense of the wrong done him, said:

"Man, whoever you are, I denounce you. You are a spy, an abetter of wrongdoing. You have lived here two years, an uncanny creature, neither flesh nor ghost. You never make words, but you provoke quarrels by your superhumanly reined temper. The imperial curl of your lip makes a man in your presence feel like a dog. Who are you, who presumes to say that no one shall follow Steve Parsons? I defy you and your pretensions to invulnerability. I am no assassin, and would not shoot you where you stand."

"Young Harry," said Spades, "your unschooled blood prompts you to unseemly things. What! turn these festivities into a scene of carnage? For what should I kill you, my poor fellow? No, think better of it!"

"You are thought to be a brave man," returned Harry, "but I find you a coward; you must fight"—at the same time slapping his face to provoke him to accept the challenge.

A scarce perceptible shade stole over the face of Spades; but with an even voice he said:

"The blow suffices; yet I do not thirst for your blood. Still, if your mind and temper do not change, I will meet you in the early morning, on Summit Hill."

With these words he disappeared, and resumed his game—composed and calm, entirely himself.

Harry sat down, with a clouded and sullen brow, to wait for the morning. It was not that he so bitterly hated Spades, that he sought this duel, nor yet because the man's tyranny at this frenzied moment was hard to be borne; but his mental and moral vision had become blurred by his defeat, and the aroused beast in his breast longed to destroy. The rainbow-promise of the last few days seemed now about to be followed by a dark deluge of blood—his own, or that of another. Yet he felt no regret, nor cared which of the two fell.

Long ere the morning dawned, he repaired to the appointed place. There, with weary pacings to and fro, he awaited the coming of the hour and the man. At six o'clock, Spades, passing out of the hotel-door, and looking up the hill to the eastward, saw on its brow—between him and the brightening sky—the form of Harry. He bowed his head, and, as he passed through the fast-dissolving shadows of the valley and of the night, he seemed to stagger under the burden of a thousand dreadful years; but when he gained the upland, and came within Harry's view, he had resumed his wonted appearance.

Mechanically the two men took positions, facing each other—not so near as to imply bravado, nor so distant as to suggest a possible fear. Then the gray man, looking grayer in the dim light, said:

"Harry, life may have blessings in store for you—fire first."

It was no craven fear that shook the hand of Harry, as he sighted his pistol; but the dissipations of the night, the raging of the tumultuous passions within his breast, and the long, cold vigil of the morning, now had their effect. Twice the report of his weapon vexed the morning air, and twice the ball flew harmlessly past his antagonist, who stood as one hewn out of rock. Then the seeming statue raised his hand, and sent a bullet through the brain of Harry, whose

lifeless body fell with a thud to the earth.

Quietly sheathing his pistol, Spades walked slowly down the hill. Snatches of "Home, sweet home" floated to him from the dancing-hall, on the morning breeze. "Ay, home," said he; "there is but one—the grave; and would to God, that I, rather than yon poor boy, had found it this day."

The revelers, unconscious of the impending duel, were not to be defrauded of the last half of the night's enjoyment, by the elopement; and so they had danced and drank, till break of day. And now they gathered around their comrade, as he lay prone on the ground. They opened the earth where he fell, and laid him in. The suns and rains of many a season have obliterated all traces of the grave; but the forgiveness and pity of gentle souls have swarded in immortal verdure the memory of the erring, but chivalric, Harry Devoe.

IMMORTAL LIFE.

I stood on the mountain pure and high;
Gray vapors were blending sea and sky.

The shadowy mist crept o'er the sun,
The land, and the sea, and sky were one.

The mystical mountains, pure and cold,
To my waiting soul their secrets told.

And listening long and waiting well,
Inaudible voices rose and fell.

And over the sea, where white mists hung,
A wonderful ship in vision swung.

The masts and the spars were burnished gold,
Upheld in the vapor's phantom fold.

Oh, beautiful ship on yon dim sea,
Oh, bringest thou treasures vast to me?

Some radiant gem from far, fair realm,
Oh, beautiful ship with golden helm?

Or anchorest thou, to wait for me,
This mystical port to fairer sea?

I gazed on the ship of molten gold;
Inaudible sounds the secret told.

It floated away from mortal sight—
A luminous path of heavenward light.

Away and beyond the mist and sea,
The beautiful ship is waiting me.

ETC.

A NEW school, or, shall we rather say, a new crop of critics, is springing up in these latter days, that threatens to bring into doubt all the literary judgments of the last and the present generations. The old authorities on rhetoric and criticism laid down the conservative doctrine, that there is such a thing as a standard of taste by which the excellence of literary productions may be measured. The more recent critical authorities seem to ignore any such standard, and to repudiate the idea of an appeal to law or principle in meting out praise and censure. So far as poetry is concerned, nothing resembling an available criterion of merit is acknowledged. We have not even a generally accepted definition of poetry. Aristotle attempted one two thousand years ago, and out of the multitude of critics and rhetoricians who have made a similar attempt since his day, not one has succeeded in producing a satisfactory formula, or one broad enough to include all whom the world recognizes as poets. The reviewers of the new school are generally iconoclastic in spirit and oracular in manner. They scornfully reverse long-established decisions, and render no reason. Indeed, their whole attitude is not that of the reasoner, but of the revelator. Several of the disciples of this school have, within a short time, promulgated their edicts against Tennyson. He is not only not the first among English poets, but "he does not even belong to the first class." He is "a third-class poet." He has "no strength." He "will not bear translation." He deals too much in "the ornaments and embroideries of verse." These are a few of the things alleged in his disparagement by the iconoclasts. But the most unique count in the indictment against the laureate remains to be stated. After alleging his vast inferiority to Byron in passion and power, the critic adds that this must necessarily be so, inasmuch as Tennyson has always lived a peaceful and reputable life, not calculated to arouse the fiercer and darker passions. "Powerful poetry," it seems, can only be produced by great sinners, who have had such "experiences" as can be gained in no other way than by a course of life which is prosaically characterized as criminal. If this theory is sound, San Quentin ought to turn out annually a crop of "powerful" poets. It is worthy of note that the same critic who insists that Tennyson's poetry must inevitably be weak because his life has been that of a literary man and not that of a man of action, accords to Wordsworth a place among the greatest of English poets. Yet Wordsworth's life was quite as tame and uneventful as that of the laureate. And we should like to know what this iconoclastic reviewer would say of Shakspeare, who, so far as the world knows, never had any more tragical personal experience in crime than is involved in the dubious story of his poaching adventure. Professor Aytoun, in his inimitable burlesque of the spasmodic poets, represents the god Pan as exhorting Firmilian, "the great youth baptized to song," in this strain:

> "Let not love,
> Pity, remorse, nor any other thrill
> That sways the actions of ungifted men
> Affect thy course. Live for thyself alone.
> Let appetite thy ready handmaid be,
> And pluck all fruitage from the tree of life,
> Be it forbidden or no. If any comes
> Between thee and the purpose of thy bent,
> Launch thou the arrow from the string of might
> Right to the bosom of the impious wretch,
> And let it quiver there! Be great in guilt!"

Pan's advice will, no doubt, seem unimpeachably orthodox to the critics who insist that Tennyson can not be a poet of "power and passion," because his private life has been that of a Christian gentleman of scholarly tastes, and has not been diversified by any criminal or scandalous episode.

A few months ago, the lamented Loring dropped into the Overland office, modestly holding back his "credentials," but so brimming over with enthusiasm and good-fellowship that in a few minutes all hearts were open to him. The boy-man had already made a notable record in the field of literature, at an age when most collegians are just picking the Sophomore shell. He was full of plans for the future. He wanted a taste of border life, and thought that six or eight months devoted to the exploration of a country of which no intelligent account had ever been given, would abound in incidents which he should relish with the keenest zest, and perhaps turn to good account. The Wheeler Exploring Expedition furnished him just such facilities as he wanted. At the beginning of the winter he would return to San Francisco, write up his notes, furnish a series of articles for the Overland, and enjoy such hospitalities as might be extended to him. He had barely encountered all the hardships of the campaign, facetiously writing once that he still retained his scalp, and would soon give an account in person of his adventures. Impatient of delays, he started one day in advance of an escort: the tragedy has already been told.

A few days previous to this fatal journey, Loring sat down on the sand at a point probably overlooking the Colorado, and, with paper on his knees, wrote the following stanzas —the last poetical offspring of his fertile brain:

ON THE RIO COLORADO.

Over three hundred years ago—
In the time of Old Spain,
Ere history knew Mary Stuart's story;
Ere all the world was filled with Shakspeare's glory:
Even before this our dear country knew
The Mayflower's little crew,
Sailed Alarcon—
Half soldier he and half desperado—
And he first came to this Colorado
Over three hundred years ago.

Over three hundred years ago!
Read the old chronicles of that time,
Kept by the monks in Mexico,
Full of a bravery sublime:
Perils from deserts hot and from snow;
Savages merciless to a foe;
Cities older than Athens and Rome;
Towers and battlements all of gold—
The women fair, and the warriors bold.
And Alarcon
Sailed on the purple Colorado,
To search for those cities, with Coronado,
Over three hundred years ago.

Over three hundred years ago!
And Coronado met with him never,
Never saw Alarcon again;
For he went over the mountains to the east,
While the other strove on the unknown river;
And when Coronado's messenger came
To the dreadful cliffs that no man may pass—
Past the wonders of this enchanted ground,
Through barren cañon and white morass:
Then it was that letters were found
From Alarcon,
Who had sailed in vain on the Colorado;
Who never was to meet with Coronado,
Over three hundred years ago.

Over three hundred years ago!
And still there is only silence here—
Hundreds of miles away from men,
I sail here now even as they sailed then:
Half thinking their phantoms will soon appear
On this purple-tinted and tawny river.
And then I can hear the rapids roar,
And the frothing waves lash the rocky shore;
And then another silence again.
Thousands of feet high walls arise,
Cliffs that almost shut out the skies—
Barren save for the twining vines,
And the silver cascades and water-falls
That shine here and there on these rocky walls.
Here a bird hovers over the wave;
Here a rattlesnake coils in his cave;
Or an Indian over the bank above,
Hurrying swiftly, is seen to move—
These are the only things with breath:
This is the beautiful river of death—
Death that may come at any hour,
And death that has been.
For now the dark cliffs no more shut us in,
And forth we come in the light of day;
And now the sunlight falls—a golden shower—
And even then all life seems far away;
For, gleaming roseate in the sunset glow,
Castles and towers alone and lofty stand.
The tawny, purple river moves below,
Bringing no verdure to the lifeless land,
And all is deadly silence, far and near.
And from the old cathedral I can hear
Strange, ghostly voices, which the wind bears on
Over the Tejon—
The Buena Guida:
Voices of saintly priest and warlike leader,
In the dead sunlight of the Colorado,
Where Alarcon
Sailed with bravery and bravado,
To meet with Vasquez de Coronado,
Over three hundred years ago.

Over three hundred years ago!
And still in their shadowy loneliness,
With the barren desert for miles around,
And nameless graves in the withered ground,

Stand castles and towers in Time's duress
On the beautiful river of death.
In their sunlit gloom they seem to say,
Soldier and priest have moldered away,
But we stand now as we stood the day
When Alarcon
Sailed over the purple Colorado,
To meet with Vasquez de Coronado,
Over three hundred years ago.

SINCE the opening of the exhibition of Judge Crocker's collection of paintings at Snow & Roos' Gallery, we have had — shall we say the pleasure? — of perusing half a score of "art notices" in the daily and weekly papers, attempting a critical estimate of the merits of the pictures. Judging from the internal evidence, we should infer that the majority of these essays at art criticism were written by some literary person sufficiently gifted to be able to dispense with an actual inspection of the collection, and to evolve his disquisition from the depths of his interior consciousness, with no other aid than such hints as a lively fancy might derive from a glance at the printed catalogue. We can not profess to be much surprised at the fact, that the largest amount of praise has been bestowed upon the biggest picture in the collection, the "Banquet of Queen Joan at Naples," although its merits are of very much the same order as those that would prove most effective on a drop-curtain for the theatre. In addition to the important circumstance that this painting covers more square yards of canvas than any other in the gallery, we will add, in justification of the critics, that it also occupies the most conspicuous place on the walls, and comes first in the catalogue. Neither does the fact that No. 139, "Young Luther before Andreas Proles," has not received any pronounced praise at the hands of the critics in question, affect us with special wonder. To be sure, it is by far the finest picture in the collection—but then, it is neither large nor showy, and is so badly hung that it would naturally escape the notice of the perfunctory visitor making a hasty round of the gallery. One of the reviewers of M. Taine's little work on Italian art, says, in effect, that a real knowledge of art is a disqualification for being a popular art critic. His idea seems to be, that a true understanding of art, and a genuine sympathy with it, would tend to make the critic serious and didactic, whereas the uninitiated public naturally prefer the airy flippancy of the writer who knows just enough to enable him to discourse plausibly and fluently on the subject, in the language of a man of the world, avoiding technicalities and all such details as would suggest the necessity of troublesome explanation. One admirable feature of this popular style of criticism, is, that it is not encumbered with the jargon of the studio, and never overwhelms the reader with a humiliating sense of his ignorance.

"THE fleshly school of poetry" is a phrase for which, we believe, we are indebted to Mr. Thomas Maitland, who makes Dante Gabriel Rossetti the great living representative of fleshliness in poetic art. Why this bad eminence should be awarded to Rossetti by so judicious a critic as Mr. Maitland, with the last two volumes of Swinburne before him, we frankly profess ourselves unable to explain. In epicene force, no less than in perfection of poetic form—at least, so far as metre and rhythm are concerned—there can, we should imagine, be no question as to the superiority of the author of "Laus Veneris" over the author of "The Blessed Damozel." Mr. Swinburne, notwithstanding the fact that he is, in years, the junior of all the singers whom Mr. Maitland classes as belonging to the fleshly school, is *facile princeps* in erotic art: the art that loves for its subjects—to use his own phrases—"harmonious nakedness," and "consummate fleshly sculpture." The claim has been made, on behalf of the fleshly school, that it is *par excellence* the "healthy and human" school. To us, it seems that the reverse is the truth of the matter. We know of no poetry so thoroughly morbid as the erotic pieces of Swinburne, Rossetti, and their followers. The animalism of such poems as "Anactoria," and "Nuptial Sleep," is not a genuine animalism, but an artificial and affected one. Their nastiness is not an honest and natural nastiness. Compare them with the passages in Keats or Shelley that approximate to them most closely in spirit, and the overstrained and hysterical tone of the more modern productions will become unpleasantly apparent. Meantime, we may congratulate ourselves that the "fleshly school" has no representative among our

American singers, though Mr. Joaquin Miller has breathed an occasional strain that indicates a sympathy, on the part of his muse (we trust it may prove but a passing one), with the exaggerated animalism of Rossetti, and the erotic ravings of the naughty Swinburne.

WHO sat for the picture of "Colonel Chesterfield Jocelyn?" Let the author of "Lady Judith: A Tale of Two Continents," be placed upon the stand to answer the interrogatory. If answer come from the artistic author, that the "PRINCE OF ERIE" *did* sit for the photograph, as we opine, we have but another confirmation of the old proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

"The title 'Colonel' was given off-hand, just as a courteous and ornamental way of introducing a name. . . . People gave him the name of Chesterfield because he was so tremendously polite—the florid, old-fashioned politeness. . . . He was a man of some fifty years of age, perhaps, rather above the middle size, and so stout that his figure might almost be said to approach corpulency. He was nearly bald—the forehead and temples were quite bare; but he wore a full, dark beard and mustache, covering up the whole of his face from his aquiline nose downward. Magnificent diamond studs flashed from the vast expanse of white shirt-front. On one white finger was a ring with an emerald, on another a ring with a ruby. He held in one hand a double eye-glass, mounted in gold, and suspended around his neck by a thick gold-chain, while a gold-chain of different make was attached to his watch. He made a bow of quite surprising depth and graceful flexibility, considering the portly bulk of his figure. . . . He knew every thing, and had been everywhere; so, at least, one was led to believe from his anecdotes and his assertions. Nobody's opinion was of any value when compared with his. He spoke of great schemes involving millions on millions of dollars, in which he was concerned here, there, and everywhere, with as cool a carelessness and ease as an ordinary man might allude to a projected change of lodgings, or a sea-side visit in the autumn. He professed to know every eminent public man of every country under the sun. As to political opinions, he, Jocelyn, professed to have none: he was just as much attached to his friend Horatio Seymour, as to his friend Charles Sumner, or Wendell Phillips. No; a man like him should be as impartial in politics as in science. . . . Yet, the difficulty of judging of the man's true character was great. It might have been easy enough to dispose of the matter by setting him down as a mere braggart and liar; but Jocelyn had a wonderfully wide and exact amount of information—a perfect type of the Yankee—a dashing, daring, scheming American adventurer. . . . He was profoundly selfish, worldly-minded, ambitious, plausible, clever, sure to rise to the surface anywhere, and to become influential and conspicuous. This was Jocelyn, with his habitual expression of jaunty, braggart *insouciance* on his face; a heedless, harmless, egotistical *bonhomie*, and bold, bright, genial self-conceit and self-satisfaction. . . . Chesterfield Jocelyn had begun life with brilliant talents, a fierce, energetic, animal nature, and an unscrupulous will. He employed many of his early years in gratifying every desire just as it rose; and his principal desires were three: women, the spending of money, and incessant occupation. He had a nature so restless in its fierce vitality, that he must always be doing something, or striving for something. At a critical period he played for high stakes, and lost. There lay before him the choice of three courses: utter disgrace and social annihilation, suicide, or escape into an entirely new career. He chose the last. He flung himself into the seething, fierce current of speculation in America, and he gave full vent to all his physical and mental energies there. It pleased him to obtain the stamp of a distinct individuality. . . . Chesterfield Jocelyn became, in his way, a famous sort of personage. He was a man to know, a man to dine with, to boast of having dined with. People were fond of saying, 'Chesterfield Jocelyn has been telling me;' or, 'I dined with Chesterfield Jocelyn yesterday;' or, 'I have just been introducing our friend somebody or other to Chesterfield Jocelyn.' Jocelyn was an authority on dinners, on wine, on the points of horses, the limbs of the ballet, as well as the many and more serious

branches of practical knowledge we have already indicated. . . . The name of Chesterfield Jocelyn might have been 'kept standing,' as the printers say, so constantly did it make its appearance in the columns of the American journals.

". . . Tremendous excitement in Wall Street, New York. Excitement, too, hardly less great, in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and in Montgomery Street, San Francisco. An audacious speculation, nay, rather, an outrageous gambling plot, having its focus of conspiracy in New York, had suddenly burst into shivers, carrying unheard-of commercial and financial destruction along with it. The plot had been of the boldest and subtilest nature. Had it succeeded, it would have placed at one *coup* the whole of the railway share market and the whole of the gold market literally in the hands and the power of a small cabal and clique of utterly unprincipled and reckless operators, who might then have enriched themselves simply as they pleased and beggared whom they would. . . . It was so audacious, so tremendous, so incredible, so impossible; and yet it went so very near to success! Why, people declared to each other in wonder and affright, if the thing had had only half an hour, just half an hour more of secrecy, it must have succeeded. Wall Street simmered, fumed, foamed, roared, and swore for six-and-thirty tumultuous hours. . . . The little, riotous imps of journalism, the stormy petrels of civil and political commotion and disaster, the New York newsboys, were never done yelling, 'Here's yer extra edition; more news from Wall Street!' . . . At one period of the crisis, there was ominous talk, not to be despised as mere empty threats, of executing summary justice on the principal ringleaders of the plot which had so nearly succeeded, and which even in its failure had brought down so wide-spread a ruin.

"But who were the ringleaders? Foremost and most ostentatious was, or rather had been, Mr. Chesterfield Jocelyn. His grandeur and ostentation were as tremendous as his cool composure or his magnificent get-up. His shirt-front, his diamond studs, his white waistcoat, his gossamer summer clothes, were perfection. He smoked unnumbered cigars; he made no end of jokes. For a long time, the real drift of the financial game was not fully apparent. At last, however, the reality of the enterprise developed, and horrified Wall Street was not able then and there to grapple with the difficulty. When this point was reached, the complete success of the conspiracy would depend only on two things: the timely bringing up to Jocelyn's aid financial reserves on which he counted for a final grand charge along the whole line, and the inactivity of the Government. The latter power, if made acquainted prematurely with the real drift of the scheme, might interfere by throwing its financial resources and potentialities into the scale on behalf of distracted Wall Street. But Jocelyn believed care had been amply taken on his side in both matters, and he awaited the crisis with composure and confidence.

"But soon he began to grow anxious; his lips were compressed; his eye wandered. He kept up his jaunty, defiant, *insouciant* manner well enough; but his mind was misgiving him. The financial reserves were not coming up, and the crisis was awful. Worse than that, ominous rumors began to float about that the Government at Washington had had its eyes suddenly opened, and had telegraphed to its agents in New York to intervene. Big drops of perspiration stood on Jocelyn's forehead; he clenched his cigar fiercely between his teeth, and thrust his hands into his pocket that the quivering of the fat, ring-laden fingers might not be seen. . . . None knew so well as Jocelyn did that the crisis was now over, and the whole plot a failure. . . . The scheme had evidently been abandoned, betrayed, denounced to the Government by one of its leading promoters. Jocelyn well appreciated the difference between success and failure in the financial operations of Wall Street. . . . He drank iced draughts and smoked cigars in vain. He could not keep his composure. His lips were dry, and he was constantly striving to moisten them with a tongue hardly less parched. The game was over. Hundreds of men were ruined by him, and he, too, was ruined. Eyes began to look desperately at him, fierce tongues swore at him. . . . He retired to a little retreat he had on Broadway, where only special personal acquaintances visited him; of the very best

dressed among them it would have been safe to say, without fear of offense, that they were 'no gentlemen.' They did not pretend to be. They professed to be ladies, but in their pleasant, confidential hours with their friends, they laid aside even that profession as wearisome and superfluous to sustain.

". . . Jocelyn's was a magnificent equipage. His team consisted of two splendid black horses, whose harness sparkled with silver knobs, and bells, and ornaments. The sleigh was filled with superb and costly buffalo-robes, from amid which Jocelyn might properly be said to emerge, as he threw the reins to his colored groom, and leaped lightly, for a man of such bulk, on the pavement. Across his broad chest was buttoned a magnificent garment of fur; gloves of delicate lavender kid outside, and thick fur lining within, protected his hands; a powerfully flavored Havana blazed between his lips. A hothouse flower was glowing in his button-hole; a ruby flamed in his cravat; perfume exhaled from his hair and his beard; a gold-rimmed double eye-glass dangled on his breast from a chain of gold. . . . He drove up Broadway, past the fashionable Grace Church, turned into Fifth Avenue, rattled through the monotonous grandeur of its huge, brownstone palaces — very stately and costly structures; and at one of the largest of these he checked his horses and got out of the sleigh. He rang the bell, asked for Mrs. Braxton, and seemed to receive the answer confidently expected when he was told the lady was at home. Jocelyn appeared to be on familiar terms in the house. He was shown into a large and handsome reception-room, furnished with extravagant splendor, and crammed, or choked, with paintings, statues, statuettes, and ornaments. . . . There was a rustling and rushing of silken and velvet draperies, and Mrs. Braxton stood before Chesterfield Jocelyn, who first bowed almost to the ground, and then, advancing, took the hand extended to him and pressed it to his lips. . . . Mrs. Braxton was a lady of rather short stature, but otherwise ample proportions. She had a broad head, with a broad face and forehead, and rather fine, dark eyes. . . . Her mouth was large, with full lips, and good, white teeth. She might have been called a fine-looking woman. She certainly was very remarkable. Any body would have turned and looked after her as she passed on the street. Nobody could have seen her in a crowded room without asking who she was. . . . She was dressed in glowing ruby velvet, and her broad bosom was like a jeweler's window for its profusion of chains and brooches. Her fingers were incrusted, rather than ornamented, with diamond and emerald rings. Mrs. Braxton appeared to take the courtly salutation of Chesterfield Jocelyn very much as a matter of course. Jocelyn then handed her to a seat, and took a chair near hers."

By a most ingenious anachronism, we are introduced to "Vermont's most illustrious son, the prince of philanthropists and sovereign of speculators." Mr. Verpool, the business partner of Jocelyn, "the uncultured old Vermont peddler, who could read men off at a glance," pays his mental tribute to the character and endowments of his friend after this wise:

"'He is a smart man, Chesterfield Jocelyn — a remarkably smart man; but he wants ballast. Kind of frivolous, somehow. He'll soon be played out, if he don't take care. Ideas splendid, but not practical. . . . Too much champagne and Clicquot, and dinners at $30 a head, and late hours. A man should never see the wrong side of ten o'clock at night. I shouldn't wonder if Jocelyn were to die without a red cent — or come to a violent end, perhaps. There's something in his eye that looks like that, somehow.'

". . . The hideous tragedy was all over. . . . Chesterfield Jocelyn, the outcast of English aristocracy, the forger and swindler, the fearless, audacious adventurer, . . . had utterly broken down at the last, and died, not like a felon, not even as he himself had said, like a dog."

Had Justin McCarthy the spirit of prophecy, that he should have foreshadowed the tragic ending of so dashing and brilliant a career? Rather, was it not the inevitable sequence of such a life? Was any supernatural gift of prophecy needed, when revelation and experience unite in affirming, that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that there are steps which take hold on death?

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LAND OF LORNE. By Robert Buchanan. New York: Francis B. Felt & Co.

The author dedicates his work to the popular young Princess Louise, whose marriage with the Marquis of Lorne occurred about the time of its publication in England. The delay in the reprint of so admirable a work is somewhat remarkable. Local considerations may have had somewhat to do with the warm welcome which greeted its appearance across the water, but these are unessential, as it carries its own recommendations, and is in nowise dependent upon adventitious influences to advertise its claims to favor.

The Land of Lorne is a fascinating historical narrative of the "Cruise of the *Tern*," a small portion of which has appeared in print before. The little cutter *Tern*, "agile and beautiful as the sea-swallow from which she takes her name," is affirmed to be the smallest craft of its kind that ever ventured to the Outer Hebrides—a mere little wind-straw of a boat, carrying but seven tons; and in her tiny cabin, so small that it was impossible to sit upright, this select party of enthusiastic adventurers were to sleep for months. The impassioned author says: "The smaller the craft, the fewer the fellow-beings at hand, the intenser the enjoyment both of storm and calm. It is a proud pleasure to dash like a sea-fowl under the very mouth of the tempest, conscious of the life in one's veins, drunken as it were with the excitement and uncertainty of the hour—awake to every quiver of the little yielding creature under the wings of which you fly, feeling its panting breath come and go with your own, till, perchance, its wings are folded down close, and it swims with you for very life before the elements which follow screaming in its track. After a flight so fine, the soul is ready for strange, calm waters and melancholy peaks, fit to feel the pathos and sweetness of things at rest, ending with that slim, pathetic tremble, amid which we seem to feel God's shadow in our souls. In this life, and perhaps in lives beyond, there seems need of some such preparation for great spiritual peace; and it is therefore a poor soul which has not felt some very rough weather."

Thus beautifully, throughout the volume, does the poet-narrator blend genial suggestion with charming incident. The field of his explorations is one well calculated to kindle all the fervor and enthusiasm of the poetic soul. A marvelous *mélange* of tradition, history, poetry, and legend intensifies the romance allied to the Scottish coast, and it would seem must necessarily invite all those whose hearts reverberate with the pleasing echoes which Nature is capable of producing. Yet, the author asserts that this charming route is seldom traversed by the tourist, although abounding in shapes of beauty and forms of life so fresh and new, that a ramble half round the globe in search of the beautiful would scarcely afford so novel an experience.

Mr. Buchanan's descriptions of natural scenery are pictorial and poetic, leaving nothing to be desired; they are illumined with incident, and are all astir with life. The chapter entitled "Pictures Inland," is as beautiful as an idyl—"a solemn-thoughted idyl." Like the marvelous land which was at once its cause and inspiration, it is redolent of joy and wondering admiration. Such a harmonious commingling of sun and shadow, of scenic loveliness and sombre perspective, of the moral and esthetic, of the mysterious and the spiritual—it is the unmistakable conception of the poet of Nature, nursed by Art. Aristotle says that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of the first Being—in other words, that the Creator photographs Himself in His works. Even so does every author photograph himself, and we may discover the in-

ner man from the outward indices which he voluntarily presents to us.

Critically considered, as an historical narration, *The Land of Lorne* may be said to deviate from the strictly conceded rules of art in regard to historical composition; but genius should be permitted to elect its own method of procedure. Genius best succeeds by yielding quick obedience to "the invisible helmsman." If an author can more effectually conquer success by a deviation from established rules than by a rigid adherence to them, he deserves the plaudits, not the censure, of mankind. There is nothing so successful as success, and it affords quite as little consolation to the author as to the patient to know that he is dying *secundum artem*. From the rich repertory of landscape-pictures we snatch a fragment. In his glimpses of the Outer Hebrides, he says: "A few mountains, endless stretches of peat-bogs and small lagoons, a long tract of shell-sand hillocks, all environed, eaten into, and perpetually shapened afresh by the never-resting sea. Like all such children of the sea, they flit from mood to mood, sometimes terrible, sometimes miserable, peaceful occasionally, but never highly gay." And now the poet steps nimbly forth again, laden with the lotus fruits which imagination yields: "The clouds may shape themselves into the lurid outlines of the old gods; the mist on the margins of the pools may become the gigantic witch-wife, spinning out lives on her bloody distaff, and croaking a prophecy; but gentler things may not intrude, and the happy sense of healthy life dies utterly away."

His interpretation of the Scotch character is truthful and clear. It is the clever portraiture of every-day life, embellished with all the little frivolously important *minutiæ*, of which the mere superficial observer makes no note. There is the charming exactitude of a Boswell, minus his weakness, plus somewhat of the literary strength and brilliancy of Lamartine in his historical romances. In deep pathos, touching simplicity, refinement of feeling, delicate discrimination of character, exquisite sentiment, and subtile human tenderness, nothing could excel "Eiradh of Canna,"

> ——"a woman of a steadfast mind,
> Tender and deep in her excess of love."

We envy not the stoic who can close this pathetic chapter without at least heaving a sigh heavy with heartache: such apathy might well astonish even Zeno himself. "She knew the name of trouble," poor Eiradh; "the Lord drew silver threads in her hair, and made lines like pencil-marks over her face; and when she was thirty-five years of age her sight failed her, and she had to wear glasses. She had little sickness, but she stooped in the shoulders, and had a dry cough;" and all this because Calum, her husband, "was a double man, with a side for his home and another for strangers; and the first side was as dull as the second was bright." But in those days voices came about her that belonged to another land, and the faces of loved ones went past her, "like the white breaking of a wave on the beach at night." They were representatives from the Court of Heaven, sent to divorce Eiradh, and bring her back to her Father's house with "many mansions." The author evidently does not make the acquaintance of these kindly, gentle, open-handed, bonny folk by the aid of a spy-glass poised on the summit of "the mighty Scaur of Eig;" but he wins their confidence by walking side by side with them, and learning through human fellowship the hidden lore of both place and people, thus making *The Land of Lorne* one of the most charming and interesting of books.

THE EXPLORERS', MINERS', AND METALLURGISTS' COMPANION. By J. S. Phillips, M. E. San Francisco: Dewey & Co.

The title-page to this volume sufficiently indicates its general scope and purpose. A work of this kind has been much needed by those interested in mining on this Coast. The author has performed his labor well, and, with the exception of some minor imperfections of style, produced not only a well-arranged, and somewhat original, but also a highly interesting and useful work. The book contains 640 octavo pages; the whole embellished with numerous cuts, illustrative of the several subjects treated—some of these being original—and the whole creditable, as regards mechanical execution. The first section of this work is devoted to a consideration of geology and mineralogy, wherein the author

treats of the structure of the earth, tracing it from its initial chaotic state to the earliest appearance of its primitive mountains; the formation of its various rocks; the theory of earthquakes; its vein system, etc. Some of the ideas set forth in this chapter, though striking and unique, are well sustained. Part second is devoted to the subject of exploration, or "prospecting," giving directions how and where to carry on the business; pointing out the most favorable formation in which to seek for metalliferous veins, and the best methods for ascertaining their value, etc.—all of which can not fail to be of great service to that class for whose use it is chiefly intended. Section fourth is occupied with questions relating to mining and engineering—a branch in which our people have been especially deficient, and who must, therefore, be proportionately profited by what is here said. In this department the author seems to be entirely at home, the whole subject having been treated in a masterly and exhaustive manner; mechanical engineering, both above and below the surface, the best style of engine and machinery for hoisting, pumping, concentrating, crushing, and for effecting the various other operations required, being ably handled. The last chapter is devoted to metallurgy; the various means and methods adopted in the treatment of refractory ores, both in their reduction, and with a view to diminishing their weight to insure cheaper conveyance to market, being ably discussed and intelligently disposed of.

This book, while well arranged and vigorously written, shows signs of having been prepared in haste: the style, as before remarked, leaving the impression on the reader's mind that the author had been, at times, greatly hurried. His meaning is, nevertheless, always clear, and his language good Anglo-Saxon; while, so far as the mere graces of style are concerned, it could hardly be expected that they would receive much attention in a book like this: we might almost say that any attempt at "fine writing" would be a blemish in a work of this kind. The man who has had to wrestle with ponderous machinery, who has passed his days amidst the hissing of steam and the pounding of engines, or down in the dripping alcoves of the mine, could have had but little leisure for the study of rhetoric, and few will complain that he has attempted to introduce so little of it into this volume. He has rendered to the leading industry of the Coast a valuable service—has furnished the mill-man and miner a safe and much-needed practical guide—having earned for himself, all things considered, the credit of producing one of the most useful works ever issued from the press of San Francisco.

THE WANDERER. A Colloquial Poem. By Wm. Ellery Channing. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Channing is evidently a lover of woods, mountains, and seas, and a careful student of Nature; yet his poems seem to us the result of literary culture, rather than of a genuine inspiration. They smack of the library; they smell of books, and not of wood-berries or wild thyme or sea-grasses. No one can deny his liberal appreciation of the poetical stock that is the theme of all song; and there are lines in his book that one loves to linger over.

The following quotation affords a specimen of Mr. Channing's manner of versifying; and we are inclined to accept it as a portrait of the late Mr. Thoreau. The lines occur in that section of the poem entitled "The Hermit:"

"Aside from all the jaundice he had caught
From the seducing past, I think he dwelt
As near to Nature's heart as most who breathe;
Nor robust woodman, and the swallow tribe
Of dreaming poets or their writing folk,
Enjoy more comfort in their lonely life.
True, the traditions of the race still ticked
Like spiders in the web, shut in his ears;
And still he heard that drumming in his dreams,
And schemed reforms to agitate the earth
With penny wisdom, and insure the peace.
Yet oft he fed the titmice from his hand;
And the old, cautious muskrat, who, behind
This hermit's hut, had built himself a house,
Felt no alarm at him who daily left
An alms at his back-door, and kept the faith.
When the short winter days ran rapid out,
If clear the air, he heard the small pond sing
Its well-known strains of pleasure and of praise,
As on the strings of an Æolian lyre:
And saw the sentry pines that fringe the east
Erect their emerald tips along the eve,
While all the singular fibres of the pond
Kept on their whining music."

There is in this volume of Mr. Channing's

a careless disregard of rhythm and the conventional forms of verse, for which even the exquisite apology of Mr. Emerson can not entirely compensate.

GOETHE'S POEMS AND BALLADS. Translated by W. E. Aytoun, D.C.L., and Thomas Martin. New York: Holt & Williams.

We have a growing confidence in the critical judgment of Messrs. Holt & Williams. Every fresh publication is a satisfaction; at any rate, we are seldom disappointed after a careful examination of their latest issue. We believe they publish no magazine, in which they find it convenient to bolster their literary sucklings, and force their sales with sensational reviews of their own publications, as extravagant as they are undignified.

These translations are graceful and flowing; they read as though their new dress suited them; yet all the delicate vagueness and mysticism of the original are skillfully preserved.

We can not refrain from quoting this charming lyric, which somehow always brings up the picture of Marguerite at her spinning-wheel, and echoes the delicious harmonies of Gunod:

"THE KING OF THULE.

A King there was in Thule,
Kept troth unto the grave;
The maid he loved so truly
A goblet to him gave.

And ever set before him
At banquet was the cup;
And saddening thoughts came o'er him,
Whene'er he took it up.

When Death with him had spoken,
His treasures ranged he there,
And all, save one dear token,
He gifted to his heir.

Once more to royal wassail
His peers he summoned all;
Around were knight and vassal,
Thronged in his father's hall.

Then rose the grand old Rover,
Again the cup drained he,
And bravely flung it over
Into the welt'ring sea.

He saw it flashing, falling,
And settling in the main,
Heard Death unto him calling—
He never drank again!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:
RUBY DUKE. By Mrs. H. K. Potwin. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
THE WHALEMAN'S ADVENTURES IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND CALIFORNIA. By W. H. Thomes. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
AMONG THE BRIGANDS. By James De Mille. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
THE TURNING WHEEL. By Paul Cobden. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
THE CRUISE OF THE CASCO. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
AUNT MADGE'S STORY. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
THE SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
RESOLUTION, OR THE SOUL OF POWER. By A. S. Roe. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
BRAZEN GATES. Compiled by Christabel Goldsmith. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
BIVOUAC AND BATTLE. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
SINGULAR CREATURES. By Mrs. George Cupples. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:
THE INVASION OF FRANCE IN 1814. From the French of MM. Ercmann-Chatrian. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
AMERICANISMS: THE ENGLISH OF THE NEW WORLD. By M. Schele De Vere. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
BEAUTIFUL SNOW, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
THE PALMETTO BOYS. By Julia McNair Wright. Philadelphia: W. B. Evans & Co.

Miscellaneous:
GOETHE'S FAUST. By Theodore H. Hittell. San Francisco: Bacon & Co.
OLIVER OPTIC'S ALMANAC FOR 1872. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1872. Rochester: James Vick.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME

Of this Popular Magazine, commenced with the January No.

This magazine has become universally recognized as the best exponent of the Social, Literary, and Material Progress of the Pacific Slope, and it is the intention of the proprietor to retain in future numbers its characteristic reputation for

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TRAVELS AND GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;
STUDIES OF WESTERN MANNERS AND CIVILIZATION;
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THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

MARCH, 1872.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 8.—MARCH, 1872.—No. 3.

SOME SAVAGES.

VINCENT COLYER'S impracticable peace policy, in so far as the Apaches are concerned, not only aroused the indignation of every White inhabitant of Arizona and New Mexico, but has excited a deal of curiosity in regard to that particular race of Indians. Those who have never enjoyed the pleasurable sensation of hearing their musical war-whoop, witnessed their skill in phrenological and anatomical operations, or had cognizance of their ingenuity in applying torture, are naturally desirous of knowing something more about them than can be gleaned from ordinary newspaper relations. Without attempting any thing like a detailed narration in a magazine article, it may not be inappropriate, just now, to give descriptions of the persons and most noted achievements of several Apaches, who have been prominently brought into contact with our people during the past twenty-two years.

It is requisite to premise, by correcting the false impression that the Apaches are governed by, or are subservient to, what are known as "chieftains" in all other Indian tribes. There are leading spirits among them, around whom the masses cluster for advice, and to whom they tacitly yield the direction of affairs at certain times, and for the accomplishment of particular designs; but every male adult is unqualified master of his own conduct, responsible to no other, and holding no other amenable to him, except in case of personal dispute. Such men as Mangas Colorado and Cheis could enlist the co-operation of the various families constituting the race, for any required purpose; but such aid was voluntary, not enforced in any sense. For this reason it is impracticable to enter upon treaty stipulations with them, under the impression that the whole tribe will be bound by the terms which only comparatively few have accepted.

Neither King Philip nor Logan, Uncas nor Keokuk, Black Hawk nor White Cloud, ever possessed the genius and ability of Mangas Colorado. None had his broad, mental grasp; his wonderful craftiness; his unbounded ambition; his

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subtile and comprehensive knowledge of the elements he collected and managed; and none ever equaled him in bloodthirsty ferocity. Mangas Colorado, or "the Red Sleeves," was something over six feet in height. His frame was powerfully built, corded with steel-like sinews, and capable of any amount of endurance. His head was enormously large, with a very ample forehead; strong, aquiline nose; capacious mouth; broad, firm chin; and thick, pendulous ears. His deep, wide chest, long arms, and thin flanks announced the possession of more than ordinary strength. There was not the slightest evidence of obesity, but he could not have weighed less than two hundred pounds. His complexion was rather fairer than usual among the Apache warriors; and the expression of his sharp, brilliant, black eyes was not displeasing, but entirely at variance with the real character of the man. He was never seen to carry a weapon of any description except when in actual conflict; appearing desirous of inducing the belief that he was a very peaceable individual—a "good Indian."

He early distinguished himself by planning and executing bold and distinctive raids upon the Mexican States of Sonora and Chihuahua, sometimes extending them far into Durango. During one of these he captured a beautiful and rather accomplished Mexican girl, whom he subsequently took to wife, and who bore him three daughters, all celebrated for personal attractions and more than ordinary mental ability. Mangas seems to have entertained a strong and durable affection for Carmen—the Mexican name of his spouse—and never exacted from her the toil and drudgery to which all Apache wives are subjected. He was also devotedly attached to his daughters, and instituted a sort of aristocracy in his family, which, at one time, gave no little offense to others of the tribe. All the work was performed by other Mexican captives—women and boys—whom he held as slaves.

To increase his power and extend his influence, Mangas bestowed one of his fair daughters upon the Chief of the Navajoes, who could place three thousand warriors in the field; another to the leading man of the Coyoteros; and the third to the principal warrior of the Mescalero Apaches. These women soon gained considerable ascendency over their husbands, and wielded it for the benefit of their father. Ardently assisted by these auxiliaries, Mangas laid waste the whole of northern Sonora and Chihuahua, and a large portion of Arizona. Town after town, and village after village, disappeared from existence. Remnants of fine churches still exist, to acquaint the traveler with the wide-spread and unsparing desolation inflicted by Mangas Colorado. Enormous and wealthy *ranchos*—such as the Barbacomori, the San Bernardino, and the Santa Maria—operating from two hundred to five hundred hands each, and boasting their sixty or seventy thousand head of cattle and horses, were depopulated and destroyed. A belt of territory—three hundred miles wide, and six hundred miles long—once teeming with life and agricultural wealth, was converted into a howling desert. People abandoned every thing, and fled in all directions for safety, closely pursued by the inexorable, blood-thirsty Mangas and his warriors. There is no exaggeration in affirming, that his hands have been reddened in the gore of hundreds of victims. Indeed, he made it a practice to smear his hands and arms with human blood, and, from this fact, derived his name of "Red Sleeves." Like nearly all other cruel men, he was not personally brave. The last to enter into a fight, and the first to seek safety in flight when beaten, his prestige was so great that he, nevertheless, obtained a reputation for courage. After several se-

vere engagements with detachments of Carleton's "Column from California," Mangas was finally captured by Captain E. D. Shirland, of Company C, First California Cavalry, and killed by the guard while attempting to escape. A recital of his deeds would be one of the most sanguinary records on the pages of history. His name was a tocsin of terror throughout northern Mexico, Arizona, and New Mexico; and, to this day, the people shudder when they hear the name of Mangas Colorado.

Next in importance as a warrior and counselor is Cheis, erroneously called Cachise and Cochise. Cheis means "wood," and he was so designated because of his tough, springy frame, and his invariable selection of a wooded country in which to fight. He will retreat to any distance before an apparently insignificant force, until he finds the shelter of the forest, when he makes his stand, and generally with success. Cheis is about five feet ten inches in height; with high forehead; strong Roman nose; wide mouth; thin, close-set ears; well-cut lower jaw; small, ferret eyes; and prominent cheek-bones. His complexion is swart; and his body bears the marks of several severe wounds. His limbs exhibit no marked muscular development, but are finely corded. No Apache warrior can draw an arrow to the head, and send it farther, with more ease than he. Every thing about the man shows the possession of wondrous continuity rather than strength. The celerity of his movements is unequaled. A hundred miles in one day is no uncommon march for Cheis and his band. Next to Mangas Colorado he evinces the greatest ability to collect, feed, and keep together a large number of followers for several weeks in succession.

At the time that the Overland Mail Stage Company was in existence, there was an important station in Apache Pass, the selected head-quarters of Cheis. A young man named Wallace was in charge of the station, and was a decided favorite with the Apaches, especially with their leader, who gave many indications of his friendship. On the other hand, Wallace was extremely guarded in his conduct, never refusing his savage acquaintances a ride on the stage, between Dragoon Springs and Apache Pass—a distance of forty miles—unless the vehicle was cumbered with regular passengers. The grim warriors took special delight in those rides behind wild mustang-horses; and as the reader can form little idea of the excitement attending them, a short digression may be permitted to describe one:

Six unbroken, spirited, and mettlesome young horses are lassoed, thrown down, and harnessed—their heads being held to keep them quiet during the operation; the traces being hitched, and the driver on the box with his lines well in hand, word is given to "let go of all," when the wild and frightened animals spring to their feet, kick themselves into and out of all sorts of tangles and complications, and then plunge violently forward at full run, which they maintain until utterly exhausted. The break-neck speed with which the stage is whirled through *cañons*, over mountains, and across plains, especially when filled with yelling savages, who eagerly testify their admiration of the driver's skill and nerve, could not but impart a sense of keen excitement to the spectators and White passengers.

The harmony existing between the Overland Mail Stage Company and the Apaches was very nearly brought to an end by an untoward event, and would have terminated disastrously, long before it did, but for the magnanimity of Cheis. A young and promising warrior of some eighteen years, and a special *protégé* of Cheis, got into a difficulty with an Irish lad of about the same age, and, as neither would acknowledge

himself to be wrong, the matter was left to Wallace and Cheis for decision. Duels are by no means infrequent among the Apaches, and it was determined that the principals should fight with six-shooters, distance ten yards, according to the most approved principles of the "code" in practice among educated and refined gentlemen. This was the proposition of the savage-umpire, to whom Wallace was constrained to yield. At a specified time the principals appeared on the ground, duly equipped and seconded—a crowd of Indians and about a dozen Whites acting as spectators. The word being given, each fired without effect; but the young Apache, instead of shooting again, commenced his war-dance in a short circle, accompanying his movements with a war-song. His Irish antagonist regarded him with an expression of blank amazement for several seconds, but, not being versed in Terpsichorean accomplishments, he addressed himself to the matter immediately on hand, firing a second shot, which severed the spinal column of the painted savage. Cheis and his people were greatly affected at the result; and the latter would have wreaked vengeance then and there, but Cheis threatened to kill the first who should attempt any deed of violence. He held, that it was a fair fight; and, however much they might grieve at the result, no blame could be attached to any one.

Peace and quiet reigned in the Chiricahui, until the arrival of Lieutenant Bascom with a company of United States Infantry. The approach of these troops was observed by the Indians several hours before their arrival, causing no little consternation among them. Cheis inquired of Wallace, why they were coming into his country? but, as Wallace was himself ignorant of the reason, he could make no satisfactory reply. Then Cheis bade him go and find out, and bring him back the answer as soon as possible. Wallace mounted his horse, and met Bascom at a place known as Ewell's Spring, some fifteen miles from Apache Pass. Bascom informed him, that no hostilities were contemplated against the Chiricahui people, but that he was pushing forward to the Rio Grande, having been ordered to reinforce the garrison of Fort Thorne. Wallace assured him that the Indians were not only peaceable, but friendly and well-disposed; whereupon he was told, that nothing would be done to interrupt the existing harmony. Cheis and his people were soon made acquainted with what had occurred, and their fears quieted to some extent, but, when the troops entered the pass, not an Indian could be seen. Bascom hoisted white flags, and, by other means, gave the Apaches to understand that he desired to have a talk with them—while they, confiding in what Wallace had said, yielded to his wish. Bascom's wall-tent was pitched, and Cheis, with his brother, and three other leading warriors, were invited inside. After conversing for some time, Bascom suddenly gave the Indians to understand that they were his prisoners—whereupon Cheis looked out and saw the tent surrounded by soldiers under arms. He immediately drew his knife, split open the back part of the tent, and dashed out, bidding the others to follow. A number of shots were fired at him, but only two took effect, inflicting painful, but not serious wounds. Twenty minutes later, he appeared on horseback with Wallace sitting behind him, the latter's arms bound, and one end of a raw-hide *riata* round his neck, the other being hitched to the saddle-bow. Hailing from a convenient distance on the top of a steep hill, he proposed to exchange Wallace for Bascom's prisoners, but the latter positively refused to give more than one man. To this, Cheis replied by thrusting Wallace off the horse, and

putting the animal to full speed down the declivity, in plain sight of all, dragging the quivering body over rocks and through bushes, and literally tearing it to pieces. A couple of volleys were discharged at him, without effect. Bascom, inflamed by this act, immediately hung the four prisoners, and left the pass. From that moment Cheis has been one of the most bitter, most active, and unrelenting of foes, losing no opportunity to destroy life and property. He is much the ablest and most successful leader now existing among the Apaches, who regard him as invincible, and flock to his support whenever needed.

It is notorious that Mexicans, when captured young, and trained by the Apaches, or those of mixed blood, are invariably more ferocious and sanguinary than the pure Indian. Of the latter type was Delgadito, one of the greatest scourges of his time. Tall, slim, and wiry, fair-complexioned, with straight nose, thin, quivering nostrils, and moderately prominent cheek-bones; broad, square chin, and large mouth, he strongly resembled the pictures one sees of Henry Clay. He was keen and ready in debate; shrewd, far-seeing, and wonderfully crafty. No man could assume greater mildness of demeanor; none could be more deceitful. He was the incarnation of fraud and hypocrisy. While partaking of your food, and enjoying your hospitality, he would be devising plans for your destruction. Toward the Mexicans his conduct was remorseless in the extreme. Nothing delighted him more than to make a successful raid upon them. Men, women, and children were slaughtered, *ranchos* destroyed, and corn-fields burned down, with every expression of fiendish gratification. He even boasted of murdering his grandfather, by the mother's side, together with his maternal uncle, and several other relatives. Delgadito was not possessed of much personal strength, but he could endure extremes of heat and cold, and suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst, to an incredible extent, without apparent exhaustion. Bold, almost reckless; skilled in warfare, looking as much like a Mexican as he did like an Apache, speaking Spanish fluently, he accomplished, by his audacity, what others would have failed to perform. Donning the costume generally worn by the poorer classes in northern Mexico, he would frequently enter houses in Sonora, and claim hospitality for a few days, stating that he was on a pilgrimage to San José de la Magdalena, had become worn out with travel, and required a short rest. Such requests were never refused; but the murderous scoundrel would use his opportunity to destroy the family of his benefactors, and despoil their property. On other occasions, Delgadito would capture some small village incapable of defense, take possession of all the horses, mules, and cattle he could find, and then compel the owners to carry them to some large town, and exchange them for arms and ammunition, retaining the women and children as hostages for faithful fulfillment of trust.

This hyena in human form lost his life by one of his characteristic attempts to allure a Mexican to his destruction. The two met by accident, when no other person happened to be near. Delgadito appeared pleased at the circumstance, and commenced expatiating on the pleasure and increased safety to both by the association. He went on to describe his place of birth, family, and cause for being so far from home. He spoke of a number of people he had known (many of whom he had killed), and discovered that some of them were also acquaintances, even relatives, of his companion. The wary Mexican, however, happened to know with whom he was dealing. He had seen Delgadito during one of his raids, and barely escaped with life, his father, mother, and sister having been ruthlessly slaughtered. They arrived at

the river Mimbres, near the place occupied by Delgadito's band, but, being on foot, they were compelled to wade across. To lull suspicion, Delgadito preceded the Mexican, who was but a step or two behind, and, on arriving at the opposite side, he reached out his arm to grasp the limb of a tree projecting over the water, to lift himself up the bank. At that moment the Mexican plunged his knife through Delgadito's body, dividing the heart. His slayer then made his way to a military camp, related the story, and described the place of action. A small party was sent to the scene, and Delgadito's body was found, with his right hand still grasping the limb.

Picture to yourself a gigantic savage, fully six feet four inches in height, with very dark complexion, and monstrous cephalic development. The iron strength of his massive jaws was in keeping with the great breadth and depth of his chest; but, for so huge a body, there was a deficiency of muscle in his arms and legs. A shock of wild, tangled hair almost concealed his beetling brows, permitting one to see only the fierce gleam of his blood-shot eyes. This is Cuchillo Negro, or "the Black Knife," a name bestowed on him by the Mexicans. His Apache nomenclature is unknown outside of his tribe. Notwithstanding his forbidding appearance, Cuchillo Negro really possessed some saving traits. Unlike Delgadito, he was inclined to be grateful for favors rendered. Only under the influence of excitement did he exhibit a merciless tendency. When the joint Boundary Commissions of the United States and Mexico were operating along the dividing line, Cuchillo Negro and various other Apaches of note frequently visited the camps, receiving many tokens of kindness. Lieutenant Diaz, a member of the Mexican Commission, had been very generous and friendly with this savage, until the robberies committed by Mangas Colorado and his followers broke up the *entente cordiale*, and turned peace into war. Diaz, with a small party of ten men, was encamped on a height ten miles from the main body, for the purpose of taking a series of observations. Not knowing how long a time would be required to complete them, he only took provisions for one week, at the end of which, he, with two men, made his way to the camp of General Garcia Conde, to obtain a fresh supply. Diaz, knowing the facility with which the Apaches can conceal themselves behind objects which apparently afford no shelter, carried a revolver in his right hand, his men observing the same precaution. While crossing a level plain of some six miles in extent, with neither bush, tree, nor rock to serve as a means of concealment, the weapons of himself and his companions were suddenly grasped and taken from their hands by Cuchillo Negro and six of his warriors. Where the savages came from, how they got there, unobserved and unheard, was a mystery; but there they were, and masters of the situation. Instead of bringing matters to a sanguinary conclusion, Cuchillo Negro remarked to Diaz: "You have been my friend; you have treated me and my people well, but you are trespassing on my rights. This country belongs to me, and not to you. You are not merely passing through it, but marking it out with the view of taking possession. Your people have been here many moons, but they give no signs of departing. For this reason we are at war. I will spare you and your companions this time, for your sake. Send for the remainder of your men on the hill, but do not venture there again." He then quietly possessed himself of what arms and ammunition the party had, and, bidding them "*adios*," started off at a smart trot, while the discomfited Diaz went on to camp, crest-fallen.

The operations of this savage and his band were seldom directed toward Amer-

icans, the defenseless Mexican population in northern Sonora and Chihuahua being more easily plundered, and affording a much larger aggregate amount of booty. On one occasion, he pursued and captured a pack-train in the very gates of Ures, the capital of Sonora, and containing a population of more than six thousand souls. Cuchillo Negro then took his way directly over the summit of a ragged chain of mountains fronting the eastern side of Ures, getting away with his plunder, which was considerable, and subsequently disposing of a portion for arms and ammunition. He was killed in a duel with Coletto Amarillo, or "Yellow Tail," the cause of quarrel being the ownership of a young and comely Mexican girl.

The famous counselor and warrior, Gianatah, or "Always Ready," so named from his remarkable promptness to take advantage of every favorable circumstance, is a remarkably fair Apache, of pure blood, about five feet ten inches in stature, well built, with regular features, but deeply pitted by small-pox, strongly knit and vigorous frame, scintillating eyes, nicely combed hair, and a substantial general appearance. He was for many years the terror and scourge of southern and central New Mexico, central Arizona, and the northern frontiers of several Mexican States. He was the mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat or stole a purse. His voice was low, soft, and rather musical, despite the guttural character of the Apache language. Unbounded confidence was reposed in him by that portion of the race to which he distinctly belonged. Wily, cool, imperturbable, brave as a game-cock, possessed of great foresight and mental calibre, Gianatah was one of the foremost leaders among the Apaches. The Mexicans called him Cadete—"the Cadet"—because of his neat, trim personal appearance. The extensive plain between Doña Ana and Fort Craig, known as the *Jornada del Muerto*—"Dead Man's Journey"—has been the scene of many sanguinary deeds perpetrated by Gianatah and his band. It is ninety-eight miles in extent, and almost entirely destitute of water. From the heights of the Sierra Blanca, which bound the plain on its eastern side, the savages could easily distinguish any person or party traveling over its arid waste, and adopt such action as would almost insure destruction to the traveler. This dreaded savage was finally hunted down so closely by the California Volunteers, of Carleton's Column, especially by Captain McCleave's Company, that he took refuge by delivering himself and six hundred other Apaches to Colonel Kit Carson, then in command of Fort Stanton. They surrendered as prisoners of war, to escape extermination, and were placed upon the extensive reservation at Fort Sumner, on the Pecos River, where they were shortly afterward joined by nine hundred more of their people, and nine thousand Navajoes, altogether numbering ten thousand five hundred Indians of the very worst type, who had never before submitted to our authority.

The Navajoes are almost identical with the Apaches, being, in fact, an offshoot of that race, speaking the same language—with occasional differences of pronunciation, and the use of terms descriptive of things induced by their climate, which is much colder than obtains in the Apache country proper. For the same reason the Navajoes live in villages composed of tolerably well-made and substantial huts, while the Apaches never deign to construct any thing more durable than forcing the butt-ends of a few willow twigs into the ground, and binding their tops together, to make a temporary shelter during the rainy or extremely hot weather. Another contrasting feature is the manufacture of elegant water-proof blankets, in which the Navajoes engage quite extensively, some of

their wares in this line being valued at $100 each; but the sheep which furnish the wool for this purpose are always stolen, sometimes amounting to sixty thousand head at one time. The Navajoes have frequently swept New Mexico as with the besom of destruction, crossing the Rio Grande in bands of five and six hundred at a time, then subdividing into small parties of eight or ten, which spread over a large extent of territory, carrying off the flocks and herds, murdering the men, and making captives of all the young women and children who fell into their clutches. The same in blood, lineage, religion, language, customs, and general appearance, they and the Apaches have steadfastly preserved amicable relations, while warring against and preying upon all other peoples.

Foremost among them, in point of personal influence, was Manuelito, so called by the Mexicans, his Navajo nomenclature being Schosh-in-jah, or "the Big Bear." More perfect symmetry of form and feature can scarcely be conceived than those possessed by this magnificent savage. Standing fully six feet two inches in his moccasins—which were highly ornamented—with broad, compact shoulders, deep chest, tall, expansive forehead, splendid neck, and elegantly proportioned limbs, he was an animal well worth inspection. Haughty and unbending, he maintained the exclusiveness of an autocrat. His handsome lineaments never relaxed into a smile, nor corrugated with a frown. Standing erect, with his brilliant and valuable blanket thrown gracefully over his shoulders, and his whole person adorned with the choicest garb of fashionable savagery, Manuelito obtained the respect of his White conquerors, although they well knew his cruel and rapacious history. Many a household has been completely annihilated by him and his followers; many a *rancho* ruined; and his whole record is one of unmitigated ferocity, rapine, and butchery. He, too, was a prisoner of war on the Fort Sumner Reservation, but, like nearly all the rest, took the first good opportunity to tread again his native heath, free and untrammeled.

One of the most important aids to American operations against the Apaches is Merijilda, the well-known guide. Of pure Apache blood, he is, nevertheless, one of the most rancorous and vengeful enemies that race ever had. His age, at the present time, can not exceed thirty years, ten of which have been passed as sleuth-hound, tracker, and guide in the United States service. Perfectly familiar with almost every nook and haunt of his people, versed in their artifices and signals, and animated by an undying spirit of revenge for injuries suffered, Merijilda has become an object of universal dread and abhorrence to his race. His height is about five feet nine inches; his person admirably formed, uniting strength, activity, and endurance. His face is oval and handsome, lighted up with a pair of large, black, lustrous, but pensive eyes; his nose, mouth, chin, and ears are regular and prepossessing. His countenance always wears a sad, contemplative expression, except when in battle, and then the whole man undergoes a wondrous change. Every cord swells; his chest heaves with excitement; his nostrils expand; his eyes flash and dilate with intense expression: and Merijilda is transformed into a human tiger. The corpse of an Apache seems to fill him with delight; but he is not permitted to violate the decencies of civilized warfare. He is the solitary exception of a pure-blood, wild Apache warring against his kind in the service of White people. Merijilda's own story is, that he loved and was beloved by a beautiful Apache girl, whom he sought and obtained in marriage. He had been mated less than a week, and was enjoying the lar-

gest amount of human happiness, when a noted warrior, aided by several others, forcibly abducted the object of his concentrated affections, and endeavored to deprive him of life. Speed saved him; and he immediately made his way to an American camp, where he offered his services as guide, and was accepted. He soon afterward learned that his wife had died from injuries inflicted by her savage captor because she refused his offers with scorn. Merijilda then vowed extermination to his enemies; and, from constantly brooding over his griefs, as well as from the nature of the service he had adopted, he soon included the whole Apache race in that category.

The absolutely untamable nature of those savages can be best illustrated by a short recital of facts: A number of children, averaging from two to five years of age, have, at various times, been captured during raids, and suitably disposed of in families, by whom they were well and even tenderly cared for. Every thing was done that could render them happy and contented. They were too young, at the time of capture, to know their parents, or to have formed ideas upon any subject; and yet, in almost every case, so soon as the little wretches reached eight or ten years, they would seize the first opportunity of escape to the woods and mountains, rejoining their people with the instinct of wild animals. A little boy, aged three summers, while under the charge of a wagon-master coming down the Gila with a Government train, seriously stabbed a teamster while asleep, for some slight offense he had suffered. A lady of San Francisco, wife of an ex-army officer, has a little Apache girl of eight years, taken before a twelvemonth had rolled over the creature's head. Recently, a Chinese servant was somewhat insolent to the lady, upon which the young savage ran for a large, sharp-pointed knife, and insisted that the lady should either proceed to carve up the Chinaman, or let her do the job.

In tracing the personal appearances and prominent traits of these distinguished Apaches, selection has been made of one from each of the families composing that formidable race. Mangas Colorado was of the El Pinal branch; Cheis, a Chiricahui; Delgadito, a Mimbres Apache; Cuchillo Negro, a Coyotero; Gianatah, a Mescalero; and Manuelito, a Navajo. The Jicarrillas are too far north to extend their ravages into Arizona or northern Mexico, unless when operating with the Mescaleros or Gila Apaches, and this rarely occurs. They are but few, at best, and by no means formidable in their separate capacity. The most noted man among them was Schlee-ay-go-ko-nay, or "the Kicking Horse," who joined his fortunes to those of Gianatah.

It may not be amiss to close this paper with a short description of Gianatah's favorite daughter, the offspring of a handsome Mexican girl. Slightly above the medium height, with perfectly regular (almost Grecian) features; large, brilliant, and expressive eyes; a wealth of blue-black, glossy hair; supple, graceful figure, beautifully rounded and developed, and costumed with remarkable native taste, the drapery being a mixture of the American and Apache styles, she was a paragon of savage beauty. Her hands and feet were exquisitely small and neat, and her carriage was that of a native queen. Modest and unpretending, without any affectation of coyness, frank and courteous to all, one might easily obtain the impression that she had been gently nurtured. The tribe bestowed on her the name of Sons-ee-aray, "the Morning Star." She was the wife of Paradee-atran, which means "Always Contented;" having obtained his cognomen from his peculiarly mild and unruffled disposition. Sons-

ee-aray was never permitted to do any work, her husband having two other wives for that special purpose.

As a rule, Apache girls are quite attractive, many of them being very pretty, with fine, clear-cut features, large, liquid eyes, and beautiful figures. Prior to marriage, they do no work of importance, but move about with the grace and freedom of fawns. While in the presence of White people, their faces and eyes have a half-startled, half-impudent expression, which is by no means disagreeable. Their chastity is unquestioned; and, in this respect, they are the antipodes of the Navajoes and other adjacent tribes. In the matter of personal neatness and cleanliness, they far excel the males, and are as excessively fond of ornaments as the most accomplished belle of refined society. Every one who can obtain it, wears a small mirror suspended from the neck by a buckskin thong; and this piece of *bijouterie* is the object of their frequent attention. In this respect, as in many others, they are very like our own girls.

TROPICAL CALIFORNIA.

No. III.—HARVEST SECURE.

FOR miles and miles, the country beyond San Buenaventura shows traces of having formerly been cultivated. I can not tell whether this cultivation dates back to the days of the Mission Fathers, or whether later settlers have abandoned it; at all events, it makes this country an agreeable contrast to the barren wastes we find nearer Los Angeles. But all through this more southern portion of California, particularly, there was one thing that struck me as very peculiar: the "heaven-wide" difference often seen between the two sides of the road. Traveling along near the Santa Clara River, for instance, in the Santa Clara Valley, I could, by looking out of one stage-window, feast my eyes on the most magnificent green plains, tall corn, and fields of vegetables, inclosed by willow-hedges; while the other side of the road exhibited a never-ending succession of the most dreary, scorched-looking hills, or an endless, black, barren plain. Very few houses are to be seen here—more's the pity—and those that we do see, are *adobe*, but the *adobe* of the better class—whitened on the outside, with a *ramada* extending over the little court-yard, and flowers blooming near the door.

The waters of the Santa Clara River are used for irrigating large tracts of land—not so largely used, though, nor for as many acres, as, in justice to the country, they should be. By the by, why could not the people have been more liberal in christening this valley, or that of the same name in Santa Clara County? There seems to be no lack of saints in the calendar, and I can't see why it was necessary to flatter this one female saint's vanity by naming *two* of the most charming valleys in the State after her. The Santa Clara Valley, "of these parts," has, perhaps, the better right to the appellation, on account of the calm river of that name gliding through its even, grassy fields. There are no gigantic trees bordering its low banks, only a group of cottonwoods; and a clump of willows, here and there, cast their image upon the smooth-flowing waters, where the stage bowls lightly along its course, and crosses the shallow stream.

When evening set in, it was so deliciously warm and balmy that I concluded to ride outside with the driver, till we should reach the very late supper-station. I had counted on the moon's coming up some time late in the evening; but as I never *could* succeed in becoming thoroughly acquainted with the vagaries and wanderings of this orb, I found that it grew darker and darker, till, at last, I asked of the driver, "Where's the moon?" "'Tain't his night out," was the reply; and I resigned myself to a moonless ride, for I would not for the world have asked to be let inside, though every bush did look like a band of highwaymen, and every tree like a gallows, with a ring of ghosts dancing around it. My bravery was well rewarded, before much time had passed, by quite a romantic scene. We had been ascending the mountain for some time, when, during a breathing-spell given the horses, the sharp, decided rattle that seems peculiar to just these stages, sounded back to us from somewhere above, as though it were the echo of our own wheels. The driver listened a moment, and then broke out with an abrupt oath, for which he didn't even apologize.

"D—— that fellow! But I'll make him take the outside," he muttered.

"What's the matter?" I asked, apprehensively; "any thing wrong?"

"Oh, no"—with a look over to my side of the road, where the light of the lanterns fell on the trees that grew up out of the mountain-side below us, and were trying to touch the wheels of our coach with their top-branches—"nothing at all. Only he's got to take that side of the road, and take his chances of going over. He'd no business coming on me here."

The rattling had come nearer all this time, and now a light flashed up a little in front of us, and directly a fiery, steaming monster seemed rushing down to destroy us. The air had grown chilly, and the horses in the approaching stage seemed to have cantered down the mountain at quite a lively gait, for the white steam was issuing from their nostrils, and rising in clouds from their bodies. The six gallant horses, reined up short, and stamping nervously to be let loose for the onward run, were a noble sight; and the heavy coach with its two glowing eyes was grandly swaying in its springs. Our own horses were blowing little, impatient puffs from distended nostrils, and our coach drawn safely up on the rocky hill-side. Both drivers stopped, to exchange the compliments of the day—or, rather, the night—our driver speaking in crusty tones, and, pointing down to where the road fell off steep and precipitous below him, warned the other driver "not to run ahead of his time" again.

There was nothing remarkable about the supper we took that night, except the bats that kept coming in at the front door in a perfectly free-and-easy manner, swarming about our heads till they thought they knew us, and then settling in their favorite nooks and corners. Noticing my untiring endeavors to prevent them from inspecting my head and face too closely, the station-keeper observed that ladies were "most always afraid of them things when they first came," but that they "needn't fight shy of them: they wouldn't hurt nobody." The rest of the night was passed inside the stage, though of sleep there was no thought: such jolting and jumping over rocks and bowlders; I ache all over to think of it, even now! Just before day-break, we entered the City of the Angels; losing nothing by passing through the country this side of it in the night, as I afterward convinced myself. It is different, no doubt, in the spring-time, when all those hills are green; but at this time—late in June of a "dry year"—they look better from a distance, and as background to

the innumerable orchards and orange-groves that transform Los Angeles and its immediate neighborhood into one vast garden.

From my window at the hotel, I could overlook the portion of the city called "Sonora," with the Catholic Church to the left, and the incipient Public Square, or Park, directly before me. Beyond, the green fields stretch forth, rising slowly toward the foot-hills, and bordered by the distant mountains, towering grandly on the horizon. Many, many miles lie between them and the verdant country before me; but if I were one of the birds that sometimes lose their way into the square beneath my window, I should never rest till I had reached these mountains, that look all pink and rosy in the early morning light, stern and rugged in the noonday, and soft and hazy in the gleams of the dying sun. There, by the side of the Sisters' Convent, is an old, old vineyard; farther back are meadows, with willow-bushes nodding here and there, showing where a ditch or stream sends out its freshening tide; and, half hidden by noble old trees, are two buildings — an old white house, and a new structure of brick — both bearing the cross. Away off to the right is a cluster of palm-trees, the largest I have yet seen; and here, farther to the left, is another one, alone, like the "palm-tree in the far Morning Land," that Heine speaks of. But the pine-tree, which, according to his song, is dreaming of it, stands not

"In the north on a mountain's brow,"

but close by, on the next mountain-ridge you may choose to cross.

Grain-fields and flower-gardens to the left, in the valley, and climbing upward, till where, half hidden in the rising hills, the drooping willow and the mournful cypress keep faithful watch with the white grave-stones glimmering through their sombre shadow. When I wake up in the night and hear the solemn "too-hoo" of the owl, I know that he has his home somewhere in the mountains near; but early in the morning, before the noise from the streets rises up to me, I hear the heart-broken wail of the mourning dove, and I can not but think that the cry comes all the way across from the God's-acre, where the doves keep up the vigils when the friends of the dead have long gone home and found quiet and consolation.

A walk through the streets reveals the fact that Los Angeles is quite a city. There is busy life within its walls, and substantial store-buildings of brick and stone are fast growing up on either side of the main street. The orangeries are numerous, and the most extensive, containing the largest trees, is the Wolfskill orchard, one of the oldest in the country. There is a strange magic, to us of the colder climes, in the very name of an orange-grove: the word seems at once to waft the fragrance and the romance of the orange-blossom, and the "soft, silver moon," from the "sunny south," to the cold, prim door-yards, and unused balconies, of our hard-featured metropolis. Nothing can be more delightful than a ramble through one of these groves. How golden the sunshine lies on the dark, glossy leaves; and every other branch, almost, is a perfect bouquet: the snowy flower, with its yellow centre, the half-opened bud, and the small, green fruit—nay, in some cases, the rich, ripe orange still clings to the same bough. Lemon-blossoms are not to be despised, either, though they do not bring the suggestions and associations of the orange-flower; but, though a little larger and coarser, they are very beautiful, and fragrant, as all flowers seem to be in and about Los Angeles. I never knew that verbenas were fragrant, till I discovered it here; and roses—oh! the roses with us are pale and scentless in comparison.

To me there is something charming in the look of good old age that many of the places hereabout wear. Indeed, one old settler of the country—a crazy Dutchman—has gone back to the very beginning of all things: he has the whole creation in his garden—Adam and Eve, and the serpent, all carved out of stone; and the Tree of Life planted in the middle of the garden, which he calls Paradise. I am afraid that most visitors to Los Angeles are kept in ignorance of this place: they should inquire the way to the "round-house," and, in visiting it, they will have an opportunity of seeing a hedge of that immense cactus, growing to a height of ten or fifteen feet, and formerly extending over miles of the country. All these gardens are irrigated by ditches with water brought from the Los Angeles River, and down from the mountains.

In the Spanish part of the town there is an abrupt bank, rising high above it; and the edge of this affords a good view of the place. The better plan, however, is to walk, or drive, leisurely for miles of streets and roads: there is something to see at every corner you turn; the place has been settled these hundred years—being one of the ancient Pueblos—and Spanish life and customs seem to thrive better here than in any other part of the State I have visited. But there were places outside of Los Angeles, too, that I wanted to see; and to the first of these, El Cerrito, I was told that the Wilmington and Los Angeles Railroad would take me. It is some fifteen miles below town. Ten minutes after leaving the cars I was mounted on the best horse that had been left at home at a house some distance from the road—which horse was *not* a traveler, as the lady warned me at once. There happened to be no whip about the house—the little willow switch I carried was dropped accidentally, and then my troubles commenced. The tall, dry mustard-stocks I picked snapped in two as they were brought in contact with my Rosinante's hide; and when we reached some willow bushes, at last, the horrid, tough withes wouldn't twist off, and I had no knife with me. It was rather marshy, and some fifty million of gnats attacked me at once. I *did* hope the horse would suffer the same agony that I did, and thus be induced to move off faster. But no such thing; indeed, he seemed right merry, switching his tail, and laughing alike at my threats, and poundings, and tears. After a long and laborious journey, I reached my destination.

I know but little of the extent of El Cerrito Ranch; the thousands of acres that the fortunate possessor of El Cerrito owns here, and in San Diego County, had not half so much interest and value, in my eyes, as just this old *adobe*-house, and the garden surrounding it. There had been added to the old homestead every thing that could secure the comfort of American country-life, without destroying any of its Spanish features. From the flat roof of the building I could see, on one side, the inclosed court-yard of its Mexican period, with arched gateway and strong walls, and then the plains stretching far away, with a lone house dotting it at intervals; while, on the other side, was the garden, with its orange-trees, its pomegranates, its dark evergreens, and bright flowers; and, farther on, the orchard-trees, more recently planted. When my time came to depart, the carriage was brought out, and my horse given a *vaquero* to ride home. If there had been any thing wanting to make me hate that animal, it was to see him keep up with those thorough-bred, fast-trotting carriage-horses with all the ease imaginable! The wretched pretender—I shook my fist spitefully under his nose, but expressed all the gratitude I really felt to the lady who owned him.

Next day, I took my way out toward the Mission San Gabriel, with a Spanish

boy, who spoke English, for my guide. I stopped at the place where grew the palm-trees that I saw from my window. They were in somebody's private grounds, and I contented myself with looking at them from a distance. They were very large, and the garden in which they stood was perfectly green and fresh, so that it did not look like California in midsummer at all, but like a bit of the tropics transplanted. Not far away, down there in the Sisters' garden, were old banana-trees, my guide said; and a little farther on, near the crossing of the Los Angeles River, are grounds thickly covered with old-looking forest-trees. We poor mortals can seldom deny our nature, or shake off the loves and impressions we drank in with our mother's milk: forgotten were the golden-green orange, and the majestic palm—sturdy, old trees like *these* had been the friends of my childhood. Give me a forest of them, and let who will have palm-tree and orange-tree!

Though the Los Angeles River is quite wide, there is but little water in it at this season of the year. A bridge I could discover neither here nor anywhere in the country which I had lately passed through. Why should the good people bother about building them? They are not needed in summer-time, and, if the winter brings heavy rains, they are swept away. The low hills, through which our road lay for several miles, were dreary-looking enough; but the little valleys they formed will, no doubt, as my guide suggested, be farms and gardens some day, when the water for irrigating them is brought down from the mountains. My guide, a mere boy, unusually bright and observant, spoke English well, and, on nearer acquaintance, told me about the loss of his sister, who had recently died. The family was one of those that had grown poor as the country had grown in wealth and population. Still there seemed sufficient left within the hospitable walls of the old *adobe* to support a lot of retainers—half-*peones*, half-friends—such as we see swarming about the homes of the stately Spanish families. Sufficient gold, too, was found, in the bottom of the old coffers, to furnish Josepha, the only daughter, with the laces and flounces necessary to present a "decent appearance" at the convent of the Sisters, where the young girl was sent to be educated. She had come home on a visit one day, and brought with her a friend to spend the holidays at the paternal *casa*. Learning the illness of the child belonging to one of the inmates, both young girls had gone to the room where the little sufferer lay, stroking his black hair, and kissing his swollen, feverish face. "Poor little fellow!" they had said on departing, and had promised that, on returning, they would bring him the limes he wanted so much. "Poor little fellow!"—those two bright faces were never seen by his bedside again: they were brought to the dust but too soon by the hideous disease with which he was afflicted—small-pox—while the little one himself recovered, and lives to this day. The boy carried his dead sister's picture with him (a photograph), showing one of those soft-eyed, saint-like faces that we occasionally find among the very young girls of Spanish parentage. "Her name was Josepha," he repeated, "and she was as fair as any American."

A drive of some eight miles brought us in sight of the Mission San Gabriel. The grounds, cultivated as a garden once, had, at this Mission, too, been quite extensive. Though the country around looks so uninviting and parched, there seems to be a magic circle drawn, wherein all is bloom and verdure. Approaching the Mission from the side I did, the effect was beautiful in the extreme, and "tropical" as could be. To be sure, the ground was hard-baked under the horses' feet; but before me arose clusters of

pomegranate-trees, their bright, scarlet flowers not yet turned into greenish, unripe-looking fruit; the palm-trees—nut-palms, date and fan-palms—stood motionless in the noonday sun, and ragged, but stubborn-looking bananas shot up here and there among forgotten pear-trees and ancient olives. Neglected as all these are—standing apparently on "free soil"—they seem to grow all the more luxuriantly from being left to take care of themselves, and they give to the landscape an air of languid, dreamy enchantment. In the blue distance rise the mountains; and the soft haze that floats over them—like the light mist that hangs over the unreal reality of our dreams—tones all the harsher elements into grand, still harmony.

There are a number of houses about the Mission—quite a town, in fact—almost hidden among trees and flowers. Irrigating ditches run through the streets, conducting streams of clear water to thirsty willow hedges, and tangled, wild-growing vines. The Mission Church, a long, solid building, has no tower—the bells hanging in niches over the main entrance. Most of the bells are missing, but one that I saw bears an earlier date than the founding of the Mission—1771. The interior is well preserved, and near the church are a number of the original *adobe* buildings, still occupied by the Mission Indians—or, at least, their descendants.

A mile or two beyond, we entered Sunny Slope, the estate of J. L. Rose, President of the Southern District Agricultural Society. Avenues of walnuts, of olives, of oranges, receive us, and the water at each side of the drive runs merrily along with the nimble feet of our horses. Little streams run down between the rows of trees, and lose themselves in the distance, where they flash up, occasionally, among bushes and flowers. The house is shaded by tall eucalyptus and wide-spreading pepper-trees, and out of the front-door, standing under the veranda, we can look down a broad drive, shaded by magnificent orange-trees. It is *the* Orange Avenue of the place; and, besides adding a most attractive feature to it, and furnishing a shady promenade at most all hours of the day, it yields a princely income to the owner. There are acres upon acres covered with these trees, and pomegranates, almonds, peaches, apricots, etc. Of grapes, there are 150 acres; but the grapes from which the 19,000 gallons brandy and 70,000 gallons wine were made on this place, last year, did not all grow on this land: the product of about four hundred acres more was bought up for this purpose. Nor is the whole of this product consumed in California, a large amount being shipped to the Eastern States. The Sunny Slope cellars are extensive; and the distilling apparatus I should like to describe, if I only knew how. But I learned something about wine, too, standing among the great hogsheads, and casks, and barrels filled with this fluid: namely, that it requires a far greater quantity of grapes to make Port wine than it does to make Angelica or White wine.

And now, in conclusion, let me impart what I myself learned of fruit-growing in tropical California. I repeat only figures and results that have been attained and achieved, year after year, in this part of our State. The harvest has always been a sure one—safe and secure as any we can expect to reap, "while yet the day lasts, and night cometh not."

Oranges, limes, and lemons, raised from the seed, will bear in their ninth or tenth year. The profit on these, oranges particularly, is larger than on any other fruit, paying at the rate of from $20 to $50 a tree, while seventy-five trees are counted to the acre. They need constant irrigation, and the fuller they bear the more water do they drink. The trees can be transplanted at almost any age,

without injury; but trees over three years old are seldom to be found at the nurseries. Next in profit come walnuts, yielding an income of from $600 to $1,000 per acre, and requiring irrigation only in the uplands; in the valleys they grow well without.

I had not been aware that pomegranates were grown anywhere in California in sufficient quantities for market, but was told by Mr. Rose that they are considered profitable to raise, bringing from nine to ten cents per pound, and yielding from five to six thousand pounds to the acre. Pomegranates require no water; nor do olives, which pay from $200 to $500 an acre, clear. Almonds, though cultivated to a large extent, are not looked upon as favorably here as the other fruits; the labor of picking off the outer shell, they say, taking away too much of the profit. I can not understand how this is possible, as the Indians, who are chiefly employed, do not receive large wages; and who, although constitutionally lazy, yet seem to be kept "moving along" at a pretty brisk pace. Vineyards are being set out in greater numbers than ever before. They are planted more particularly with the view of their product being shipped to foreign markets. They produce from ten to fifteen thousand pounds to the acre, and require no irrigation — not even on the hill-sides, where, as people now begin to understand, grapes should be grown. But even where they mostly grew until now—in the valleys—and under all sorts of unfavorable circumstances, the harvest has been perfectly uniform, and no failure of crops has been known since the Mission Fathers first gathered grapes from the vines they had planted — now nearly a hundred years ago.

TABOO.—A *FETE*-DAY IN TAHITI.

IT was on one of those vagabond pilgrimages to nowhere in particular, such as every stranger is bound to make in a strange land, that I first stumbled upon my royal Jester, better known in Tahiti as Taboo.

Great Jove, what a night it was! A wild ravine full of banyan and pandanus-trees, and of parasite climbers, and the thousand nameless leafing and blossoming creatures that intermarry to such an alarming extent in the free-loving tropics, had tempted me to pasture there for a little while. I was wandering on among roots and trailing branches, and under ropes upon ropes of flowers that seemed to swing suddenly across my path on purpose to keep me from finding too easily the secret heart of the mountain. I felt it was right that I should be made to realize how sacred a spot that sanctuary of Nature was, but I fretted somewhat at the persistency of those speechless sentinels who guarded its outer door so faithfully. There was a water-fall within, that I had prayed to see—one of those mysterious water-falls that descend noiselessly from the bosom of a cloud, stealing over cushions of moss, like a ray of light in a dream, or something else equally intangible.

You never find this sort of water-fall in the common way. No one can exactly point it out to you; but you must search for it yourself, and listen for its voice — and usually listen in vain — till, suddenly, you come upon it in a moment, almost as if by accident; and its whole quivering length glitters and glistens with jewels, where it hangs like a necklace on the bosom of a great cliff. It is the only visible chain that binds earth to heaven: and no wonder you gaze at it with questioning eyes!

Well, while I was looking about me, expecting every moment to feel the damp breath of the water-fall upon my forehead, night came down. Where was I? In the midst of a pathless forest; between cliffs whose sleek, mossy walls were so steep as to forbid even the goat's sharp hoof. Down the hollow of the ravine, among round, slippery rocks, and between trellises of giant roots, tumbled a mountain torrent. No human form visible, probably none to be looked for on that side of the inaccessible dome of the mountain; yet fearlessly I toiled on, knowing that food and shelter were on every side, and that no hand, whose clasp was as fervent as the clasp of the vine itself, would be raised against me; and, thank heaven! outsiders were scarce.

In the midst of the narrowing chasm, with the night thickening, and the wood growing more and more objectionable, I heard a sound as of stumbling feet before me. My first thought was of *color!* I would scarcely trust a White Man in that predicament. What well-disposed White would be prowling, like a wild animal, alone in a forest at night? It occurred to me that I was white, or had passed as such; but I know and have always known that, inwardly, I am purple-blooded, and supple-limbed, and invisibly tattooed after the manner of my lost tribe! I was startled at the sound, and slackened my pace to listen: the footsteps paused with mine. I plunged forward, accusing the Echoes of playing me false. Again the mysterious one rushed awkwardly on before me, with footfalls that were not like mine, nor like any that I could trace: they were neither brute nor human, but fell clumsily among the roots and stones, out of time with me; therefore, no echo, and beyond my reckoning entirely.

At this hour the moon, of a favorable size, looked over the cliff, flooding the chasm with her soft light. I rejoiced at it, and hoped for a revelation of the Unknown whose tottering steps had mocked mine for half an hour.

We were in the midst of a dense grove of breadfruit-trees. Scarcely a ray of light penetrated their thick-woven branches; but, against the faint light of the open distance, I marked the weird outline of one who might once have been human, but was no longer a tolerable image of his Maker. The figure was like the opposite halves of two men bodily joined together in an amateur attempt at human grafting. The trunk was curved the wrong way; a great shoulder bullied a little shoulder, and kept it decidedly under; a long leg walked right around a short leg that was perpetually sitting itself down on invisible seats, or swinging itself for the mere pleasure of it. One arm clutched a ten-foot bamboo about three inches in diameter, and wielded it as though it were a bishop's crook, and something to be proud of; the other arm—it must have belonged to a child when it stopped growing—was hooked up over one ear, looking as though it had been badly wired by some medical student, and was worn as a lasting reproach to him. A shaggy head was set on the down-slope of the big shoulder, and seemed to be continually looking over the little shoulder and under the little arm for some one always expected, but who was very long in coming.

Upon this startling discovery I turned to flee, but the figure immediately followed. It was evidently too late to escape an interview, and, taking heart, I walked toward it, when, to my amazement, it hastily staggered away from me, looking always over its shoulder, quickening its pace with mine, slackening its speed with me, and keeping, or seeking to keep, within a certain distance of me all the while. My curiosity was excited, and, as I saw it bore me no ill-will, I made

a quick plunge forward, hoping to capture it. With an energetic effort it strove to escape me; but, with the head turned the wrong way, it stumbled blindly into a bit of jungle, where it lay whining piteously. I assisted it to its feet, with what caution and tenderness I could, and, finding it still wary, walked on slowly, leading the way to the edge of the grove, where the moonlight was almost as radiant as the dawn. It followed me like a dog, and was evidently grateful for my company. I walked slowly that it might not stumble, and, as we emerged from the shadow of the bread-fruits, I maneuvered so as to bring its face toward the moonlight, and I saw—a hideous visage, with all its features sliding to one corner; and nothing but the two, soft, sleepy-looking eyes saved me from yielding to the disgust that its whole presence awakened. As it was, I involuntarily started back with a shudder, and a slight exclamation that attracted its attention. "Taboo! Taboo!" moaned the poor creature, half in introduction, half in apology and explanation.

He was well named the "forbidden one:" set apart from all his fellows; incapable of utterance; maimed in body; an outcast among his own people; homeless, yet at home everywhere; friendless, though welcomed by all for his entertaining and ludicrous simplicity; feeding, like the birds, from Nature's lap, and, like the birds, left to the winds and waters for companionship.

Somehow I felt that Taboo could lead me at once to the water-fall; and I tried to seek out the small door to his brain, and impress him with my anxiety to reach the place. Oh, what darkness was there, and what doubts and fears seemed to cloud the hidden portals of his soul! He made an uncouth noise for me. Perhaps he meant it as music: it was frightful to hear it up there in the mountain solitudes. He got me fruits and a little water in the palm of his hand, which he expected me to drink with a relish. He lay down at my feet in a broken heap of limbs, crooning complacently. He was playful and thoughtful alternately—at least, he lost himself in long silences from time to time, while his eyes glowed with a deep inward light, that almost made me hope to startle his reason from its dreadful sleep; but a single word broke the spell, and set him to laughing as though he would go all to pieces, and his joy was more pitiful than his sorrow.

In one of his silent moods he suddenly staggered to his feet, and shambled into a narrow trail to one side of the gorge. I wondered at his unexpected impulse, and feared that he had grown tired of me already, preferring the society of his feathered comrades, a few of whom sounded their challenge-note, that soared like silver arrows in the profound stillness of the ravine. It seemed not, however: in a few moments he returned, and signaled me with his expressive grunt, and I followed him. Through thickets of fern, arching high over our heads, down spongy dells, and over rims of rock jutting from the base of the mountain, Taboo and I clambered in the warm moonlight. Anon we came upon a barricade of bamboos, growing like pickets set one against another. I know not how broad the thicket might have been—possibly as broad as the ravine itself—but into the thick of it Taboo edged himself; and close upon his heels I followed. In a few moments we had crushed our way through the midst of the bamboos that clashed together after us, so that a bird might not have tracked us, and lo! a crystal pool in the heart of a wonderful garden; and to it, silently, from heaven itself descended that mysterious water-fall, whose actual existence I had seriously begun to question. It lay close against the breast of the mountain, strangely

pale in the full glow of the moon, while, like a vein of fire, it seemed to throb from end to end; or like a shining thread with great pearls slipping slowly down its full length, taking the faint hues of the rainbow as they fell, playing at prisms, until my eyes, weary of watching, closed of their own accord. I sank down by Taboo, who was sleeping soundly in the hollow of a great tree; and the one cover for both of us was the impenetrable shadow that is never lifted from that silent sanctuary of the Most High.

The sky was as saffron when we woke from our out-of-door sleep, and the whole atmosphere was less poetical and impressive than on the night previous. Stranger than all else, there was no visible trace of the mysterious water-fall. I even began to question my own senses, and thought it possible that I had been dreaming. Yet there sat Taboo in his frightful imperfection, as happy and indifferent as possible. Of course, he could tell me nothing of the magical waters. He had doubtless already forgotten the episode of the hour previous. He lived for the solitary moment, and his mind seemed unable to grasp the secrets of ten seconds on either side of his narrow present. In fact, he was playing with a splendid lizard when I returned from my brief and fruitless reconnaissance; and as I came up he wondered at me as he never ceased to wonder, with fresh bewilderment, whenever I came back to him, after never so brief an absence.

I soon learned to play upon Taboo's one stop: to point a finger at him, and bore imaginary auger-holes right into *him* anywhere; for he always winced and whined, like a very baby, and yielded at once to my pantomimic suggestion. But what a wreck was here! A delicate instrument, full of rifts and breakages, with that single key readily answerable to the slightest touch of my will. I have often wished that it had been a note more deep, profound, or sympathetic. It was simply merry and shrill, and incapable of any modulation whatever. Point a finger at him, make a few coils in the air that grow to a focus as they draw nearer to him, and he would run over with uncontrollable jollity that was at times a little painful in its boisterousness.

I knew well enough that I had sucked the honey from that particular cell in the mountain, and that I might as well resume my pilgrimage. There was to be a *Fête Napoléon* in Papeete. We hadn't heard, up to that hour, of the wreck of the great Empire, and, being in a loyal French colony, it behooved us to have the very best time possible. Said I to myself, "Taboo will find sufficient food for merriment in our mode of *fêting* an Emperor; therefore, Taboo shall go with me to town and enjoy himself." I suggested an immediate adjournment to Papeete with the tip of my forefinger, whereat Taboo doubled up, as usual, and, in his own fashion, implored me to stop being so funny. We at once started—returning through the bamboo-brakes, fording the stream in some awkward way, and slowly working our passage back to town.

The Tahitians have but one annual holiday. As this, however, is seventy-two hours in length, while every thing relating to it is broad in proportion, it is about as much as they can conscientiously ask for.

Taboo and I entered the town on the eve of the first day, together with multitudes from the neighboring districts, flocking thither in their best clothes. The lovely bay of Papeete was covered with fleets of canoes, hailing from all the sea-side villages on the island, and many of them from Moorea, and islands even more distant. No sea is too broad to be compassed by an ambitious Kanack, who scents a festival from afar!

Along the crescent shores of the bay,

the canoes were heaped, tier upon tier. It was as though a whole South Sea navy had been stranded, for the town was crowded with canoe-boys and all manner of natives, in gala dress. The incessant rolling of drums, the piping of bamboo-flutes, and the choruses of wandering singers began early in the dawn of the 14th August, and were expected to continue, uninterruptedly, to the evening of the 16th. Taboo regarded it all with singular indifference. Every body seemed to know him, and to take particular delight in greeting him. His sleepy disregard of them was considered extremely laughable, and they went their way roaring with merriment, that contrasted strongly with the grave, listless face of the simple one, who was apparently oblivious of every thing.

The morning after we appeared in Papeete was Sunday, according to the calendar. The little cathedral, with banana-leaves rustling in the open windows, was thronged with worshipers of all colors, doubly devout in the excessive heat. Various choirs relieved one another during Mass, and some diminutive fellows, under ten years of age, chanted Latin hymns in a pleasingly plaintive voice, led by a friar in long clothes and a choker. Taboo crouched by the open door during service, raking the gravel walk with his crooked fingers, and hitching about with indefatigable industry. After the last gospel, we all went into the middle of the street, for there were no sidewalks, and got our boots very dusty. Little knots of friends seemed to sit down in the way wherever they pleased, and to talk as long as they liked; while every body else accommodatingly turned out for them, or paused and listened to the conversation, without embarrassment on either side. Liquor was imbibed on the sly; some eyes were beginning to swim perceptibly, and some tongues to wag faster and looser than ever. The Admiral's flag-ship was one pyramid of gorgeous bunting, and his band delighted a great audience, gathered upon the shore, with a *matinée* gratis. At sunset, the imperial batteries belched their sulphurous thunder: that came as near to breaking the Sabbath as possible. In the evening, more music, up at the Governor's garden—waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles, so brilliantly executed that the listeners were half mad with delight; and you couldn't, for the life of you, tell what day it had been, nor what night it was, but Sunday was positively set down against it in the calendar. At ten P.M., a signal-gun says "Good-night" to the citizens of Papeete, and it behooves all those who are dark-skinned to retire instantly, on pain of arrest and a straw-heap in the calaboose.

In the midst of our Sunday festival, while yet the streets were hilarious, slap-bang went this impudent piece of ordnance, and at once the crowd began to disperse in the greatest confusion. Taboo, who had been an inanimate spectator during the day's diversions, seemed to comprehend the necessity of hasty flight to some quarter or other; and, with a confusion of ideas peculiar to him, he began careering in great circles through the swaying multitudes, and continued to revolve around an uncertain centre, until I seized him and sought to pilot him to some convenient place of shelter. I thought of the great market, that, like those ancient cities of refuge, was always open to the benighted wanderer; and thither we hastened. A lofty roof, covering a good part of a block, kept the rain from a vast inclosure, stored with stalls, tables, and benches. It was simply shelter of the barest kind, but sufficient for all needs in that charitable climate. There was a buzzing of turbulent throngs as we edged our way toward the centre of the market-place: you would think that all the bees of Tahiti were swarming in unison, from the noise thereof. The commotion was long in

quieting. It had to subside like the sea at flood-tide. Every little while a brace of *gendarmes* strutted past the premises, feeling mighty fine in their broad, white pants, like a ship with studding-sails out, and with those comical bobtails sprouting out of the small of their backs. I know that Taboo and I, having laid ourselves on somebody's counter, listened, and nudged each other, for two or three hours, and that it began to feel like morning before there was sleep enough to go entirely around the establishment.

The man who is the first to wake in Papeete, lights his lamp and goes to market. As soon as he makes his untimely appearance, the community begins to stir; a great clatter of drowsy voices, and dozens of yawns, are the symptoms of returning day; and, in ten minutes, the market is declared open, though it is still deep and tranquil starlight overhead, and not a trace of dawn as yet visible.

When the market opens before three A.M.—and the hour happens to be the blackest of the four-and-twenty—it is highly inconvenient for any foreigner and his royal Jester who may be surreptitiously passing the night upon one of the fruit counters, but there is no help for them: sleepy heads give way to fresh-gathered bread-fruits and nets of fragrant oranges; bananas are swung up within tempting reach of every body; all sorts of natives come in from the four quarters of the Papeetean globe, with back-loads of miscellaneous viands, a mat under one arm, and a flaming torch in hand. Rows upon rows of girls sell fruits and flowers to the highest bidder; withering old women haggle over the prices of their perfumed and juicy wares; solitary men offer their solitary strings of fish for a *real* each, and refuse to be beaten down by any wretch of a fellow who dares to insinuate that the fish are a trifle too scaly; boys sit demurely over their meagre array of temptations in the shape of six tomatoes, three eggs, a dozen or so of guavas, and one cucumber. These youngsters usually sit with a passionless countenance that forbids any hope of a bargain at reduced prices, and they pass an hour or two with scarce a suggestion of custom; but it is suddenly discovered that they have something desirable, and a dozen purchasers begin quarreling for it, during which time some one else quietly makes his purchase from one corner of the boy's mat; and having closed out his stock in less than ten minutes, he quietly pockets his *reales*, and departs without having uttered a syllable.

Taboo and I went from one mat to another, eying the good things for breakfast. I offered him the best that the market afforded; and I could easily do so, for in no land is the article cheaper or better. Taboo having made the circuit of the entire establishment, upon mature deliberation concluded to take nothing. At every point he was greeted uproariously by the noisy and good-natured people, who were willing to give him any thing he might choose to take. They, probably, felt that it was worth more than the price of the article to see the sublime scorn on the poor fellow's face as he declined their limes, *feis*, mangoes, or whatever delicious morsel it might have been. As for me, I couldn't resist those seductions. I made my little purchases and withdrew to the sea-side, where I could break my fast by sunrise, and enjoy comparative quiet. Taboo grinned in the market-place, till he was weary of the applause showered upon him by the ungodly, who made light of his irreparable misfortune, and took pleasure in his misery. He hunted me up, or rather stumbled upon me again, and stayed by me, amusing himself with pelting the fish that sported, like sunbeams and prisms, in the sea close at our feet.

It was *fête*-day in Tahiti. I sat, at sunrise, by the tideless margin of a South Sea lagoon, bristling with coral and glittering with gem-like fish; in either hand I held a mango and banana. I raised the mango to my lips. What a marvel it was! A plump vegetable egg, full of delusion, and stuffed with a horny seed nearly as large as itself. It had a fragrance as of oils and syrups; it purged sweet-scented and resinous gums. Its hide was, perhaps, too tough for convenience, but its inner lusciousness tempted me to persevere in the consumption of it. With much difficulty I broke the skin. Honey of Hymettus! It seemed as though the very marrow of the tropics were about to intoxicate my palate. Alas, for the hopes of youthful inexperience! What was so fair to see proved but a meagre mouthful of saturated wool: that colossal and horny seed asserted itself everywhere. The more I strove to handle it with caution, the more slippery and unmanageable it became. It shot into my beard; it leaped lightly into my shirt-bosom, and skated over the palms of both hands. Small rivulets of liquor trickled down my sleeves, making disagreeable puddles at both elbows. My fingers were webbed together in a glutinous mass. My whole front was in a shocking state of smear. My teeth grew weary of combing out the beguiling threads of the fruit. The thing seemed, to my imagination, a small, flat head, covered with short, blonde hair, profusely saturated with some sweet sort of ointment, that I had despaired of feasting on; and I was not sorry when the slippery stone sprang out of my grasp, and peppered itself with sea-sand.

I knew that there still remained to me a morsel, that was of itself fit food for the gods. I poised aloft, with satisfaction, the rare-ripe banana, beautiful to the eye as a nugget of purest gold. The pliant petals were pouting at the top of the fruit. I readily turned them back, forming an unique and convenient, gilded salver for the column of flaky manna that was, as yet, swathed in lace-like folds. These gauzy ribbons fell from it almost of their own accord, and hung in fleecy festoons about it.

Here was a repast of singularly appropriate mold, being about the size of a respectable mouth, and containing just enough mouthfuls to temporarily satisfy the appetite. Not a morsel of it but was full of mellowness, and sweet flavor, and fragrance. Not an atom of it was wasted; for, no sooner had I thrown aside the cool, clean, flesh-like case, than it was made way with by a fowl, that had, no doubt, been patiently awaiting that abundant feast.

Mangoes and bananas! Their very names smack of shady gardens, that know no harsher premonition of death than the indolent and natural decay of all things. The nostril is excited with the thought of them; the palate grows moist and yearns for them; and the soul feasts itself, for a moment, with a memory of mangoes and bananas past, whose perfection was but another proof of immortality, since it is impossible ever to forget them individually. Mangoes and bananas! The prime favorites at Nature's most bountiful board; the realization of a dream of the orchards of the Hesperides—alike excellent, yet so vastly dissimilar in their excellences, it seems almost incredible that the same beneficent Providence can have created the two fruits!

It was the memorable 15th of August, 1870; but I have reason to believe the bananas were no better on that particular occasion than almost always in their own latitude. The 15th of August—where was the Emperor then? I forget; I know that we rejoiced in the blissful confidence that we were to have a grand time at all hazards. There were guns at sunrise from ship and shore. A grand national procession of French and Tahiti-

ans to High Mass, at 10:30. Guns — twenty-one of them — together with the ringing of bells, and a salute of flags, at the elevation of the Host, so that you would have known the supreme moment had you been miles away. Then came a sumptuous public breakfast for the Frenchmen; and for the natives, games of several sorts.

Taboo and I, having properly observed the more solemn ceremonials of the day, gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of these latter diversions. There was a greased pole, with shining cups; and flowing prints, both useful and ornamental, hung at the top of it. Several naked and superbly built fellows shinned up it with infinite difficulty, and were so fatigued when they got there, they were only too willing to clutch the first article within reach, which was, of course, the least desirable, and scarcely worth the trouble of getting. O! such magnificent grouping at the foot of the pole as the athletes shouldered one another in a sort of co-operative experiment at getting up sooner. Such struggles to rise a little above the heads of the impatient climbers beneath, as made the aspiring Kanack quite pale—that is, greenish yellow; such losing of grips, and fainting of hearts, and slidings back to earth in the midst of taunts and jeers, but all in the best of humors and the hottest of suns: such novelties as these were a very great delight to Taboo and myself. He, however, didn't deign to laugh heartily: he merely smiled in a superior manner, that seemed to imply that he knew of something that was twice as much fun and not half the trouble, but he didn't choose to disclose it. He nearly always seemed to know as much as any ten of us, and it was like an assumption of innocence, that queer, vacant expression of his face. I'm not sure that he was not possessed of some rare instinct beyond our comprehension, which was to him an abundant compensation for the fragmentary body he was obliged to trundle about.

Early in the afternoon, there were fresh arrivals in the bay: two mammoth double war-canoes, of fifty paddles each, came in from a remote sea-district; they were the very sort of water-monsters that went out to greet my illustrious predecessor, Captain Cook, nearly a century ago. Taboo and I were only too glad to sit meekly among the ten thousand spectators that blackened the great sweep of the shore, while these savages matched their prowess. With one vigorous plunge of the paddles the canoes sprang from the beach into the watery arena. How strange they looked! Long, low sides, scarce eight inches above water, and stained like fish-scales; big, yawning jaws in their snake-like heads, and the tail of a dragon in their wakes; every man of the hundred stripped to the skin and bare-headed; their brawny bodies glistening in the sun as though they had been oiled, while, with mechanical accuracy, the crews beat the water with their paddles, and chanted their guttural chants, with the sea flashing and foaming under them. The race was a tie; perhaps it was fortunate that it proved so. I fear if one crew had beaten the other crew the breadth of a paddle, that other would have lain to and eaten that one right under our very eyes. They had their songs of triumph, both sounding the chorus, during which they drummed with their paddles on the sides of their canoes, till the frail things shivered and groaned in genuine misery. Then they renewed the race, because they couldn't possibly be still for a moment; and they looked like a brace of mastodon-centipedes trying to get out of the water, with death hissing in their throats.

The evening of the great day was drawing to a close. Taboo and I again went out into the narrow, green lanes of Papeete, seeking what we might devour

with all our eyes and ears. They were very charming, those long arbors of densely leaved trees, with little tropical vignettes set in the farther end of them. It was almost like getting a squint through the wrong end of a telescope, pointed toward some fairy-land or other. As it grew dark, a thousand ready hands began illuminating the avenues that lead to the Governor's house. Up and down its deep veranda swung ropes of lanterns; and, as the guards at the garden-gate presented arms at the approach of the Admiral, or some distinguished and decorated foreigner, the strains of Strauss, deliciously played, filled the illuminated grove with an air of romance that was very oriental in its mellowness, and quickened every foot that was so happy as to touch the soil of Tahiti in so fortunate an hour. On every part of the public lawns the revels were conducted after the native fashion. Bands of singers and dancers sang and danced in the streets, and were frequently rewarded with liberal potations. Taboo looked on as amiably as usual, and, for some time, as passively also; but there was something intoxicating in the air, and it began to have a visible effect upon him. It was not long before he strove to emulate the singers. St. Cecilia! what a song was his! I could scarcely endure to hear that royal Jester striving to tune his inharmonious voice to the glib, though monotonous Tahitian madrigals. I walked away by myself, or rather went into another part of the village, and sought a change of scene; for there was no seclusion to be hoped for on a *fête*-night.

From the Governor's halls came the entrancing harmony of flutes and harps; from every lane and alley the piping of nose-fifes and the droning of nasal chorals; from the sea rolled in the deep, hoarse booming of the reef, the rhythmical plash of oars, or the clear, prolonged cry of some one in the watery distance hailing some one close at hand. Even so savage and picturesque a spectacle as this grew wearisome after a time, and I turned my steps toward a place of shelter, and suggested to myself sleep.

In one lane was a throng of natives, wilder in their demonstrations of joy than all the others. My curiosity was excited, and I hastened to join them. Having with some difficulty wedged my way into the front row of spectators, I beheld the subject of their riotous applause. In the centre of a small ring was an ungainly figure, writhing in grotesque contortions; tom-toms were being beaten with diabolical energy and wildness; flutes and shrill voices were chiming in rapid and bewildering chromatics; the audience — the half-crazed and utterly inhuman audience — gloated over the shocking spectacle with devilish delight. In one moment I comprehended all: Taboo, overcome by the general and unusual excitement, had succumbed to its depraving influences; and, unable longer to control himself, he was broadly burlesquing, in his helplessness, one of the national dances. Music had at last reached his impenetrable soul, awakened his long-slumbering sympathies, and found him her willing slave. A pity that some diviner strain had not first led him captive, that he might have been spared this disgrace!

I saw his unhappy body ambling to the shame of all. I saw those pitiful, unshapen shoulders undulating in vain attempts at passional expression; the helpless arm waving at every movement of the body, while the withered hand spun like a whirligig above his ears; his eyes, having lost their accustomed mild light, stared distractedly about, seeking rescue and protection, as I thought. In a few moments I attracted his notice, though he seemed but partly to recognize me. There was his usual uncertain recognition grown

more doubtful—nay, even hopeless—as his face betrayed. Again I caught his eye: I felt that but one course was left me, and at once I aimed my finger at him. He winced in his delirious dance. I coiled it round and round, weaving airy circle within circle; quicker and quicker I wove my spell, and at last shot the whole hand at him, as though I would run him through. He doubled, like one struck with a fatal blow, and went to the ground all of a senseless heap. There was a disturbance in the audience. Some of them thought I had bewitched Taboo; and it behooved me to go at once, rather than seek to make explanation of the singular result of my presence there. I went, and spent a dull night, accusing myself of being the possible spiritual murderer of Taboo. I had no business to bring him to the metropolis at that unfortunate season; I had no right to leave him with his traducers: and that was the whole statement of the case.

The last day of the *fête* was, of course, less joyous to me. A score of nameless nags were to be ridden by light weights in breech-cloths; and I sought consolation in the prospect of seeing some bewitching horsemanship. The track, in use but once every twelvemonth, and yielding annually a young orchard of guava-trees, presented to the astonished gaze of the foreign sporting-gentleman who happened to be on the ground—if, indeed, there was such an one present—a half-mile course, with numerous stones and hollows relieving its surface, while the rope that inclosed it kept giving way every few moments, letting in a mixed multitude among the half-broken horses.

The Queen was present at the races—Pomare, whose life has been one long, sorrowful romance; the Admiral was also there; and many a petty officer, with abundant gilt and tinsel. At a signal from the trumpeter the horses were entered unannounced, and every body bet wildly. One little African jockey, mounted upon the cleverest piece of flesh and blood in the field, called for the larger stakes; and he would certainly have won, but for an unavoidable accident: the little African was pressing in on the home-stretch, and every thing looked lovely for the winning mare, when, unluckily, she put her nigh leg in a crab-hole, and snapped her shin-bone square off. The undaunted little African tried his best to finish the heat on his own responsibility, and went off into the air in fine style, but missed his calculation, and burrowed about three lengths from the goal. His neck was driven in nearly up to the ears, and the mare had to be shot; but the races went mercilessly on until a tremendous thunder-storm flooded the track and washed the population back to town. Dance after dance consumed the afternoon hours; and song upon song, eternally reiterated, finally failed to create any special enthusiasm.

I saw no further traces of Taboo. Again and again I followed knots of the curious into the larger native houses, where the lascivious dances were given with the utmost *abandon;* thither—I mistrusted—Taboo would most likely be impelled, for the music was wilder and the applause more boisterous and unrestrained.

The evening of the last day of the *fête* was darkening; most people were growing a little weary of the long-drawn festivities; many had succumbed to their fatigue, and slept by the way-side, or, it may be, they had known too well the nature of the Tahitian juices, such as no man may drink and not fall!

The palace of Pomare—a great hollow, incomplete shell, whose windows have never been glazed, and whose doors have never been hung—was the scene of the concluding ceremonials of the season. The long verandas were

thickly hung with numberless paper-lanterns, swinging continually in the soft night-winds that stole down from the star-lit slopes of Fautahua; the broad lawns in front of the palace were blocked out in squares, like the map of a liliputian city. Each one of these plats was set apart for a band of singers, and there were as many bands as districts in Tahiti and Moorea, together with delegations from islands more remote. Soon the choruses began to assemble. Choirs of fifty voices each, male and female, led by tight-headed drums and screaming fifes, drew toward the palace-gardens, and were formally admitted by the proper authorities, who were very much swollen with the pomp of office and, perhaps, a little sprinkle of the exhilarating accompaniments of the season. One after another the white-robed processions approached—each fresh arrival looking more like the chorus in "Norma" than the last: though it then seemed impossible that any Druid could presume to appear more gracefully ghost-like. Each singer wore a plume of cocoa-leaves, whose feathers were more lovely than the downy wands of the ostrich. They were made of knots of long, slender ribbons, softer than satin, veined like clouded silver, as transparent as the clearest isinglass, and as delicate as the airiest gauze.

Out of the core of the palm-tree, in the midst of its rich, dark mass of foliage, springs a tuft of leaves as tender as the first sprouts of a lily-bulb. These budding leaves are carefully removed, split edgewise, and the enameled sheets laid open to the sun; then, with the thumb-nail, passed skillfully over the inner surface, a filmy membrane is separated, and spread in the air to dry. A single tree yields but a small cluster of these pale, cloud-like leaves, scarcely a handful in all, yet the tree withers when they pluck the heart of it. It is the very soul of the Southern Palm, with every leaf spiritualized, and looking vapory as tangible moonlight.

The leader of the concert having challenged the choruses from the veranda of the palace, at once twenty choirs struck into their particular anthem with the utmost zeal. A discord about six acres in extent was the result. It seemed as though each choir was seeking whom it might drown out with superior vocal compass and volume. With much difficulty the several bands of singers were persuaded to await their turn for a *solo* effort that might be listened to with no small degree of pleasure. From time to time, during the entire evening, some obstreperous chorus would break loose, spite of every precaution; and it had always to sing itself out before order could be restored. Taboo would have thoroughly enjoyed those two thousand singers, each singing his or her favorite roundelay, independent of all laws of time and melody. He might have been there, as it was, offering his inharmonious chant with the mob of contestants.

By the time the series of prize-songs had been sung, the sky grew cloudy, and the torches began to flicker in the increasing wind; a few great drops of rain spat down in the midst of the singers, and the reef moaned loudly, like the baying of signal-guns. It was ominous of coming storms. At the climax of a choral revolution, in which every man's voice seemed raised against his neighbor's, a roar as of approaching armies was heard, mingled with the accompanying crash of artillery. A sudden puff of wind extinguished the major part of the torches, and wrecked many of the lanterns in the palace-porch. It was simply a tropical shower in all its magnificence; but it was enough! The *fête* concluded then and there, in the promptest manner. The narrow streets of Papeete were clogged with retreating hosts, who continually shouted a sort of general adieu to every

body, as they gathered their skirts about them, and, with shoes in hand, turned their bare feet homeward.

Since the end had at last come, and I had no further claims upon the people, nor the people upon me — if, indeed, either of us were ever any thing in particular to one another — I drifted with the majority, and soon found myself in the suburban wilderness that girdles the small capital of the queendom. I wandered on till the noise of the revelers grew more and more indistinct. They were scattering themselves over the length and breadth of the island, carrying their songs with them. Now and then, a fresh gust of wind bore down to me an echo of a refrain that had grown familiar during the days of the *fête*, and will not soon be forgotten; but the past was rapidly fading, and the necessities of the future began to present themselves with unusual boldness. Instinctively I turned into the winding trail that once before had led me toward that mysterious mountain sacristy, over whose font fell the spiritual and dream-like rivulet whose baptismal virtues Taboo and I had sought together. I felt certain that I could find it without guidance; for the broken clouds let slip such floods of moonlight as made day of darkness, and rendered the smallest landmark easily distinguishable.

I paused for rest in the bread-fruit grove where first I met with my weird companion. Presently I resumed my pilgrimage, wending my way toward the slender path that led through fern, forest, and bamboo-jungle, to the crystal lake and water-fall. In vain I sought it; the slightest traces of the trail seemed obliterated. I wandered up and down the winding way, till I was in despair of finding the slightest clew to the mystery. I sat down and thought how a slight accident of forgetfulness was lending a sense of enchantment to the whole valley, when I heard a stumbling step, too marked to be soon forgotten. I crept into a shadow, and awaited the approach of the solitary wanderer. How he tottered as he drew near! He seemed to have lost part of his small skill since I last saw him. He was laughing quietly to himself while he journeyed: perhaps some memory of the *fête* still pleased him. He passed me, unconscious of my presence. I ran cautiously, and followed him at a safe distance. We threaded the old path, by stream and cliff and brake, and, after a little, reached the secluded and silent borders of the lake. Once or twice he had heard me as I brushed past the bamboos or a twig snapped under foot, but those forest-sounds scarcely disconcerted him: he was too well used to them. He paused at the margin of the lake, stooped awkwardly and drank of it, went a little to one side where an outlet fed the torrent we had forded some distance down the valley, and there he bathed. Having started once or twice, as though with some remembered and definite purpose, he paused a moment or two, looked about him helplessly, and returned to the foot of the great tree where we slept the first night of our acquaintance.

There was a faint suggestion of the fall across the sombre breast of the cliff opposite, but, whether it were real or a delusion, I could scarcely determine. Taboo was soon asleep among the roots of the banyan; and I, weary of seeking some revelation of the island mysteries, lay down near him, and gradually sank into unconsciousness. Once in the night I awoke: the clouds had blown over, and the moon was more resplendent than I remembered to have ever seen it. Out on the mossy rim of the lake stood Taboo, gazing wistfully upon the mountains. Instinctively my eyes followed his, and there I beheld the water-fall in all its glory, leaping like a ray of light from the bosom of the sky. I could scarcely determine whether or no it real-

ly fell into the lake, for the foliage about its shores was too profuse. It flashed like handfuls of diamond-dust thrown into the light, and descended as noiselessly and airily as vapor.

The clouds soon gathered again. I slept, overcome with weariness; and, when I awoke at dawn, Taboo was missing, as well as all traces of the fall. This, however, scarcely surprised me, for I had grown to look upon it as some lunar effect that came and went with the increasing or decreasing splendor of the moon; or it might have been the short-lived offspring of the showers that sweep over the island at uncertain intervals. It was probably the only dramatic result to be looked for in the career of Taboo. You never can depend upon one of those veering minds, whose north-star has burned out in oblivion. I believe it was his destiny to disappear with that rainbow, and, perhaps, return with it when the fall should noiselessly steal down the mountain once more.

He may have had an object in secreting himself for a season; perhaps he was renewing his youthful innocence in some more solitary spot. He may have gone apart to laugh by the hour at the folly of the foreigners who *fête* a disgraced Emperor; or was he making his queer noises to hear the queerer echoes that came back to him, and all the while caring no more for life or death than a parrot or a magpie, or even a poor, half-shapen soul—one of those sacred idiots that have found worshipers before now, and never yet failed to awaken a chord of sympathy in the heart that is fashioned after the Divine pattern of the Son of God!

A LYRIC OF LIFE.

Said one to me: "I seem to be—
Like a bird blown out to sea,
In the hurricane's wild track—
Lost, wing-weary, beating back
Vainly toward a fading shore,
It shall rest on nevermore."

Said I: "Betide, some good ships ride
Over all the waters wide;
Spread your wings upon the blast,
Let it bear you far and fast:
In some sea, serene and blue,
Succor-ships are waiting you."

This soul then said: "Would I were dead—
Billows rolling o'er my head!
Those that sail the ships will cast
Storm-waifs back into the blast;
Omens evil will they call
What the hurricane lets fall."

For my reply: "Beneath the sky
Countless isles of beauty lie:
Waifs upon the ocean thrown,
After tossings long and lone,
To those blessed shores have come,
Finding there love, heaven, and home."

This soul to me: "The seething sea,
Tossing hungry under me,
I fear to trust; the ships I fear;
I see no isle of beauty near;
The sun is blotted out—no more
'Twill shine for me on any shore."

Once more I said: "Be not afraid;
Yield to the storm without a dread;
For the tree, by tempests torn
From its native soil, is borne,
Green, to where its ripened fruit
Gives a sturdy forest-root.

"That which we lose, we think we choose,
Oft, from slavery to use.
Shocks that break our chains, tho' rude,
Open paths to highest good:
Wise, my sister soul, is she
Who takes of life the proffered key."

THE GORGE OF THE COLUMBIA.

WE arrive now at what the tourist must ever regard as the most interesting portion of the river—the gorge of the Columbia. Here wonder, curiosity, and admiration combine to arouse sentiments of awe and delight in the beholder. Entering by the lower end of the gorge, we commence the passage, of fifty miles or more, directly through the solid mountain range of the Cascades. The snow-peaks, which looked so lofty at the distance of eighty miles, as we approach them gradually sink into the mountain mass, until we lose sight of them entirely. The river narrows, and the scenery grows more and more wild and magnificent.

Fantastic forms of rock—some with names by which they can be recognized—begin to attract our attention. Crow's Roost is a single, detached rock on the right, which time and weather are slowly wearing down to the "needle" shape, so common among the trappean formations. It stands with its feet in the river, at the extremity of a heavily wooded point; and in the crevices about its base, and half-way up, good-sized firs are growing. Above the Crow's Roost the mountains tower higher and higher. Frequently from lofty ledges and terraces of rock silvery water-falls are seen descending hundreds of feet, to some basin hidden by intervening curtains of wooded ridges. From the steamer's deck they look like mere ribbons; some of them, indeed, are dashed into invisible spray before they reach a level.

One of the handsomest of these falls has been named the Horse-tail, by somebody more given to ponies than to poetry. It has a straight descent, of several hundred feet, to a basin hidden from view, whence it descends by another fall to the level of the bottom-land, and forms another basin, or pool, among the dense growth of cottonwood, ash, and willow, which everywhere fringe the banks of the river.

Nearly opposite this fall is a high, precipitous wall of reddish rock, coming quite down to the river, and curving in a rounded face, so as to form a little bay above. This is the Cape Horn of the lower Columbia—a point where the Wind Spirit lies in wait for canoes and other small craft, keeping them weather-bound for days together. Fine as it is, steaming up the Columbia in July weather, there are times when storms of wind and sand make the voyage impossible to any but a steam-propelled vessel. It is at our peril that we invade the grand sanctuaries of Nature in her winter moods. The narrow channel of the river among the mountains, the height of the overhanging cliffs—which confine the wind as in a funnel—and the changes of temperature to which, even in summer, mountain localities are subject, make this a stormy passage at some periods of the year.

Sitting out upon the steamer's deck, of a summer morning, we are not much troubled with visions of storms: the scene is as peaceful as it is magnificent. Steaming ahead, straight into the heart of the mountains, each moment affords a fresh delight to the wondering senses. The panorama of grandeur and beauty seems endless. As we approach the lower end of the rapids, we find that at the left the heights recede and inclose a strip of level, sandy land, in the midst of which stands a solitary mountain (of basalt) called Castle Rock, about four-

teen hundred feet in altitude. How it came there, is the question which the beholder first asks himself, but which, so far, has never been satisfactorily answered.

A mile or two beyond Castle Rock, situated on this bit of warm, sandy bottom-land, is the little mountain hamlet known as the Lower Cascades. Why it is that one name is made to serve for so many objects, in the same locality, must ever puzzle the tourist in Oregon. At the Cascades the tautology threatens to overwhelm us in perplexity. Not only is it the Cascade Range, which the cascades of the river cut in twain, but there are no less than three points on the north side, within a distance of six miles, known as the Lower, Middle, and Upper Cascades. Pretty as the name is, we weary of it when it is continually in our mouth.

It is a pretty spot, too, this Lower Cascades, surrounded by majestic mountains, and bordered by a foaming river; while it is nestled in thickets of blossoming shrubbery, and can regale its guests on strawberries and mountain-trout. Here the Oregon Steam Navigation Company have a wharf and warehouse; and here we take our seats in the cars which transfer us to the Upper Cascades, and another steamer. We find the change agreeable, *as a change*, and enjoy intensely the glimpses of the rapids we are passing, and the wonderful luxuriance of vegetation on every side, coupled with the grandeur of the towering mountains.

At the Middle Cascades is a blockhouse, reminding us of the Indian war of 1855–6, and another one at the Upper Cascades. It is rare now to see an Indian at this point, where once they lived in large numbers, and had a famous fishing station; and where, in still earlier times, they exacted toll from whoever passed that way.

The fall of the river in the five miles of rapids is about sixty feet; but nowhere is there a perceptible fall of many feet together. The bed of the stream seems to be choked up with rocks, in such a manner as to suggest recent volcanic agency. At the Upper Cascades the river widens out again in a lake-like expanse, made picturesque with islands and handsomely wooded shores. In truth, all that portion of the Columbia, between the Upper Cascades and the Dalles, might very correctly be termed a lake—so little current has it, and so uniform is the depth of water—averaging forty feet, or twice the depth of the river below the rapids. From this fact, and that of the submergence of a belt of trees on either side of the river, for a long distance, the character of the hinderance to the flow of the Columbia may be very readily conjectured. At some period, long subsequent to the passage of the river through these mountains—a passage which evidently it forced for itself—by some violent means, a great quantity of rock was thrown into the bed of the stream, and, by forming a dam, raised the level of the water to its present height.

An effort has been made to secure the aid of Congress in removing this impediment to navigation. Great as would be the benefit, in a commercial point of view, of removing the dam at the Cascades, it presents itself unfavorably to the mind of the worshiper at Nature's shrines—one of whose happiest emotions must ever spring from the thought, that it is impossible for Man ever to intermeddle with the eternal majesty of scenes like these.

The material to be removed consists of a conglomerate of fragments of traprock, mixed with sand and earth. Embedded in this conglomerate are trunks of trees, often silicified—sometimes only carbonized, and sometimes both together. Of this silicified wood, there are many fragments to be found about the

Cascades, embedded in the sand of the bottom-land. Of the trees standing submerged in the margin of the river, none of them are at all petrified; though, from the common occurrence of the fragments spoken of, the belief obtains, that this is a petrified forest. The silica, which has entered into the pores of the silicified wood, was, probably, derived from veins of that earth contained in the mass of conglomerate thrown into the river from the mountains at the time of the formation of the rapids.

From the deck of the steamer waiting for us at the end of the railroad portage, a beautiful picture is spread out on every side. The river seems a lake dotted with islands, with low shores, surrounded by mountain walls. Almost the first thing which strikes the eye is an immensely high and bold perpendicular cliff of red rock, pointed at the top with the regularity of a pyramid, and looking as if freshly split off from some other half which has totally disappeared. The freshly broken appearance of this cliff, so different from the worn and mossy faces of most of the rocks that border the river, suggested to the savage one of his legends concerning the formation of the Cascades: which is, that Mount Hood and Mount Adams had a quarrel, and took to throwing fire-stones at each other; and, with their rage and struggling, so shook the earth for many miles around, that a bridge of rock which spanned the river at this place was torn from its mountain abutments, and cast in fragments into the river.

The grandeur of the Columbia, for some miles above the Cascades, is so great and overpowering that one feels little disposed to attempt description. The Hudson, which has so long been the pride of America, is but the younger brother of the Columbia. Place a hundred *Dunderbergs* side by side, and you have some idea of these stupendous bluffs; double the height of the Palisades, and you can form an idea of these precipitous cliffs. Elevate the dwarfed evergreens of the Hudson highlands into firs and pines like these, and then you may compare. Considering the history, together with the scenery of this river, there is no other so complete in the impression it conveys of grandeur.

Down this river, sixty-six years ago, floated those adventurous explorers, Lewis and Clarke. Seven years later the survivors of that part of the Astor expedition which came overland, were struggling along these wild mountain shores, among inhospitable tribes, trying to reach the fort at the mouth of the river. A few years later still, the "brigade" of the Hudson's Bay Company, annually, floated down from their hunting-grounds in the Rocky Mountains, jubilant at the prospect of soon reaching head-quarters—singing and dipping their oars in time, while their noisy gayety was echoed and re-echoed from these towering mountain walls.

Twenty-eight years ago, the first large immigration of actual settlers for Oregon came down from the Dalles in boats, furnished them by the Hudson's Bay Company, with much toil and danger, and some loss of life. To-day, we tourists gaze and dream at our leisure, from the deck of a first-class steamer, with all our wants anticipated. In another lustre, or in less time than that, the travel and trade of one-third of the continent may be borne upon this great highway of Nature, to and fro, between Orient and Occident.

But we have forgotten to observe the notable places. "This," says our Captain, "is Wind Mountain. The Indian name answers to our word *enchanted*, from the fact, probably, that when the wind is foul it is impossible to pass here with their canoes." On the south side, a few miles above the Cascades, is the beautiful place of Mr. Coe—a fruit farm among the foot-hills, and facing the

Columbia. Here grow such delicious peaches as are rarely ever raised *west* of the mountains. A little settlement, at the foot of the mountains, is called Hood River, from being near the junction of that river with the Columbia. Opposite the mouth of Hood River a very fine view of Mount Hood is obtained. So near does it seem, that we see the glistening of the snow where its cliffs reflect the sun. Nearly opposite, the White Salmon enters, cold from the snows of Mount Adams, a glimpse of which we catch between the cleft heights of the river's gorge.

The farther we depart from the heart of the mountains the more marked is the change in the character and quantity of the timber. Firs have entirely disappeared, while spruce and pine have taken their places. The form, too, of the highlands is changed, being arranged in long ridges, either parallel with the river or at right-angles to it, but all very extensive, and forming benches, dotted only with trees, instead of being heavily wooded, as on the western side of the range. The climate, also, is changed, and a dryness and warmth quite different from the western climate are observable.

More and more the basaltic formation constantly becomes visible, protruding from the hills on either side, and often appearing to wall in the river. Frequently it divides for a little space, leaving the prettiest natural slips for boats, and a clean, sandy beach, on which to make a landing; but only in a few instances have they been taken possession of, settlements along the river being rare. Occasionally, however, some hardy settler has taken up a farm on the narrow strip of alluvial land at the foot of the mountains; and doubtless a great many more might find homesteads in eligible situations along the river, where their nearness to market would enhance their value.

On nearing the Dalles the country opens out more and more, the terraced appearance continuing quite to that city, and the basalt here presenting a columnar formation. We come now to the last, and by far the most singular, portion of the gorge of the Columbia—the Dalles of the river. The river here flows for fifteen miles through a narrow channel, cut in solid trap-rock, and more or less tortuous. To eyes accustomed to the broad expanse of the lower Columbia, it is difficult to recognize the same river in the narrow, dark current that flows between walls of black, volcanic rock for so many miles above the Dalles. The river here not being navigable, by reason of its strong, swift current, its whirlpools and sunken rocks, we are forced to make our observations from the windows of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company's car, by which we make the portage to Celilo. The outlook, fortunately, is a good one; and we travel right along the river-bank nearly the whole distance.

What a strange scene it is! Sand, rock, and water—not uncommon elements in a pleasing picture; but here it is not pleasing—it is uncanny to a degree. We catch ourselves wondering how *deep* here must be a stream only forty yards wide, which in other places is two thousand yards wide, and deep enough to float any kind of a ship; for we can not help fancying that what the river here lacks in breadth it makes up in depth. But we are not aware that soundings have ever been taken in the Dalles.

Boats have gone through this passage. In low-water the barges of the Hudson's Bay Company used to run the Dalles. One or two steamers have been brought through at a low stage of water; but it is a very perilous undertaking—much more perilous than going over the Cascades at high-water. We make our observations, and conclude we should not like to take passage on this particular

portion of the Columbia. How it swirls, how it twirls, how it eddies and boils; how it races and chases, how it leaps, how it toils; how one mile it rushes, and another it flows, as soft as a love-song sung "under the rose;" how in one place it seethes, in another is still, and as smooth as the flume of some sleepy old mill. A rock-entroughed torrent like none else, we pledge; and, in truth, is a river *set up on its edge.*

Dalles City—or "The Dalles," as it is commonly called—is a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, situated on the south side of the Columbia, at the lower end of the Dalles of the river. In the early history of the country it was fixed upon by the Methodists as a mission station; but failing in their efforts to instruct the Indians, or intimidated by their warlike character, or both, they relinquished the station to the Presbyterians, who held it at the breaking out of the Cayuse war in 1847. On this occurrence the whole country east of the Cascades was abandoned by all missionaries of Protestant denominations, and Dalles was converted into a military station, the mission buildings having been burnt down.

The mining excitement, on the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1862–3, first gave Dalles a start. In 1865 it was just such a place as one may see in any mining country—Nevada, for instance: a hastily built, rough-looking town, filled with restless, rough-looking men. The streets were dusty; there were no shade-trees, and very little comfort anywhere. Now, since the mining excitement is done away with, and only so much interest in it remains as a legitimate outfitting trade creates; and since the people here began to understand the agricultural resources of the country immediately about them, Dalles has come to be quite a cheerful and handsome town. Real homes occupy the places of hastily erected board-houses; gardens blossom with exquisite flowers; shade-trees shelter and adorn the promenades; churches and school-houses abound; and the place is one of the pleasantest in Oregon.

The situation of Dalles is a fine one. Except in great floods like that of 1862 and 1871, the whole town is above high-water mark. It rises gradually back for a quarter of a mile, then sharply to a second well-defined bench of land, beyond which is a considerable ridge. The whole landscape back of, and surrounding the town, is of fine outlines, and very handsomely ornamented with pine-trees.

A number of creeks fall into the Columbia, near Dalles City. Taking a ride up the little valley of Mill Creek, brought us through the garrison-grounds—a lovely spot—and out past some very pretty places and well-cultivated farms. It quite surprises us to come upon such apparently well-to-do farmers, where the general aspect of the country is so uncultivated. But here is the evidence of successful and profitable farming: good houses, fine orchards, grain-fields, gardens, and fat cattle—the fattest and sleekest that ever we remember to have seen—sufficient proof of the nutritious qualities of "bunch-grass."

Just above the garrison-grounds is a beautiful view of Mount Adams, and another of Mount Hood. The little stream we are following up seems as if it came directly from the latter mountain, which does not look far off, but very real and solid, and near. We fancy that an hour's ride would take us up among the highest firs, quite to the glistening snow-fields; but it is forty miles away still, with a very rough country between hither and yon, so that our hour would have to be lengthened to very many.

Wasco County, of which Dalles is the shire-town, extends along the Columbia River fully sixty miles, and toward the south nearly two hundred, covering an immense amount of terri-

tory; and is drained by two rivers, of one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles in length. The whole population, probably, does not reach four thousand; all those out of Dalles being either settlers on the small streams, or miners on the head-waters of the John Day River. Therefore Dalles has not yet much back country to sustain it. We are convinced, however, that in two or three years more a great change will have taken place in this respect, and that portions of Wasco County hitherto entirely overlooked, will be made to "blossom as the rose."

A United States branch Mint had been partially constructed at Dalles, which was designed to coin the products of the mines of Montana, Idaho, and eastern Oregon; but the opening of the Central Pacific Railroad, and the diversion of bullion to the Philadelphia Mint consequent upon it, have rendered a branch at Dalles superfluous; and the building will, probably, be converted to other purposes. A woolen mill has also lately been erected, which is to be supplied with material from the plains of Wasco County. A fine flouring-mill manufactures a brand of "best Oregon;" the Oregon Steam Navigation Company have their machine-shops on a small island at the mouth of Mill Creek; and trades in general do a good business at this place. Churches and schools prosper among the Dalles people, and the population is rather more than ordinarily intelligent. It is here that Mr. Condon, the enthusiastic amateur geologist of Oregon, resides.

The name of Wascos was given to this division of the Des Chutes—so runs the Indian legend—in the following manner: The Indians being collected at the fishery, a favorite spot for taking salmon, about three miles from Winquat, one of them was so unlucky as to lose his squaw, the mother of his children, one of whom was yet only a babe. This babe would not be comforted, and the other children, being young, were clamorous for their mother. In this trying position, with these wailing little ones on his awkward masculine hands, the father was compelled to give up fishing and betake himself to amusing his babies. Many expedients having failed, he at length found that they were diverted by seeing him pick cavities in the rocks in the form of basins, which they could fill with water or pebbles; and accordingly, as many a patient mother does every day, he adapted himself to the taste and capacities of his children, and made any number of basins they required. Wasco being the name of a kind of horn basin which is in use among the Des Chutes, his associates gave the name to this devoted father in ridicule of his domestic qualities; and afterward, when he had resolved to found a village at Winquat, and drew many of his people after him, they continued to call them all Wascos, or basins. To-day the tribe is little known, but the county, of which Dalles is the metropolis, bears the name once given in derision to a poor, perplexed father for descending to the office of basin-maker for his children.

The original Indian name of the place where Dalles stands was *Winquatt*, signifying "surrounded by rocky cliffs." There are many Indian names attached to points, in this neighborhood, of poetical significations. "Alone in its beauty" is the translation of *Gai-galt-whe-la-leth*, the name of a fine spring near town. "The mountain denoting the sun's travel" is the meaning of *Shim-na-klath*, a high hill south of town, etc.

About three miles above Dalles is a noted fishery of the Indians, as mentioned above, and opposite to it is the site of the Indian village of *Wishram*, spoken of by the earliest writers on Oregon. No village exists there now—at least, not any thing which could well be recognized as such. Like the ancient *Chinook*, it has dwindled to nothing.

Aside from the river itself there is little to interest one between Dalles City and Celilo—the upper end of the gorge of the Columbia. There are rocks all about in every direction, a little grass, a great deal of sand, and some very brilliant flowers growing out of it. There are also a few Indian lodges, with salmon drying inside, whose rich orange color shows through the open door-way like a flame; and a few Indians fishing with a net—their long, black hair falling over their shoulders, and blowing into their eyes in a most inconvenient fashion. But every thing about an Indian's dress is inconvenient, except the ease with which it is put on! Some of these younger savages have ignored dressing altogether, as a fatigue not to be undertaken until with increasing years an increase of strength shall be arrived at.

The railroad takes us along under overhanging cliffs of plutonic rock, one of which is called Cape Horn, like its brother of the lower Columbia. As we near Celilo, we discover that we have by no means left behind high banks and noble outlines. Just here, where we re-embark for the continuance of the up-river voyage, is a wide expanse of tumbling rapids, between lofty bluffs, rising precipitously from a narrow, sandy beach.

Of Celilo there is not much more than the immense warehouse of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, nine hundred feet in length—built in the flush times of gold-mining in the upper country—and the other buildings required by the company's business. Lying along the shores, in little coves, are numerous sailing craft of small size, which carry freight from point to point on the river above. The sun of an unclouded morning gilds their white sails, and sparkles in the dancing rapids. The meadow-lark's voice—loud, clear, and sweet—reaches us from the overhanging banks. It is at once a wild and a peaceful scene.

A short distance above Celilo, the Des Chutes River empties into the Columbia, through a deep *cañon*. A remarkable feature of the rivers of Eastern Oregon is the depth of their beds below the surface of the country which borders them. The Des Chutes flows through a *cañon* in places more than a thousand feet deep. Where it enters the Columbia its banks are not so high, because the great river itself has its course through the lowest portions of the elevated plains; and its bed is nowhere at any very great elevation above the sea-level. At the Dalles, two hundred miles from the sea, the level of the river is one hundred and nineteen feet above it; and the Walla Walla Valley, at a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, has an elevation of a few feet over four hundred. Away from the Columbia, the elevation of the plains varies from five hundred to twenty-five hundred feet. Hence the great depth of the *cañons* of streams flowing on the same level with the great river.

Along this portion of the Columbia the traveler has plenty of time to conjecture the future of so remarkable a country—not being startled by constantly recurring wonders, as he might have been on the lower portion of the river. There certainly is great majesty and grace expressed in the lofty forms and noble outlines of the overhanging bluffs which border the river for great distances; and that is all. There is neither the smoothness of art, nor the wildness which rocks and trees impart to natural scenes; and the simple beauty of long, curving lines becomes monotonous. If it be summer, there are patches of color on the sere-looking, grassy heights; rosy *clerkia*, blue *lupine*, and golden sunflower. We hear the voices of multitudes of meadow-larks; and see a few prairie-hens stooping their long necks shyly among the bunch-grass; or discover at long intervals a cabin, or a

flat-boat, or a band of Indian ponies feeding.

We have leisure to study the peculiarities of this region: A great river, with a fertile country on either side of it, extending for hundreds of miles back, and having an annual "rise" as regular as that of the Nile. But this overflow does not affect the lands bordering upon it, because they are too high. What then? Is the country unproductive? No. It is a *dry*, but *not* a rainless country. Rain falls at intervals from September to June. Light snows cover the ground a portion of the winter season. The soil is of a mellow quality that does not bake with drought.

The first explorers of these high plains gave it as their opinion that trees would not grow below an elevation of two thousand feet, and that the lands adjoining the Columbia were only fit for grazing. This opinion, either borrowed from the early explorers, or suggested by the absence of trees in a wild state, was also held by the first settlers — not only with regard to trees, but to all kinds of grain as well. There certainly could have been no more unpromising ground for the planting of trees than at Dalles. Yet, after four years of experiments, the streets of Dalles are lined with thrifty young shade-trees, and its gardens filled with fruit-bearing ones. Experiments with wheat have shown that it is not the bottom-lands alone which will produce crops, but the hills and ridges back from the rivers.

Civilization began in either hemisphere in the rainless countries of Egypt, Peru, and Mexico. The reason is evident. Civilization depends on the ease and security with which man harvests the fruits of his fields. The crop in the Nile Valley was unfailing, from the certainty and uniform duration of the Nile overflow. In Peru, from the constant presence of moisture eliminated from the atmosphere in the form of heavy dews, the cultivation of the earth repaid man's labor surely. On the high tablelands of Mexico irrigation was necessary, but once accomplished, there, too, agriculture flourished unfailingly; and men, instead of roaming from place to place, settled and remained, until civilization arose and declined, by the natural processes of the growth and decay of nations.

In these countries superior intelligence also resulted from the dryness of the climate; as it is well known that a pure, dry air is stimulating to the mental faculties, while a moist, dull, or cloudy atmosphere is depressing. It is evident that men in a savage state, having the obstacles of want and ignorance to overcome, have been aided by these circumstances. Nor are they to be overlooked in considering the future of countries in the infancy of their development. The Columbia River Plains, owing to their elevation above the level of the draining streams, will probably require a system of irrigation by artesian wells, except in those parts bordering on mountains whence water can be conducted with comparative ease. With this addition to the amount of moisture furnished by the light rains and occasional snows of winter, this great extent of country, now given up to the pasturage of Indian horses and a few bands of cattle, might be made to support a dense population, producing for them every grain and fruit of the temperate zone, in the highest perfection.

Thirty-one miles above Dalles, we pass the mouth of the John Day River— a stream, in all respects, similar to the Des Chutes—with the same narrow valley, and the same depth below the general level of the country. What bottom-land there is along this river is already taken up, and there are mining-camps upon its head-waters, from which a steady gold product has been derived for the last eight years. The high bluffs

intervening between the Columbia and the interior country quite conceal any appearances of settlement, and leave upon the mind the impression of an altogether uninhabited country—an impression quite erroneous in fact, though there are thousands of square miles still vacant.

Willow Creek is a small stream, coming into the Columbia thirty-three miles above the John Day River, with a small, fertile valley well settled up. After an interval of another thirty-three miles, we find ourselves at Umatilla—a small town set in the sands at the mouth of the river of that name. It serves simply as a port to the mines of eastern Oregon, and, as such, has a trade disproportionately large for its size. Here the steamers disembark their passengers and freight; and the stages and pack-trains take up what the steamer leaves, to convey it to the interior and the mines.

The Umatilla River, on account of its valley, is one of the most important streams of eastern Oregon. The Umatilla Valley, together with the bottom-lands of several tributary creeks, furnish a fine tract of rich, alluvial land, having a high reputation for its agricultural capacity.

All the way from the Cascade Mountains to Umatilla—a hundred miles, more or less—we have found the rivers all coming into the Columbia from the south side. Rising in the Blue Mountains, which traverse the eastern half of Oregon, from north-east to south-west, they flow in nearly direct courses to the Columbia, showing thereby the greater elevation of the central portion of eastern Oregon over the valley of the Columbia. At the junction of the Umatilla the Columbia makes a great bend, and flows nearly parallel with the Cascade Range instead of perpendicularly to it, receiving the rivers flowing east from the Cascades.

It is nearly sunset when the steamer quits Umatilla to finish the voyage we have entered upon, at Wallula—a distance of twenty-five miles farther up stream, in a direction a little east of north. We steam along in the rosy sunset and purple twilight, by which the hills are clothed in royal dyes. About eight in the evening we arrive at Wallula—a port of Walla Walla Valley, and long a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. As the site for a town it has much to recommend it, in the way of beauty and convenient location; and, also, much to condemn it, in the matter of high winds, sand, and the total absence of vegetation. The bluffs bordering the Columbia at this place repeat those harmonies of grandeur with grace which won remark from us on other portions of the river. The Walla Walla River, which comes in just here, is a very pretty stream; possessing, however, very little bottom-land near the Columbia.

The sand of the Wallula is something to be dreaded. It insinuates itself everywhere. You find it scattered over the plate on which you are to dine; piled up in little hillocks in the corner of your wash-stand; dredged over the pillows on which you thoughtlessly sink your weary head, without stopping to shake them; setting your teeth on edge with grit, everywhere. And this ocean of sand extends several miles back from the river, on the stage-road to Walla Walla, whither we are going. Let us hope for such a merciful interposition as a shower!

FERNS AND WILD OATS.

"THIS will put an extinguisher on our trip to-morrow."

"Oh, no! Imagine the glorious ferns after this crystal blessing. There will be a spontaneity of growth, as its result, which will be the very culmination of Nature's gracious efflorescence."

"Now, don't be poetical, Aunt Effie. I want to know whether it is worth while to prepare luncheon; for, ah me! I never shall rise above kitchens and cooking-stoves."

"Artistic in that, as in every thing else, Grace. Your boned turkey is a revelation in culinary science—a delightful commingling of the useful and the beautiful. Your curry has a rich, golden hue, comparable to summer sunshine. Your biscuit, white and creamy, like drifted snow-flakes——"

"Oh, bother! If we are really going to Saucelito to-morrow, I should like to know it. There is another deluge coming. Just look at the water-spout locked up in that cloud."

"Nay, my dear, I am not weather-wise. You are aware, that, until my uncle is conscientious enough to see the clear duty of dying, and leaving me a modest legacy, I am a mere mass of mucilage, plowing my way through the literature of the day with a pair of scissors. I am a file of old newspapers—a drudge of the pen; not even having time to dream my dreams, or indulge in reveries. And then, you see, it takes a deal of practice to know just how to criticise: to pin an author's meaning, as it were, and divest it from its verbiage; to tell what pages contain the gist of his work; what to leave out, and what to make prominent; to seize points, and discern originality——"

"Do not continue that subject. Please tell me, if the clouds graciously fold themselves up after this clearing-shower, as you call it, you think we can go to the fern-brake in the morning?"

"Most solemnly, I do. Avaunt! leave me! I plunge into this book before me with savage eagerness to cauterize it. It is full of rich mysticisms, which are a menace of insanity to its author. Its forms of egotism foreshadow positive madness. It will be a curious study to trace the end of such a writer."

"Oh, dear! If you only would come out of your absurd theories, and talk down to me. How many of us will there be to picnic?"

"Well, then: myself, and the me within me. One feeds; the other starves for want of a kindred soul."

Grace left the room, and shut the door rather emphatically. Presently, an odor of fresh bread and savory cake permeated the house: evidently, she had made up her mind to go.

And the next day proved a revelation of golden surprises and balmy airs, in cloud-land and atmosphere, which invited us to throw aside all in-door occupations, and gather into ourselves the absolute refreshment of broad-breasted fields and sweet, country by-paths. Every shade and tint of the landscape was harmoniously toned, as we left the old Mission—affluent in spirits, and bent on untrammeled enjoyment. Intercepting a Fourth-street car, we transferred ourselves, bundles, and baskets into it, with the indecorous haste of untraveled individuals trying to catch the steamer. One might have supposed we hailed from Oakland, primarily, and carried about with us the inevitable watch, and

its accompanying "Excuse me; I shall be late for the boat."

Hurrying along the broken wharf, we soon were on board the Saucelito boat, congratulating ourselves on the prospect of an enjoyable day. Little bubbles of laughter, little dribblets of talk, a few "Oh, how lovelys!" and we were moving. Grace appeared in a tidy toilet of crisp holland; a distracting little basque fitted her perfect figure; a jaunty hat perched securely on her head, and faint odors of heliotrope floated out on the wind when she moved. But the hills had been beforehand with her. They met her ribbons with rainbows, and her crimped hair with trailing clouds of faint silver. Their broidery was fresh and green, and the wild blooms stood erect in a glory of color, redolent of perfume. Dew-drops flung their limpid jewelry over bush and bough, and the dancing leaves scattered the brilliants like broken crystals, rich with quivering sunbeams.

Esther made a specialty of boots. Such dainty little feet; and a good, stout, thick-soled covering, especially gotten up for the obsolete art of walking, she explained—holding one out for my inspection.

The quiet self-possession of our third companion was undisturbed by our chatter. She was watching a sad-faced and quite young girl, who had entered the boat just after we did. There was something remarkably desponding in the attitude of this passenger; and a dreary, aching look in her face, that opened the avenues of sympathy. One was continually attracted toward her without meaning to be; and yet, her eyes avoided ours. She gazed out over the water with a tired, sunken look, as if some great weight was pressing down upon her. Those lines from the opera of "Trovatore" seemed to be ringing in a doleful *miserere* in my ears, as I caught her longing, despairing expression—

"Ah! how death still delayeth, lingers, or seems to fly,
From him who longs—from him who longs—to die!"

The pathetic words, and the deep, solemn music, beat their measures through my soul, while I watched the pallor of this girl's face. A dry sob—more painful than tears—came, now and then, from her parched lips. It seemed as if all the confidence, and belief, and hope of youth had gone from her; as if some bitter and tragical shipwreck had stranded her upon the barren shores of Despair. Mary spoke, with a tender sympathy in her lovely eyes:

"Aunt Effie, some monstrous and painful cross is laid upon that poor girl's shoulders, and *she is bearing it all alone*." The lips said not, May I speak to her? but the eyes made the request more eloquent than words could have done.

I had charge of these young girls. With all confidence had they been committed to me for a day of woodland freedom. They were young, pure, beautiful. They had stirred sweetness into my cup of life, when it had else been as waters of Marah. But Mary was the only one of them who sought with me the dangerous uplands of imagination. Her shining forehead was stamped with the unmistakable evidences of genius. Her sensitive nature amalgamated into itself the conditions of those around her, and in her heart was an angel's seal of purity. And the sad, lone girl—what might she not be? Could I risk contact with her? Could I allow the currents of their thoughts to drift together? Where might it lead my charge? Worldly prudence came in to check the sweet tides of sympathy, and I telegraphed "No" to the beaming request. Ah! why did I not see the invisible hand guiding the young teacher to her destined work? Something like disappointment stole over her countenance, but she acquiesced.

"To compensate, Aunt Effie, read me

that lyric of yours I asked you for yesterday."

The poem was short, as I finished these lines:

> "Pause! her story soon is told:
> Once a lamb within the fold,
> Stranger voices lured her thence,
> In her trusting innocence.
>
> Woe! that none might lead her back
> From the bloodhounds on her track.
> Hunger prowled about her path,
> With its wild hyena-laugh;
> Scorn came leaping from its lair,
> With defiant growl and stare;
> And she grappled, all in vain,
> With the fangs of Want and Pain;
> Hope and Mercy shut the gate
> On this heart so desolate.
>
> Ye who pour the wine and oil,
> Up, and rest not from your toil,
> Till, no more defiled by sin,
> Like the pardoned Magdalen,
> Kneeling in repentance sweet,
> She may wash the Saviour's feet
> With her tears, that, as they roll,
> Blot the sin-stain from her soul."

The girl turned, and made a sudden movement toward me; and then, as if something checked her, resumed her seat for a moment, but hastily went on deck, wistfully looking seaward.

Grace came up. "There! I know you are frightening Mary with the extent of your erudition. Don't botanize on the ferns. Just let us lap them up in luxurious ignorance of their class and order. Don't let species be mentioned. Make no allusion to serrated leaves, upright stems, or fibre. But give us a whole holiday, please, without one particle of book-learning."

"Agreed. I shall not trammel you."

We landed. The lonely girl still sat in the boat. Mary wondered where she was going. I tried to forget her.

Up through delicious by-paths, all aglow with dainty blossoms. Illuminated trails, where the sun shot athwart our way in spears of flame, and glinted its threads of light upon us, making the leaves overhead transparent enough to filter its heat through their texture. The earth had been cooled and subdued by the plash of the rain, and little germs of vegetation were springing in luxuriant renewal from their bath. No fevered plants, with their lips in the dust, asking water; but radiating warmth and moisture from every pore, she fed her thousand blossoms; while life multiplied itself in the swarms of insects tangled in the humid atmosphere, as if caught in a gauzy veil. All the growths of this sweet sylvan life seemed to regain, under the baptismal chrism, somewhat of the affluence of their June leafage. A long walk, but not a weary one, and we were in that remarkable *cañon* in Saucelito, overspread with numerous varieties of ferns. The jubilant and beneficent summer breezes had swept over them. The full bosom of earth had nurtured them. In their solitude her rich juices had permeated their slender stems, and their tiny veins were full of sap. The fervent sunshine had burnished them, and the richest hues of emerald had woven over them a garniture of green.

"Tenderly, tenderly!" cried Mary; "touch the fragile things with no rude hand"—as Grace eagerly grasped the treasures, and trod upon them in the haste of possession.

"Not so fragile as you imagine, for they will endure long after the roses have passed in Death's dim procession. Months from now we shall see them as fresh and fair in our drawing-rooms as they are cosily hidden away here."

We reveled among the ferns; we gathered them by armfuls; we left our footprints in the moist places where they grew, and broke them ruthlessly from their strongholds. We clung to our individual spoil with the greediness of misers. For mine, I intended translating them into phantom leaves: denuded of their outer covering, I meant to reveal their subtile fibres in a marvel of white resurrection; and I was careful to select such as were not toughened

by overgrowth. Esther looked like a wood-nymph, bearing her spoils to the spot selected for our midday lunch—appealing to us, in her pretty way, not to touch them.

"It is a wonder to me you have not aired your ideas about ferns, Aunt Effie. We all expected a lecture on the qualities and constitutions of plants, etc."

"The moral lesson to be taught," I observed, "is ——"

"Oh, bother the moral lessons! Let us discuss the boned turkey."

Light words and silver bells of laughter, song and repartee, filtered through the golden sunshine, and made the air musical. A sudden lull, like that produced by drops of rain falling from a clear sky, and the sad passenger walked slowly and wearily by.

"I *must* speak to her, Aunt Effie; some unseen influence impels me." And Mary drew near the stranger. She reached her just at the entrance of the fern-brake; her hand tenderly touched the girl, and a gleam of holy pity shone in her eyes as she said, very gently, "You are lonely, and I fear distressed."

A startled, pained illumination of the face—like a dim light in a sepulchre—and then that hard, dry sob. "Oh, young lady! do not come near me. I am outcast and forsaken, forlorn and broken-hearted;" and she sank on the ground, this time with blinding tears and a despairing cry.

"Aunt Effie, come and comfort her. You can." Mary's appeal brought me to her side.

A wild upheaval, a chaos and tornado of grief, as if the fountains of a great deep were broken up; a bitter, scathing torrent of words. And calm followed—a stony, desperate calm, as if the girl was petrified.

"My poor child!" was all I could utter. There was no word of comfort for such a stricken soul as this.

She lifted her swollen eyes to mine. "*He* was only 'sowing wild oats.' *I* am blighted forever—a lost spirit in Hades now; and so young! I came here today to die. But I thought I would keep her"—indicating Mary—"in sight till the last. I don't know why; but she looked so pitiful! There is no hope for me; the lines you read have been in my ears ever since—

> "'Hope and Mercy shut the gate
> On this heart so desolate.'

Mary whispered, "Did you not hear the ending?—

> "'Kneeling in repentance sweet,
> She may wash the Saviour's feet
> With her tears, that, as they roll,
> *Blot the sin-stain from her soul.*'"

"God bless you!" brokenly spoken, came from the parched lips of the girl.

We brought her refreshments. Preparing to regain the boat, I said, "You will return?"

With a shudder, "I do not know—and yet—yes, I will."

"Please help me with my ferns," said Grace, only half conscious that some element of distress had blended its tides with our peacefully flowing river.

Back through the same paths, but less light-hearted. The world seemed full of misery now. A tragic undertone mingled its pathetic minor with our key of joy. The sweetness of the day had lost something of its completeness, and, as the sun dropped from the rim of evening, the heavens seemed farther off, and earth colder.

But moods must not sadden young hearts. I took up one of my ferns. "Ere long you shall see a transfiguration in these. I shall lay bare the soul of the leaf, exposing its quivering fibres and sensitive nerve-tissues. All its redolence of life will disappear in its immersion, and it will become discolored in stagnating water. Nothing more unattractive can be imagined than the process. It is the corruptible putting on incorruption."

"And after that, what?" questioned Esther.

"Ah! then comes the most delicate operation: to reclaim it from its surroundings; to hold it gently, that it may not be crushed; to separate that which is noisome from that which is beautiful; to discern the perfect soul in the imperfect leaf, and, last of all, to whiten it by the subtile alchemy of the chemist. You may find these fibrous leaves, in the early spring, lying hidden away in slimy pools, detached from the protecting branches; but capable of a resurrection, than which nothing can be more beautiful."

"Do you heed the moral, girls?" playfully said Mary: "life from death—a white symbol of peace and rest."

The stranger bent toward the tender speaker. "You have saved me," she whispered.

Earl Grey met us at North Beach. I had never much liked him. Some penetrating sense of his selfish and exacting nature disturbed me in his presence, notwithstanding the winning refinement of his manners. And to young girls, he had that peculiar charm of deference so grateful, because so seldom rendered. If I could foil him in this pursuit of Mary: how often I had thought that; yet why? My lips chilled when I replied to his bland compliments. Something alien from his words always awoke suspicion. He seemed to hold a lure in his silken speech, and I thought the traces of inward scars were discernible under the smooth whiteness of his face. I am no physiognomist, yet I could not help perceiving his trick of worldly wisdom was the result of experience. The curves of his mouth could stretch into smiles with facile readiness, or elongate themselves into mournful unison with sorrow. "A veiled face," I soliloquized, as I saw the occasionally unguarded expression of his dark eyes, which would be rolled upon Mary, at times, like great bowlders of jet, crushing the exuberance of her nature with a cruel pressure. Vain and self-opinionated, he could not understand the self-abnegation of love; yet I believed him capable of being stirred, at last, by the very forces he set in motion.

At the moment of meeting him, I had forgotten the stranger who had so won upon our sympathies. Turning to where she sat, I found her not. When Earl Grey came on board, I had remarked her suddenly shrinking out of sight. We felt disturbed and uneasy to have slighted any courtesy toward her, but concluded she had left us voluntarily, unperceived.

He came home with us for the evening. But we were dull and tired, and his commonplaces appeared stupid.

"What are you brooding over, Miss Mary?" he questioned, after an interval of silence. "One might suppose, from the reaction, you had been sowing wild oats, rather than gathering ferns."

She lifted her eyes to his. "Sowing wild oats has heretofore conveyed to me rather a vague meaning: as if some carnival of folly had drawn one into its vortex for the time being, from which escape was easy. To-day its significance has become a terrible reality, as of a maelstrom which destroys forever."

Grey laughed. "Quite a philosopher you are becoming. I think your Aunt Effie's moralizing has infected you. Let me impress you with a trifle of worldly wisdom: to take the world as you find it, and leave it no better for having been in it; or cull from it no excellence or virtue."

It was a weary, vapid evening; and when the "Good-night" came, we were heartily glad.

"That man has great possibilities," said Mary, as she closed the door upon him.

Nearly a year since our Saucelito excursion, during which all effort had been

made in vain to ascertain the whereabout of our stranger-companion.

"If she has passed from sight, I am sure she has not from my memory," said Mary. "I feel that her lines of life, and mine, cross each other in some inexplicable way. I am haunted with her sad, imploring eyes; and I *must* find her." I suggested a delicately worded advertisement.

To our surprise it brought, as reply, an envelope, inclosing a skeleton fern-leaf and a name. It was dated from Napa Valley.

Could it be possible, my old friend and school-mate had married a man of the same name nineteen years before? "My address" (were the closing words of her last letter to me) "will be Napa Valley, California. We shall remove there in the spring." A few weeks after, came a newspaper containing a record of the birth of a daughter; and deep-black lines inclosed an obituary notice of the death of my friend. Since then, in frequent change and constant occupation, time had done its work of obliteration, and her late husband had become to me only a name and a memory.

But my resolution was taken. "I shall go to Napa Valley to-morrow, Mary."

"And I with you, Aunt Effie."

The morning broke dreary and sombre. A fog enveloped the city in its heavy folds, alternating with a dismal, dripping rain; and when we arrived at the gray, old farm-house, there was no sign of welcome: for the windows were closed, and a dumb, dead stillness reigned, disheartening and death-like.

"What if?"——Mary could not speak out the dreadful apprehension which had settled down upon her.

With timid steps we approached the broad piazza, overhung with neglected woodbines and creeping roses—hesitating long, before giving the signal of our presence. We were strangers, and could not explain the yearning desire which had impelled us to make this visit. We knew nothing of the inmates of the farm, and began to feel that we had placed ourselves in an awkward position.

Suddenly a box of ferns, growing under the shade of a tree, attracted Mary's attention. "Look at that, Aunt Effie! *she* planted them—she *is* here—we were right in coming. I feel as if I was approaching some crisis in my destiny."

The door opened; and a man of about fifty years of age stood before us—the saddest face I ever saw. We stood for a moment irresolute, then mentioned the name we had received in the envelope. It seemed as if an instant comprehension awakened in his heart. He took us warmly by the hand, and said, very quietly, "Come this way." The room we entered was one where Death had been before us. On a trestle covered by a texture of fine, white linen, reposed in marble frigidity all that was left of the young girl who had made so deep an impression on us.

"My Annie," said the father, "my dear, repenting, heart-broken child! less than two years ago the brightest, and best, and loveliest darling of her lonely father's home. Now!——" And the man seemed to grow taller, as he lifted his hand as if to smite down some invisible enemy.

We turned away. There was a seething volcano beneath the cold covering of his grief; and its pent-up fires were only restrained by some sense of unfitness in their outbreak.

"Look at the darling," he said: "these ferns were her constant companions. She brought them home with her, on the day she had given herself up to despair, and told me of them, and of a sweet angel she had met, who stood between her and Death. All the long winter she busied herself in making that wonderful white cross you see at her

head, and fastening these fragile phantom leaves around it, which she seemed to have a faculty for making so perfect. Only a week ago she saw in the paper the inquiry she could not misunderstand, and soon after, handing me the envelope, said: "Father, send this to Mary. But for her, I had been 'one more unfortunate gone to her death.'" He trembled with emotion. No need now to tell him who Mary was.

But to introduce myself: "Annie's mother and I were old friends and schoolmates: you may have heard her speak of Effie Heald." My recognition as the friend of his lamented wife was an earnest of his value of her, and we were at once made to feel at home, with a heart-welcome needing no expression. The old housekeeper, too, was glad of our company; and the feelings of the bereaved father softened under the tenderness of sympathy.

In the evening, while the dead girl lay in stony repose, and the larches beat drearily against the windows—while the rain came sobbingly down, and the wind accompanied it in a mournful requiem—we heard her story. It was the old, old one—the story that is repeating itself in hundreds of trusting hearts to-day—a story of happy lovers and garden-blooms, of vows meant to be fulfilled by a lifetime of mutual delight; and then, the tragical shipwreck of innocence and hope, oftenest in sight of shore. The father had been upheld in his narration by the unexpressed sympathy we could not but feel; for Mary's eyes were humid with moisture, and I listened in silence, too full for words. But his sobs broke into tears, as he said, with a stern self-pity: "Annie was motherless. She bore her cross with no ordinary courage; but it killed her with its miserable weight."

"And the one who wrought her all this wrong?"

Annie's father drew from a large leather pocket-book a letter. "Read that—it is the last cowardly insult of a traitorous nature. And until the law provides requisite penalty for such, public sentiment will uphold fathers and brothers in the infliction of terrible retribution."

There was vengeance in the strong heart of this man, which might culminate in murder; and Mary stayed her hand from unfolding the letter, to entreat that he would spare himself a life of remorse consequent on the commission of crime.

He made no reply; but moodily strode up and down the room. A glance at the writing; and, with a still, white face, she handed the opened letter to me. I read:

"MY SWEET LITTLE COUNTRY HEBE—There is a period in the lives of men when they are allowed a certain latitude denied to your angelic sex, predicated partly on its superior purity, partly upon the lax morality which scarcely condemns venial errors in ours. If we are swayed by passion, or appetite, beyond puritanical bounds, Society shrugs its shoulders, and says: 'Let be—they are only sowing wild oats.' Attribute to this agricultural era my many faults, and cover them with the mantle of charity. Dearly as I love you, Annie, I dare not frustrate the hopes of my family and friends by fulfilling a promise unwisely made. You are free from our marriage-contract. It is better to tell you this, now, than to deceive you again. Forgive me if you can; and forget me altogether, as one unworthy of your love.

"EARL GREY."

I looked at Mary, unable to offer consolation; for I believed her heart had been won.

She smiled—a proud, self-reliant smile. "Do not fear, Aunt Effie: read this, also. It may please your poetical taste." And another letter, with the same signature, was placed before me:

"MISS MARY—I have told you my fate was in your hands, to be—alas! rejected; but I can not give you up. And as in reply to my last, you asked time for consideration, I am transported with the hope that delay may prove propitious. Do not imagine I am actuated by a mere sentimental infatuation: I love you; the phrase is cold to express the ardor of my feelings toward you. I have told you I was wealthy. Send me word that you are mine, and worlds can not measure my riches. Your every taste shall be gratified. Foreign looms shall weave their delicate tracery of color, on richest fabrics, to adorn my bride. Every feat of the shuttle shall reveal some new miracle of beauty to robe her graceful form. Lace-worked

shall create their dainty cobwebs to encircle her in their folds. Every suggestion shall be a fruition, every wish a command——"

"As if I could be bought with dry-goods," whispered Mary.

Without finishing it, I hid the letter, as Annie's father came near. It would only increase his anger and grief. The logs on the hearth blazed cheerily. The rain without had become a steady pour.

"It will soon beat upon her grave," he said, drearily—"poor girl!" And he left us, to watch beside that pale, recumbent statue. So beautiful in death!

The housekeeper entered, relieving the gloom by her hearty, motherly manner. She had taken charge of Annie from an infant, and spoke of her tenderly and appreciatingly: of her life of devotion to her father, and her interest in his pursuits; and the sad history of her last years. After a time, she opened a little package containing some locks of her hair, and an ebony box filled with gifts, from which she begged us to select some keepsake in memory of her.

"We shall not forget her," said Mary, taking a silken curl. "But one thing you must not deny me"—turning to our sorrowing host, who had again joined us. "I desire this letter: it will only torture you to keep it. If you knew all, you would not refuse me."

"Take it. God knows what dreadful deed I might commit, infusing its bitterness drop by drop into my heart, and thus goading myself to madness."

We sat up all that night; and the next day, followed the quiet funeral procession to the last resting-place of the dead. White roses mingled their odors with the fern-leaves laid upon the casket, and a wreath of phantom flowers rested their whiteness caressingly on the name of "ANNIE."

After our return from Napa Valley, Earl Grey received from Mary a sheaf of wild oats, and two letters: one, containing the cruel words which had pierced the heart of the trusting girl; the other, his own to her, with this brief line, "Ye shall reap that ye have sown."

PACIFIC SEA-COAST VIEWS.

III.

CAPE ST. LUCAS, the southern extremity of Lower California, has been a prominent landmark since first visited by European explorers. The Bay of St. Lucas, whose western boundary is the cape, was first called by the Spaniards Aguada Segura. Don Sebastian Vizcaino anchored here in 1602, when he changed the name to San Barnabe; but by whom, or why, the name St. Lucas was subsequently written, we have no authentic record before us. It was upon the shore of this bay that Cavendish landed the prisoners taken from his Spanish prize, in 1587. The *cabo* itself, although of moderate height, is plainly marked by white-cone rocks, with a natural archway. It is a picturesque point that has cheered the drooping spirits of many an ancient voyager, as all the ships from Asia, including the galleons, sighted this curious promontory, in order to take their true course for Acapulco; where both priest and monk watched by day, and raised bonfires at night, to welcome the weary wayfarers into their destined port.

The perils of sea-life with those pioneers of the Pacific main, can hardly be realized at the present day, when ships are floating palaces, which, with soaring sky-sails, sweep over the trackless wa-

ters, making the transit between the continents within the briefest time consumed by the Philippine ships in coasting from Cape Mendocino to Corrientes. They passed a year in recrossing the ocean; still, these persevering adventurers had their beaten route, and, as if by instinct, found their way into every zone and hemisphere.

Leaving Acapulco, they run their longitude within the fifteenth degree of latitude, thereby holding the favorable trade-winds, until they reached the limits of the monsoon, which carried them onward to their commercial emporium, where, exchanging their freights of *oro* and *plata* for the costly goods of the Indies and China, they reloaded; then, passing between the islands of Formosa and the Bashees, they plied far to the north, where the strong westerly gales swelled the sails of those clumsy sea-craft, as they labored over the crested waves of boisterous latitudes, till, arriving on the coast of New Albion, they sighted the high land of Cape Mendocino, when, with flowing sheets, they followed along the shores until up with St. Lucas; and then, bearing away across the mouth of the Gulf of California, dropped their anchor where it had broken ground the year previous. Although the old navigators regarded the cape as a guiding headland, its true longitude was not known within hundreds of miles. And the peninsula of California was laid down as such in Castillo's map of 1541. The same may be said of Ortela's geography of 1574; yet, over a hundred and twenty years later, it was regarded as an island. The conqueror Cortez, in reply to a royal letter of 1523, wrote that he was quite confident of finding a "northwest passage" around Cape Lazaro, "through New Spain," to the shores of the Atlantic. The entire western coast of the peninsula is a continuation of barren and broken elevations. At many points, the bases of the abrupt mountains meet the rolling billows; while at others, low, sandy plains are seen, diversified with narrow estuaries of limited extent. This section of the Mexican domain, situated between the tropical line and the limits of the temperate zone, and cooled by the winds from the Arctic regions, revels in a climate unsurpassed on the coast; but the rain-fall during the season is so small that it can only be regarded as an arid expanse. Heavy gales very rarely occur, and there are but few hidden dangers along its ocean-front, which possesses some very fine harbors, and many sheltered indentations. Notwithstanding its fine climate and inviting havens, the Spaniards found nothing to attract them, and the enthusiastic friars made but few permanent settlements, and generally at places difficult of communication from the sea; hence, their trade was chiefly carried on with the other Missions, and only Todos Santos, Francisco Xavier, San Domingo, and what are now known as San Tomas and San Miguel, were places contiguous to the ocean. Todos Santos, which is situated a few leagues to the north of Cape Falso, is said to have been of more importance than all the others, but its roadstead is too open to be called a bay, and a heavy surge rolls in upon the shores, with a sullen moaning that has sounded the death-knell of many a boatman who ventured a landing. But the old Californians cared for little else than their bands of horses, herds of cattle, and a life of ease; consequently, they were unconcerned about secure harbors or bleak bays, except when visiting the ports—after *matanza*-time—to dispose of hides and tallow, and obtain their supplies of foreign *fabricas*.

The valleys—which were circumscribed by barren elevations, or copses of cactus — were successfully cultivated, yielding in profusion the fruits of both temperate and tropical climes, wherever susceptible of irrigation from natural

sources; but the main dependence for subsistence, with the natives, was in their *frejoles*, *carne*, and *tortillas*. The more fertile portions of the country sometimes supplied the fruits of shrub and vine to the rough, grazing ranges, where only herds of cattle could find sustenance. Tortuous trails formed the only line of communication between the isolated ranch and mission; and the only means of transportation was the pack-mule, or the fiery *caballo*, throughout the whole extent of the Californias. A great outlet, however, for the animal products of Alta California, was subsequently found at the Bay of San Diego. There the Jesuits established a Mission in 1769. At this point, or in this latitude, it may be said, is the beginning of the prolific lands—that reach northward to the forest and mineral regions—whose resources are being rapidly developed as the tide of immigration flows in, revolutionizing the whole system of enterprise and industry. The valleys now produce abundant crops, and the boundless pastures are covered with bleating flocks, that yield their snowy fleeces at semi-annual gatherings. Instead of the tedious carriage over mountain-roads, or along the slimy sea-shore, to the *pueblos*, every indentation or headland in the least protected has been transformed into an *embarcadero;* and at many exposed points, where the heavy ocean-swell forbids the use of surf-boats, wharves have been run out, or slips are suspended from the high, shelving cliffs beyond the beach-waves, so that the produce of forest and field finds easy transport to the great commercial market, San Francisco.

The chief ports of Upper California, before the annexation, numbered five; but at the present time there are eighty, including the *embarcaderos*, within the same boundaries, forty-one of which are south of the Golden Gate, and thirty-nine north. But the ancient *padres* could not have chosen a harbor better suited to their wants than San Diego. Here they held uninterrupted sway for many years, the mission church being the manor-house whence emanated the laws of the land, both spiritual and temporal; and around this quaint edifice arose the *pueblo*, which is now crumbling to ruins. A new town has sprung up farther inland, along the bolder shore of the *estero*, in anticipation of a southern California city, to be the depot of the commercial road that will bring the Pacific into communion with the turbid water-courses that reach to the Gulf of Mexico. Farther north are the old Missions of San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano, now mere relics of Jesuitical power in past generations. On the border of the Bay of San Pedro, perched upon the bluff, are some dilapidated houses, with a shattered shanty on the beach, constituting what is called Old San Pedro. Inland, about the shores of a small lagoon that branches from the bay, is the new town of Wilmington, the depot for the flourishing interior city of Los Angeles. A few leagues seaward, looms the island of Santa Catalina, which, in some degree, protects the port from the ocean-swell; and when the breakwater, now in course of construction, is completed, it is expected the inner harbor will be much improved. Between San Pedro and Santa Barbara are the *embarcaderos* of Yenemia, Buenaventura, El Rincon, and Carpenteria, where the products of the neighboring ranches and vineyards find egress.

The scenery along this section has an interesting phase. When looking from the roadstead toward Santa Barbara, you see, on the right, rough, jagged steeps, reaching near the shore; on the left, is an undulating bluff, where stands the modest dwelling of the keeper of the light, with its beacon-tower above him, and the valley between is covered with primitive and modern structures, from

the low, dark *adobe*, with its grated windows and tiled roof, to the more showy style of wooden shells. Beyond, on the gentle slope, but with commanding view, are grouped the whitened church and mission buildings, that tell of "days agone," when the bishop and priest controlled; and across the channel peer a chain of islands, severally named after patron saints, who were worshiped by the old-time explorers.

The remarkable headland of Point Concepcion is situated near the western entrance of Santa Barbara Channel. "Once seen it will never be forgotten," for, when "made" from the northward, it appears like an island crowned with a castle; but the structure is of vastly more importance than an imaginary fortress, as it marks the entrance to El Canal de Santa Barbara by day, and at night its flashing light assures the seaman of his true course. Moreover, this noted promontory is regarded as the Cape Hatteras, or Cape Horn, of the California coast; for usually a change of wind, or weather, is here experienced, and the summer winds often blow a furious gale.

On to the northward, we pass the ragged points Aguello, Purissima, and Sal. Then opens the Bay of San Luis Obispo, whose anchorage is behind a sheltering bluff. It is the port for the Mission of San Luis Obispo, which rests in a verdant valley ten miles inland. At the landing ample wharves and store-houses are found, to meet the requirements of the increasing trade. Between this point and Monterey, the shore-line is diversified with undulating grazing-lands about the bays of Estero, San Simeon, and Carmel, dotted with farm-houses, and the indispensable corrals; with lofty mountains, which launch their steep sides into the foaming breakers, and deep chasms filled with the gnarled oak and forest-thicket; and far up the retiring summits of the Santa Lucia ridge are seen clusters of gigantic redwoods, in bold *relief*, towering above the highest spurs.

On rounding Point Pinos, the quiet town of Monterey, with its naturally unique surroundings, is revealed in all its loveliness. The relics of old Jesuitical times can still be seen, but they are rapidly passing away, and the mission buildings of Carmelo—just beyond the wooded hills—which, with their blooming gardens, were once the pride of Father Junipero Serra, are now a mass of ruins, save the church-tower with its iron-cross above it, which still remains a monument to that worthy apostle. Moreover, with the rude handiwork of the natives, he built up the whole establishment of a Mission, whose church was not without architectural proportions in its finish. The heavy beams for this edifice were borne on the backs of Indians for many leagues, or floated down with the freshets of the Rio Carmel. The thick walls of masonry, the winding steps, and baptismal fonts formed of stone tell how faithfully all wrought to rear the temple, which was dedicated to San Carlos. Its length was eighty English cubits and a span; its width, one-fifth its length; its roof was supported with arches of hewn stone, which gave the interior an imposing effect; and the surrounding landscape of grassy vales, hills, and mountains, with the silver stream Del Carmel winding through it, where, in full view, it meets the blue waves of the Pacific, indicate the forethought of a master-spirit, in associating about him all those beautiful images of Nature which would promote happiness and contentment. Within the walls of the temple Junipero was buried, but with no sign or inscription to mark his sepulchre; and no record remains, except that he was laid beneath the church of the Mission of Carmelo, and searching excavations have failed to unearth the relics of the revered Father. The superstitious Indians still persist in depositing their dead about

the consecrated ruins, placing broken tiles, or fragments of stones, to mark the graves.

The old church at Monterey retains its original front; and the interior, though stripped of many of its ancient decorations, still possesses the paraphernalia of the altar, and the font; likewise the sacred vestments, worn by the prelates a hundred years ago, glitter in their sombre repository.

Monterey still retains the aspect of an antique California settlement. It was at this place—in "Colton Hall"—that the Constitution of the State of California was framed. On an eminence, toward Point Pinos, is the Government reserve, surrounding the old fort, with its flag-staff standing out in relief from the crazy barracks, guarded by a rusty field-piece pointed toward the skies; and in a narrow glen near by is erected a plain white cross, in commemoration of the landing of those Catholic patriarchs who are famous in Mission history. Near the pier that projects into the bay stands the custom-house, which has withstood all the changes in governmental affairs since the time the *pueblo* became an entry-port; and at the present day its substantial appearance proves that due regard was given to style and durability in its building. In rambling through the town you meet many superior *adobe* structures, admirably adapted to the wants of the first settlers, being cool in summer, warm in winter, and proof against the attacks of Indians. Beyond the western outskirts may be seen two hamlets of fishermen, who are the antipodes in nationality, as well as in their aquatic pursuits; one party being the wiry, venturesome Portuguese, who pursue every species of the leviathan cetaceans, and the other the timid Chinese, who gather *aulons*, and fish for sharks and other varieties of the finny tribe which are rejected by the more civilized, yet relished as delicacies by Mongolians. The two clans, although in close proximity, could not live more apart if the Sierra de Santa Lucia chain stretched between them. Monterey possesses a fine harbor, sheltered from every point but the north-westward; and although open in that quarter, vessels ride safely at all seasons. Its commerce is carried on by steamers and small sailing vessels, and is almost exclusively confined to San Francisco.

The immediate coast-line from Monterey to Santa Cruz is but little better than a low sand-beach, with drifting dunes that disguise the extremely fertile country beyond, where the wealth of the Salinas and Pajaro valleys is estimated by the cargoes of grain and other products of the farm that are continually transported by steam and sail.

Santa Cruz is situated on a fine plateau, with quick-rising hills in the background, and the elevations on either hand are studded with wooded thickets, affording a pleasant contrast with the showy residences and public buildings of the thriving city—the outlet for a large extent of back-country. Westward the shore-line is bluff, with sheets of sand-beach, many of which were landings in those times when men made small fortunes in a season from a potato-patch; but they are now abandoned, as Santa Cruz monopolizes this branch of the carrying trade.

The surface of the continuing coast toward San Francisco is broken into hills, table-lands, and ragged mountains, checkered as far as seen with improved inclosures, or swarming with herds of cattle and sheep.

On nearing San Francisco, one is impressed with the reality of approaching a great commercial mart. Ships, with flowing sails, and bearing the flags of many nations, are seen speeding on their course for that natural beacon, the South Farallon, or the picturesque headland of Punta de los Reyes; while others, out-

ward bound, are plunging through the rough, breaking waves, as they ply against the adverse wind with the ebbing tide. The fleets of coasters, too, of every rig and size, with their sails tautly spread, fly over the water like flocks of sea-gulls on the wing; and mammoth steamers, hurrying to and from every quarter of the globe. And if it be night, this thoroughfare to the metropolis is illuminated, from its remotest landmark to the centre of its magnificent haven. Or, if misty haze envelop the coast, the shrill fog-whistles of Año Nuevo, Pigeon Point, Del Reyes, Farallon, with the "syren" on Point Bonito, and the trumpet of Point Lobos, warn and direct the anxious mariner. Thick weather is often met with; and at such times every visible object becomes at once of unusual interest, and a stranger might well be in doubt as to the nationality of the port he is nearing (if he judge from objects immediately about him): as frequently the first craft seen is an Italian fishing-boat, with its lateen sail, or a Chinese hoy, half *sampan*, half junk, with its oriental rig and celestial crew, who still adhere to their hereditary mode of navigating. There is a grandeur in the scenery about the approaches to the Golden Gate, commensurate with the vast resources of wealth within its portal. To the left are the Farallones, a cluster of fantastically formed rocks, the largest of which appears like a submarine mountain spur, from whose summit flashes the vivid light that casts its rays for leagues seaward, mingling with those of its brother sentinels on the shore. On the right is the precipitous white-face of San Pedro; and away to the left are broken elevations, some covered with wild oats to their summits, others tree-clad, and others with immense bowlders; while far in the distance can be seen the prominent peak of Mount Diablo. Then, as you pass onward, a whitened line of foam may stretch from the Bolinas Hills, on the north, to the sandy south shore: this is the turbulent bar, and amid the yawning rollers is seen the welcome pilot-boat, bounding through the glittering spray, anon receding in the curling chasms, as if playing with the elements. At length you enter the Golden Gateway, whose volcanic walls have been transformed into battlements, crowned with the heaviest ordnance of modern invention. Still on you glide, into the smooth waters of the bay, and cast anchor before the Golden City of the Western Slope.

It has been conjectured whether Sir Francis Drake ever visited this bay; but when one views the silver waters melting away in the eastern distance, it seems hardly probable that he ever beheld them; otherwise, he might have sought for a "north-west passage" with more prospects of success than did the Spanish explorers farther southward. Yet, is it more certain that he passed a season, and careened his vessels in the exposed bay formed by Point Reyes? The largest vessel of the Admiral's fleet—the *Pelican*, of one hundred tons—only drew thirteen feet when deeply laden, and the smallest was but a mere shallop: still, where the fleet really did refit, as described by the historian, is not altogether clear. But these words of the narrator, "It pleased God to send him into a safe and good bay," apply significantly to the lagoon which branches from the bay, and is named in honor of the renowned voyager. And when we read the accounts of Gray's sailing into his harbor on the coast of Oregon with the ship *Columbia*, it would appear comparatively easy for the ancient and very practical explorer to have moored his pigmy squadron in the snug *estero* which is landlocked by the hills of "Nova Albion."

From Punta de los Reyes northward to Point Arena, the coast is abrupt, with its ridges well wooded, where not relieved by occasional tracts of open

country. This description applies generally to the California coast north of Bodega, except at a few points where clusters of rocky islets jut out a little, and sand-shoals spread in front of "barred harbors." These, however, are not met with, until closing in with the shore. Tomales Bay and that of Bodega lie within the prominent headland, named after the Spanish adventurer Bodega, who, with Heceta, discovered it in 1775. Thence to Cape Mendocino the coast was formerly regarded as barren, and nearly inaccessible to shipping; but now every gap and gorge is the site of a hamlet with its busy mill, or the residence of *rancheros*, surrounded by their herds; and, wherever the foreland is shorn of trees, a net-work of fences inclose fields, shaded by the forest, with tidy dwellings scattered among them. Some of the outside harbors, where at all sheltered from the northern blasts, are quite smooth during the summer months. Among them is that of Fort Ross, which is situated in a slight indentation eleven leagues from Los Reyes; and on the bluff, a hundred feet above, is the old Russian establishment from which the anchorage takes its name. We say old, because what remains of the primeval structures imparts an effete and romantic touch to the surrounding scenery; and, when viewed from the offing, it presents a military bearing which reminds one of those isolated fortresses of past ages, perched within the fastnesses of the mountains, where the lord of the manor defended his own castle. Four bastions pierced for cannon, and loop-holed for musketry, constituted the main defenses, which were regarded as impregnable by the allied tribes who roamed over the then wild country, or became vassals to the Eagle and the Crown. Two of these semi-martello towers menaced the interior vicinity, while the others forbade approach from the sea—one of which still remains, and, in its present attitude, produces a striking effect, as it inclines toward the dashing waves at an angle equal to that of the tower of Pisa. Every thing about the premises shows a system of order; and within the lines of the old stockade is the curiously built Greek chapel with its bell-tower, from which rang the call for both noble and serf to assemble and chant their prayers. In viewing the southern border-land, we think of the Jesuit missionaries, as accomplishing almost miracles in converting the natives, and founding the *pueblos*. Yet, the Russian colony, under the direction of its determined Commander, established themselves here, in spite of opposing Spanish authority, gathering about them their Indian adherents; and, by force of rigid discipline—both in ecclesiastical and domestic affairs—held supreme power over their acquired estate. However, there was hardly a pure Russian among them—the officers usually being natives of the Czar's American possessions, together with a force of Aleuts, and others who became sealers, sea-otter hunters, or soldiers—as occasion demanded—while the aboriginal horde tilled the soil, watched the flocks that grazed upon the perennial herbage, or they pursued the wild game that enlivened the *collado* and *valle*.

Characteristic of imperial power—when the weekly moils were ended, all assembled, by command, for Divine worship, according to the Greek Church Ritual; and woe to the delinquent subordinate! for punishment was sure to be meted out in a measure that created the most radical and humble reform. These summary chastenings for their spiritual welfare, although beaten in at the back, doubtless gave rise to the saying: "Go to church and say your prayers, or stay at home and take your dozen."

Both at Bodega and Ross the col-

onists maintained their settlements for nearly twenty years, where they raised agricultural supplies for the northern possessions, and collected the valuable furs of the otter and seal—meanwhile sustaining, at the point of the bayonet, their Sovereign's will in matters of Church and State, against their jealous neighbors. But the Aleut in his *baidarka*, and the peasant in his sheepskin, have long ago left the domain, with the brigantines of Sitka, which made their annual rounds; and the estate of Fort Ross has long since passed into other hands. Modern tenements have sprung up within the original fortified lines, where reside, in a sort of regal style, the present proprietors, who enjoy the pleasures of sea-side rural life, mixed with the refinements of the city; and the remaining Indian vassals are provided for, having a cantonment near by, where they pass their time in blissful indolence.

The whole coast between Bodega and Mendocino, which is beautifully diversified, has a continued line of loading-slips, whence the products of the country are shipped to domestic and foreign markets. It is a novel sight to see the numerous vessels scattered along the precipitous heights, surging at their moorings among the rocks, in the midst of the rebounding ground-swells. Beyond the hills and mountains are wide-spreading valleys, smiling in the summer sun. Winding streams, fringed with the lithe willow and sparkling-leafed cottonwood, water the rich plains, covered with vineyards drooping in purple fruit; while waving fields of grain, with stately oaks clothed in their deep-green foliage, stud the natural diadem.

LESLIE LYON.

Leslie Lyon, he was my lover!
  Now I hate him with hate as deep
As ever my love was. Cover him over
  While he is lying fast asleep:
Red leaves, dead leaves, cover him over
  While he is lying under the tree,
  Where he came a-courting me!

Leslie Lyon, he was my lover!
  Out of his hand, so scarred and brown,
He gave me his sword when the war was over,
  And I, for my love's sake, twisted it down—
Twisted it under, and twisted it over,
  And gave it back in the shape of a crown!
Old leaves, cold leaves, drop from the tree,
And bury him where he courted me!

Twenty songs about my lover,
  All as sweet as a lullaby,
Made I when our love was over—
  Oh, that love should ever die!
And, as the child strings leaves of clover
  And leaves of roses, so did I

String my love-songs under the tree,
Where he came a-courting me.

Leslie Lyon, he was my lover,
And he is as false as false can be:
Fall and cover him over and over,
Where he is lying under the tree.
Down and down, black leaves and brown,
And chill him and kill him under the tree,
Where he came a-courting me!

TOO LATE.

SINCE our father's death, my sister and I had lived together as of old, unwilling to break up hallowed associations, and found ourselves, by putting our incomes together, enabled to live in a style of easy independence, wholly out of the question if expended in two separate establishments. The property had been divided legally, though, so far from possessing separate interests, my sister kept our old home precisely as though father and mother still lived to guide her household economy. In another year, I should have full control over my income, dependent upon shares in one of the great, profitable mines of Mexico. My sister was naturally interested in my plans for the future, as they would, perhaps, largely interfere with her own tranquillity; but I had no plans for the future. I was sailing down "Life's solemn main" as though it were never ruffled with storms, nor shaken to its depths by raging tempests.

Still, matrimony I looked upon as an impossible luxury; and my sister, who was an old maid, and accustomed to express her opinions of her sex very tartly, perhaps had prejudiced me, and would see me turn out an old bachelor with a grim satisfaction that I was so near my fate. In the northern portion of the metropolis of New England, there stands a large family mansion, profusely ornamented with urns, and ox-heads, bound with the sacrificial wreath, evidently borrowed from some classic altar, and considered "the style" a century ago. The immense edifice is three stories high, and, even now, would be considered magnificent, were it not in a ruinous, uninhabitable condition. One-half of the house was occupied thirty years ago, but the other half, even then, was deserted and falling into ruin. The old trees shook their autumn leaves into the grand entrance-door of the western side, while the storms of many years had swept through the immense windows, long since destitute of glass. How the slamming doors and creaking shutters used to startle me, as I hurried past to school, when a child—leading to the impression, which became a belief finally, that it was haunted! A neglected garden surrounded the old edifice, inclosed with a fence, half brick and half paling, and on the gate was a brass plate, showing forth the legend, "INCHES." The inhabitants of this moldering old ruin were entirely unknown to the neighbors. Some persons, of a social disposition, had ventured to call, but were repulsed by a little, old man, who demanded, abruptly, "what their business was," the side-door opening scarcely wide enough to permit the sound to pass. On stating their business to be "merely

"Tell me, then, in the amplitude of your wisdom: what is it?"

"*She loves another!*"

"That's a falsehood! and if you love me, or have the least regard for me, don't repeat what you have just said. I might forget myself!"

"I shall never repeat it, nor ever attempt to put you on your guard, after to-night, when I shall prove to you that my statement is true. You shall see for yourself with your own eyes; then, let your future be your own: I shall have done my duty."

She then told me that some time since a neighbor, whose residence overlooked the rear of "the Folly," had remarked that the glass gallery of the half-ruined mansion had been repaired and curtained with lace drapery, and partially filled with hot-house plants; that almost every evening, after it was lighted with dull lamps, a young gentleman was seen promenading up and down the entire width of the house, with Miss Laura on his arm! The soft twilight, drapery, and flowers did not conceal the fact that both parties seemed to be on very intimate terms. My sister had spent an evening at her neighbor's and had verified the statement, and now proposed that I, too, should be convinced. I suggested an immediate investigation: we hastened to the rendezvous previously planned by my sister; and there, to my utter confusion, was Laura promenading the glass gallery on the arm of a young man of about my own age! He could not be a relative, as Laura had told me, that, except her father, she had none in America. Still incredulous, I resolved to seek an interview at once. I tried the gate—it was locked! All the noise I could make at its still strong bars, short of rousing the neighborhood, would be unheard in the rambling old mansion, especially in the rear: still, I would not be denied, but, blinded by jealousy and the thought of deception, I scaled the wall, and sneaked to the rear of the building; where, after stumbling over old-fashioned flower-beds and prostrate statues, I obtained a fair view of my false love and her lover. This, then, was why I had been told never to call in the evening! Should I force an entrance, and upbraid her who had so cruelly deceived me? No! What good would that do? The enchantress would only laugh at my frenzy. The lover—but of what use to quarrel with him? "Kisses!" Grossly deceived and utterly lonely, my brain whirled, but I felt convinced. I bade farewell, as I left the garden, to all hopes of happiness, and to all aspirations toward a wedded life. A wanderer henceforth on earth, with a withered, riven heart—and a curse on this house and all it contains!

The next day I astonished the white-haired, gold-spectacled, prosperous President of the Great Idria Mining Company, by offering my services, as a stockholder, to proceed at once to Mexico as superintendent of our interests there. Such a person was wanted, but no shareholder had been found willing to undertake a task so remote, and of so much difficulty and responsibility.

At my new post I flung myself into the details of the immense enterprise, with the feverish ardor of one eaten up with avarice. Every moment of my waking hours was devoted to the most searching investigations, and the combination of appliances with which to bring the mine to its highest productive power. New shafts were sunk, old pumps discarded, discipline established, and New England economy practiced. The profits trebled, and the Directors, in their magnanimity, sent me "resolutions," which I never read. In the years that passed away few letters from home reached me. I became rich, but worked on with all my might and all my strength—to forget. When my sister died, I

was alone indeed. Wealthy, without the slightest desire for those things only at the command of the affluent! One void I felt, one thing I did want: my own home, and my own and only love—Laura.

One bright morning I awoke to the consciousness that my fortieth birthday had dawned. Nineteen years in a strange land! I had been an exile as long, nearly, as I had lived in the land of my birth; and I knew that yet a little longer, and I should never leave my present abode for any other. The expatriated man ever looks back to the land of his childhood with longing; and, should he ever be so happy as to return to the scenes of his youth, he would find, alas! that he did not grow old with familiar faces, and familiar places. He would be puzzled to see so many curly pates of his boyhood silvered o'er with the stern frost of time; and pained with the inscriptions on so many tombstones, already neglected, and turning weather-worn, in the grave-yard. He forgets those lines of care, that map out the sorrows of his own life on features seen by others, and not by himself. And his own gray hairs!—when he discovered the first one, how eagerly he pulled it out, and how old he began to feel. Yes, thought I, the overland railroad will soon whirl me back to my old home, but home no longer; and then, Europe offers an asylum for those who love art, and the perfection of that ease that neither knows, nor loves, hurry and excitement.

After sauntering through the capitals of Europe, I arrived at Brussels, where I found quite a colony of Americans, among whom were several acquaintances. Of all the places visited, this seemed the most home-like. The people here have settled down after the struggles of life, content with the past, and hopeful of the future. Belgian cities were all built and finished long ago. There is no hurrying through the streets, blockaded with the builders' *débris*. Merchants and tradesmen all seem to have retired on a competency, and still continue in business just to keep their minds and hands employed. No one seems to be very wealthy or very poor. There is much Court display, but nothing comparable to that of the "great" Powers.

One evening, as I was dealing the cards at a whist-party, in the drawing-room of the two old Misses B——, one of them remarked that on the morrow a dear bosom-friend of hers would take the veil at the Convent of the Ursulines—a ceremony she would be sure to witness—and inquired whether I did not desire to behold so novel a sight. To this I readily assented. The next day we were set down at the great gates of an ancient, fortress-like building, and shown into the convent chapel, itself a large building, so arranged, by the means of an iron-grating and wire-gauze, that the nuns could be present at the services without being seen, though they could themselves behold every body in the main portion of the edifice. The chapel was soon filled with a crowd of interested spectators, and the lights of the altar cast a brilliant lustre around the dark and gloomy chancel. To the soft, plaintive strain from the organ, the procession marched into the chapel, entering from the rear of the splendid altar. The bride of Christ was robed in the costliest Belgian lace, and was here solemnly to espouse the Lamb described in the mystical Canticle of Solomon. Then came a burst of triumphant song, followed by a *solo* voice. With bated breath I listened; the voice pierced my inmost soul, and opened all the old wounds afresh—it was Laura's voice!

I was told afterward that I arose from my chair in the chapel, gazed around the sacred building like one demented, and then fell to the floor in a fainting fit. Some gentlemen present carried me to the open door, and, finding me still un-

conscious, placed me in my carriage and accompanied me to my rooms. After many days I awoke from what seemed a long, unrefreshing sleep. My nurse, a kind old Flemish lady, bade me be "very, very still, as I had been very ill."

"I know that was Laura's voice," said I.

"Doctor, he is talking in English," said my attendant, in French, to a third person.

A kind old English gentleman then came to my bedside.

"My dear sir," said he, "you have been dangerously ill, and are now in a fair way of recovery, if you are careful to keep perfectly quiet in mind; for your body is very weak indeed, and the least excitement may cause a relapse and your death."

A whole month glided by before I was permitted to leave my room, when I sought my old friend, Miss B——, to make inquiries about the unhappy circumstance that had occurred in the chapel, and, above all, to discover the fate of Laura. She informed me, that, overcome with heat and the stifling atmosphere of the crowded church, I had fainted—because, probably, already infected with the fever which had so nearly carried me off. As for the *solo* singer, she was a nun who had for years displayed her great musical abilities in the convent choir; but more she did not know. She had heard that the Sister, Maria Pia, had also been too ill to sing in the choir since the unlucky day of the solemn procession. I returned home, and addressed a short note to Sister Maria Pia, requesting an interview in the convent parlor, and stating, that, having discovered, by the merest accident, the fact of her being a member of one of the most rigorous Orders of the Church, I supposed it was for reasons best known to herself, after a life of what charity itself would consider far from being commendable. Our youth had now fled forever, and we could behold things in their true light. With no warmer feelings than those of a brother, I begged to know if I could in any way be of service to her, and requested that I might pay her a long, last farewell, before leaving Europe for my home in Mexico.

Two days afterward I was handed the following note:

"SIR:—Feelings of delicacy, as well as the rules of our community, forbid a personal interview. You can be of no service to me, but by simply never thinking of me again. The dreadful shock of your departure for a foreign land nearly cost me my reason, as it was unexplained, and left me terrified, lest I had given unwittingly some cause for an abandonment so cruel. Years afterward, when my idiot brother died, I learned from your sister, in the midst of my second grief, the whole origin of your unreasoning jealousy. Shortly after my return from Europe, where I had been educated in the very convent of which I am now an unworthy member, I visited my poor brother, then in an asylum for the purpose of treatment. His melancholy was of a mild type, and hopes were held out to me of perhaps ultimate recovery, should the patient receive the attentions of one devoted to his exclusive care. This task I imposed upon myself, and in the evenings, when his attacks were more frequent, I forbade the attentions of my friends, to give myself up to the care of my brother. He it was whom you saw in the glass gallery. I did wrong, perhaps, in concealing his existence, even from you; but my motive was, in case of failure, to settle my small fortune upon that unfortunate being, and making him as comfortable as he could be, leave him to the care of my medical friends and the kind lawyer at whose office you learned my address. That fateful morning, when we were both too late for the train, I was on my way to bring him home to the ruined old mansion

which I then dignified with the name. If I did wrong, bitterly, in sackcloth and ashes, have I atoned for my error. Proud as you, I never left your sister's side till she promised to keep my secret. Ten years of slavish devotion to an idiot brother and a childish old man (my father) had made me old. My bitter disappointment had seared my heart. Weary and lonely, I looked forward to the day of my emancipation from my wretched existence, with longing anticipations. The convent has no gloom for me; for its holy peace and silent corridors are balm to my lacerated heart. Here I have sympathizing hearts, who have griefs of their own, but are ever ready to cheer on those whose hearts God alone can heal. My only object in writing this is to show you that you were unjust, or, at least, mistaken. We have made shipwreck here; let us look to the future for happiness, in that life where neither mistakes nor ignorance, neither passion nor error, can hide from our unwary feet the snares and pitfalls that surround the feet of men. When we meet again, it will be in that land where it is NEVER TOO LATE.

"LAURA."

CHINESE TRIENNIAL EXAMINATIONS.

THE current of Chinese society, usually gliding along so quietly, is stirred to its depth once in three years by the literary and military examinations for the second degree. The assembling of fourteen thousand or fifteen thousand students with their friends and servants, and of the numerous traveling merchants attracted to the place, has increased the population of the city of Canton by between thirty and forty thousand souls.

The Chinese are a literary people, and feel intensely interested in the literary advancement of their friends. Literary success is the highest honor which they can wish their fellow-clansmen to obtain; and they affect to look down on any man who has obtained a position in society by mere wealth, or by military achievements.

As the possessor of a degree holds a position of influence in the community, and has certain privileges in his intercourse with the mandarins, every one is glad to have a "friend at Court" to help him in a case of difficulty. Family pride and attachment to his native village, which is the form patriotism assumes in China, makes every one feel a personal interest in the success of his near relatives. Every one hopes, with visions of present attentions and services, to be repaid with interest in fine openings for sons and grandsons, so that they may "eat the Emperor's rice" as secretaries and privy councilors to his Honor or his Excellency, and that his friend will obtain a higher degree and become a mandarin.

This examination is for the title *Kujin;* literally, "exalted man," or M. A., as it is sometimes called. It is held in the provincial capital, once in three years, as a rule; but, as a matter of favor, an extra one is sometimes ordered to commemorate some joyful event, as the accession to the throne of a new Emperor, or the Emperor's marriage. The candidates should all have obtained the degree of *Sin-t'sai*, or B. A.; but in the present impoverished state of the imperial treasury, those who have purchased a certain honorary title are allowed to compete for the degree of M. A. It is said the latter very rarely obtain it, except by bribery.

The number of *Kujin* which may be chosen from a province, is equal to the

number of districts which it contains. Thus the province of Kwang Tung, of which Canton is the capital, is entitled to seventy-two. This is known as "the fixed number." Besides this, when wealthy inhabitants of a province make contributions (often compulsory) to the imperial treasury, the Emperor grants, as a *douceur*, some additional *Kujin* to the province, and these are known as "the special favor." They amount at present to 37, making the whole number 109, for which there are sometimes 15,000 competitors, assembled from all parts of the province.

As the Examination Buildings, immense as they are, can not accommodate so many, the number is reduced by a preliminary examination. Those who pass this are termed *wei t'sai*, and are entitled to enter. During this preliminary examination, which is held at the Hall of the Literary Chancellor, and extends over a fortnight, the names of those writing the worst essays are thrown out, until the number of candidates is reduced to suit the accommodations in the *Kung Yuen*, or Examination Buildings. At this year's examination, the number of *wei t'sai* is reported to be about twelve thousand, increasing the chances for the degree to one in one hundred and ten.

Since Dr. Kerr's account of the Examination Buildings was written, the inclosure has been enlarged, and buildings put up to accommodate two thousand more students. In the construction of the great Examination Hall there is no attempt at ornament. The severest simplicity prevails throughout. The interest which attaches to the place is owing altogether to the uses for which it is found, on examination, to be so perfectly adapted.

The Examination Hall, described in this paper, is intended for the triennial examination, at which all the graduates of the first degree (*Sin-t'sai*) are required to be present. Since literature is cultivated in every part of the empire, and the same examinations are required by law to be held in every province, it will be remembered that there is a hall in every provincial capital, similar in every respect to the one here described.

In Canton the hall is situated on the south-east corner of the city, just within the walls. Its length is 1,330 feet; width, 583½ feet; and covers an area of 689,250 square feet. A high wall surrounds the whole, and two gates near the south ends of the east and west walls lead to the inclosure which admits to the main entrance.

There are two great divisions of the Examination Hall: the ranges of cells for the candidates, and the apartments for the officers who superintend the examination.

Entering the main door, and passing the Gate of Equity, and the Dragon Gate, the visitor is admitted into the great central avenue, which divides the ground into two nearly equal parts. The avenue is lined with trees, and there is a stone walk in the centre, and one on each side. On each side of the avenue are the ranges of cells, and each range is marked by a character of colossal proportions, taken from the Thousand-Character Classic. They present a most striking appearance to one entering the hall for the first time.

On the east side there are 75 ranges, divided into 4,767 cells. On the west side there are 68 ranges, divided into 3,886 cells, making a total of 8,653. Each range is covered by a roof, which stands toward the south, and is six feet high at the lower edge. A passage, three feet eight inches wide, extends the whole length of each range; and thus, all the cells in each range communicate with each other. The cells are five feet nine inches deep, and three feet eight inches wide, and have grooves in the side-walls, which admit planks that answer for a bed at night, and a

seat and table in day-time. During the progress of the examination there are gates placed at the entrance to each range, which are sealed up.

In the central avenue is a building, two stories high, called the Observatory, which commands a view of all the ranges of cells. In the second story is an image of the God of Literature (*Fui Sing*).

A little beyond this building, an inscription is placed over the central walk, "The opening heavens circulate literature;" and near this, on each side of the avenue, are two small receptacles for waste-paper, marked "Reverence written papers."

That part of the hall occupied by the officers who superintend and conduct the examination, is about one-third of the space included within the walls. This section is subdivided into two parts, which communicate with each other by only one passage. The first, or "outer part," is occupied by officers who superintend and manage the routine of business, copyists, etc. The second, or "inner part," is devoted exclusively to the Imperial Commissioners and their assistants, whose business it is to examine the essays.

At the end of the great avenue is the "Hall of Perfect Honesty," which is open on its south side toward the avenue. The essays are here delivered to seven officers, who receive them, and give, in return, a ticket, which allows the holder to go out at the Dragon Gate. The essays are examined here, and, if there is much blotting, or if certain rules in writing characters are violated, the writer's name is posted in blue ink at the outside entrance, and he is not again admitted.

In the rear of the "Hall of Perfect Honesty," and connected with it by a covered passage, is the "Hall of Restraint," where the essays are received by three officers, whose business it is to seal up the outside page of each essay, on which is written the name, age, residence, ancestors, etc., of the writer. A list of the names is kept, and the essays are then passed to another officer, under whose direction they are all copied in red ink. From one to two thousand writers are employed at this work.

On the right of the "Hall of Restraint," is a passage which leads to the apartments occupied by the *Kieu-lin*, or Chief Superintendent of the examination, and who presides over and controls every department. The Governor of the province is, *ex-officio*, Chief Superintendent.

Passing beyond the "Hall of Restraint," the visitor enters the covered passage-way which leads into the inner chamber, or green-room, called the "Hall of Auspicious Stars," where the essays pass the ordeal which determines the fate of the twelve thousand aspirants for literary honors. On the right and left of the "Hall of Auspicious Stars," are apartments for the accommodation of the two Imperial Commissioners, sent from Pekin for the special purpose of conducting the triennial examination.

When the essays have been copied in red ink, they are sent to the Readers, who compare each copy with the original. The originals are then returned to the Governor, and the copies in red ink are delivered to the Receiver for the inner chamber. They are there divided among the two assistant Examiners, who select a certain number of the best, and these only are submitted to the inspection of the Imperial Commissioners, who give the final verdict.

The Commissioners and Examiners are required to do their work in each other's presence, and also in the presence of a monitor. None of them are allowed to have any intercourse with persons in the other departments, and they are not allowed to take essays to their private rooms at night. The utmost care is taken to secure fair and honest decisions.

The police force required for the occasion is very large. One military officer has general command, and he has under him thirty-six high officers, and twenty-four of an inferior rank.

Printing is an important business within the inclosure, since the texts for the essays must be cut, and eight or nine thousand copies printed in one night.

The arrangement of the cells is designed to give each candidate a private room, when, with nothing but pen, ink, and paper, he has a fair opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the classics and his skill in composition. The reward placed before him, and the numbers competing for the same prize, stimulate to the highest exertion.

The students always enter the inclosure on the eighth day of the eighth month, or of the "harvest moon"—sometime in September. The Examiners go in two days before. They time their departure from Pekin so as to arrive at the provincial capital a few days before the sixth. During the interval between their arrival and their entering the inclosure, they are supposed to be closely watched, and no communication is allowed with them after they go into the *Kung Yuen*. The Chinese law trusts nothing to a man's honor, but supposes every mandarin to be a rogue, constantly looking for bribes (and is not far wrong in supposing so). Hence, a system of espionage is constantly kept up. The degree of M. A. is something which wealthy students are willing to pay handsomely for; and the Master of Examination must make all his money in a short time, for his office only lasts for a couple of months. He is, therefore, well watched, and no one gets access to him without paying well for the privilege.

About noon, on the sixth, the Examiner enters the *Kung Yuen*. The mandarins are seated in their sedans, dressed in their robes of office, preceded by lictors and attendants, beating gongs, and bearing flags and various insignia of office. The streets are lined with spectators, and have been alive for hours with crowds from the city and country, all eager to get a glimpse of the Master from Pekin. All aspirants must go in the *Kung Yuen* three times before the examination is over.

It is now the eighth of the eighth month, when they enter for the first time. Go with me to the Examination Hall, that we may observe them as they enter. We will enter the old city by the large south gate, and, turning into that narrow street to the right, we pass the shops where artificial flowers are made. Notice the workers—all men. No nice work, not even fine embroidery, is done by the women in China. Now we come to the temple of Kwan Ti, the God of War, and the patron saint of the Mantchoo dynasty. We have not time to examine its massive timbers and uncouth images, bedecked with red and gold; but the eye is struck with the neat appearance of the green, glazed tiles with which the roof is covered. A few steps more bring us to the Departmental Confucian Temple, where the degrees are publicly conferred on the successful candidates. On a stone tablet on each corner of the grounds is the inscription, "Civil and military mandarins must dismount here." This is an honor paid to Confucius that none, even of the Chinese gods, has yet attained to: no one can ride past his temple on horseback. Passing along a street full of furniture stores, we come to the small south gate, and then we reach our desired post of observation—the gate of the *Kung Yuen*. The students have been going in since daylight, and the living stream will continue to flow until nightfall, for some twelve thousand men have to answer to their names.

Each has a green bag hung round his neck, to hold his pencils and papers, and

is dressed in a long, blue coat, or gown, and has a skull cap with red button. Each man carries a stout piece of bamboo—the yoke with which he will carry his load into the inclosure. His blankets, neatly put up in a sheet of oil-cloth, hang on one end of the yoke, and on the other, a large basket, containing eatables, tobacco, pipe, and any other article, not contraband, which he chooses to take with him. Many of the students come in chairs, but the majority walk, and have coolies to carry their baggage. At the gate, every man takes up his own burden, for Chinese and Tartar soldiers are on guard, and suffer no one but students to enter. Politicians are not more assiduous in their attentions to candidates than the many sympathizing friends who accompany the students to the inexorable gate, where they leave them with best wishes and cheering words.

Here comes an old man—eighty-six years old!—tottering along, supported by his son and grandson. He hopes to obtain a degree, as a favor; showing their respect for old age, and for the perseverance which leads a man to attend examinations, time after time, during a long life. It is said one of the students, this year, is over ninety years of age. He knows he can not enjoy his honor long, if he gets it, but he will leave a *name* to posterity, and his native village will have the honor of giving birth to another *Kujin.*

Here comes a young fellow with satin boots, a blue button on his cap, and a blue gauze coat girded with a belt, with a large amethyst set in the clasp. Conscious of his rank he strides along, with head erect, glancing at the lined way for looks of approval. The son of a mandarin, he prefers to walk that he may display his clothes.

Here comes a jolly old fellow, dragging a basket-wagon containing his baggage along the street quite independently, and smiles at the sarcastic remarks of the people! We feel like patting him on the shoulder, and wishing him all success.

Look at that man. See his stiff gait, his peaked shoulders almost as high as his ears, his stooped back, his stolid face in which every muscle seems frozen stiff, his hue dull, cancerous, cadaverous. This is a confirmed opium-smoker. His eyes have an unnatural glare. If you notice these students, you will be struck with the fact that so few of them have fresh, healthy-looking faces. More than half of them show to an experienced eye that they are addicted to opium.

When we saw indications of ability and intellect in some of the students—and the number was very limited—we could not help but regret that, in China, men's brains, like women's feet, must be so cramped; that fine powers must be devoted to the minute study of the puerilities and commonplace truths of Confucius and Mencius, and not be allowed to develop themselves by a wider grasp of thought. From their youth the sentiment has been instilled into their minds: "Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius! Before Confucius there never was a Confucius. Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius. Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

The rude contact of Western civilization, of late years, has as yet failed to put new ideas into the heads of Chinese scholars. The Chinese literary man says: "Yes, the Western nations surpass us in mechanics; in handicraft and wealth we can not compete with them: but all this is material. In the lofty domain of the mind we surpass them; in profound philosophical speculations, and in moral maxims, we remain superior. How is it possible for them, with their meagre alphabet of twenty-six symbols, to express the wide range of thought and infinite shades of meaning which our expressive language pictures forth by its thousands of

characters? Among all their Western sages, where is there one who has commanded the homage of centuries, and molded the minds of millions, like our Confucius?"

When a man obtains a B.A. or M.A. degree, he becomes, *ipso facto*, a member of the gentry. This gives him influence, and opens up to him many avenues for making money. Influence in the community is one of the most powerful motives which lead a man to seek a literary degree. In the province of Kwang Tung, at least, the gentry of the different districts form an organized body, known as the *Kung Kuk*, or "general committee." This committee forms a species of municipal government, independent of that of the mandarins, and which the latter could not offend with impunity. A member of the gentry can not be chained if arrested, nor can an ignominious punishment be awarded him until he has first been degraded.

The power of life and death is said to have been granted to them during the Tai P'ing rebellion. At any rate, they exercise it; and the unhappy man who incurs their anger is drowned, or beheaded, without ever being tried by a mandarin. I remember once seeing thirty-six ghastly heads hung up on poles near an ancestral hall where a powerful "committee" sat. The criminals were executed by order of the committee. Confiscation is a common mode by which they punish offenders, and manage, at the same time, to enrich themselves. Being invested with authority in their own neighborhoods, they sometimes exercise it more effectually than the mandarins are able to do.

The *Kujin* has the privilege of going to Pekin, and seeing the Emperor—considered one of his highest honors; and, while there, he goes through his examination for the Doctorate (*Tsin Sy*).

The students, as they enter the gate, are searched for copies of the classics from which the themes are selected. The Emperor does not reckon on honor as a "constant quantity" in his subjects. A part of the exercise is, that they remember the context and circumstances under which the maxim was spoken; hence, a book is contraband. For the accommodation of the students, booksellers have a kind of "diamond" edition of the classics, in as small type as the Chinese characters will bear. However strict the examination, the "diamond" sheets find their way into the cells in dumplings, fruit, and in the lining of their clothes. At four A.M. the theme is announced, and in their cells they must remain until the morning of the 10th.

This intense mental application, the excitement of the occasion, and the heat of the season often have an injurious effect; and it is not strange that the nervous system of some of the twelve thousand gives way to the strain. Several years ago, eight were found dead in their cells, after the examination.

On the 10th, we find ourselves at the *Kung Yuen* early. The students have already been coming out for several hours. The doors are thrown open at daylight, and the candidates come out as they finish writing their essays. An immense crowd is collected at the gate, composed of friends, spectators, and coolies. The students force their way through the crowd. Coolies and chair-bearers seize baggage and person without question. It is the scene at a railway station or steamboat landing in the West, intensified as to the number of applicants for employment, and their impudence and recklessness. Some of the students carry rattans, and belabor the naked shoulders of the coolies deservingly.

On the last night—sixth of the ninth month—just a month after the *Chu Kau* entered the Examination Buildings—the list of successful graduates is posted

up. The whole city is on the *qui vive*. The excitement is similar to that on the day when the result of an important and closely contested election is announced. Large amounts of money will change hands now. In no election in the West can the excitement be more universal and more intense, for there are 12,000 candidates, and only 109 can be elected. Every body is interested in one or more of these candidates, for they are brothers or cousins, uncles or nephews. This interest is intensified by the fact that numbers in all ranks of society have taken one or more chances in the lottery on the names of the candidates. This form of gambling is against Chinese law, and has been pretty effectually suppressed in Canton by the present efficient Governor, Chang; but the lottery-offices have been moved to Hongkong, where their keepers ply their trade with impunity.

In this lottery the prizes, instead of being determined by a combination of certain numbers, are determined by selected surnames occurring most frequently on the list of graduates. The betting is not on an individual, but on a surname. The most common surnames, the Chinese Smiths, Browns, and Joneses, are excluded from the scheme. For months before the examination, the Chinese discuss the abilities and probable success of the individuals of the different surnames, with as much warmth and interest as sporting-men discuss the "points" in the horses of their respective pedigrees.

Such is a Chinese competitive examination for civil service. In theory, it is fair. Every precaution is taken to award to merit alone; but, alas! however good regulations may be, they are executed by imperfect men. In China, the officials are corrupt; and there, as in lands nearer the setting sun, money will accomplish almost any thing. Still, good results have arisen from the Chinese system. It places a powerful motive to study before the minds of the people, and has caused schools and academies to spring up all through the land. It has caused education and liberal culture to be esteemed — they are the marks of a gentleman. No doubt, too, it has secured a better class of office-holders than would have been obtained had their offices depended merely on favor. It prevents much class-legislation, because the number of officials is yearly replenished by men from among the people.

Should a far-seeing sovereign arise in China, and introduce a more practical course of examination, much advance might be made. To men from the West numerous improvements suggest themselves. After all, however, China has the honor of making office depend upon merit and culture. If, in carrying the idea into practice, failures occur, let us rather try to follow the idea, and improve upon its practical working, than throw aside the principle of a competent civil service because the Chinese have not been able to put their theories into practice.

ABOUT SEA-LIONS.

AMONG the numerous species of *Mammalia* found upon the Pacific Coast of North America, none excite more interest than the sea-lion; even the valuable, and almost domesticated, fur seal of the Pribyloff group of islands fails to equal it in utility to the Aleutians, who depend upon it not only as a staple article of food, but obtain, by the sale of its silky skin, their foreign luxuries of every nature. But the fur seal—*Callorhinus ursinus*—dwells only periodically in isolated places, while the sea-lion, although having an extended geographical range, is a frequenter, not only of remote and secluded places, but also of thickly inhabited coasts, entering inland bays and rivers; at times disporting among the shipping, and quite frequently making some detached rock or reef, contiguous to the busy shore, a permanent abode, where it seems to enjoy its approximate union with civilization. The sea-lion is known, among naturalists, as belonging to the sub-family *Trichophocinæ*, of which there are three genera, and several varieties, said to be distributed as follows: *Otaria jubata*, found on the southern coasts and islands of South America; *Eumetopias Stelleri*, which inhabits the coasts and islands of the North Pacific, from California and southern Kamtchatka northward; *Zalophus Gillespii*, found on the coasts and islands of the North Pacific, from Lower California and southern Japan northward; *Zalophus lobatus*, of the Australasian seas.* To whatever genus of the *Trichophocinæ* the animals may belong, their general habits, so far as I have had opportunity to observe, are the same; the only difference being that those among their number who migrate north or south, conform, in some respects, to the various situations they may be placed in between the equatorial and polar regions.* We are acquainted, however, with only two genera, one of which (*Otaria jubata*) inhabits the coast of South America, and the other (*Eumetopias Stelleri*), which we have met with between the tropical lines of the Pacific, from the Gallapagos Islands—which are situated about the equator—northward, on the west coast of North America, nearly to Behring Strait, and west to the island of Saghalien, on the coast of eastern Siberia. The first-named genus has a short, rounded head, prominent above the eyes, and a shaggy mane, which imparts a resemblance to the king of beasts; hence, the appropriate name, sea-lion, which was given it when first described.

The *Eumetopias Stelleri* is of more symmetrical proportions than the *Otaria jubata*, and very nearly resembles the fur seal, more particularly the males; and, at a distance, it is difficult to distinguish between the two. The extreme length of the full-grown male sea-lion of the north may be set down at twelve feet; its greatest circumference, eight feet; and its weight, about one thousand pounds. Its head and neck are more elongated, and the latter is destitute of the mane which is characteristic of the lion of the

* This classification and geographical distribution is based upon the authority of the valuable work of J. A. Allen, on the eared seals, lately published; with an account of the northern fur seals, by Captain Charles Bryant.

* Doubts have been expressed as to the migratory habits of the sea-lion; but I am fully convinced that there are individuals, at least, among all the northern herds, that change from the cold latitudes to the tropics, as I have killed several of the animals upon the southern coast of California, during the month of June, in which were found arrow or spear-heads, such as are used by the northern sea-coast natives.—C. M. S.

southern seas. Its mouth is armed with strong, glistening, white teeth, which partake both of the nature of the insectivorous and carnivorous animals. Its projecting upper lip is furnished, on each side, with strong, flexible whiskers, of a uniform white color, some of which grow to the length of ten inches. Its eyes are large, round, and full, expressing both intelligence and curiosity. Its ears are cylindrical at the root, tapering to a point, covered with short, fine hair, and lie nearly in a line with the body. Its limbs, which are encased with a sort of thick shagreen, combine the triple nature of legs, feet, and fins, and are far better adapted to locomotion in the watery element, where, when excited, its movements are swift and graceful, while on the land, the creature's awkward traveling requires great effort. Its body is covered with short, coarse, shining hair. The color of the adult males somewhat varies; individuals of the same rookery being quite black, with scattering hairs tipped with dull white, while others are of a reddish brown or dull gray. The female is not half the size of the male, and its color is a light brown. One of the average size, taken at Santa Barbara Island, coast of California, in the spring of 1871, measured six feet from tip to tip, and weighed one hundred and eighty-two pounds. Both male and female have a double coating of fat or blubber, lying between the skin and the flesh of the body. These coatings are separated by a thin layer of muscular tissue. The fat yields the oil of commerce, although inferior in quality to that of the sea-elephant. The young pups, or whelps, are of a slate color or black, and the "yearlings" are of a chestnut brown. An erroneous impression generally prevails relative to the size of the sea-lion, which is considered, by many, to be of mammoth proportions. And, when describing the larger species of *Mammalia* found in the vast ocean, there is a manifest propensity to magnify them till transformed into huge monsters, like the whale of the ancient voyagers, which "wore nine hundred foot long," or that distinguished specimen of the seal family, honored with the name of "Ben Butler," who, with his troop, holds possession of Seal Rock, off the cliffs of San Francisco, and who has been estimated at the great weight of two thousand pounds. The habits of the sea-lion exhibit many striking features. It not only dwells near the Arctic and Antarctic latitudes, but it basks upon the glittering sands under an equatorial sun.

On approaching an island, or point, occupied by a numerous herd, one first hears their long, plaintive howlings, as if in distress; but, when near them, the sounds become more varied, and deafening. The old males roar so loudly as to drown the noise of the heaviest surf among the rocks and caverns; and the younger of both sexes, together with the clapmatches, croak hoarsely, or utter sounds like the bleating of sheep. A rookery of the matured animals presents a ferocious and defiant appearance; but, at the approach of man, they become alarmed, and, if not opposed in their escape, will roll or tumble off steep rocks to hasten their flight. Like all others of the seal tribe they are gregarious, and gather in the largest numbers during the "pupping season," which varies in different latitudes. On the California coast it is from May to August, and upon the shores of Alaska from June to October; during which period the females bring forth their young, nurse them, associate with the young and valiant males, and both unite in the care of the little ones, keeping a wary guard, and teaching them, by their own paternal actions, how to move over the broken, slimy, rock-bound shore, or upon the sandy, pebbly beaches, and to dive and gambol amid the surf and rolling ground-swell. By the time the season is over, the juvenile

creatures disappear, with the greater portion of the old ones.

As the time approaches for the annual assemblage, they near the shores, appearing wild and shy. Soon after, however, the females gather upon the beaches, cliffs, or rocks, when the battles among the old males begin for the supreme control of the harem—these struggles often lasting for days, the fight being kept up till one or both become exhausted, but is renewed again when sufficiently recuperated for another attack; and, really, the attitudes assumed, and the passes made at each other, equal the amplifications of a professional fencer. The combat lasts until both become exhausted, or one is driven from the ground, or perhaps both become so reduced that a third party, fresh from his winter migration, drives them from the coveted charge. The vanquished animals then slink off to some retired spot, as if disgraced. At times, however, two or more will have charge of the same rookery; but, in such instances, frequent defiant growlings and petty battles occur.

There is but little attachment manifested between the sexes; indeed, much of the Turkish nature is apparent. The females, however, show affection for their offspring; but, if alarmed when on the land, they will instantly desert them, and take to the water. The young cubs, on the other hand, are the most fractious and savage little creatures imaginable, especially if awakened from their nearly continuous sleeping; and frequently, when a mother reclines to nurse her single whelp, a swarm of others will perhaps contend for the same favor. To give a more extended and detailed account of these interesting animals, we will relate a brief sketch of a sealing season upon Santa Barbara Island.

It was near the end of May, 1852, when we arrived; and, soon after, the rookeries of clapmatches, which were scattered around the island, began to augment, and large numbers of the huge males made their appearance, belching forth their sharp, ugly howls, and leaping out of, or darting through, the water with surprising velocity, and frequently diving outside the rollers, the next moment emerging from the foaming breakers, and waddling up the beach, or, with seeming effort, climbing some kelp-fringed rock, to doze in the scorching sunbeams, while others would lie sleeping or playing among the beds of seaweed, with their heads and outstretched limbs above the surface. But a few days elapsed before a general contention began for the mastery of the different rookeries, and the victims of the bloody encounters were to be seen on all sides of the island, with torn lips, or mutilated limbs and gashed sides; while, now and then, an unfortunate creature would be met with, minus an eye, or with the orb turned out of its socket, together with other wounds presenting a ghastly appearance. As the time of "hauling up" drew near, the island became one mass of animation: every beach, rock, and cliff, where a seal could find a foothold, became its resting-place; while a countless herd of old males capped the summit, and the united clamorings of the vast assemblage could be heard, in a calm day, for miles at sea. The south side of the island is high and precipitous, with a projecting ledge hardly perceptible from the beach below, upon which one immense lion managed to climb, and there remained for several weeks—till the season was over. How he ascended, or in what manner he retired to the water, was a mystery to our numerous ship's-crew, as he came and went in the night; for "Old Gray"—as named by the sailors—was closely watched in his elevated position during the time the men were engaged at their work on shore.

None but the adult males were captured, which was usually done by shoot-

ing them in the ear or near it; for a ball in any other part of the body had no more effect than it would in a grizzly bear. Occasionally, however, they are taken with the club and lance, only shooting a few of the masters of the herd. This is easily accomplished with an experienced crew, if there is sufficient ground back from the beach for the animals to retreat. An instance occurred, during our stay, which not only displayed the sagacity of the animals, but also their yielding disposition, when hard pressed in certain situations, as if naturally designed to be slain in numbers equal to the demands of their human pursuers. On the lee-side of Santa Barbara there was a pretty plateau, elevated less than a hundred feet above the sea, which stretched to the brink of a cliff that overhung the shore, and a narrow gorge led up from the beach, through which the animals crawled to their favorite resting-place. As the sun dipped behind the hills, fifty to a hundred males would congregate upon the spot, and there remain till the boats were lowered in the morning, when immediately the whole flock would quietly slip off into the sea and gambol about during the day, returning as they saw the boats again leave the island for the ship. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to take them; but, at last, while a fresh breeze was blowing directly from the shore, which prevented their scenting the hunters, they landed some distance from the rookery, then cautiously advanced, and suddenly, with flourish of muskets, clubs, lances, and yelling, rushed up within a few yards of them, while the pleading creatures, with lolling tongues and glaring eyes, were quite overcome with dismay, and remained nearly motionless. At last, two overgrown animals broke through the line formed by the men, but they paid the penalty with their lives before reaching the water. A few moments passed, when all hands moved slowly toward the rookery, which as slowly retreated. This maneuvre is called "turning them," and, when once accomplished, the disheartened creatures appear to abandon all hope of escape, and resign themselves to their fate. The herd at this time numbered seventy-five, which were soon dispatched, by shooting the largest ones, and clubbing and lancing the others, save one young lion, which was spared to ascertain whether it would make any resistance by being driven over the hills beyond. The poor creature only moved along through the prickly pears that covered the ground when compelled by his cruel pursuers; and, at last, with an imploring look and writhing in pain, it would hold out its fin-like arms, which were pierced with thorns, in such a manner as to touch the sympathy of the barbarous sealers, who instantly put the sufferer out of its misery by the stroke of a heavy club.

As soon as the animal is killed, the longest spires of its whiskers are pulled out, then it is skinned, and its coating of fat cut in sections from its body and transported to the vessel, where, after being "minced," the oil is extracted by boiling. A portion of the *testes* is taken out, which, with the selected spires of the whiskers, find a market in China—the former being used medicinally, and the latter for personal ornaments.

At the close of the season—which lasts about three months, on the California coast—a large majority of the great herd, both male and female, return to the water, and roam in all directions over the ocean in quest of food, as but few of their numbers could find sustenance about the waters contiguous to the island which is their annual resorting-place. They live on fish, *mollusca*, crustaceans, and sea-fowls, with the invariable addition of a few pebbles or smooth stones, some of which are a pound in weight. Their principal feathery food, however, is the penguin, in the southern hemi-

sphere, and the gulls in the northern; while the manner in which they decoy and catch the *gaviota* of the Mexican and California coasts, displays no little degree of cunning. When in pursuit, the animal dives deeply under water and swims a distance from where it disappeared, then, rising cautiously, it exposes the tip of its nose above the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion, like that of a water-bug at play; and the unwary bird on the wing, seeing the object near by, alights to catch it, while the lion, at the same moment, settles beneath the waves, and at one bound, with extended jaws, seizes its screaming prey, and instantly devours it.

A few years ago great numbers of sea-lions were taken along the coast of Upper and Lower California, and thousands of barrels of oil obtained. The number of seals slain exclusively for their oil would appear fabulous, when we realize the fact that each animal produces only about five gallons. Their thick, coarse-grained skins were not considered worth preparing for market, in a country where manual labor was so highly valued.

But while the civilized sealers, plying their vocation along the sea-board of California and Mexico, wantonly destroyed the *Leon marino*, chiefly for the paltry product of its fatty covering, the simple Aleutians of the Alaskan region derive from these *amphibia* many of their indispensable articles of domestic use; and it appears an instructing fact in the order of Providence, that the northern belt of coast, which is clothed with gigantic forests, and swarming with terrestrial animals of the chase, whereby the natives of the wooded regions find means of transport across the inland waters, and ample clothing from the skins of the animals which range through their hunting-grounds, that the thousand islands which diversify the shore between the capes of Mendocino and Ommany are but sparsely inhabited by the *eumetopias*, and those found are turned to little account by the semi-aquatic savage. But upon the seal-islands of Alaska, where the only timber at hand is that drifted from the great rivers draining the wooded main-land, we find rookeries of the largest sea-lions met with on the shores of the Pacific, gathered with the great herds of fur-seals which constitute the chief wealth of Alaska; and although the two species differ somewhat in their character, still they are found peacefully occupying the same breeding-grounds.

The principal rookery of sea-lions on St. Paul Island is near its north-east point; and to this place the natives resort, between the toils of the fur-seal season, to make their annual "drive" to their village, which is clustered about the slope and glen of the opposite shore. This "drive," to the good-natured Aleuts, is what the buffalo-hunt has been to the "Red-skins" on the plains of the Platte, or *matanza*-time with the old Californians; for the party starts out as on a sporting foray, and at night they stealthily get between the herd of immense creatures and the water; then, with their professional strategy, they manage to "cut out" six or eight of the largest at a time, and drive them a short distance inland, where they are guarded till a band of two or three hundred are assembled. Formerly the implement used in driving was a pole with a small flag at the end; but, since our adopted country-folks have become more Americanized, that Yankee production, a cotton umbrella, has been substituted, and it is said that any refractory *siutch* among the "drive" is instantly subdued by the sudden expansion and contraction of the umbrella, in the hands of the pursuing native.

To collect the desired number for the yearly supply involves several days: therefore the whole throng of villagers set out prepared with every thing need-

ful for their campaign; and as the work of driving goes on only at night, the day is passed in sleeping and cooking their food by smoldering fires of drift-wood and seal-fat, sheltered by their umbrellas, or a sort of tent contrived by spreading blankets and garments over whales' ribs, in lieu of tent-poles; never forgetting in their repast the fragrant *chi*, which is quaffed by numberless cups from the steaming *sam-o-var*. At length, the whole troop of animals being assembled, a flash of umbrellas here and there, with the call of the herdsmen, bring all into moving phalanx. But the time for driving must be either at night, after the dew has fallen, or a dark, misty, or rainy day; for the thick mat of grass that covers the land must be wet, in order that the animals may easily slip along in their vaulting gait over the green road to their place of execution. Under the most favorable circumstances, the march does not exceed six miles in twenty-four hours; and it being a distance of four leagues or more to the village, three days and nights are usually spent before they arrive at the slaughtering place. There they are allowed to remain quiet for a day, to cool their blood, which becomes much heated by the tedious journey; after which, they are killed by shooting. The dead animals are then skinned, and their hides packed in tiers till fermented sufficiently to start the hair, when they are stretched on frames to dry, and eventually become the covering or planking for the Aleutian *baidarkas* and *baidarras*. The fat is taken off and used for fuel, or the oil is rendered to burn in their lamps. The flesh is cut in thin pieces from the carcass, laid in the open air to dry, and becomes a choice article of food. The sinews are extracted, and afterward twisted into thread. The lining of the animal's throat is put through a course of tanning and then made into boots, the soles of which are the under covering of the lion's fin-like feet. The intestines are carefully taken out, cleaned, blown up, stretched to dry, then tanned, and worked into water-proof clothing. The stomach is emptied of its contents, turned inside out, then inflated and dried for oil-bottles, or it is used as a receptacle for the preserved meat; and what remains of the once formidable and curious animal is only a mutilated skeleton.

Crossing Behring's and the Okhotsk seas, to the coasts of Siberia, including the peninsula of Kamtchatka and the island of Saghalien, the mode of capture by the natives changes from that of the eastern continental shores. The inlets and rivers of these Asiatic regions swarm with salmon from June to September, and at this season the seals follow, and prey upon them as they ascend the streams. The natives then select such places as will be left nearly bare at low-tide, and there set their nets—which are made of seal-thongs—to strong stakes, so placed as to form a curve open to the confluence of the stream. These nets are similar to gill-nets, the meshes being of a size to admit the seal's head—which gives free passage to the shoals of fish—and the pursuing animal, as soon as entangled in the net, still struggles forward in its efforts to escape, but is held firmly in the meshes, where it remains till low-water, when the natives, in their flat-bottomed skin-boats, approach and dispatch the victim with their rude, bone implements. As the season becomes warm, the animals of both sexes congregate in their favorite rookeries, and the females climb to the most inaccessible places among the rocks and crags, to bring forth and nurture their offspring. But here they are hunted by the natives accustomed to the use of fire-arms, who shoot them for the skins of the young ones, which are used for clothing. In the spring and fall, after the "net-sealing" is over, great numbers of sea-lions are captured on the floating ice, with gun or spear; and, during the rigorous

months, the seal-hunters cut through the congealed mass what they term "breathing-holes." Through these the seals emerge to the frosted surface, and, if the sun peers through the wintery clouds, the creature, warmed into new life, may stroll hundreds of yards away; but the watchful hunter, secreted behind a cake of ice or a bank of snow, rushes out from his covert, places a covering over the hole, effectually preventing the animal's escape, and then dispatches it with knife and spear. Its skin is stripped off, scraped clean, closely rolled, and laid away till the hair starts—this process is called "sonring;" then the hair is scoured off, and the bare hide is stretched to season—usually requiring about ten days—when it is taken down and rubbed between the hands to make it pliable, which completes the whole course of dressing it. The prepared hides are then converted into harness for the sledge-dogs and reindeer, and water-proof bags; if wanted for the soles of moccasins, or to cover their skin-boats, they are dried with the hair on, and become nearly as stiff as plates of iron. The blubber of the animals, if killed in the fall or winter, is preserved by freezing, and is used for food, fuel, and lights, as desired; while the same part of those taken during the spring and summer is put in the skins of young seals, and placed in earthen vaults, where it keeps fresh till required for consumption. The residue of the animal is tumbled into a reservoir, sunk below the surface of the ground, where it is kept for the winter's supply of food for the dogs, which live on the frozen flesh and entrails of the seals, whose skin furnishes the tackle by which they transport the primitive sledge over the snow-clad wastes of Siberia and Kamtchatka.

In the southern antipodes, the sea-lion is but rarely pursued by the aborigines; for the Fuegians, who are so little elevated above the beast, have no means of capturing the animal, like the Aleuts and Koraks of the north; and those degraded types of humanity, who wander about the shores of Terra del Fuego, partake of the same food as do the amphibious herds. But the Patagonians are sometimes found clothed in long mantles of sea-lion skins, and the seal is otherwise utilized by them; and along the coasts of Chile and Peru, the inflated skins of the sea-lion are frequently used instead of the wooden *balsa*, or catamaran.

The vast herds of these marine animals to the far north and south do not materially diminish, as they are hunted by the natives solely for domestic consumption; but those found on our California shores will soon be exterminated by the deadly shot of the rifle, or driven away to more inaccessible haunts.

SETH DENE'S REVELATION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE cottage of the Denes stood back some thirty feet from the road—it could scarcely be called a street, being without sidewalk or curb-stones, and resembling a country lane far more than a city thoroughfare. An old-fashioned flower-plat, laid out with rigid formality, occupied the space in front of the cottage. In the rear was a kitchen-garden, and back of that a small orchard of old apple-trees, whose gnarled and strangely contorted trunks presented a highly picturesque appearance.

The Doctor and myself were admitted by Dene's sister Rachel, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. Her eyes were red with weeping, but her manner was perfectly composed, and exhibited no sign of the natural weakness that might have been anticipated under the circumstances. She conducted us into the "best room," furnished with stiff, solemn-looking, straight-backed chairs, covered with horse-hair, and a huge, old-fashioned sofa to match. The mirror over the mantel was quaintly adorned with sprays of asparagus, and peacock's feathers, and above it was a monumental "sampler," flanked by two grim silhouettes presenting Mrs. Dene and her late husband in sharply cut profile. Here we were presently joined by the widow, who showed even fewer traces of emotion than her daughter. She was a tall and rather imposing-looking woman of nearly sixty, with iron-gray hair and expressive features, indicative of rare decision and strength of character. It was not easy to realize that we were in the house of mourning, where the only son and brother had been so suddenly stricken down; for both these women had a look that was solemnly triumphant, rather than mournful or heart-broken. "I thought," said Mrs. Dene, "that Seth was to have been the prop of my declining years; but 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' When his brother Enoch died, fifteen years ago, it was a sore trial to my faith. He was a gentle creature, full of all natural goodness; but he died unreconciled to God, and without any outward tokens of a change of heart. That blow nearly crushed me; I cast my burden upon Him who is able to bear it. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? But for my son Seth I need not mourn as they who are without hope. His calling and election were sure. He did his Master's work as one who bears it always in mind that the night cometh in which no man can work."

Mother and sister seemed to feel a calm assurance that it was well with him who had been so suddenly summoned away from them, and that it would be mere selfishness to wish him back. Their demeanor reminded me of old Manoah's words, in the "Samson Agonistes," when informed of the heroic death of his son:

> —— "No time for lamentation now,
> Nor much more cause.
> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or beat the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

Caracoli could scarcely conceal his impatience while the conversation was going on that preceded Mrs. Dene's question whether we would wish to take

ment later, a bang of the front door, and a heavy step crushing the gravel of the path leading to the road, announced that the enraged physician had left the house.

I had just restored Dene's uplifted arm to its former position by his side, when his mother re-entered the room. Seating herself in a large rocking-chair beside the bed, she put on her spectacles, and taking the well-worn family Bible from its place on a table within reach, spread it open before her, and, without further noticing our presence, commenced reading. There seemed to be no excuse for our remaining longer without an explanation; but Caracoli still stood at the window, and gave no intimation of any immediate intention of taking his leave. The time had come when I felt that it was necessary to speak:

"Mrs. Dene," I said, "you have heard of the condition known as trance, which has sometimes been mistaken for death?"

She raised her eyes from her book, and regarded me with a look that was sternly expectant, but which evinced none of the emotion that might naturally have been expected as the result of such a question under such circumstances. Beyond this look, she made no reply to my question, and I resumed:

"Did your son ever mention to you a remarkable experience in the nature of a brief trance which he had some six months since, while rooming with me at the college?"

She closed the book softly, and sat up perfectly erect in her chair. Her gaze grew painfully intent, and the corners of her mouth twitched slightly, as she slowly, and with apparent difficulty, articulated her reply. No, he had never mentioned any such occurrence to her.

I then narrated the circumstances as briefly as possible. "Doctor Caracoli," I added, "was present on the occasion to which I refer, and he predicted that your son would, in all probability, have another attack of the same kind. The Doctor will confirm what I say."

Caracoli turned toward us. "It is true," he said, "that the young man had a seizure, which I was, at the time, inclined to regard as cataleptic. It may, however, have been no more than a form of nightmare. Still, inasmuch as there are, at present, no signs of physical decomposition, I think it would not be injudicious to postpone the time fixed for the sepulture."

Mrs. Dene made no reply. She closed her eyes, and knit her hands together, with the fingers interlocked, and her face turned upward, as if in silent prayer. So she remained for a few seconds. Then, rising, she bent over the body of her son, kissed his forehead, and left the room without a word. She had scarcely been gone a moment, when a hysterical scream was heard in the hall, followed by the sound of swift footsteps, and Rachel Dene rushed into the chamber in a state of excitement that furnished a singular contrast to the perfect calm of her manner so short a time before. Caracoli looked at me significantly, as the poor girl knelt beside the bed, utterly oblivious of the presence of strangers, and passionately called upon her brother to come back to her, covering his face with eager caresses.

"It was to prevent such scenes as this," he said, sternly, "that I desired to proceed with caution in disclosing my views concerning the young man's state. You may now be able to comprehend how much more terrible to these women will be the discovery that their newly awakened hopes are vain, than was the first shock of their grief, from which they were already recovered when we but now entered this dwelling. You should not have referred to his former seizure, nor should any more have been said, or indicated, in regard to the possibility of his restoration, than barely sufficient to induce a delay of the sepulture. Your in-

jurious suspicions and unwise meddling have already resulted in mischief; and I warn you that if I am further interfered with I will not be answerable for the consequences."

He spoke with a dignity and seriousness that impressed me, and caused me, in my bewildered and uncertain state of mind, to feel half ashamed of the doubts I had harbored, and the course I had taken. From this moment Caracoli assumed an air of quiet authority, to which both the women deferred, and the absolute control of every detail connected with the case seemed to be yielded to him. He was clearly master of the situation—whether for good or for evil. I felt that the perplexities of my position were multiplying on every hand, and began even to anticipate the possibility that the Italian might undertake to push his authority so far as, on some pretense or other, to require my banishment from the apartment, in which case, a crisis — the result of which I could not foresee— would be precipitated.

It was arranged that no definite reason for the postponement of the funeral should be given out, and, especially, that it should not be allowed to transpire that a doubt was entertained as to Dene's being actually dead. But these precautions proved quite useless. It could scarcely have been an hour after Doctor Staples' departure from the house, when all manner of rumors on the subject were abroad in the village. Seth Dene was not dead, as had been reported, but was lying in a trance. Seth Dene had come to life, and eaten a hearty dinner of ham and eggs. Seth Dene was dead; but his college-chum had forced his way into the house in a state of intoxication, had insulted Doctor Staples, and insisted that the funeral should be put off, swearing that if his chum were buried he would be buried in the same grave. Before three o'clock, over sixty persons had called to make inquiries, and to see the subject of these conflicting reports; and popular indignation swelled high against "the Italian doctor," when it was made known that he had given strict orders that no one but the members of the family should be admitted into the room where Dene lay. All the afternoon the knocker was going, and the "best room" crowded with gossips, constantly coming and departing, while all the boys of the village seemed to be congregated in front of the house. For this condition of things Caracoli caused me to understand that he held me responsible. "Every thing would have gone on quietly, and with decorum," he said, "but for the intervention of injudicious and self-opinionated individuals not qualified for conducting so delicate a matter." His plural, as was sufficiently obvious, was merely a polite form of speech. I was the sole offender to whom he referred.

Just before night-fall he took his departure, promising to return in half an hour, and enjoining it upon Mrs. Dene, with great gravity of manner, not to admit any person into the room during his absence.

"The prohibition does not, of course, extend to Doctor Staples, in case he should call again?" said the widow.

"Madame," replied Caracoli, with severity, "it applies to him more particularly than to any other. He has declared, without qualification, that the patient is dead, for which reason he is *functus officio*, and can not present himself in his professional capacity. If he comes in that of a neighbor or a friend, he must be subject to the general rule."

Notwithstanding the extraordinary ascendency which the Italian had so suddenly acquired in the household, I was not prepared to see a woman of Mrs. Dene's energy of character yield to a demand which appeared to me so unreasonable. I think, indeed, that she was about to remonstrate, when Caracoli anticipated her:

"I will not affirm that your son lives. I will go no further than to say that it is not yet certain that he is dead. Even if he lives, I may not be able to restore him. But if the vital principle is not utterly extinct, it lingers so feebly that it must be cherished with the utmost vigilance and care. The slightest error in the treatment may extinguish it forever. If I am to have charge of the case, I must be implicitly obeyed in all things, no matter how trifling. I will not be questioned, nor even reasoned with. In this chamber I establish an absolute despotism." These concluding words were accompanied by a meaning glance at me. If Mrs. Dene had entertained any thought of opposition she dismissed it, for she made no reply, and Caracoli moved toward the door. There he paused, and seemed to reflect. The subject, whatever it may have been, was not an agreeable one, for an uneasy expression flitted across his countenance, and a heavy frown settled upon his brow. "If Dr. Staples," he said, coming out of his abstraction, "were persuaded that this is, in fact, a case of what is popularly called trance, and were to undertake to treat it, he would probably order a mustard foot-bath, with cold applications to the head, and perhaps a *douche* along the spinal column. That is what most of the routine practitioners would recommend. But I absolutely forbid any thing of the kind." With these words he took his departure.

Soon afterward Rachel Dene brought me a cup of tea, and remained in the room while I drank it. She seemed to be in a hopeful mood, and talked very freely, and almost cheerfully, about her brother. I was surprised to hear, that on the last Sunday, though in his usual health, he had not gone to church, or even to his Sunday-school. Instead of that, after an early breakfast, he had taken a book and gone out to the Sassafras Wood, not returning until after dark. What seemed singular to her at the time, was, that the book was not the Bible, but a book of poetry—the one that was lying on the table near his bed. I took up the volume, and saw that it was the copy of the "Prelude," from which I had read to him in the wood on the day we had spent there together, and which he had afterward borrowed. It exhibited evidences of having been much used, and as I turned over the leaves I saw numerous passages which Dene had marked. These, as I inferred from a hasty examination, had impressed him, not so much for their mere poetical beauty, as for the peculiar sentiment by which they were pervaded; for they consisted of those passages in which the poet has given expression to his sense of an invisible spiritual presence in all natural forms. The first of these marked passages was the well-known one, commencing:

> "Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
> Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
> That givest to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion," etc.

The next was:

> "Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
> And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills
> And Souls of lonely places!" etc.

Again:

> "If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
> With God and Nature communing, removed
> From little enmities and low desires,
> . . . . . The gift is yours,
> Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,
> Ye mountains! thine, O Nature!"

From the beginning to the end of the volume, wherever Dene's pencilings arrested my eye as I turned over the leaves, I found that the lines thus indicated gave expression to the same spirit of reverence and worship. I now understood why Dene had spoken of the poem as "Deistic." With that jealousy of the pretensions of Natural Religion which is felt by many pious persons, he had regarded this worship of the God of Nature as something disparaging to the claims of Revelation.

"Mother thought," said Rachel Dene, at the close of our conversation, "that Seth went out to the Pine Woods to meditate and pray, and to wrestle with the Enemy of Souls in some great spiritual conflict. If so, the battle must have been a sore one, for he came back with the look of a man who is weary almost unto death. At family worship, that night, he repeated the Lord's Prayer, and so ended, which he had never done before."

"If there ever was a child of God," said Mrs. Dene, who had just joined us, "my son was one. But why should I say 'was?' Whether he still lives in the flesh or not, I have the assurance that his name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life. And yet he has, of late, been sorely beset by the Tempter. He was not one who could glibly profess with the lips doctrines that were not written on his heart, or repeat with a devout air the words of a creed that was not to him a solemn reality. I know that he has been assailed by doubts and suggestions of the Evil One. His cry during these last days has been so constantly for 'more light'—for 'the truth *as it is*'—that I feared he was too curious-minded, and too unwilling to walk by faith alone. It has seemed to me, at times, as if he were seeking in the pride of intellect, and of knowledge falsely so called, to search the Unsearchable, and desired the truth to enjoy it as music, rather than to feed upon it as spiritual meat."

Punctually at the time he had fixed, Caracoli made his appearance; when I, in my turn, felt the necessity of a temporary respite from the office I had assigned to myself. But, before leaving the house, I obtained from Rachel a promise that she would remain in the room until my return. In making this request, I endeavored, without saying a word calculated to excite distrust of the Italian, of whose skill and learning I spoke in the highest terms, to impress upon her my anxiety that he should not be left an instant alone with her brother. At the front-door, to which she accompanied me, and where she gave me the pledge I required, we met Phœbe Carew, a rustic beauty, with whom Dene had long been desperately in love, and who had, at one time, appeared to receive his attentions graciously, notwithstanding his awkward diffidence. But since his conversion, the merry, healthy-natured country-girl had seemed to be repelled, and even frightened, by the terrible earnestness with which he had entered upon a religious career; and such encouragement as she had previously given him had been quite withdrawn. The two young women entered the cottage, as I left it; and on my return, three-quarters of an hour later, I was a good deal surprised to find them both in Dene's room, notwithstanding the interdict issued by the Doctor. Rachel had, it seemed, been able to obtain his consent to this infraction of the general law which he had promulgated, but not without much pleading, in the course of which enough had been said, or hinted, to make Caracoli aware of the relations that had existed between the parties. He had then yielded, upon the condition that Phœbe would promise implicitly to follow such directions as he might give her while in the room. At the moment of my entrance she was standing at the head of the bed, with one hand on Dene's forehead, and looking very much frightened. This, it appeared, she was doing at the Doctor's request, in pursuance of her promise, while Rachel was instructed to hold her in conversation—which, as was inevitable under such circumstances, seemed forced and almost unmeaning. While this strange scene was being enacted, Caracoli sat holding a lamp in such a position as to throw a strong light upon the face, on which his gaze was fixed with the utmost intentness.

The Doctor's next requirement was more startling. It was, that the girl should kiss the lips of the sleeper—or the corpse. This she refused to do, with a shudder, and immediately made all haste to get out of the house, without standing upon ceremony.

It had been already arranged that the Doctor and myself should remain as watchers. At half-past nine the family retired. The sofa had been brought in from the room of state, at Caracoli's request, for his use, and a mattress was spread for me on the floor of the alcove. But the Fates had ordained that these preparations for sleep should be wholly unnecessary. I scarcely know in what terms to characterize the conduct and demeanor of my fellow-watcher throughout a night which I shall never forget. He seemed to be animated by a spirit which I might call diabolical, did not that word seem to imply too serious and settled a malignity. It was, in fact, impish, rather than devilish. His constant object seemed to be to irritate, to mystify, to shock, and alarm me, under the impulses of a perversity that delighted in the exercise of its powers for the mere pleasure it afforded, more than for the pain it inflicted. We had not been left alone more than five minutes, when he placed a box, like a gentleman's dressing-case, on the small table near the bed, and proceeded to open it. When the lid was raised, a numerous array of vials, arranged in little compartments, was disclosed to view. After trifling for a few moments with the contents of the box, he closed it suddenly with a bang, and, turning to me, said, abruptly: "Come now, my young friend, let us understand each other. Of what is it that you accuse me in your mind? What is the enormity which you conceive that I am plotting?"

"I have not accused you," I replied, surprised by the suddenness of the attack. "If you are able to read what is going on in my mind, as your language implies, you need no explanation from me."

"You choose to sophisticate," he returned, rudely. "Your reply is disingenuous. I challenge you to deny, in express terms, that you suspect me."

I was irritated by the arrogance of his manner. "Even if it were so," I retorted, "it seems to me a most extraordinary pretension that you have a right to demand a knowledge of the fancies that may pass through my brain. I do not feel called upon either to admit or deny what you allege."

"After all," he resumed, "the superstitious naturally distrust the emancipated. Because the philosopher does not reverence the bigot's narrow law, you account him lawless, not considering that he may have a law of his own, more enlightened than yours. There are fair flowers, and plants of virtuous power, that are not included in the flora of Palestine."

I made no reply, and fell to speculating as to what my companion could mean by his singular conduct. Was he really hurt and offended at my distrust of him; or annoyed at my presence as being a restraint upon him; or was he merely gratifying an instinct which finds pleasure in teasing and tormenting, without an aim?

"I am constituted," he resumed, after a pause, "with an inordinate curiosity to pry into secret things, be they great or trifling. I now thirst to discover your theory touching the purposes of the dangerous materialistic *savant*, who is, as you are aware, free from the restraints of that bundle of prejudices and associations which you call conscience. You conceive, perchance, that I possess the skill to restore the patient at once, if I so elect, and that I defer the cure that I may make some independent observations on catalepsy, to the jeopardy of life. Or it may appear more probable

to you that I would like to emphasize my triumph over the blockhead Staples, and enhance my own renown, by allowing your friend to be first actually entombed before coming to his rescue, that I may enjoy the credit of having raised one from the dead. Or is it that I desire the young man to perish, indeed, in the clutch of *Katalepsis*, designing to rob the grave-yard, after the obsequies, to possess myself of the cadaver for dissection?"

Here Caracoli rose, and, advancing to the bed, threw off the covering. His eye ran over Dene's form, from head to foot, with an expression that would have made me shudder but for my suspicion that he was acting.

"The last theory," he said, with the same offensive manner as before, "is not without plausibility. It has never been my good fortune to perform a cadaveric autopsy on a subject that had succumbed to *Katalepsis*—which would interest me much, notwithstanding the fact that no trace of functional disorder has ever been discovered, by dissection, in the brain or nerves in such cases. And truly, it is not often that one sees so fine a subject. He is nearly physical perfection, though to see him in his uncouth garb and with his mortified countenance, it would not be suspected. It is his fanaticism that has made him ungainly. Had he been born and nurtured a free, unsophisticated pagan, on some wild shore or palmy island, with no creed but a fairy-tale, he would have been almost beautiful."

I now ventured to remonstrate against language which must give cruel pain to Dene, and seem most shocking to him, if he were in the condition we supposed, and capable of hearing what was said.

"What a blessing it would be to him," retorted Caracoli, "could he receive such a shock as would cure him of his mysticism! It is that alone that alienates from him the superb peasant beauty whom he loves, but who will never yield those ripe lips to the kiss of any morbid enthusiast. As to his hearing our discourse, I think he is by this time beyond that stage, and in the weird region of cataleptic dreams—dreams more continuous and coherent than those of ordinary sleep, and often so connected and natural as to be mistaken for reality. Thus, it is not uncommon that when the cataleptic awakes, he declares that he has visited the world of spirits and talked with angels. His dream is not a mere dream to him, but a vision or a revelation."

"You have, then, no doubt," I said, "that he still lives?"

"None; but he is not yet out of peril. At this moment, if I mistake not, he is at the very confine that separates death and sleep. His condition is now so critical that even to call him by his name might turn the trembling scale, and deepen the trance-sleep into the sleep of death. You look amazed and incredulous. But catalepsy has its abysses of mystery that have never yet been sounded. In many of the old, popular superstitions there is an element of scientific truth. The northern nations believed in the wehr-wolf, that at midnight chased lost or belated wanderers in the forest. They held that the spectre was the spirit of some living human being, which had left the body in sleep, and taken on the form of the dreaded phantom. The superstition taught that if the haunted person could but guess who it was whose spirit was abroad in the shape of the spectre, and should pronounce his name aloud, in that instant the wehr-wolf would vanish, and the sleeper would die in the bed where he lay. In this tale of the nursery there lurks a suggestion, at least, of something that has relations with ascertained facts. When the somnambulist is found in some perilous situation, traversing the brink of a precipice, or poised on the single log that spans the cataract,

it is known that to call upon his name will dissolve the spell and precipitate him into the abyss. We know not upon the edge of what abyss this sleeper is now treading."

"Yes," he resumed, after a pause, "catalepsy has all the fascination of an unsolved mystery. What are your trance-mediums, so called, but persons who possess the power of going voluntarily into the cataleptic state? What are the wizards and witches, from the oldest times down to your witchcraft of Salem, but cataleptics—naturally so, or through epidemic sympathy, or by the administration of potions? When they have made confession to riding through the air on broom-sticks to the Brocken, or other midnight witch-rendezvous, to consort with Satan, they have but avowed the truth; for they had done all that they described in cataleptic dreams, which were real to them."

After stepping to the bed, and bending over the sleeper for a moment, he resumed: "He probably hears our talk, without being conscious of the words or the speakers. Yet it may be that the purport and substance of our speech are infiltrated, as it were, into his mind, giving shape and color to his visions, as music sometimes mingles with our dreams, making them bright or gloomy, according to its character."

I had hoped, for a few moments, that Caracoli's mocking mood was over. But such was not the case. As the night wore on, he resumed his former strain, and threw out the most grotesque and hideous hints as to his possible purposes. Then he turned to philosophical and religious subjects, and seemed fairly to revel in propounding the most startling theories and paradoxes. If his object was to mystify and shock me, his success was complete. At intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, he made a careful examination of the patient, and each time that he did so, his spirits seemed to rise, and he would resume his bewildering discourse with fresh zest. At one time, he undertook to demonstrate that all religion was a disease, and that "reverence" was a sentiment that could only be developed in a morbid man—but the disease was natural to women. Then he derided the hope of immortality as the offspring of human vanity and a monstrous egotism, and argued "the immense superiority," as he expressed himself, "of the Grecian over the Christian mythology." It seemed not to make any difference whether I listened or not; the sonorous stream of his disquisition, ornamented with scraps of philosophical and poetical quotation, in half a dozen languages, continued to flow on as equably in the one case as in the other.

It was about three o'clock, when Caracoli produced a small battery, and commenced preparing it for use. When it was ready, he turned to me, and said: "Ah! I had forgotten. I was about to make trial of magnetism without first securing the permission of the vigilant guardian of the patient. Is it lawful for me to proceed?"

I suggested that it would be proper that the mother or sister, or both, should be present during the treatment.

"Summon them, then, you," he replied. Several times during the night, Rachel Dene had come to the door to inquire whether there was any change. At this moment, I heard her step in the hall, approaching on a similar errand. In compliance with my invitation, being first informed of what was proposed, she came in and took her place beside the bed. Caracoli, having arranged the battery, placed the holder of one of the poles in Dene's hand, clasping the fingers about it. Then attaching a sponge to the other pole, he proceeded to apply the current to various parts of the body. After the experiments—or treatment—had continued for some twenty minutes, without producing any effect, so far as I

could observe, Caracoli felt Dene's pulse and laid his hand on his breast over the region of the heart, after which he removed the holder from the hand and laid aside the apparatus. I concluded that the resort to magnetism had failed; and the same impression was produced on Rachel, who began to weep silently.

"Restrain your tears, young woman," said the Doctor, sternly, "and summon your mother." She obeyed at once, and it seemed scarcely a minute before the two women entered, pale and trembling.

"Madame," said Caracoli, in reply to Mrs. Dene's glance of anxious inquiry, "it is at length certain that your son lives. Respiration, and the action of the heart, though feeble, are clearly perceptible. You may now venture to hope for an auspicious result. But I prohibit all demonstrations," he added, noting some hysterical symptoms on Rachel's part. "I will have no scenes. Retire, and compose yourselves to sleep, since, for many hours yet, no change will take place."

With these words he conducted them to the door, and almost thrust them from the room. Then he turned to me:

"I shall now succumb to sleep for a time. You can also repose, if your fears will permit. I shall be sure to wake if the patient stirs."

He threw himself upon the sofa, and almost instantly seemed to sleep soundly. Soon after daylight Rachel brought us some coffee, and told me that the house was already besieged by curious inquirers. Dene's breathing had now become regular and audible, but his position remained unchanged. From this time, either Mrs. Dene or Rachel remained constantly in the chamber, the other being occupied in keeping the crowd of visitors at bay. So hour after hour passed on. The Doctor continued to sleep, and I, from time to time, stole a few minutes' doze in my chair. There was a long-bodied, wooden clock standing in the alcove, which always announced that it was about to strike the hour by a portentous rumbling and rattling among its works. It had just finished this preliminary commotion, and commenced striking twelve, when, between the first and second strokes, I heard a rustle of the bed-clothes and a heavy sigh. At the same time Rachel Dene uttered a cry, which quickly brought her mother into the room. Looking toward the bed, I saw that Dene had turned upon his side. Awakened either by the clock or the exclamation of Rachel, the Doctor arose, and, noting the change in the sleeper's position, said, "The crisis is over." Then, turning to me, he added, "And the wicked Italian doctor has been robbed of his fine subject."

He then made a few passes with his hands over Dene's head and face, when the latter moved uneasily, and uttered a half-fretful murmur.

"Address your son," said Caracoli to the widow. "Call upon him, but not by his name."

"O, my boy, whom God has restored to me so wonderfully!" she cried, "can you not speak to your mother?"

Immediately Seth Dene made a motion as if to rise, and, with Caracoli's assistance, sat up erect in his grave-clothes, with open eyes, staring confusedly around him.

I will not undertake to describe the scene that ensued. The widow threw her arms about his neck, and burst into tears, while Rachel covered his face with kisses, and then suddenly fled from the room. A moment afterward she returned with Phœbe Carew.

"What does all this mean?" said Seth, gazing from one to another of the group by which he was surrounded. "What is the matter, that you all stand there staring at me in that tragic style?" Then, observing how the sun was shining in at the windows, he added, "I must have overslept myself."

"Slightly," said Caracoli; "you have indulged in a nap of nearly forty hours."

Again Dene looked around thoughtfully. Then he shut his eyes for a moment, and seemed like one making an effort of memory or reflection.

"Ah!" he said, at length, "it all comes back to me. I have been out of the body, and have had a special revelation for my enlightenment and guidance. Forty hours you say, Doctor? Well, I've gained more light in those forty hours than I could have got in forty years in the common course of things. You needn't stand there, Phœbe Carew, making such big eyes about it. It's all true; and, what's more, you're interested in my revelation."

Every one was struck by something in the speaker's look and manner that was unlike what had ever before been observed in Seth Dene. The visionary gleam was gone from his face; the shyness and hesitation from his speech. His eye opened round and bold; and there was a novel expression of shrewdness and good-humor in his countenance, that was, to me, absolutely startling.

"My son," said Mrs. Dene, gravely, "your mind is still confused, I fear. You talk wildly."

"Not a bit of it, Mother," returned he, stoutly. "I know perfectly well what I am saying, and I mean every word of it. I'm to give up studying for the ministry, and be a farmer." Here he turned toward the village belle, with an odd sort of smile, and a look which came very close to being a wink, as he added: "And what is more, I'm to marry Phœbe. Of course, after a fellow has been to the other world for his license, she isn't going to refuse him."

Mrs. Dene and her daughter gazed at each other in dumb amazement, while Phœbe's hazel eyes expanded to the size of small saucers, and she flushed like a crimson hollyhock. Doctor Caracoli, silent, attentive, and keenly observant, sat taking in the whole scene, and evidently seeing something in it that interested him deeply.

"As nearly as I can make out," resumed Dene, "I have lost two breakfasts, a supper, and a dinner, while I have been on my excursion out of the body. As a natural consequence, I feel voracious."

Rachel asked him what she should bring him.

"Broil me a beefsteak," he replied, "thick, and rare; and send over to Simpson's tavern for a mug of ale. I'm consumed with thirst. Tell 'em to send it in pewter."

Mrs. Dene eyed her son with a glance in which sadness was mingled with alarm. He was restored to life, but she had no doubt his reason was unseated.

He repeated his order for refreshments in a manner so peremptory, that Rachel left the room with a start, to see that the matter was attended to.

"You would like, perhaps," said Dene, when she had gone, "to hear my revelation. But I can not relate it in full until a year and a day have elapsed."

This time, he spoke quite seriously.

"All that I shall say about the matter at present," he resumed, "is, that I have had a most wonderful vision, in which I conferred at length with two august personages, who appeared to me in the Sassafras Wood, each desiring to be my instructor and guide. The one was a noble and gracious-looking youth, the very picture of manly strength and beauty. His broad, white brow was fringed with sunny curls, and the glance of his blue eyes was frank and cordial. He was shod with sandals, and wore a tunic of the Grecian fashion. In his hand he carried a seven-stringed lyre, upon which he played the most delicious music—music which had in it the sound of running waters, the rustle of foliage, the sigh of the wind, and the songs of birds. As he played, all manner of pictures of a rich

and joyous human existence rose before my eyes. Thus he communed with me only through his lyre, and not in articulate speech. Yet all that he meant was conveyed to my mind and apprehension with perfect clearness. The beauty of life and the benignity of Nature were his theme. Yet in this Orphic hymn of his, there were strains that jarred upon my sense of spiritual verities. The other who offered himself as my Mentor was a grave personage, in a black silk gown. He was of a sweet and reverend aspect, though somewhat stern withal; and when I was questioning with myself as to whether there were not some mean by which the contradiction between the two might be reconciled, he said to me, with a thoughtful smile, and a gesture toward him of the tunic and the lyre: "Seeing that you have served in a hard school, it is perhaps best that you should go with him for a season. Go, then, my son; listen to his teaching for a year and a day: after that, thou shalt come back to me."

"And you are not to be a minister, Seth?" said his sister.

"No," replied Seth, "but I am to marry Phœbe; and I have an idea that the sooner it is done the better."

As we left the cottage together, Caracoli offered me his hand. "Why should we not be friends?" he said. "I forgive you your suspicions, which, in truth, were not altogether unfounded. I had my selfish interest in the case, as you surmised; but, fortunately, the ends of science, and the welfare of your friend, were not antagonistical. As remarks your greatest English-speaking poet, 'That is all well which ends well.'"

THE BROOK.

Through the dreary winter,
  Ice-locked, white and chill!
All its laughter sleeping,
  All its music still;
Not a flower to love it
From the bank above it;
  Not a bird to trill,
In its ripples laving
  Yellow wing and bill;
No green, shadowy silence,
  Where one may go at will,
  And dream and dream one's fill.

Without voice or color,
  In a barren land:
Dripping skies bent over —
  Dripping trees that stand,
  Forlorn, on either hand.

But a little sunshine —
  How its voice shall wake!
Over sand and pebble
Ring the silver treble —
  Glad for summer's sake!
Fairy boats shall ride it,
Lovers walk beside it,
    Bird colonies,
    From over seas,
Build in bough and brake;
Flowers and flow'ring sedges
Laugh along its edges —
  Glad for summer's sake!

Just a little sunshine!
  And the clouds will part;
All its fettered beauty
  Into life will start.
Be glad, thou shining rover,
With bird, and bee, and clover!
Sing summer through and over,
  Ah, happy that thou art! . . .
Just a little sunshine —
  O my heart, my heart!

ETC.

"THE time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." It is California's spring-time. Noiselessly, beauteously, joyously has the fair goddess grasped the sceptre of the seasons, to reign in all her budding loveliness. She opens her empire with gentleness. Blessings brood in the air, making it soft and fragrant. Precocious trees, impatient of restraint, vie with each other in budding before their time, making ready to trick themselves out in May-day regalia; frolicsome little birdlings are chirping among the boughs, prodigal of music and foolish coquetries. The musical laughter of the garrulous brook, with seductive power, calls forth the timid spires of trembling grass which skirt its undulating banks; and the rude caress of the rollicking stream makes each twig and tree more green and beautiful, and by and by they will speak their gratitude by stretching out their mantled boughs, heavy with beauteous verdure.

A sweet lesson is the joyous music of these dancing brooks. They counsel song and rejoicing, as one trudges along; and the rougher the road, the more stirring the music. They hint the old proverb, also, that he who watereth shall himself be watered; that the green plants of a grateful affection find root in generous soil. They teach us to make our own harmonies, and carry our own refreshments along with us. They instruct us to steal out the mournful silence from the atmosphere about us, and make it vocal with song. Yes! it is California's spring-time. Winter, petulant and fretful, but never downright cross, has lifted his wrinkled brow, sighed his farewell requiem, and departed. He lives only in name — scarcely that. His avaricious heiress, Spring, buoyant with fresh young life, comes dancing on, tossing back kisses to her silvery-headed sire, and rejoicing (like many a willful and ungrateful child) that the old veteran is safely out of the way, forgetting that his dominion prepared the weary earth and waiting hearts for her own joyous coming. Let her be decorous in her exultation, for soon the swift-winged months will pass, and rosy young Summer shall step in, to listen in turn to her dying requiem. Thus earth's changes come—"all, to reflourish, fades."

But now it is the spring-time! The hills are garnishing their proud heights with flowers and verdure; the meek valleys put on their emerald hue; the meadows and lawns spread out a beautiful mosaic of grass and flowers; the vine-covered thickets are bursting with the songs of ecstatic birds; mysterious little *tête-a-têtes* are going on in the hedge-rows — there are sharp bargainings for homesteads being driven; broad pastures, ashamed of past short-comings, are sending up luscious herbage for bleating flocks; the fragrant earth turns up a roguish face to the whistling plow-boy, giving the wink for a bountiful harvest; amorous buds smile and blush, as they whisper to each other of great expectations; "reviving sickness lifts her languid head," and the old grow young again; the bow of the covenant arches the sky, and the clouds send down the gentle rain, reminding of the promise that seed-time and harvest shall never fail; stripped fields, where the wanton wind, passing over the stubble, found nothing to move, have been caressed by the lusty Spring into generous moods, and are already decking themselves in the proud pomp of summer apparel: Nature has lifted herself from her pensive reverie, and her face is all aglow with visions of the jocund harvest.

Beautiful, bright, suggestive spring-time, luminous with hopes that take hold on immortality! Every springing blade, every delicate spire, every fresh, green leaf, whispers so clearly, so melodiously, of a spring-

time just at hand, when the soul shall put on its immortal vesture, and array itself in the beautiful garments which befit that resurrectional spring-time which is the perpetual climate of the Eden of God.

Mourning one! Is the cradle empty where thy treasure lay? Is the partner of thy life sleeping? Has the cold winter of Death frozen up all thy joys? Has the pride of thy life been hidden in "Death's dateless night?" The spring-time comes—the spring-time comes, with all its budding glories! The frosts of Death can never reach the spirit: beneath the cold exterior the living waters still wind and play, and when the resurrectional spring-time dawns, even the surface shall melt again into life, and break forth into everlasting song and rejoicing. The spring-time comes — California's glorious spring-time! Send up the voice of thanksgiving for the spring-time!

It is likely that the callow sparrow, whose gift of song is limited in its compass, finds happy listeners, though his first note be feeble. There may be those whose faith in his future is prodigal enough to think even that small, gaping throat full of promise. Such an one looks forward to the hour when this fledgeling shall carry his song to heaven in the airy wake of the lark. Should the tuneful prodigy tip out of his nest betimes, and die the death in the shadow of a rose-bush, or against a brier, there is no evidence positive enough to convince the patron of that particular birdling that the world has not lost much. Time and fortune would have proven him a pleasant and cheerful accompaniment to the season; but the song, for all that, could not have been the lark's song, nor yet the nightingale's, nor would it have passed for any thing beyond a single voice in the chorus that is as broad as a summer's day. When an immature and growing genius is suddenly struck down, it is natural to lament the fatal occurrence. The question arises, Is there the possibility of an accident in the decrees of Nature? We believe not! Had Alexander Smith died in travail with his first volume, to this day, and, possibly, for some years to come, he would have been looked upon as a poet destined to outsing the loftiest and the sweetest of the land; but he lived beyond the very echoes of his first success, and was suffered to die at his leisure. Had the gentleman whose sparkling genius drew astonished and delighted eyes toward this coast, paid the common debt at the climax of his sudden fame, instead of leaping into the arena of an older and better-established literature, where his recent efforts have proved comparative failures, the world would have deplored the loss of a mind apparently limitless in its resources, and capable of the grandest achievements. The recent shocking death of Mr. Fred. W. Loring may be a case in point. For a time, he enlists the sympathy of all readers. A mere lad, just from college, bubbling over with youth; ambitious, hopeful of great things, possessed of much mental and physical vitality; of pleasing address, talented, versatile, and happy-hearted, he falls when upon the very threshold of a new era. Along the paths of death and danger, he reaped the experiences that might have stocked a whole life. Many hands were lovingly stretched forth to him; many hearts warmed toward him, and his days must have been buoyant and healthful. But who shall solve the riddle of sudden death? Let him alone who dares seek to judge of the possible future of any one, or to weave out the unfinished fabric that the Master, in His wisdom, has left fragmentary!

This California is something of a Dives, for all its riches: the hour generally comes when it is glad to implore a drop of water from never so insignificant a spring. Its face is drawn and withered; its coat is threadbare, and full of red dust; great seams gape frightfully across it, and the pitiless sky glares down upon it with all uncharitableness, making light of its famishing victim. By and by comes the cooling draught; prostrate Nature revives, and seems to have forgotten her misery; she turns over a new leaf, that catches the first crystal tribute of the resurrection-season, and rejoices mightily in her new life. But all this is the copyright of the poets: let us not take from them their bread and honey, lest we, too, be visited by some temporary visitation of Providence, who tries us, even as he tries our country, to see whether we be worthy of his periodical blessing. Let the poet sing, and the lark warble,

and every body feel grateful in the first fall of the young rain:

WELCOME TO RAIN.

Drip, drip, drip, falls the rain —
The beautiful, life-giving rain —
It sparkles in diamonds
On every spray;
It joins with the brook,
And goes rippling away
Through meadow, and valley, and plain,
'Till merged in the Ocean's blue main.

Drip, drip, drip, in the dust,
Comes Nature's beneficent trust;
Alike on the parson
Returning from church,
Alike on the beggar
Who stands at the porch,
And asks for a morsel of crust,
It falleth on "just and unjust."

Drip, drip, drip, it comes down,
Rejoicing the country and town;
The farmer sees in it
Broad acres of grain,
The merchant is silently
Counting his gain;
In Nature there is not a frown,
For green is supplanting the brown.

Drip, drip, drip, now it pours!
Submerging all things out of doors.
The cup of the lily
Is full to the brim,
The owl in the tree-top
Sits sullen and grim,
As he hears the wind wake; now it soars
In solemn, lugubrious roars!

While drip, drip, falls the rain —
The joyous, frolicsome rain —
It sports with the diamonds
That hang on the spray;
It kisses the stream,
And goes laughing away;
Now flattered, bewildered, and vain,
Coquetting with all in its train.

Drip, drip, drip; now 'tis plain,
Convivial, turbulent rain
Is lost to decorum:
Borne on by the flood,
It waltzes in eddies,
It trails in the mud,
Bedraggled through gutter and drain,
'Till cleansed in the Ocean's pure main.

S. K. S.

FEW poets have sung so much and so well as Alice Cary. She sounded no strain lofty enough to belittle her succeeding efforts, nor do we recall any lines of hers that are positively without interest; yet she wrote incessantly, and there are probably not many papers in the whole length and breadth of the land but at one time or another have adorned their columns with some effusion of her graceful and busy pen. It is natural to think of Alice Cary and her sister Phœbe as of two priestesses whose virgin lives were sealed to the Muses. Like the Princess, in the story, the lips of Alice seemed continually to drop pearls, and her singing robes were as white and fragrant as lilies. Phœbe sparkled more, but there could have been no discord between them. Somewhere in the spotless life of Alice, the myrtle must have bloomed, but her love-poems are earnest rather than passionate, and the story of that love rests with her in the tomb. We believe that these hitherto unpublished lines, appearing in the present number of THE OVERLAND, entitled "Leslie Lyon," can not fail to enlist the sympathy that was ever due that patient woman, who, hand in hand with her gifted sister, walked the winding ways of prosperity and adversity; and, hand in hand, entered with her the valley of eternal rest.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. Van Laun. New York: Holt & Williams.

Historians of literature may be divided into three classes: those who know something, but can not write; those who know nothing, but essay to write; and those who bring to the work accurate information, extensive research, careful reading, keen discrimination, and profound analysis. If to this invaluable combination of qualities, we find added a rare philosophical spirit, capable of properly grouping, comprehending, and interpreting all subordinate phenomena or facts, and incarnating the deductions of a careful judgment in diction the most luminous and glowing, there is little left to be desired.

A critical examination of the work before us, leaves no room to doubt as to which of these classes M. Taine belongs. It was originally published in 1864, receiving, at that time, the highest encomiums from both French and English critics. Why a work of such rare merit and value has so long escaped translation, is among the marvels. Of the faithfulness of the present translation we are assured by the author. The freshness, vivacity, and grace which characterize the original, have not been sacrificed by transfusion into our less sprightly vernacular. Those who consult the work, expecting to find an encyclopedia of biographical memoirs, or historical dictionary of some sort, containing incidents, data, book-lists, dates of publication, and the like, will be doomed to disappointment. Many prominent poets and prose-writers are not mentioned; others, comparatively obscure, are permitted to figure in the drama, as suits the author's plan and purpose. The same indomitable painstaking and severe culture which M. Taine evinces in his *Art in Greece*, are manifest in the present work. Individual minds and individual productions are the lenses through which he views the race, the period, the institutions which begot and fostered them. The plan of his history invites disquisition; he expounds the philosophy of development as interpreted by Herbert Spencer. His criticisms are based upon the illustration of tendencies, the idea of evolution. He explains his method, where, in speaking of ancient productions of art, he says: "In order to comprehend their work, we are obliged to consider the people who executed it, the social habits which stimulated it, and the *milieu* out of which it sprung." By thus placing himself in the surroundings and environments of the era of which he treats, he becomes, as it were, *en rapport* with the writers of that period, and a catholicity of spirit is begotten which forbids all harshness and injustice. This is one of M. Taine's crowning virtues—as rare as it is excellent.

Draper, in his *American Civil War*, describes and exhibits the modifying effects which climate produces upon plants, animals, and men—dissertating, with great ingenuity and ability, upon these subtile influences—predicating national character upon latitude and longitude, and identifying it by climate-zones. In like manner, M. Taine finds, in race and climate, the origin of the prominent characteristics of English literature. A few excerpts from the introduction will serve to illustrate, still more fully, the author's method. He says, "A work of literature is not a mere play of imagination, a solitary caprice of a heated brain, but a transcript of contemporary manners—a type of a certain kind of mind." From these various monuments of literature, he would gather the epitaphs of nations—trace the style and bent of man's thoughts and feelings for ages back. A fossil-shell and a poem are alike the imprint of beings that have lived and perished; we study the mold to obtain a clew to the organisms that fashioned and constructed

them. The genius and characteristics of the age which produced a certain style of literature are what Taine seeks to discover; and hence, he makes his backward strides from facts to principles, by broad and patient methods of induction, applying, as he advances, the most crucial tests to the results of deduction. Through the abstract thing—language—he grasps the complete thing — man, corporeal and visible. He then passes from the man visible to the man invisible — to the inner man concealed beneath the outer man. His house, furniture, and dress discover to you his tastes and habits of life; his conversation, tones of voice, and attitudes reveal his social and moral propensities; his writings, artistic productions, and business transactions betray the mode of his thought, and measure the scope and limit of his mentality.

"All these externals are the avenues leading to the inner man," says Taine. "This underworld is a new subject-matter, proper to the historian." To him every thing is symbolical. The search for causes must follow hard after the amassing of facts, whether the facts be physical or moral. "There is a cause for ambition, for courage, for truth, as there is for digestion, for muscular movement, for animal heat." He thus resolves human sentiments and ideas into an organized system, and affirms, that, "as in mineralogy the crystals, however diverse, spring from certain simple physical forms, so in history, civilizations, however diverse, are derived from certain simple spiritual forms. The one are explained by a primitive geometrical element, as the others are by a primitive psychological element." The whole progress of each distinct civilization may be regarded as the effect of a permanent force, which, at every stage, varies its operation by modifying the circumstances of its action. According to M. Taine, three different sources contribute to produce this elementary moral state — namely, the *race*, the *surroundings*, and the *epoch;* which, in another place, he styles "the internal mainsprings, the external pressure, and the acquired momentum." In these, he contends, are centred not only all the actual causes, but all the *possible* causes of development. The author takes no account of any influence, power, or revelation which does not come from man. Buckle, in his *History of Civilization in England*, pledges himself to show that the progress which Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity. Moral agencies are ignored. Taine is unquestionably a disciple of Buckle; and, while he professes to see in Goethe the originator and model of contemporary culture, like Sainte-Beuve, he aims at a further and higher development of every kind of literary, philosophical, and religious criticism. He places Christianity on a par with all other systems. It is treated as a mere human production, the evolution of human ideas, the creation of man's poetic soul. Like music, literature, the fine arts, science, philosophy, state-craft, industries, and the rest, it has for a direct cause a moral disposition — "the cause given, they appear; the cause withdrawn, they vanish. Whatever develops credulity side by side with poetical thoughts, engenders religion." No special revelation is needed. Just here we must take issue with the enthusiastic author. Starting out with a pet theory, he endeavors to shape every thing to his plan; and, in doing this, he pushes his scheme too far—strains it beyond all natural and reasonable limits. There is such a thing as proving too much. It can not be questioned that climate, race, political institutions, manners, customs, all affect the man, and leave their impress upon his writings; but it is unquestionable, also, that truth and error have something more than a mere subjective relation to each other; and there are other and higher influences that have come in to affect the elementary moral state, independent of mechanics and earthly processes. Life, literature, and religion find not only their embryonic existence, but all after-development, in the great eternal heart of things. They are but the expressions of a loving supervision, exercised by the gracious Fatherhood of God. But when we have said this, we have done with all disposition to criticise. The value and beauty of the work could scarcely be exaggerated. It is eloquently suggestive. It unites the sparkle and brilliancy of Lamartine with the rigid, *doctrinaire* mode of philosophizing which distinguishes Guizot (to whom the present work is dedicated).

In pursuance of the method which we have attempted to illustrate, the author proceeds with a critical analysis of representative writers, beginning with the poems and legends to which the Thanes listened, seated on their stools, as by the light of their torches they drank the ale of their king. Then follow the Anglo-Saxon hymns of Cædmon, who, with a barbarian's vigor and sublimity, reveals the grandeur and fury of the sentiment with which the men of that time entered their new religion. Chaucer tells the story of tender, lofty, chivalrous love, as conceived in the Middle Ages. Taine regards him as the precursor of the Reformation; but, in consequence of his failure to keep his ground, the level of the century was lowered. Book Second opens up with the Pagan Renaissance, carefully following out its process of ideas and development, its transplanting into different races and climates, from which it receives distinctive features and character. In England it becomes the Renaissance of the Saxon genius, and begets a Surrey, "the English Petrarch," with his new-born art; Sir Philip Sidney, "who fights for poetry as a knight for his lady;" and a Spenser, forever "calm in the fervor of invention."

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dicate that the poet had a great meaning; and, when the key of interpretation is properly applied, the whole structure arises before the mind in magnificent proportions and matchless symmetry." Having made "a faithful study" of the poem, and looked "beneath the surface" (which, it seems, Coleridge and the German commentators failed to do), Mr. Hittell has become the fortunate possessor of the "key of interpretation," and proceeds to open to us the sealed book, which has, for forty years, been regarded by the literary world as a riddle without a solution. His idea of the scope and purpose of the poem is thus stated in general terms, on page 28:

"The difference of the two parts is hinted at very early in the poem by the expression of Faust that two souls dwell in his breast, which strive to separate one from the other; the one binding him to the world, the other struggling above the things of earth. And, again, when Faust and Mephistopheles are about to set forth in company to examine and see and feel what the life of man really is, Mephistopheles promises to show Faust first the little and then the great world. It is the first of these, the little world, the world of the senses and feelings—the story of that one of his two souls which binds him to physical existence —that is bodied forth in the first part of the poem. In the second part we have the story of the second soul—that which lifts itself above the senses into the world of intellect and art. To borrow the language of German metaphysics, the former is the subjective, the latter the objective world. In the first part there is exhibited the most terrible passion; in the second, merely intellectual enthusiasm. In the first part, Faust wooes and wins and ruins Margaret, the purest and fairest of her sex, the representative of earthly or physical beauty and affection; in the second, he wooes the mere shade of the Grecian Helen, which is conjured up out of the classic world of the past, and which stands here as the type of spiritual or intellectual beauty."

Such is the essayist's statement, in brief, of his conception of Goethe's general aim in the Second Part of *Faust*. He then takes up the poem in detail, and devotes some twenty pages to the application of this theory to its various scenes and characters, as successively developed in its progress. This portion of the essay is certainly ingenious, and by no means uninteresting. If we are not convinced that Mr. Hittell has discovered the true interpretation of the work, it is not because we are prepared with a better one; but because we agree with the most eminent German writers who have interested themselves in the question, and who look upon the Second Part as a series of brilliant and fantastic scenes, furnishing the opportunity for the display of rare poetical genius in their details, but without any coherent plan or unity of purpose. Mr. Hittell systematically speaks of the *Faust* proper, and the Second Part, as constituting one poem. He affirms, more than once, that Goethe had the entire plan (as developed in the essay) in his mind at the time of composing the First Part. "This wonderful composition," he tells us, "was the work of a life-time. . . . The idea of writing it was first conceived by its illustrious author about the year 1775, while he was still comparatively a youth." Here the original poem, and the after-thought—the so-called Second Part—are both referred to; for it can not be affirmed of the *Faust* proper that it "was the work of a life-time," inasmuch as it was completed and given to the world forty years before the Second Part was written. We know of no evidence that, at the time of composing the *Faust*, Goethe contemplated any sequel or addition to it. All the evidence is the other way. He conceived the idea of his great work in 1775 or 1776, and it was published some fifteen years afterward. We have no doubt that the author, as well as the public, regarded it as a literary performance complete in itself. Mr. Hittell himself says, "The First Part is generally considered plain enough, having a regular plan, and the different parts fitting together and forming a consistent and easily comprehended whole." Is it to be credited, that, when Goethe, in 1775, in the flush and vigor of youthful genius, planned his great poem, he also had in his mind the feeble and mystical sequel which he did not finish until he had attained the age of eighty-two, when most men are in their dotage? As to the deep significance which Mr. Hittell has found in the Second Part, he has found it there by a process analogous to that pursued by many profound interpreters of the Apocalypse. He has exercised his ingenuity and imagination, and invented allegorical meanings that the writer never dreamed of. Any composition that is mystical in spirit, and vague in its outlines, can be made to reflect the ideas that the student brings to its examination; and of a hundred imaginative and fertile-minded com-

mentators, each will find in it an interpretation of his own.

THE INVASION OF FRANCE IN 1814. From the French of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Joint-stock companies, and combinations in matters of business, are considered the most favorable conditions for a successful enterprise. Thoughtful disquisitions are written to show the good that would inevitably result from systems of co-operative housekeeping, and other schemes of co-operation. Until late years, however, the idea of joint authorship was scarcely regarded as a possibility. In France, especially, it has been practiced with remarkable success, the results having proved highly satisfactory. The superior literary excellence of the work before us attests the feasibility of the plan, and proves that it is no longer a matter of doubtful expediency—in some cases, at least. The partners in this literary firm—MM. Erckmann-Chatrian—who have sent forth so many notable joint productions, are natives of Alsace, but, in thought and feeling, they are essentially French. From a recent memoir, we glean some new and interesting facts regarding the career of these popular authors:

"Though educated in different pursuits, and both in mind and temperament wholly unlike, there were many points in religion and philosophy, science, literature, and art, subjects which had for both the deepest interest, at which they met on common ground. There soon grew up between them such a close union in habit of thought, such harmony of feeling, as are rarely possible in two different individuals. Then came the idea of giving expression to their views and fancies in writing. The result was a series of tales—the joint product of the minds and pens of both—marked by such a unity of style and composition, that not even in later years, when they had gained success and fame, did readers ever imagine that under the name of Erckmann-Chatrian were included two distinct persons."

It is affirmed that *Madame Thèrèse*, *Le Conscrit*, and *Waterloo* have done more for the cause of peace than all the Peace Congresses ever held in Europe. These remarkable men are unmarried, unless they may be said to be wedded to each other. It would seem they were twinned at birth. They are sufficient unto themselves: each supplies what the other lacks, completes what the other has, and, in thought and feeling, the two seem to form but one individual.

In the memorable year 1814, which opened with the invasion of France, an extraordinary agitation reigned all along the line of the Vosges. The tidings of the invasion spread from village to village, and the sturdy mountaineers, fired with patriotic zeal, journeyed through the silent woods, sounding the tocsin of alarm, and calling the defenders of the country to arms. The rising of these brave "partisans of the hills" is most graphically described. The photographic pictures of the life of the heroic common people, and the wonderful character-painting, the quaint simplicity of detail, and the rare grouping of incidents, render the work charmingly interesting. One of the most exciting chapters is that devoted to the memorable "Battle of the Rocks" on the Falkenstein, inaugurated by Catherine Lefévre, the heroine of the fight, who, with "a wild scream like a hawk," cried, "Crush them! crush them! as they did at the Blutfeld!" And then, "the old woman, an instant before so feeble, threw herself on a mass of rock, lifted it with both hands, advanced, with her streaming gray hair, bent over to the edge of the abyss, and the rock dashed through the space beneath, striking Yégof, the madman, and crushing him at the feet of the enemy's general." This inspiration of genius was the key-note of the campaign.

It is a graphic historical romance, and a more fascinating and instructive book could not be placed in the hands of young people.

MY WITNESS: A Book of Verse. By William Winter. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The world is growing every day more intolerant of mediocre verse, and every day more disposed to pronounce that mediocre which would have been admired by a less critical generation. What can even the kindliest critic say of such poems as these of Mr. Winter's, when the greatest of contemporary

masters are ruthlessly assailed, and it is loudly proclaimed by the most oracular of the reviewers that neither Tennyson, nor Browning, nor Morris, nor Matthew Arnold is a poet of any high grade of excellence? This volume, if published thirty years ago, would have made its author's reputation as "an American poet," and entitled him to one of the most honored places in Mr. Griswold's Gallery of our National Singers. But the day has gone by when fame can be so cheaply purchased. Mr. Winter's poetical capital, though quite as large as that of three-fourths of the American celebrities of the last generation, seems scanty, indeed, in the eyes of our more austere and exacting contemporary criticism. Most of these poems belong to the class which may be produced by any accomplished writer gifted with a fair share of poetic feeling, who will set himself with malice prepense to the composition of verse. None of them evince any spontaneous lyric power, or any high poetic art; for which reason their collection in a permanent form, except for the gratification of the author's personal friends, must be regarded as a work of supererogation. The strongest piece in the volume, and the one which gives the most favorable idea of the author's poetic power, is the following:

ACCOMPLICES.

Black rocks upon the dreadful coast,
Mutter no more my hidden crime!
I hear far off your sullen boast,
But I defy you! 'tis not time!

You can not tell our secret yet:
The trusty sea must keep its dead,
And many suns arise and set
Before that awful word is said.

I am but young: I've all the grace
Of life, and love, and beauty now;
There's not a wrinkle on my face—
There's not a shadow on my brow.

I can not bear the darksome grave!
I will not leave the cheerful sun!
Rave on! in storm and midnight rave,
For years and years, till all is done.

Till these brown locks are changed to gray;
Till these clear eyes are dim and old;
Not yet, not yet the fatal day,
When all that horror must be told.

But then—gnash all your jagged teeth,
And howl for vengeance! I will come;
And that same cruel pit beneath
Shall yawn, and gulf me to my home.

To-day—forbear, nor mutter more!
The sky is dark, and dark the sea,
And all the land, from shore to shore,
Is hideous with your horrid glee.

ADELPHA. "The Muse of the Brothers"—Theodore and Christian Kirchhoff. Altona, Germany: Oscar Sorge.

Pictures from both Hemispheres, the two brothers term this collection of their poems. The songs of Theodore—many of them dedicated to comrades who fell by his side during the Schleswig-Holstein struggle of 1864—breathe so ardent, almost fierce, a patriotism, that it seems impossible his Muse should "e'er attune her lyre" to the celebration of the softer feelings and emotions of the human heart. Yet in the stanzas, "Las in einem Deutschen Buche," his love for the old Fatherland finds expression in tender, homesick words; and, together with Christian, he unites in "Der Krieger und sein Mädchen," to bring before our hearts and eyes all the thousand different phases of a girl's young love, ripening, under the trials of separation from her warrior-lover, and suspense and anxiety for his safety, into the deep, earnest affection of the woman. The muse of Christian, the older brother, sings in more elegiac strains. The plaint of the mother by the cradle of her dead child, can not but touch the heart of even those who have not parted with a little pet lamb to be taught by the angels in heaven. "Im Lazareth" is one of the best of Christian's productions.

Theodore—whose voice and words seem more familiar, from the fact of his dwelling among us—is further represented by a number of poems depicting life and scenes from nature in California, as well as in the Western and Southern States. Among those on California, the "Idyl of Russian Hill," and "Cliff House," are particularly interesting. The "Fest-Prolog," delivered by Mrs. Isaac, at Platt's Hall, in San Francisco, on February 14th, 1871, at the opening of the Fair for the benefit of widows and orphans of the *Landwehrleute* fallen in battle, is contained in this volume; as also the "Friedens-Feier," delivered in San Francisco, in March of the same year.

THE WHALEMAN'S ADVENTURES IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND CALIFORNIA. By William H. Thomes. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This book is an addition to *The Ocean Life Series*, which comprises *The Gold-hunter's Adventures in Australia*, *The Bushrangers*, *The Gold-hunters in Europe*, *Adventures of a Slaver*, and *Life in the East Indies*, all by the same author, who, with a sailor's conceded generosity, evidently intends that quantity shall stand as atonement for quality.

His reasons for leaving home, to which the first chapter is conscientiously devoted, are eminently satisfactory to the reader. Indeed, what other course is left to a young man whose father is reported to have sanded his sugar, watered his rum, and mixed herbs with his black tea? More especially, when matters are made worse by a crucifying *mésalliance*, with all its "gnawing envy and heart-fretting fear?" What wonder that such an avalanche of woe should drive a young man, just becoming proudly conscious of his first faint efflorescence of whisker, on board a whaler? What wonder that he should fly to

> "A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep?"

We reluctantly forego a full detail of the author's first valiant battle with a Portuguese sailor, in which he seems to have covered himself all over with glory, at the same time covering his opponent all over with a fluid decidedly gory. But the plot thickens! This is but a mere prelude to a combat with a whale, for which history can furnish no parallel—unless it be that of Jonah: this differing essentially from that, in the fact that Jonah took an inside berth, a cabin passage, while our hero boldly registered on hurricane-deck, and was discovered by the terrified crew on the back of the whale—a very well-bred, gentlemanly whale—that rolled him off so softly into the water, tapping him on the shoulder with his flukes, "as gently as a lady would tap her lover with a fan, while in a sporting mood." This kind courtesy was magnanimously rewarded, by tendering the amiable leviathan a free passage to Boston, in the shape of eighty barrels of blubber oil.

This is but one of a legion of heroic exploits recorded to the credit of our valorous hero. We are proud to note, that whether assailed by villainous robbers, attacked by murderous savages, set upon by ferocious grizzlies, riding wild bulls, striding the burning deck, or making love to "Julia," his courage always mounted with the occasion. During his cruise in and around Honolulu, the astonishing news of the gold-mines of California reaches his ears, whereat he buys right and left, and makes plans for a speedy fortune. On arriving in San Francisco with his cargo, he proceeds, at once, to hunt out "the custom-house folks," with the following cheerful results. The custom-house was then located on the Plaza, but did not seem to create a profound impression upon his mind. He says:

> "The door leading to the Collector's room was open, and we pushed in and saw the officer, with his feet upon a table, a pipe in his mouth, and his hat upon the back of his head.
>
> "'Well,' asked the Collector, 'what can I do for you?'
>
> "I told him of my arrival, and my desire to discharge cargo as soon as possible, and that I wanted the duties assessed at a reasonable rate.
>
> "'I'll do the best I can for you,' answered the Collector. 'I've only two Inspectors attached to the office, and they are on board of Chilean ships. Let me see your manifest, and I'll tell you what I'll do.'
>
> "I showed him the paper, and he looked it over.
>
> "'All these articles, excepting the fruit, came from the States originally, I suppose?'
>
> "'You can be certain of that,' I remarked.
>
> "'Well, I don't see why you should pay heavy duties, when your cargo is really needed here. To be sure, you will get prices for every thing you have; but I don't object to that. Suppose I say five hundred dollars, and settle the matter?'
>
> "Captain Crosstrees punched me to accept the offer, and I did; for it was less than I had calculated on by half.
>
> "'Well, then, I'll make you out a permit, and you can discharge as soon as you please; and if you are so inclined, you may send a dozen oranges to the office.'
>
> "'I'll send a hundred,' I said.
>
> "'Ah! will you? Well, I shan't object.'"

Of course, he ought not, with oranges at $1 apiece. But where, O where! is the Senatorial Investigating Committee?

The book is a literary curiosity. It abounds in exciting incident and tragic catastrophe, unrelieved by the slightest approach to a morbid sentimentality. If the incidents narrated seem, at times, to transcend the utmost limits of credulity, the reader may reserve

the right to exercise his own discretion as to a literal acceptation of the same. With a desperate looseness of structural propriety, there is coupled a defiant air of assertion that silences all mental protests. It is an ingenious *olla-podrida* of *Sinbad the Sailor*, *Don Quixote*, *Dogberry*, *Munchausen*, *Chas. Lever*, *Wilkie Collins*, *Mrs. Southworth*, and *George Sand*, all in high carnival over an impossible whaling voyage, made by impossible men, sailing under impossible circumstances, into impossible seas, recording impossible adventures, to be credited only by impossible people, who delight in impossible wood-cut illustrations.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

It is not our wish, nor our intention, to consider the contested authorship of *Beautiful Snow*. It is a matter that doesn't concern us personally: we accept the poem as one of great beauty and tenderness, but at the same time consider it extremely sentimental. The poet who gives to the world a solitary work of genius, generally attempts to enrich his fame with the entire contents of his portfolio. The result is usually disastrous: he disappoints his admirers, weakens his reputation, and puts into market a book that is scarcely worth the reading. With the single exception of the rather dramatic lines entitled, "Death's carriage stops the way," Mr. Watson's volume contains nothing above the dead level of American poetry that floods the associated press of the entire Union. There are suggestions of strength in some of the pieces, but little melody, and less skill displayed in their construction. In such a stanza as this, for instance:

"Show them that through the deadly strife
That rent us to the *core*,
We still had men enough to wield
The hammer and the *saw*."

Now, either the poet has a defective ear, or he doesn't know the first principles of his art. *Core* and *saw*, as a general thing, are not allowable rhymes in a poem of the first class; yet the publishers inform us that the poem from which we cull that blighted flower "was written at the time of the famous ocean yacht-race, and was thought by the *New York Herald* worthy of insertion in its editorial pages"—under which circumstances we are inclined to think less of the *New York Herald* than ever before.

Let the one-poem poets wear their solitary jewel in proud contentment, and not seek to work over the tailings of their single inspiration into numberless verses whose only virtue is their premature disappearance from the public gaze.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. By Ransom H. Gillett. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

The publishers and author seem to have done every thing necessary to make this volume a convenient, agreeable, and valuable acquisition to all officers of the Government, Army and Navy, lawyers, magistrates, and members of Congress and of the Legislatures. Mr. Gillett is a gentleman well qualified for the work he undertook, and has done it well. We hope it will be studied and practiced.

THE FLYING MAIL. By M. Goldschmidt. Boston: Sever, Francis & Co.

The Flying Mail is full of that Norwegian fancy and freshness that is making itself felt in America. The same volume contains the story of "Old Olof," by Magdalene Thoresen, and is powerful and dramatic. The reader scarcely looks for so much emphasis in so slight a sketch. It is a miniature romance. Björnstjerne Björnson also appears as though to introduce the others; but if these are fair specimens of the literature of Norway, it speaks for itself, and we can not have too much of it.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The Representative Magazine of America.

The only Literary Magazine published on the Pacific Coast.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, is now in its EIGHTH VOLUME, and, r such encouraging circumstances, may present the following synopsis of its rk, and its past and present brilliant and popular list of contributors to its four tractive departments:

1. Essays on Local Material Resources.

We may repeat what we said, a year ago, under this head: "The OVERLAND sents, in graphic, perspicuous detail, the peculiar resources of the Pacific Coast Territories; avoiding all *puffing and advertising* of individual or corporate rests, as well as the dry husks of mere statistics, facts, and figures. The in-sted immigrant and resident have come to look upon this feature of the maga-as the means of acquiring reliable information in regard to the country, while general reader has found it interesting by reason of its literary treatment." g the well-known contributors to this department, we mention the names of a Scammon, Arpad Haraszthy, John Hayes, Dr. Henry Degroot, Mrs. F. ctor, Judson Farley, Josephine Clifford, etc.

2. Travels and Geographical Sketches.

rder this heading, we call attention to the articles of Mark Twain, J. Ross n, Clarence King, Stephen Powers (pedestrian journeys through the States Territories), Charles Warren Stoddard (South-Sea sketches), Joaquin Miller s of poets), the late Col. A. J. Grayson, R. W. Raymond, N. S. Dodge (noted ean places), H. D. Jenkins, Rev. Thomas Condon, William V. Wells, and others.

3. Studies of Western Manners and Civilization.

It remained for the OVERLAND to develop the character of the Western Pio-as intensified and heightened in the strange and new civilization of the Pacific . First we had Mr. Harte's unique sketches, which have not been equaled ny of his later productions while away from his field of inspiration, in connec-with which appeared Stephen Powers' studies of "A Piney Woods Charac-Mr. Emery's "Centrepole Bill" and "Compasses;" Mrs. Neall's "Spilled" and "Placer;" Prentice Mulford's characteristic articles—"Balty," "Pete," "Jo," etc.; Mr. Evans' "Shakes;" Farley's "Rose's Bar;" Green's n;" Mrs. Victor's "El Tesoro," and Mrs. White's "Spades." In the n of fiction, the OVERLAND has won the criticism of publishing "the best stories in any American magazine." Among other writers in this depart-, we may mention Governor Booth, W. C. Bartlett, Samuel Williams, Noah s, Geo. B. Merrill, B. P. Avery, J. F. Bowman, Mrs. Cooper, Col. Evans, etc.

. Independent Literary Criticism.

A notable feature of the OVERLAND's criticism has been its entire freedom the ordinary trammels of "publishers'" influence, and this has given it a t and authority not often found in other American magazines.

The present corps of contributors includes the following: Prof. J. D. Whit-Stephen Powers, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Arpad Harasz-na D. Coolbrith, Mrs. S. B. Cooper, Mrs. F. F. Victor, Rev. Thomas Con-N. S. Dodge, H. D. Jenkins, Leonard Kip, Edgar Fawcett, Prentice Mul-Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Piatt, Captain Scammon, J. F. Bowman, Mrs. Neall, John s, Josephine Clifford, Taliesin Evans, Theodore F. Dwight, Henry Degroot, Upton, Dr. Ver Mehr, W. C. Bartlett, Mrs. White, John C. Cremony, Dan-Connell, Wm. V. Wells, Henry George, Judge Hill, Dr. Stout, Josephine ott, Gen. J. W. Ames, W. A. Kendall, Therese Yelverton, and many others.

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THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

APRIL, 1872.

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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

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VOL. 8.—APRIL, 1872.—NO. 4.

SEA-STUDIES.

WHO can paint a square yard of sea? Its surface, this morning, and before it has become perfectly smooth under the lifeless air, presents an appearance formidable to analysis and description, and much more so to delineation. Labyrinthine, round-topped wavelets intersect, forming small oval lakelets, of a lighter blue, with thin, black-penciled outlines. When the sails or the ship's hull stoops over them in the rocking movement of a calm, while the little, winding, watery hills retain essentially the same color, the curved hollows take on, for the moment, a yellow or black hue, which, as the ship retires, breaks up into squares and bars of black or gold, and gives place again to blue. The effect is like that from the rapid dispersion of drab bonnets and brown coats, when a Quaker conventicle was invaded by constables in the time of Charles the Second.

In a perfect calm, the task proposed is comparatively easy. The color mazarine selected, a shade of purple being added, if the day is cloudy, the light curve of gentle swell sketched, the polished canvas darkened with the body of the ship, or whitened by its sails; and the work is substantially done. A shoal of tiny fish, gleaming with tropical hues—one of them leaping from the water and dashing out, radiating circles of mimic surge—might agreeably diversify this picture of still-life. But this would be the sport of the artist's fancy, after the conscientious copying of Nature had been performed.

Let the air stir ever so lightly from its morbid stillness, and then look over the ship's side. See those slender ridges, ranged in short, parallel curves, from three to six deep. In the space of a square yard, fifty other associations of waves intersect, similar in size and grouping, but following arcs of various diameters. Occasionally some lunar or aërial force will break up several sets of curves and drive them before it into fretted lines, which retain their parallelism, and, though straight in general direction, plainly reveal their composite character. If the water, before the movement of the

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air, had not fallen to its most complete quiet, then those elliptical hollows, before mentioned—of which there are, perhaps, twelve or fifteen in every square yard—with their winding boundaries of swell, must form the groundwork of the composition. With what exhaustive study and painful toil must a painter transfer to his canvas these beautiful mutable combinations, this infinite diversity of checkered pattern. In first reading Tennyson's line, containing the expression, "The wrinkled sea," I thought that reference was made to its surface as roughened by ordinary waves. But the epithet may have been suggested by observations of these crowded and slender furrows, very nearly resembling, in size and concentric contiguity, the characters engraved by time and care upon the human face. Whether this idea is correct or not, may not the beautiful figure have been based upon the French "*ride*," since the word means both a wrinkle of the face and a ripple of the sea?

If our imaginary artist is to depict the sea as it appears directly behind the ship, then broad reaches of level water will appear upon the picture, shut in by rapid eddies. These revolve around cornucopias of light-blue, submerged spray, with snow of surface-spray heaped at the brim. The effect is the same as if a company of Tritons were extending upward their wreathed, ivory-tipped shells, about to spring together from the green depths. When the ship advances slowly, the imprisoned air finds its way upward without occasioning any striking appearance. When the vessel is going very fast, the outlines it sketches upon the sea are confused and lost. But at an ordinary rate of speed, it is pleasant, as one leans against the ship's side, to watch the changes in the disturbed water. Here liquid beryl seems poured into a sapphire cup, globes of opal rising through its depths, and its rim flashing with foam of diamond-dust. The air will generally ascend through the water with homogeneous opacity. But sometimes the globules will cluster together in a nebulous body, which, in shape and color, is the exact counterpart of a cloud. Then the cup of sapphire seems a transparent camera-obscura, containing the sun-sketched likeness of a summer cloud within its conic chalcedonic walls. It is singular that bubbles of air, rising through water, will take the exact structure and hue which are assumed by vesicles of water suspended in air.

Sometimes the ship's prow scatters spots of snow upon the sea with an unvarying richness of contrasted tints, but with irregular taste and unequal effect. Often it embroiders the blue waves with sinuous, shining bands of silver in noble and striking designs. These need only to be pruned of exuberance and corrected in irregularity, and the rare and complete pattern will charm the fastidious eye of fashion, and add a grace to the white shoulders of beauty. Now and then a crater, boiling with emerald lava, will, in disappearing, form a very perfect watery wheel, with lengthening spokes and thinning tire. The foam, thrown up in masses and then widening into tracts, seems loath to lose its unity of place and composition. When broken by the force of the waves, the parts diverge with difficulty, and keep up their union by long, tenacious, but attenuating opalescent lines. So do the wearers of royal vestments stretch out their frail white arms and link their hands, gleaming with gems, to hide or suppress the heaving popular heart and mighty will beneath them; destined to be tossed aside by the spray, or to subside into the form and color of the common element from which they sprang.

The painter has still another effect to produce, if he picture the sea at night. One evening, moonless and so cloudy that distance could not be judged by the

eye, I was leaning over the stern of the ship. The sea looked black and infinitely remote, like the inverted vault of heaven. Round, phosphoric lights, various in size and intensity, were the exact counterparts of stars; while the white, winding, irregular track of the rudder seemed the central path of the Milky Way. The only incongruous element of the scene was the rushing motion of the whole, which presently merged its diversity in added sublimity; as if, the perceptions of sight and feeling being immeasurably quickened and widened, we were suddenly to become palpably conscious of the rushing earth under our feet, and could note, in its full rapidity, the dizzy flight of the stars. It was a grand spectacle, but too solemn; and, after gazing on it a moment or two, I turned away. Later in the night, the light that was lacking in the heavens sprang out of the sea. All around over the ocean, each white wave-pennon bore the blazonry of phosphorescence, while the horizon was one ringed rampart of liquid flame. Thus, from every quarter of the distant dividing-line between cloud and sea, there frowned

> "A looming bastion fringed with fire."

One night, the water being calm, and the moon nearing its full, the path of its light presented a spectacle at once beautiful and curious. At a little distance from the ship, began a series of from fourteen to twenty golden images of the orb, perfectly distinct, although slightly oblate, gyrating, without confusion, within a limited range and with a moderate motion, along the low swells of the sea. The eye, following this shining track, presently fell upon a wave where this phenomenon abruptly ceased. The luminous spheres here divided into zones and lines, and broke into scintillating points of fire, which exactly reproduced, in appearance and motion, the scenes of a naval battle. Now single ships would seem to scatter fire over the waves, and again they would form in close rank and kindle with a long fusillade. Occasionally a vessel would appear to dart against an opposing line of ships, on some sudden mission of daring offense, and presently to resume its former station. The confusion, hurry, and maneuvres of such a conflict were strikingly portrayed. From the lack of movement, which is the great defect of painting, this scene could never shine from the easel. The only drawback noticeable in this imagined representation of a combat was occasioned by the small size and rapid motion of the fiery frigates. These peculiarities produced a strong, ludicrous effect, and made the scene seem a puppet exhibition of some famous marine contest. Toward the near horizon, there lay a small plain, on which the gold light was mellowed with predominating silver. Its level was furrowed by long ridges, which seemed to have resulted from days of quiet culture on the part of some patient plowman of the deep.

The Mate of the ship, who stood by me and watched the varied display with, at least, an equal interest, expressed his strong enjoyment of these effects of Nature. He added, that these and similar phenomena had escaped his notice until his attention had been called to them. The sea ought, in educating mind, to exert, at least, an equal influence with the most striking scenery of the land. It has a great advantage over the latter in the motion and constant successions of its changing views. Standing once on the cliff upon which dash the upper falls of the Yosemite, from which we were looking over the sparkling valley of the Merced, a young poet, whom California loves to honor and claim as her own, called my attention to a fence which traversed a meadow far beneath us. The rails which composed it seemed to have been linked together vertically, presenting the appearance of a crooked, jointed pole

towering into the air, and were a marked and ludicrous incongruity in the splendid view. He remarked that a painter, who had produced such an effect, would be considered a dauber. This is only a single illustration of the constraint resting upon artists to avoid too accurate delineations of land prospects. But on the landscape of the sea—if I may be pardoned the expression—no such care need be exercised. Water never offends the sense of beauty when at rest, was never known to make an awkward movement, and imparts its own grace of action to the most unwieldy hulk that floats upon it. When Froebel's system of teaching to observe, copy, and combine natural phenomena shall have become prevalent, the dazzlingly illustrated volumes of ocean will no longer be sealed books to so many persons. Then the coarse and trivial pleasures of marine life will give room to the exercise of taste and genius; and those who make the sea their home will contribute far more largely than they have yet done to the galleries, the cabinets, and the libraries of the world.

The hot breath of the equator had for several days distended our sails, and the purple haze, frequent in these low latitudes, had, for many hours of each day, veiled the horizon-line. It had surprised me, that, though the sun was indeed fierce, the weather was, nevertheless, quite enjoyable. This was entirely the gracious gift of the wind, and this morning it abruptly died away. When Tennyson sang—

> "There is no joy but calm."

he could not have had a lively experience of a calm at sea, and within the tropics. Here is all the languor of lotus-eaters, without their ease. The close cabin is unendurable; for all the previously latent odors of paint and varnish creep forth at such a time, and, combining with the steam of the cargo that rises through the floor, drive you at once to the deck. The sea, at first, heaves high with the swell of the vanished wind, although there is not a crest of foam within the rim of the horizon. As the vessel is the idle plaything of the wave, there is more motion to the deck than if a heavy breeze were blowing. It is altogether too much exertion to dodge about under slatting sails, with the feeble purpose of shunning the burning beams which the sun throws furiously and vertically down upon the deck. As each surge advances toward the ship, you look at it with the faint hope that, when close by the gunwale, it will break into spray, and thus vary the cheerless prospect with the delusive suggestion of wind-force. But, no; each swell sinks unbroken under the rolling ship, with a dull and measured thud that grows oppressive and painful to the ear. The air is breathless, dense, and parching. As the hours limp on, and link themselves unwillingly into lingering days, it is only by the faintest pulsations, with a long, low heaving of the breast, that the great heart of the ocean is seen to beat. We seem worn watchers at the bed of dying Nature, with scarcely life enough left in us to watch

> "Her breathing soft and low,
> As in her breast the wave of life
> Keeps heaving to and fro."

The horizon creeps near, and winds its yellow coil close about the ship. A strange force muffles life; for a dormant, pigmy Death seems to recline in the central chamber of the brain, with occasional drowsy and hurtful tossings, while, to every sense and limb, is radiated a consciousness of its sickening presence. All may not be equally passive and sensitive to its power, but the peculiar sensation is experienced by all who climb the equatorial hill, even though the swooning air may not quite degenerate into calm.

The fifth dawn shows us that we have been shut in during the night by a vault of purple cloud. Some energy must have been stirring to effect this, though the

cause is not apparent in any change of the prospect, except that the masts of an eastward-bound ship just break the northern horizon, and, by feebly varying the monotony of the view, show its former oppressiveness rather than bring appreciable relief. The cloud above is so dense and uniform in texture as to give no hint of the place of the sun in the heavens. Imagine yourself, near the close of this day which you have just endured, reclining upon deck. Tired out by the sameness of the glassy water and the leaden sky, you lean against the sky-light, and shut your eyes. You know not how long you have been in this posture, but the aimlessly creaking spars, and the helpless roll of the ship, have never been absent from the dull pain of your dreams. You are suddenly roused by what seems the waft of a fan over your scorched features. Could that have been a puff of wind? O, no! it was only the sigh of an exhausted sail overhead. You again close your eyes in utter disappointment and *ennui*. Presently, something again breathes, or brushes, over your face, as if a zephyr—tinier than any bird that ever chipped a shell—was first opening against your cheek plumes that were yet half down, and was piping in your ear the first feeble, but joyous, whistle of his life—a whistle which is, as yet, scarcely any thing shriller than a whisper. You start up, and look over the ship's side. There is a faint blur on the glassy water, as when a mirror is breathed upon. You glance back to the after-deck. The Captain is standing with intent eyes and raised right-hand. You look upward. The sombre mantle of heaven is, at one corner, doubled upon itself, and ravels out at the fold into fringes of rack. You strain your eyes toward the sea again, to catch the earliest glimpse of spray—the first positive token of coming wind. The blur has roughened into ripples; the ripples are momently deepening. Were there not two or three bubbles breaking on the top of that wave?—and, in another minute, you see an unmistakable snowy crest. Here and there, at wide intervals, another, and yet others, appear, till white banners are everywhere flung to the breeze by the mustering ranks of the sea. The Captain has long ere this ascertained the wind's direction, and has ordered that the yards should be bent to win its utmost force. The sprightly shouts of the sailors, with the quick, intermitted creakings of the tense ropes, keep time to the music of the altered air and ocean. For now, instead of soundless swell and sullen splash, the waters chatter and gurgle about the ship, making such melody as they strike from the cool stones of the old wharves at home, when, after a sultry summer day, you saunter down from hot rooms to inhale the Atlantic's delicious breath. Onward rushes the ship, tossing broad sheets of foam from her flying prow.

"Blow, Wind! and crack your cheeks,"

and bear us past these blazing boundaries.

The ship had been tossing in a belt of sea which is uniformly stirred by light and mocking winds, and illuminated at night by frequent lightnings. The wind would box the compass—that is, blow from all quarters in regular succession. This, of course, kept the sailors constantly at work, in bracing the yards to suit the shifting air; and when, within a short time, every conceivable position of the spars had been realized, the breeze would excite the Captain's wrath by dying away altogether. Suddenly the capricious and intermittent murmurs of the air merged in the cheery whistle of the northern trades, which alighted in the rigging and curved the sails with steady and genial force. Every characteristic of the trade-wind region is the reverse of tropical, although it is bounded in both hemispheres by the parallels of 25° and 10°. The picture of one day is that of all days passed within its precincts. It is specially pleasing to a Californian, who

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horseback, and mixed largely with the Indians. True, there were many men of enterprise, education, and all that, in this country — skilled mechanics, fine farmers, good lawyers, and sound men generally, who held and still hold high places in the State; but, as a rule, the old Oregonian was and is a distinct and singular individual. This is the manner of man I found on the Wallamet, twenty years ago.

Twenty years ago, the old Oregonian, with his cattle on a hundred hills, had neither butter nor milk on his table, save that which he bought of his neighbor, the newly arrived immigrant. He is the same to-day — improvident and uncivilized. The first one you encounter is on the Oregon side of the Siskiyou Mountains. He stands in the door as the stage passes, with his hands in his pockets, patches on his knees, and with three or four blue-haired children clinging to his legs and staring at the great stage-coach. He wears a broad, slouch hat, long hair, and looks as though he had just got out of bed, and is only half awake. But what will attract your attention at this first house in Oregon, is the immense sign that stretches across the toll-road. We pass under it as under a great gateway on entering an ancient city. The letters are so large and prominent that they suggest a popular text in Holy Writ:

"T-O-L-E ROAD."

"What does that mean?" Charley Robinson, who held the lines at my elbow, again snapped the silk at his leaders, and, lifting his head to the Great Rogue River Valley before us, said, "That means that we are in Oregon."

Oregon is an anomaly. With a population made up largely of such people, she has always had some man in Congress who was, in his day, a power in the land.

Here you pass a house that stands in a little pen, mossy with age. In it a generation has been born and raised, yet it has never had a window. Get into the house, if you can for the dogs and deer-skins under your feet, and there you find an order of things not much above the simple *siwash*. The next house you pass, perhaps, will be a model of architecture and rural ornamentation, with people polite and progressive. And so it goes. Oregon is wonderfully mixed. The best and the worst of men; the sunniest and wettest of weather, and the first and most worthless live stock in the world. Rogue River Valley, which mainly lies away from that stream to the south, on Bear River, is a staid, sweet place. Rains are less frequent here than farther on, and many accept it as a compromise between the droughts of California and the great rains of the Wallamet, and are not to be allured away, although it is now the most isolated portion of the State. This is the only part of Oregon that has a military history. Away down the valley, not unlike a magnificent castle in appearance, stands Table Rock, the old fortress of Captain John, the famous Chief of the Rogue River Indians. Here were fought some sharp skirmishes; and here General Lane, "the Marion of Mexico," received wounds and won laurels in the capture of the battlement. The brave old Chief and his son, who burnt and butchered successfully up and down this lovely valley for many years, are even now, I believe, prisoners of war at Alcatraz. He fought to the last, and even when on the ship on the way to his military prison, the reckless old savage, with his son, rose against the officers one night, and fought till they were both shot down. But bad Indians die hard; and, I believe, they both recovered, though the old warrior lost a leg in this his last battle. He is now nearly forgotten, and his wild and bloody history unwritten.

Umpqua Valley is really no valley at

all, but a succession of little hills, with dimples and depressions along the crooked, rocky Umpqua and its tributaries. Roseburg is a little, peaceful-looking town of a thousand souls or more, but it is no baby, and has a bloody record. Here, on this rickety old bridge, a howling mob hung its victim; and there, in that dusty, dog-fennel street, last summer, the editors of the two rival little papers had a lively six-shooter war-dance, and, when the ball closed, three editors were found fearfully wounded. The cold, cold world may learn with a possible tinge of regret, that no one of the three has, so far, died of his wounds. Back yonder, on the banks of the Umpqua, one night, at a little country ball, a misunderstanding arose, and, in a moment, more than half a dozen strong, fine young men lay dead or dying on the floor.

Roseburg is the home of the Lanes—once the political power of the State—and up this creek, that comes pitching down between the great oak-topped hills, three miles in an easterly direction, and four miles perpendicular, as his son has it, lives General Joseph Lane—soldier, Governor, Senator, and at last candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Very old is the General now, and quite retired, but the same as of old. His quiet, unpretending fireside and frugal meal are shared by the hermit the same now as when he was not poor, but strong and well-to-do, a great politician, and a power in the land.

Boats do not reach Roseburg; but down the rocky Umpqua, at Scotsburg, was once a lively trade, and many steamers decked the river—a river rich in scenery, deep and dark from rugged cliffs in many places, and then overshadowed by the spicy myrtle. Two hours' ride from this little town, through rolling hills of oak, and we touch the advance of Holladay's railroad army. Farther on, we pass a town of tents. Thousands of men, it seems—and mostly Chinamen—are at work, like beavers, sweeping away the great fir-forest, that shuts out the sun the whole year through. Two hundred miles from Portland, and three hundred miles from the sea, by the line of travel, we take the cars. At present, the gap between the California and Oregon sections, that the traveler has to cross by coach, is three days' hard travel; but it is safe to say that, in another year, somewhere up about the Siskiyou Mountains, the last spike will be driven. The Oregon section has the heavier force employed, is displaying the greater energy, and will probably first reach the junction.

We are now in the matchless and magnificent Wallamet Valley, fifty miles wide, one hundred and fifty long, watered and timbered like a park, and capable of being turned into one unbroken field of grain. The cold, clear river, with its fringe of balsam and fir, winds directly through its length; while, on either hand, far back in the clouds, loom mountains, black in their forests of eternal green. Here, if a man sows, he shall surely reap; while many even reap who do not sow at all, for a succession of volunteer crops is no new thing. Here the seasons never fail. That reliable individual, known as the oldest inhabitant—who, I believe, makes his home in Oregon—fails to remember a time, in the last half-century, when this prolific valley failed the husbandman. Here, on the river, at the head of navigation, is Eugene City—a dear, delightful town among the oaks, but slow and badly "hide-bound." It needs a good shaking up; wants some one who has the courage, and is enough its friend, to tell it of its sins. Here are six great church-buildings—never half filled—and hardly two decent school-houses. Here is a great army of boys growing up, proficient chiefly in the mysteries of "kissing-bees" and country-dances. No trades, no professions, no education to speak of; nothing

but helpless dependence on the "old man." This is a representative interior town. After awhile, the keen, cultivated Yankee will come along, and push these young men off the track, out of their homes, back into the mountains; and they will murmur some, and wonder how it is, but should not complain.

Here, too, is an army of men at war with the railroad. Men, whose land has been trebled in value by the location of this line, are fighting every foot of its advance. While some men, awake to the interests of the country, have generously given a right of way to the enterprise, the sleepy Webfoot, who is afraid his cow will be run over and his grass burnt up by the railroad, is suing for damages, and displaying an energy in his opposition that he has never shown in any thing else. If Holladay had undertaken to pass through the lines of the Apache Indians, he could not have encountered more trouble than this class of people have given him in Oregon.

A little way from here is the junction of the East Side and West Side lines, both owned by Holladay. The "West Side," with its southern terminus now in the city of Portland, but which will be carried to Astoria, runs all the way up the west side of the Wallamet; while the "East Side" keeps up the other side, and makes its crossing just below the forks of the river, to the junction; thus giving this valley railroad advantages equal to any in the Union. In fact, it is safe to say, that, at the end of the present year, Oregon will have more railroad, according to its population, than any State you can name.

Be sure and stop at Albany, a little wide-spread town on the east bank of the Wallamet; for this is the heart of the valley. Ten and twenty miles, in many directions, you see only level fields, farm-houses, and orchards. It looks much like Illinois. Wheat is the great production. It never fails. No floods, no droughts, no grasshoppers, no weevil; nothing that can make the farmer feel less secure than if insured. Here are fields, I am told, that for twenty successive years have brought forth their unfailing crops of wheat, without fallow or manure. However, we must know that such is not the rule, and, at best, is only a shiftless Webfoot way of getting on that no farmer should boast of. Still, if there is a soil under the sun that can endure such culture, this is surely the soil. Go down to the river, and see where it has cut through its banks of fifteen feet of loam and black alluvial bottom, and you will agree with me. Yet, with these broad and matchless fields, all kinds of produce are high and scarce. All along the stage-line through the southern part of the State, the drivers stated they could not get oats at even $1 a bushel, and had to feed wheat to a great extent. This is remarkable. Labor is needed here. I have taken pains to look into this, and write advisedly. Nearly twenty years' residence in the State, and then recent observations abroad, where I could make comparisons, enable me to speak truly, as well as plainly; and I think it safe to say that no country presents nearly so many attractions to settlers, either with or without means, as this. There are some who complain of the climate of this valley—and it is certainly not attractive during the winter months—yet it is almost exactly like that of England, with the advantage of temperature on the side of Oregon. That of England is a little more cold and crisp, while this is the more damp and humid of the two, but not excessively so.

Salem, the Capital (how one tires of these old Eastern names all through this country. Why not, like California, have given pretty local names to their towns? Named them after the old Indian chiefs, for instance, who wore feathers in their hair and quills in their noses, and were well up in the art of tomahawking mis-

sionaries), is in the woods, on the banks of the Wallamet. This is the Boston of Oregon: famous for its schools and churches. The city is magnificent in dimensions; is, in fact, rather thickly settled for the country: yet, far too thinly settled for a city.

A little while ago, this State was called a northern county of California. This infant commonwealth then stood holding on to her apron-strings, and looking up into her face helpless and pleading-like, much as a barefooted country girl to a big, proud sister just back from boarding-school. Then you may remember, also, that California frowned a little, looked wise, talked patronizingly, and put on many airs. Now, Oregon is her rival. She has a city, railroads, commerce, and wealth. Yet she is still tied up by the old "Webfoot" laws. A county can not incur a debt in excess of $5,000, while the State is almost powerless to contract under the present Constitution. And what can be said of the laws of a State where a legislator receives the same pay as a Chinese day-laborer? However, a new order of things is here, and this will soon pass away. Oregon, in the last year, has become thoroughly wakened from her twenty years' sleep, and she now wears a new face. Holladay has galvanized her into a real life, vigor, and energy that will last.

I do not say that this man built the city, or brought all the wealth and ready money that now floods the State; but I do venture to say that he has done more in that direction than any other individual. His ships go directly from the Wallamet to Liverpool, laden with grain, and they return with iron. The English eat the bread of the Wallamet on the Thames, and Oregon is thus made rich with English money. It is safe to add that money is more plentiful in this new State to-day, and more readily earned, than in any other part of the world. Holladay having had a great part in bringing about this recent prosperity, he is, as a matter of course, an object of jealousy, and receives the guerrilla attacks of the Webfoot portion of the Oregon press, already famous for personal onslaught. He is treated as a sort of fearful earthquake, that is finally to swallow up Oregon, Mount Hood, Webfeet, and all. The great sin with which he now stands charged is that of having designs on the Senate; while the truth is, he is not even a citizen of the State. His residence is in New York—that is, if a ten-thousand-acre farm, and a home that cost half a million, can be considered a residence. This Pacific Cæsar may have ambition, but it does not lie in the direction of the United States Senate; certainly not from Oregon. This splendid specimen of American energy and Western manhood was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and is now just fifty. His family resides in Paris. With his twenty years of stormy life on the Pacific, he looks to be only in his prime. I pronounce him one of the finest types of manhood the West can boast of.

Portland is split in two by the Wallamet, not far from its confluence with the Columbia, with the larger half on the right bank. This is now, by far, the most prosperous town on the Pacific. It is, in many senses of the word, a city, though its bankers and merchants—mostly home-made, or "valley-tan"—still show traces of their weak pin-feathers, and decline to take any great flights in speculation or outside commerce. This place has singular attractions of scenery. Here is a sort of blended savage and civilized life, that is encountered nowhere else. The town is in the heart of a forest deeper than the Black Woods of Germany. May be it is these woods that give it the sense of newness, and make it seem as if built but yesterday. On every hill-side the trees press hard on the town, and in some places overshadow the new, white houses. The

contrast of color is rich. In some places you see great stumps of trees in the streets: the town has grown so fast, they have not had time to decay.

To see the town and forest well, and enjoy the wild and the tame, the natural and the artificial, go back on the fir-topped hills, a mile west of the river, and turn your face toward sunrise and Mount Hood. Here, with your back jammed up against a wood, dense, deep, and magnificent, you have a mile of city at your feet; then a tide-river, with many ships, and not unlike the Thames; then a mile of open town; then firs, tall, taller, deep, dense, and black as Erebus, in the distance; then hills, forest-crowned, of course; then grander hills, still black with forests, but nearly hidden in the clouds — rolling clouds, that sometimes sweep like seas, then drift, and lazily drag themselves through the tree-tops; higher up are peaks, crags, clouds; then Mount Hood, rugged, scarred, and broken, matchless and magnificent, and white forever, as the throne of God.

Grand and lovely, beyond the touch of words, are these steep and stupendous peaks of snow in Oregon, when flashing under a summer sun. Hood is only an elder brother of a well-raised family. Under skies that are less intensely blue, they might not thrill you so. Did they stand as in other lands, only as additions to and extensions of other mountains, gray, barren, and colorless, the effect then might not be so great. But here, the shining pyramids of white, starting sudden and solitary from the great black sea of firs, standing as supporting pillars to the dome of intense blue sky, startle, thrill, and delight you, though you have stood unmoved before the sublimest scenes on earth.

It is an hour or so from Portland to where the Wallamet joins hands with the cold Columbia, and a full day's sail down that river to the sea. The first thing you do on this day's journey is to take out your book for notes, and write: "What splendid forests! Green! black! boundless!" Then you turn a point in the river, pass a fleet of clouds laden with rain for the upper valley, and write again, "Forests! black! billowy and magnificent;" and so on, all day, till you almost tire of the splendor and majesty of the scene. The woods come down to the waters' edge, and all day long, neither on the Washington Territory nor Oregon side do you see open land enough to turn a four-in-hand. But the soil is very rich, I know from observations of old, and though the face of the ground is broken, it will admit of many farms. Now and then the Columbia is miles in width, is never narrow, and has many islands, thick with forests of ash, and balsam, and maple.

Many lumber-mills are along the river's edge, with little towns building about them; but they have hardly made a dimple in the exhaustless sea of timber. In places, ash and maple fringe the river, instead of fir; and now and then a black, basaltic cliff, not much unlike the Hudson Palisades, hangs above us. But, as a rule, the river is wide and shallow, with alluvial shores.

Astoria, the oldest town in the State, has a Historical Society and a historian. It is a sweet, but not a thriving place at all, and clings helplessly to a humid hillside that seems to want to slide into the great, bay-like river. Above the town are low, broken, timbered hills, fallen trees, burnt black, and tumbled up and down and across; then sturdy firs up the river away, stately black in their intense green, impenetrable! Clouds drag lazily through their tops, and are tangled there, like floss. Sometimes you see the hill-tops bursting through the clouds, with the fir-trees tossing in the wind; and that is very grand. Across the river, some miles away, you see some cliffs of rock, a little town or two, and a steamer stealing around the points

that run out into the river. The scenery here is all natural—wild, but peaceful, splendid, and impressive! The stillness is marked and imposing. Even the petrels and the sea-doves that blow about in flocks are still as ghosts. When you look above the fleets of snowy clouds that come silently in from the stormy ocean, to the cliffs and firs across the river—the ships, and clouds, and birds, and all things seeming to drift in dreamy silence—it is passing grand, and, after all, you are thankful for Oregon, the great cloud-land, her matchless forests, and her mountains.

Although this little town of the Astors is twelve miles from the open sea, the ocean steamers touch land no more in Oregon, after casting loose from this. When we had descended to dinner, and were seated at the table—which, by the way, was about the best I had seen since leaving San Francisco—I saw what I took to be the blonde companion of the black man I had encountered in the coach when crossing the Siskiyou Mountains. She seemed supremely happy now, and leaned warmly toward a brown-whiskered man, in a miner's overshirt, with six-shooter in his belt, who sat, all attention, at her side. He bombarded her with all manner of dishes and delicacies as they talked in a low, cooing tone, and seemed oblivious to every thing save each other, and their hash! Finally, she raised her right-hand in a sort of affectionate gesture to the brown-bearded man at her side, and then I knew that I was not mistaken.

"Just married," said the Captain, nudging at me with his left elbow, as he winked at the happy pair and looked straight down in his plate.

"Just married! just divorced, I should say!" chipped in a little, old maid, in black, who sat up close to the Captain's right; and she said it in a bitter, spiteful way, too, as if she was grating her teeth and trying to stick pins into somebody's back. A queer, little, sour, dried-up apple was she, whom I took to be a disappointed and dyspeptic strong-minded importation from the East; yet one who knew every body and every thing, and had a ready opinion for all occasions and on all affairs. She wore glasses, and, I should say, had drank strong Bohea tea till she was as tough and tawny as a Chinaman.

"They are just divorced—that is, a portion of them—the female portion;" and here the wise and ancient virgin settled the glasses on her nose, and looked as though she believed in herself thoroughly, and felt that she had said a really clever thing.

"Very true," answered the Captain, gently; "divorced yesterday, married to-day, and now off to California for their honey-moon. What adds to the interest of the situation, her former husband—a short, black man, in black—is with us, a passenger in the steerage."

"Is it possible!"

"'Possible!' All things in that line are possible in Oregon."

"Softly, there," chimed in an old Oregonian, who was jammed up against the old maid's right elbow. "Oregon is not responsible for all the vagabonds that cross her lines. These people, I happen to know, are from down the coast—California—your own State, Captain. This lady down at the other end of the avenue, started first to Chicago to get divorced, but when that matrimonial Eden went up the flume, she switched off and came to Oregon, as the next best place in the Union for her purpose."

This man was a firm believer in his new State; and, as we arose from the table, sauntered out on deck, and stood in the clouds that came driving in from the sea, he declared that he would not allow it to be traduced, even in such a trifling matter as divorces!

Here we are at the bar. The ship

begins to roll and lurch. One feels nervous and uneasy, and something worse than snakes seems creeping up and down the spine. Passengers look at each other, and turn pale. Now they turn and lean, and look into the sea for whales and pretty mermaids!

Mercy! The savage old Columbia pitches us out of her mouth into the sea, as if glad to get rid of us—as if we were a sort of Jonah. A stormy sea is this; and in this, the winter season, one of the roughest in the world. Here are indeed the seas the poet would adore:

> "The seas full of wonder and peril,
> Blown white round the capes of the North."

SOUTH SEA BUBBLES.

An August in the highlands
Is a chilly shadow of my lands;
O! for an hour of the fervent heat
That nurses the South Sea Islands.

Your harvest's a quick comer,
Your flail a tireless hummer;
The century-plant grows old, and dies,
In the prime of a South Sea summer.

When smuggling bees hum over
Their honey in the clover,
I think of the honey-beds I know,
And storm like a South Sea rover.

When the winds begin to mutter,
My heart is in a flutter;
For I dream of foam and a roaring reef,
And a rakish South Sea cutter;

In spite of all endeavor,
Her straining low lines sever;
A crash, a wreck, and a watery grave—
Or a South Sea home forever!

I long for a palm thatch cover,
Where chattering parrots hover;
I hate these dreary fields and folk,
And sigh for a South Sea lover.

At the glow of sandy reaches,
How all my soul beseeches
One glimpse of the far-off, blue, blue wave
That laps on the South Sea beaches!

For my heart is full of trouble,
Of cares on cares that double;
And out of the core of a citron gourd
I blow me a South Sea bubble!

THREE DAYS OF SANCTUARY.

LITTLE, if any thing, about the story can be gleaned from the Martelle annals. For it was not a matter of which the family could endure even the memory; and hence, in those records, so carefully devoted to the commemoration of high alliances and deeds of gallantry and honor, there appears, in the case of Hugh Martelle, only a barren entry of birth and death.

It began in the great cathedral, late upon the afternoon of St. Pancras' Day, when the soft twilight was gradually closing in about the gray, sculptured walls. When a few lingering rays of the setting sun, gleaming through the richly stained glass of the windows, fell upon the marble pavement of the nave, pouring over the tessellated blocks broad patterns of gold and purple light, which, for a moment, shone bright and dazzling, then became flickering and uncertain, and, at last, one by one, gently faded away. When, after a moment of confusion, the great cathedral had become deserted, excepting where, here and there, at the foot of some heavy, overshadowing column, a single form could be seen crouching down, unwilling, in the awakened fervor of devotion, to quit the sacred place.

Then it was that the clashing of steel, mingled with loud oaths and alternate cries for assistance and revenge, resounded from the very entrance of the porch. At a sound so unsuited to the sanctity of the place, each remaining worshiper started up, and stood with blanched countenance gazing down the nave, endeavoring to comprehend the meaning of the angry clamor.

"A De Bracy! Revenge! A De Bracy!" cried three or four infuriated voices at the porch. "Down with him!"

"A Martelle! Help!" was the single response, in a tone of alarm and desperation.

The clash of weapons continued; they fought their way still farther into the body of the cathedral, and, in a moment, while the few worshipers stood irresolute whether to remain or fly, one of the combatants, holding in his hand a rapier dripping with blood, was forced through the inner door into the nave. For a second he yet stood at bay; and then, as three or four pressed hard upon him, he turned and fled toward the altar. The others pursued for a few steps, then suddenly stopped, impressed with the irreverence of their action, slowly sheathed their swords, and, scowling fearfully, strode out. Only one remained, with his weapon unsheathed, watching the receding figure of the fugitive. He, too, at length thrust his sword into its scabbard, with an energy which made the arches of the building echo, and then, with an oath of disappointed rage, he passed out through the porch. The few whose devotions had been so suddenly interrupted stole cautiously away, and the fugitive was left apparently alone.

The flying man advanced toward the altar, near which he flung himself, panting from the exertion he had undergone, and smiling now and then in satisfaction at his escape and their discomfiture. Nevertheless, a shade of trouble passed across his face, as he fancied that he saw figures clustering about the far-off porch. But his fears were vain. The sanctuary of the altar was too powerful to be violated, and, though an army might peer in through every window,

the criminal who had once gained the holy precincts was safe.

All at once the fugitive heard himself addressed, and, looking behind, he saw an old, white-haired priest near him.

"Hugh Martelle," said the old priest, starting with an expression of pain as he recognized the features turned toward him, "how is this? What brawl have you been engaged in? Why enter this place with your naked sword? There is blood upon it, too! Speak!"

"I slew an enemy who attacked me in the street, Father Ambrose," was the response. "I was driven to this place by his adherents; and I now claim shelter and sanctuary."

"Sanctuary you can have, my son," the priest replied. "But put off your sword. No one should dare to approach God's altar with a weapon in his hand. Shall I take and keep it for you?"

For a moment the fugitive clutched his rapier more tightly. He was unwilling to be left entirely defenseless. He remembered cases where even the altar-steps had not restrained the revengeful passions of men; and he dreaded lest that might happen now, and he be cut down like a dog, without a single protecting weapon. But he could not go into the public street; and it was years since the protection of the Church had been outraged. So, with a sigh, he sheathed his sword, unbuckled the scabbard, and handed both to the old priest.

"O Hugh, my son!" said the priest, as he turned away, "I would that any one but you, whom I have watched with so much care for years, for the love I bore your parents, had been placed in such a desperate case. Perhaps, though, my fears are groundless. It may be that what you did was in self-defense, and could not be avoided; and perhaps, ere long, the magnanimity of your enemies may insure your freedom. Meanwhile, as you wait for man to relent, why not seek the pardon of God, who is ready to forgive at any time? Will you not now confess?"

"Confess? I can not, now, Father Ambrose. I would rather wait."

"Be it, then, as you will, Hugh. To-morrow, perhaps, if you are yet here, your mind will be in a better frame. And now, rest in peace. God's altar will be your security, unarmed as you are."

The old priest turned away, with a sigh, and Hugh Martelle was left alone. His thoughts were none of the most cheering. He knew that he had done that for which there could be no forgiveness among men; he might be protected for a day or a week, but hunger or the desperation of weariness would force him into the world again, and that for months to come, were he to tarry so long, his enemies would be watching every avenue of escape.

The great cathedral grew yet darker and darker. The bright spots of sunlight had long faded from the marble floor, and the hideously carved corbel-heads had entirely vanished from the sight. The only light of a cheering nature which could be seen was beyond the doorway, where the glitter of a silver-smith's shop, opposite the cathedral, threw a faint beam across the narrow street. Upon this little glow, Hugh Martelle dreamily fixed his gaze. By it he saw the forms of people passing to and fro. Now it was a group of belated workmen hurrying homeward, then a courtier preceded by a link-boy bearing a flaming torch, and now a band of noisy young men, swaggering along with wild and reckless yells. He wondered whether, in the gathering darkness, he could steal forth and evade pursuit; and, with the hope, he resolved to make the attempt. But, at that very moment, he saw, against the dimly lighted window of the silver-smith's shop, two forms arrayed in casques and breastplates, bear-

ing in their hands their naked rapiers. He sank back with a groan of discouragement.

The air was chilly in the great cathedral, and suddenly Hugh Martelle felt a sharp, shooting pain in his right arm. He placed his hand upon the spot, and detected a clammy, cold, sticky substance: it was blood. He had been wounded in his encounter — unknowingly, while the excitement lasted. It was only a flesh-wound — not dangerous, if properly attended to; but, neglected, would cause him much suffering. Every moment the pains increased, and tormenting thirst began to parch his lips. He tore off his sash, and endeavored to bind up the wound; but having only his left-hand to work with, failed in each attempt; when suddenly a low, soft voice said:

"Hugh Martelle, let me do that for you."

Raising his eyes, he beheld a female figure bending sympathizingly over him. At first, in the gathering darkness, he could not recognize the speaker; but gradually, as he laboriously scanned the dark, liquid eyes, the parting lips, and the waving hair, and endeavored to recall the somewhat familiar tones of the voice, he faintly whispered:

"Is it you, Louise?"

"Yes, Hugh."

The young girl removed the tangled scarf and bound up the wound, touching him all the while so lightly that not another twinge of pain came to agonize him, and his heart, for the moment, reproached him. A year had passed since he had seen her. A poor girl, living by single toil in the miserable quarter of the city where artists, artisans, and students congregated, her beauty had won his heart; and, by his systematic vows — believed by her, but uttered by him in mere gallantry — he had won her affections. Then other objects engrossed him, and he forgot her, until now, when all others forsook him, she came to his relief.

"Louise, I have wronged you," he muttered.

"Wait — let me finish this," she said, as she carefully smoothed down the last fold of the bandage. Then placing her hands upon his shoulders, she strove to gaze into his face. Even in the darkness, he could feel those black eyes burning into his soul, and he drew her unresistingly to his lips.

"I have wronged you, Louise," he said again.

"But it is I, Hugh, who was foolish in believing that a knight of a proud family could always stay to comfort a poor, unknown girl," she answered. "They say you have slain Gaspard de Bracy," she added, "and that will atone for much."

"You knew De Bracy?"

"Knew him?"—and her eyes flashed. "The base, unmanly ruffian tried to woo me, not by fair words, but by force! His lackeys, Hugh, would have borne me away to him, in spite of tears and entreaties, had not a band of students, with only their bills and clubs, beat back the swords of De Bracy's men."

A ray of hope flashed on Hugh Martelle's soul.

"And can you still command the assistance of your brave students, Louise? Listen. You see how my enemies encompass me, so that I can not escape without help. To-morrow, at early dawn, bring a party of brave men to beat down those knaves who guard this door. Once rescue me from their toils, and we will go together to another land, where we can live only for each other. I am wearied with the follies of this Court. Help me only to escape, and I will turn student, artist, artisan, or what you will, if I can thereby remain at your side until death."

"O, Hugh! will you do all that for me?" exclaimed the amazed, delighted girl.

"As my soul lives!" said he. There, at the altar's foot, they matured their plans. She would bring him food, in the morning, to replenish his wasted strength; she would bring him a sword, that he might assist in his own deliverance; and she would bring a band of fifty students to deliver him. As they heard the sacristan close one of the ponderous doors, they were warned to separate. With a parting kiss, the confiding girl skipped down the nave and left the building; and he, with the pain of his wound assuaged, and hope brightening almost into certainty, lay down upon the altar-step to sleep.

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Hugh Martelle slept, and dreamed. He dreamed of freedom, but not of the freedom of another land, with the life-long love of the poor Louise. In his visions—true companions of his waking thoughts—he had merely used her to insure his escape, and, after a few months of cunning intrigue, had purchased amenity for the past, and regained his position at the Court. For this, he had again abandoned the young girl; and, when he awoke, the influence of his dreams still controlled his thoughts, and he raised himself with a curl of derision upon his lips.

As he awoke, he bent his ear to listen for the sounds of deliverance. Then, remembering that previously she was to bring him food and a weapon, he eagerly watched to see the light form come hopefully tripping up the nave. It was time, for the cold gray of dawn was already stealing through the windows, and chasing the shadows from every dark crevice of the arches. The huge doors had already been thrown open. No worshipers had yet entered the cathedral; and, if Louise should now come, they would be alone.

She came at last—not tripping along in the gayety of anticipated happiness, but with the quiet tread of terrible determination. The lips were compressed, and the eyes flashed fire. Her appearance startled him, and, with a thrill of dread, he glided from behind a pillar and hesitatingly advanced to meet her. Summoning a deceitful smile upon his face, he stretched forth his arms to enfold her, but she sprang aside.

"Touch me not, Sir Hugh Martelle," she cried.

"Louise!" he murmured, with a conscious-stricken face, as he partly guessed the truth. Once more he advanced toward her, but she shrank from him.

"Touch me not!" she exclaimed again; and, while her voice, in the shrill accents of contempt, rang through the arches, her whole figure trembled with passion. "Is it true, then, what I heard spoken last night of you in every street and lane of the city, in palace-court—where I went to listen—and in my own low hovel, where they made me hear?"

"What, Louise?"—and he stood before her, hardly daring to meet her eye.

"Hearing your name branded with contempt by all the lowest and basest, not one of whom would have been low or base enough to do as you have done! Hearing the name I once loved, because I thought it might be a surety for noble deeds, now hissed and hooted at, and only mentioned with a sneer or curse!"

"But, dear Louise!" he repeated, with suppliant, outstretched arms.

"Stand back, Sir Hugh Martelle! I tell you again that I will not have you touch me! They say you struck a coward blow; that when you saw your enemy, you did not meet him face to face, like a man, but stole up behind and slew him, unsuspicious that danger was nigh."

She knew it was true, for she heard the story repeated unvaryingly from castle-court to tavern-haunt, and heard nobles and beggars unite in the same curse upon the coward. Still she bent her gaze earnestly upon him, hoping to hear from his own lips a contradiction. But

he could not speak. He stood before her, confessing the truth by his trembling mien.

"It is, then, true," she exclaimed; and her voice, while it rang with anger, had a low wail of agony woven into it. "Oh, Sir Hugh Martelle! God forgive me that ever I had aught to do with you! Rather should I have been the prey of your victim. He was rough and cruel, and could not have known what power there might be in gentle and unforced affection; but he would have died an hundred deaths ere he consented to dishonor his fair name as thou hast done."

"Louise," he murmured, imploringly, "I confess it all. It is done, and can not now be undone. I repent it much. Forgive it all, and let us fly. There, in that other land we have spoken of, we will forget the past, and strive to lead a better life."

"With you?" she cried. "Go with you, whose name is a by-word and scorn to rabble crowds? With you, whose memory must henceforth be one of infamy? Rather would I be the slave of the poorest beggar in the city, did he have an honest soul. Rather would I live with a gallows thief; for many such exist through daring deeds, and would scorn to fill the pouch by coward stabs."

"I have gold, Louise. We will——"

"I would not touch your gold, Sir Hugh Martelle. There is the mark of blood upon every piece. Stay now in your shame and die. Your gold will not save you. All your wealth could not buy the help of one of those who, last night, would have periled themselves for you at my bidding."

"Go, then!" he uttered, with an oath, as his rage overcame his prudence. "Leave me to die here, if you will. Get you again to your hovel and your artist-students, and find out the value of their coarse love."

"Coarse it may be, but honest, Sir Hugh Martelle. There is not one of them who will not now stand a thousand times higher in the sight of Heaven than you. I will go, and forget that I ever defiled my sight by casting a glance upon you.'

Once more he tried to move her pity.

"Louise, can it, indeed, be you who treat me so? Last evening, you acted differently. See! with what care you then bound up my wound. Let us escape from here; and whatever you wish, I will then do. Only, for the love of heaven, suffer me to escape."

"I bound up your wound!" she interrupted. "It must have been some devil in my form. Or, if I did, it was when I thought you were yet true of heart and great of soul. Where is it? Let me see! I bound up that? Eternal infamy be the portion of the hand that did it, if it suffers its foul work to remain. There! there! Now die in your shame, Sir Hugh Martelle!"

Ere he could prevent, she had torn away the bandage. A cry of pain escaped him as the sudden action re-opened the wound. He fell back against a pillar, and when he recovered himself, he saw her indignant form stalking down the nave.

Soon people came in, not to go through their devotions, but only to gratify their hate or curiosity by a sight of the fugitive. He knew all such the moment they entered. They did not steal in tremulously, with hearts bowed dow by reverential awe; but they stepped through the threshold as coolly as though entering their own homes, and gazed earnestly around in search of their object. A knight of the Court stepped in. He bore upon his cap the insignia of a De Bracy, and, with a quiet glance, he swiftly swept the circuit of the cathedral, to be sure that the fugitive had not escaped. Recognizing him, at last, still standing against the pillar, he glanced defiance, significantly touched the hilt

of his sword, drew it half forth, let it fall back again with a clash, and haughtily departed. There was a corner of the cathedral, near the altar-steps, which was so environed with pillars and cumbrous moldings that it was dark when all else was light. Thither he retreated, unable to endure the inspection any longer.

His wound pained him. The rudely dissevered bandage had dragged the flesh apart; and the open sword-cut, clotted with blood, began to fester. He could not close it again, or even wrap the bandage around with tolerable skill. With a curse, he flung the sash away; and, as the cold currents of air circled around and touched the flesh, the sharp, shooting pains increased, until, little by little, they extended from limb to limb, and, at last, every part of his body thrilled with anguish. He had eaten or drank nothing since the afternoon before, but this alone would not have discomforted him. His wound, in leading to fever, had produced an intolerable thirst, and, at last, he sank down helpless.

It was not sleep he felt, for all the time he had a dim consciousness of his situation. He lay prostrate in the corner, at times finding strange, horrible images chasing themselves through his brain. Yet all the while he dimly saw the groined arches spanning the roof above his head, the grinning corbel ornaments gazing down upon him, and faintly heard the echoes, as one person after another entered or departed.

The shadows of evening had already closed around, the lights shone out from the silver-smith's little shop on the other side, and the last worshipers had left the cathedral. The great folding-door was not yet closed, and the hum of voices in the street was very tempting to the imprisoned man. It made him the more deeply sigh for freedom, and he wondered whether he might not glide forth into the open air, unperceived. He slowly and cautiously dragged himself along toward the door. The way seemed clear of enemies, and, with a heart full of hope, he took a step into the street. At the same moment, a single figure started forth from a neighboring buttress, with dagger drawn. At a whistle, others emerged from retired corners, and the fugitive beheld eight sturdy, armed men, prepared to dispute his flight. Baffled in his attempt, Hugh Martelle re-entered the building, which never appeared so gloomy as after that faint touch of the soft evening air.

He saw a man sitting outside the rail at the altar. How he had come there Hugh Martelle did not know, for he had not seen any stranger enter; but that he was not a devotee, nor yet an officer of the cathedral, was evident, for the man was clothed in coarse, torn garments, and held a stout club at his side, as though it were a tried companion. He thought the man had been secretly dispatched to slay him, regardless of the Church's sanctity, but at the first word his fears vanished.

"Ho, comrade!" said the man, leaning leisurely upon his club and looking him in the eye. "Have you come out to take me? Whatever I may have done, I am poor game for cavaliers, such as you are, to seek. No, no; you have come hither on no such errand, for you are unarmed, I see, and no man ever yet dared try to capture me single-handed. Why, man, where is your sword? Birds of such fine feathers should have their pretty fighting toys, I think."

There was something offensive in this familiarity; and Hugh Martelle was uncertain whether it would be becoming in him to answer. But there was something so very pleasant in the sound of a friendly human voice, that he determined to waive his rank, and condescend to partial intimacy. None the less, perhaps, as he reflected that the huge, rough

man before him might be brought to lend him fair assistance to escape.

"My sword?" he answered. "You must ask old Father Ambrose where that is. He would not let me have sanctuary here, unless I remained unarmed; and so I was obliged to strip me of my weapon."

At this the man burst into a hearty, careless shout of laughter.

"Good! Your hand, comrade! Ha, ha! to see the like of this! That we two—birds of such different feather—should meet here to save our necks from being stretched a day or two before they ought. What have you done?"

"It matters not."

"What! afraid to tell? You need not be, comrade. I blab no secrets of the confessional; not I. But I have no fear that others should know what I have done. My trade is a good one while it lasts. Money is plenty, with only the assurance that some day my luck must fail, and I adorn a tree. Well, what of that? After all, a short and merry life is the best. Perhaps I have now nearly run my course; perhaps, with a little cunning, I may get out of this, and take to the road again. In either case I can try to be content. Do you comprehend who I am, now, comrade?"

"I do."

"Good. I have eased many a fat priest and old dowager of their purses. Many a yeoman, coming home from the fair, with his gold coin in his pouch, has emptied his pile into my hands. To-day, I broke into the house of a rich burgher. I was nearly taken in the act, and have only had time to fly hither for safety. Now, then, that you know me, comrade, tell me who you are. Sit here with me while you talk. I have about me a morsel of cheese and a flask of wine, and will share them with you."

The flask which the robber drew forth was tempting to one suffering such agonies of thirst, and Hugh Martelle felt all his aversion to the strange companionship disappearing. He eagerly sat down, and waited to be questioned.

"Well, comrade, your profession?"

"A courtier."

"Ah! I see. You have conspired against the King, perhaps; or else made too free with some of the Queen's attendants. And your name?"

"Hugh Martelle," was the hesitating answer.

"What?" roared the robber, drawing one side. "Not he who, they say, met his enemy in a dark lane and stabbed him in the back? Then you are no comrade of mine, and must go elsewhere for a meal. None but honest men do ever share the loaf with me."

"Honest men, did you say?" repeated Hugh Martelle, contemptuously, stung to the quick by the sneer of the robber. "You talk about honest men, indeed!"

"Ay, and indeed," shouted the robber, gathering up his few poor articles of coarse food, and removing himself, as though from fear of contagion. "I, at least, never struck a man down in secret. I never took a coin upon the road without standing face to face with my man, and giving him a chance to defend himself. Purse-drawer and throat-cutter as I may be, no man can convict me of such scoundrel cowardice as thine. I sit down to share a meal with such as you? I tell you," and the robber, advancing, shook, in the face of the other, a huge, knotted fist, "I tell you this, that if you ever dare come near me, or say a single word to me, I will brain you like an ox."

Going to the other side to eat his meal by himself, Hugh Martelle was left once more alone. For a moment, he remained transfixed, and almost sinking to the earth for shame, that he, who had been once the most honored noble of the Court, was now not even judged worthy of the companionship of a common felon. Then his resentment kindled up, and he wished he could have his sword again,

that he might chastise the fellow. Even at the altar's foot he felt that he could pour out the low blood, which had been moved to heap such insults upon him. Once, in his rage, he glanced upon one of the bright, metal candle-sticks within the rail, and he half resolved to strike down his insulter with its twisted end. But, looking over, he saw that the robber was distrustful, and, while eating the homely fare upon his lap, was still watching out of the corners of his small, quick eyes; so he retired to his corner, and gnawed his fingers in all the shame and misery of conscious self-abasement.

The great cathedral doors had long been closed, and the two criminals seemed left alone for the night; when, suddenly, the grating of a key was heard in the lock, and three or four men, in cloaks and with lanterns, entered. At first, Hugh Martelle believed that his enemies were wearied with watching, and had determined to inflict their vengeance upon him, regardless of the sanctity of the place. So thought the robber regarding himself, and he straightened up his athletic figure for a deadly conflict.

"Do you want me?" he cried. "Then come and take me, if you can. Or do you want Hugh Martelle? There he stands. You can have him, if you will. I shall not interfere to prevent it."

The men did not answer, since they did not understand the purport of the words. For the cathedral was so long and deeply arched, that what was spoken at one end reached the other in merely a confused, unmeaning manner. The men, supposing the sound to be a complaint for assistance from some pent-up prisoner, scarcely turned their heads. They traversed half the length of the nave, and then turned into one of the transepts. Here, beneath a low arch, which spanned one corner, they stopped, set down their lanterns, and threw off their cloaks, disclosing shovels and crowbars. With these they proceeded to tear up part of the pavement, and throw up the earth beneath it.

Relieved of his fears, Hugh Martelle now stealthily approached to watch the work; for the lights, dimly as they burned, enlivened that portion of the cathedral, and he feverishly desired to listen to the sounds of the human voice, even though he might take no part in the conversation. So he glided from pillar to pillar, until he approached one from which he could easily watch the men at their work.

The men toiled steadily, without a word, or giving utterance to any sound, excepting their quick, deep breathing, and, in a few moments, a pit of considerable extent was excavated. As it became deeper, two of the men got into it, and still threw out the earth until their heads alone appeared above the level of the floor. Then they stopped, wiped the perspiration from their faces, and one of them said:

"Truly, the old fellow can rest now safe enough, without being put any deeper, I think."

"Yes," said a second. "And here is the coffin of another of the family, just where we put it last. Listen!"

Pushing a crowbar down, it gave out a hollow sound, as it struck the half-rotted wood. Then the men jumped out, and prepared to go away; when Hugh Martelle, moved with curiosity, stepped out and confronted them.

"Whose grave is that you are opening, my men?"

One of them raised the lantern, and, seeing the rich dress of the person before him, commenced a respectful answer; when another tapped him upon the arm, and whispered something into his ear. At this the face of the speaker changed to a sort of ferocity, and his voice became harsh and guttural, and placing the lantern close to one of the pavement stones, he said:

"Read for yourself, Master."

With a thrill of dismay, Hugh Martelle deciphered the name "De Bracy." This, then, was the family tomb, and he had been watching the digging of his victim's grave.

"How like you it?" muttered one of the men, in a scornful tone. "Is it deep enough? You should know."

"If not, let him dig it deeper himself," cried the robber, suddenly advancing. "By the mass! he should be made to dig it all; for it is he that has prepared the filling of it."

"Good!" exclaimed the men, not displeased at the hit. "And who are you?"

The robber coolly mentioned his name —one which, for deeds of daring upon the King's highway, and for a wonderful combination of lucky escapes, had been sounded throughout all that quarter of the kingdom. Upon hearing the name the men crowded around, shook him by the hand, and asked him for a narration of his adventures. Then, in a moment, while Hugh Martelle was tauntingly driven from the company of the grave-diggers, the robber was seated among them in familiar intercourse. They listened greedily to his stories. Some endeavored to plan an escape for him; but this could not be done without danger to themselves, and the idea was abandoned. But they tried to add to his comfort as much as possible by contributions—one giving him a flask of wine, another some dry bread, and a third a little money. Hugh Martelle, burning with envy, saw the robber—who had enjoyed the pleasure of friendly social intercourse—rapturously taking leave of his newly gained friends.

All that night, Hugh Martelle was tortured by horrible visions. At times he saw the murdered man lying before him. Upon the breast lay the stone inscribed with the name of De Bracy; and the corpse, which, in its appearance of life, seemed yet no corpse, was continually struggling to arise from beneath the weight in order to attack its murderer. When, at last, he awoke, and found the morning light streaming in upon him, he arose more worn and haggard than ever.

The robber, being coolly bent upon enjoying himself, even in his hours of adversity, had left the main building, and had climbed up into the belfry-tower, where, with the solace of his social flask of wine, he sat down upon a projecting cornice and enjoyed the prospect. But Hugh Martelle did not perceive that the man was absent; for his sufferings had so frightfully worked upon his mind that, at times, his powers of reasoning seemed swept away.

Toward noon the silence was suddenly broken by the chanting of many priests. Now it rose high upon the air in prolonged strains, and now it sank into a low, subdued melody—a hushed tone of wailing. Nearer and nearer it came, and then was heard the grating of the slow footsteps of a gathered multitude. As the sounds increased, Hugh Martelle lifted up his head, confusedly parted his tangled hair from his haggard brow, and strove to listen. At length, when the swelling chant was at the very door, remembrance returned, and he convulsively shook and frightfully gnawed his hand, in the desperation of his misery. In terror and shame he aroused himself from his corner, and sought to flee from observation. There was but one place where he could be completely out of view. It was a confessional, that stood at the side of the transept, near the open grave. Into this he retreated, and pulled down the curtain before it; and there, while he would have wished to shrink back into the farthest corner, some inward fiend continually urged him to peep forth at the side, and witness the funeral pageant.

First came the choristers, in long, white scarfs, followed by men bearing

candles which feebly flickered and fruitlessly strove against the clear light of day. There were priests, in their richest vestments, bearing crosses and incense; the bearers, carrying the coffin between them; the relatives and members of the house of De Bracy, bowed down in all the agony of grief; richly dressed nobles of the Court, manifesting sympathy by their presence; servitors and attendants, flaunting in mourning badges; assistants, carrying the arms and armorial bearings of the deceased, and last, the usual number of strangers. All these Hugh Martelle saw, as the procession slowly advanced along the nave, and now, the death-chant still ringing mournfully through the arches of the great cathedral, turned into the transept. The bearers deposited the coffin at the edge of the grave; the priests gathered closely around; the relatives of the house stood near, gazing upon the face of the deceased; the spectators sought places upon projecting cornices, or clung around the bases of the great pillars, in attempt to gain a full view of all that might transpire, and, amid the tolling of bells and the wafting of incense, the priests commenced the burial service.

All this while, actuated by the same strange fascination, the slayer remained in the confessional, with his eye closely fastened to the curtain-chink. This was apparently punishment enough, for none can realize the hell that burned in the man's breast as he watched. As the rites proceeded, and the mourners crowded around to take their last look, a strange, ungovernable fancy seized upon the watcher's soul. It was a desire to see for himself how his victim looked; and, under that diabolical prompting, Hugh Martelle emerged from the confessional like a ghost, and slowly faltered toward the body.

He proceeded, at first, without molestation. The mourners and all those who took part in the ceremonies were either turned away or had their eyes fixed upon the floor, and did not see the intruder. The few who did observe him were of the mere chance spectators, who knew him not; while those who now recognized him parted in silence before him, shunning his contact as though he bore a contagion. Unmolested, he advanced toward the coffin-head; and, just as the son of the victim bent over to take his last look in life, the murderer leaned over that son's shoulder.

For a moment, only. Ere he had time to scan a single feature of the pale corpse, a woman's shriek rang through the transept, and Hugh Martelle was discovered. There were loud oaths of men, and a sudden drawing forth of swords and daggers. A moment more, and the sacrilegious intruder would have been slain where he stood, without regard to the rights of sanctuary; for the son of the murdered man already had his dagger gleaming in the air, when one of the priests hurriedly threw himself between.

"Forbear! In the name of the Church!" cried the priest.

"I will have vengeance!" was the determined demand; and a murmur of approbation arose from all around. But the priest was inflexible. He resolutely stood in the way; and, ere the avenger could strike, a few who were anxious to prevent the threatened profanation hurried the intruder away. They passed him quickly to the outskirts of the throng, where he was left to himself. The charm which had led him into such danger was broken, and he was now as anxious to retire as before he had been to advance. He fled across the nave and through a small, open doorway in the side-wall of the porch; and while the priests below were still exerting themselves to repress the angry tumult, he slowly ascended a winding stairway.

The way grew narrow as he advanced, until, suddenly, the stairway came to an

end, and he emerged into the light of day. Then he found himself upon the cathedral roof.

A glorious sun was shining down, and, for a moment, Hugh Martelle was too much dazzled by the sudden brightness to realize the prospect before him. At length, however, his eyes became accustomed to the scene, and he gazed around, with a strange kind of pleasure. Below him, a hundred feet or more, lay the great city. It was stretched out like a map, and he could peer into every street and lane. He recognized the parks in which he had loitered; and, at one side, crossing the view, lay the great square, with its fountains and its boundaries of vast palaces, where he had so often helped swell the throng of courtiers.

As he gazed downward his sight grew dizzy, and for the moment he clung firmly to a buttress; but strange temptations assailed him, and he resolved to die: one moment, and he would be at rest, dashed to pieces on the pavement below.

As he approached nearer the edge, intent upon hurling himself down, the robber started up before him.

"Come not here," said the robber, who, throughout all the morning, had been seated upon the very edge of the roof and calmly enjoying the prospect, and who now imagined that Hugh Martelle was approaching to work him an injury. "Dare not to stir a step toward me, thou cowardly assassin, or I will hurl you to the bottom of this wall."

As Hugh Martelle gazed upon the tall, brawny figure of the robber, and saw his arms stretched out in readiness to execute the threat, he trembled. A moment before, and he had felt himself ready to court death. Now, when it was offered by another, he shrank from the trial. The old love of life came back like a flash. With hasty steps he re-entered the tower, descended the staircase, and once more stood within the main body of the building.

There, all was quiet again. The burial rites had been concluded, the mourners had dispersed, and the men who, the night before, had dug the grave, were now shoveling back the earth and replacing the stones of the pavement. Besides them, there was no one in the cathedral; and Hugh Martelle, still tired of life, yet not willing to resign it unless compelled, shrank back to his dark corner, to nurse his pain, and fruitlessly revolve new projects of escape.

Once, in his circuit of the building, he approached the transept where the murdered man lay buried. The sun was down, and a single silver moonbeam glided through the window and fell within. It glanced across the floor, and glistened upon the dark robes of a kneeling female figure. For a moment Hugh Martelle stood behind, and vacantly wondered. Then his recollection faintly returned, and he knew, by the attitude and figure, though he could not see the face, that the sister of the buried man was before him, engaged in prayer for the dead.

His first thought was to fly—no matter where, so long as he could avoid the sight of that living reproach to his violence. There could not be a more improbable suggestion than that of pardon. He only knew that, through the pity of women—a pity awakened by tears, and pleadings, and self-reproaches—a faint hope of life might still be found; and he hastened to attempt the trial.

He turned, and approached the kneeling figure. Still immersed in her devotions, she did not hear him as he drew near. At last, he stood directly by her, and for a moment listened. He could hear that she was murmuring prayers for her brother's welfare and for her own sins, but not a word of pardon or pity for the murderer. No matter. Perhaps, when she saw his worn and contrite looks, she would also pray for his forgiveness; and he softly touched her

upon the shoulder, and murmured, "Alice de Bracy."

She turned with a start, and, recognizing him, sprang to her feet, uttering a shrill cry of terror. Then, as her first flush of fear abated, all the scorn and contemptuous hatred of a wronged and insulted woman kindled in her eyes.

"Alice de Bracy," he tremblingly stammered again.

"Touch me not with your foul hands, Sir Hugh Martelle!" she cried. "The hands which are yet red with my brother's blood! Have you come up thus softly behind to murder me also with a coward blow?"

"But, hear me, Alice," he muttered, and he kneeled upon the pavement before her.

"Go! Speak not to me! Coward! Murderer!" she cried. "Help!"

There was no help near, apparently; for it had grown darker now, and the cathedral seemed deserted. Hugh Martelle noticed this with a smile of satisfaction, and he fondly imagined that, if he could only detain her for a moment, he could reason her into a more complacent mood. He grasped her by the robe, still kneeling; but, at that instant, he was struck down with a weighty blow upon his forehead, and fell senseless.

"Shall I finish him as he lies?" asked the robber, who, having come down from the roof, had loitered into the transept.

"Nay, let him lie and await the judgment of God," she sobbed, her terror giving way to tears. "And you?"

"I, fair lady? In truth, I am only a poor highwayman, and am here shut up because I have tried to rob a burgher. I am not fit to speak with such as you, glad as I am to have been able to succor you."

"You shall be pardoned to-morrow for this service," she said. "I will myself speak to the King in your behalf. Now lead me to the door."

Gallantly the robber, first stopping to bestow a trifling kick upon the form of the prostrate man, led her to the cathedral porch. There, having obtained new promises of pardon upon the following day, he once more took his seat near the chancel-rail, while the senseless noble still lay prostrate upon the tomb of his victim.

For an hour after, Hugh Martelle lay with his head touching the cold stone. Then he awoke from his torpor, and partly raised himself, feeling half ready to blaspheme against Heaven that it had not let him die where he lay. After a moment he stood up, and dragged himself to the seat by the altar-rail, and there threw himself down. He felt a strange weakness, and the thought crossed his mind that it might be the premonitor of death, at last. But he did not care. The life of the past day had been one of too much torture for human endurance, and he now felt willing to die. Laying back his head, he sank into a soft, dreamy reverie, in which the actual present and the visionary past united in forming pleasant images.

At last, in those waking visions, he saw a face which sent a thrill of mingled emotions to his very heart. It was again before him as he had first beheld it in its lowly window. He saw the raven hair clustering about the neck; he saw those dark eyes beaming upon him with all the inexpressible depth of woman's love; he almost felt the soft arms winding in trustfulness about his neck—and, starting with the impulse of that long-forgotten emotion, he awoke into full consciousness, with her name trembling upon his lips.

"Louise?" he muttered.

"I am here," was answered, in a gentle tone; and a form, which had been kneeling over him, now softly placed its arms upon his shoulder. It was she—Louise—once more returned. She had been where she had listened to the con-

versation of the artist-students, and she had heard his actions so terribly commented upon, such revilings heaped upon his head, that, at last, in spite of all her stern resolves, her soul had been moved to pity, and all her once-cherished love had returned.

"Louise?" he again muttered, unable to comprehend how, after the contempt which she had heaped upon him, she should now return, so full of all a woman's best and noblest affections.

"It is I," she said. "I will not leave you again, dear Hugh. I have come to stay by you to the last. Oh, Hugh! forgive me now for all the wrong and cruel things I have said."

"Forgive?" he whispered.

"I was wrong, dear Hugh. You were in suffering; and I, instead of lifting you up again, as was my duty, strove only to crush you. I could not have been myself then, Hugh. Forgive it all."

He listened vacantly, and then the full appreciation of her love came like a flood upon him. He could not speak; but, bending down his head, he let the hot tears well forth. She, with choking sobs, kneeled down beside him, again bound up his wound, and also tied her handkerchief upon an ugly gash which the robber's bony fist had made upon his temple. Then she took out a flask of wine and applied it to his lips. The taste acted like magic upon his fevered soul, and, before many minutes, he felt new life within him.

Oh! if he could now escape, no longer would he have a thought of afterward deserting her. He would be content to dwell with her forever in that other land of which he had spoken, and would gladly leave to others all the pomp of courts; for he had found, at last, the value of a heart, which, ill-used as it had been, had ever remained worth more than all the glitter and glory of worldly power and distinction.

"And why should I not yet escape?" he whispered. But she gloomily shook her head.

"They will not aid me now, Hugh."

In her compassion for his feelings, she did not tell why it was that her student-friends would no longer assist her plans; but he perceived it all, and upon that topic spoke no more.

"I see. And yet, Louise, you have done one thing you promised: you have brought me a sword."

"That have I, indeed," she said, taking the sword from beneath the folds of her dress, where she had concealed it, and handing it to him. "But yet, of what avail, indeed, can be one sword?"

"It will avail, at least, to die with, as a man should die," he murmured, drawing his hand along the edge, and a pleasant smile, as of some inner comfort and resolution, came into his face. "Listen, Louise. You see that there is now no escape for me. Is it not better, therefore, that I should give up my poor life like a true-born knight, rather than like a rat caught in a cage, and so starved to death?"

"What mean you, Hugh?" she cried, dimly perceiving his meaning.

"You will know anon, Louise. Only promise me that you will stay here in peace and quiet, and not, with unavailing entreaties or resistance, fetter the little manhood which now I feel. And you will forgive all the wrong I have done you?"

"There is nothing to forgive, dear Hugh," she faintly whispered.

"There is much, much, indeed," he said. "But let that pass. Pray, too, to Heaven for me, that I may be there forgiven, also. And now, one kiss for farewell."

Sobbing, she put her arms about his neck; while the robber, at a little distance off, looked on curiously, but without attempting interruption. Long her head lay upon his shoulder, and her tears fell thick and fast, as the first dim con-

sciousness of his intention stole more distinctly upon her. But yet, with a certain wild impulse of heroism, she forbore to urge him against his purpose. If, by one action, he could redeem himself, should she dare to restrain him?

At last, he lifted her head from his shoulder, pressed one parting kiss upon her lips, and tottered to his feet. Leaving her, half fainting, against the rail, he slowly crept toward the open door, the bright sword naked in his hand. Behind him, at a few paces' distance, softly crept the robber, curious to mark the result. So the two advanced, and, at length, Hugh Martelle stood near the entrance and looked forth.

The moon was behind a cloud, and all was dark, except where a few of the larger stars gave forth an uncertain light. At a little distance off could be seen the great square which the palaces bounded, now alive with men carrying torches, and the palace windows glowing with a thousand lamps. It was a festive night. Loud music rang upon the night air, and chariots and chairs continually drew up to the broad portico, bringing new guests. But opposite the cathedral, the houses clustered together in a black, indistinguishable mass, except where, here and there, the shop-lights sent a feeble gleam across the street. Few persons could be seen; only, at stated distances, the relentless men-at-arms, with naked swords in hand, silently watching the cathedral door, so that none should escape unquestioned.

For a moment, the doomed man stood just within the entrance and gazed out. For that moment, perhaps, his soul shrank within him, as he saw that he was recognized by the pursuers, and that at once every blade was pointed toward him, in readiness to drink his blood. Then, with a single glance behind, and his lips moving in a muttered prayer, he stepped outside, and the fierce work began. A short-lived work, indeed; for what can any man, weak and worn with wounds and hunger, do against numbers who are strong and active? As he bared his breast to meet the storm, he struck down with desperation the first and the second who ventured forward; but it was, after all, a feeble resistance that he could make—fighting with no hope of victory, but with the single purpose to atone, by a brave, manly ending, for the foul blight upon his name.

"And it was well done, indeed, caitiff though he may be," muttered the robber to himself, as, after gazing for a moment from the doorway upon the lifeless, bleeding body that lay in the street, with the dark crowd of avengers pressing about it, he strolled leisurely inward and up the broad nave to where, against the chancel-rail, reclined the half-senseless form of the young girl.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. I.

IN a conversation, wherein participated a distinguished scientist, the remark was made that the character of the California Indians seemed to contain no romantic element. To this a gentleman who had once periled his life in defending a handful of the despised race from the frenzied atrocity of a mob, made reply, that, if there was no romance in their life, at least there was in their death.

It has been the melancholy fate of the California Indians to be at once most foully vilified and least understood. "Men damn what they do not understand." To have been once the possessors of the most fair and sunny empire ever conquered by the Anglo-Saxon, and to have had it wrenched out of their gripe with the most shameless violence; to have been once probably the happiest, and afterward reduced to the most miserable and piteous ruin, of all our American aborigines! Pity for the California Indian that his purple-tinted mountains were filled with dust of gold, and that his green and shining valleys, lying rich and mellow to the sun, were pregnant with so large possibilities of wheat! Pity for the blotched and sweaty toad, "ugly and venomous," that he "wears yet a precious jewel in his head!" Fatal for him was the unconscious guardianship of these apples of Hesperides; and in what proportion the gold of his placers was beautiful in the eyes of the White Man, in that proportion was he the dragon, odious to look upon, and worthy of death. It is small concern of pioneer miners to know aught of the life-story, customs, and ideas of a poor beggar, who is so fatuously unwise as to complain that they darken the water so he can no longer see to pierce the red-fleshed salmon, and his women and pappooses are crying for meat; and when he lies stiff and stark in the arid gully, where the white, pitiless sun of California shakes above him the only winding-sheet that covers his swart body, he is not prolific in narration of his people's legends and traditions. Dead men tell no tales.

And what have we done to compensate the Indian for this gigantic robbery? You will mention to me the Reservations. Good! I have seen them—and they are so raw, so bald, so primitive in their uses, and so crude in their outcome, that they were scarce worth the visiting, except for the opportunity they afforded of noting the workings of the natural and unregenerate Indian mind. As for giving any glimpse of the benefits bestowed by the White Man upon the savage, why, bless you, the scope and significance of those benefits are pretty much measured by bushels of wheat and gallipots of mollifying ointment. Not but that the agents are sincere and earnest Christian men, and the majority of their subalterns likewise, in seeming; but the chasm between them and the wretched, unhappy Indians is world-wide; and into that chasm little is hurled to bridge it over, save bright bayonets, granaries of wheat and corn, and utterly maladroit Christian endeavor, quite useless because quite too spiritual-minded to compel the Indian, by the whole military power of the United States Government, if necessary, to construct for himself a chimney, and change his linen. Instead of building the Indian-

house from the bottom upward, they lay the corner-stone among the stars; and, meantime, the untutored savage is weeping his eyes out in the accursed, bitter, eternal smudge of his cabin.

Above all others, the California Indians are a shy, foxy, secretive, close-mouthed race, and will not impart whatever information they may possess until confidence has been grounded on a long intimacy, and then not completely unless one does them the flattery to learn their language. This singular secretiveness has kept the great body of the Whites in profound ignorance of their ideas, whatever they may have observed of their customs. It has brought upon their heads more charges of cloddishness, and more calumniations, than have been heaped upon any other Indians.

Wandering over the sweltering and arid plains of the interior, dust-choked and athirst; wading over the execrable mining streams, and floundering among the slimy stones, or slumping into the foul porridge; losing the trail an average of a dozen times a day among the mountains, and falling headlong down through the *chaparral;* bewildered in the maze of cattle-trails out of all whooping, and losing even my familiar and helpful Number Nip, "the shod-horse tracks," to which the trail-hunter clings as to life; clambering with Indian guides around coast headlands, with fingers and toes rigidly hooked into niches of the rock, and wetted to the skin by the prodigious splashing of the surf, or resting in a sea-girt cave, where they might have done the business for me with a sharp stone, and no soul in all the world been the wiser; bowling lively down the rough-ridging rapids of the swamp-stained Klamath, so swiftly that our hair flutters behind our hats—three of us in a little, bobbing cockle-shell of a canoe, and liable to be capsized out of the same in a twinkling; confronting a huge black bear on a lonely mountain, with no useful tree in reach: I remember all these things with exceeding pleasure, but they are of no consequence in themselves, except as showing that some pains was taken to get correct information.

Sometimes, when wandering on the great, ferny, wind-swept hills of the upper coast, keeping a sharp weather-eye out for the trail, I have seen a half-dozen tatterdemalion Eurocs, with their stiff hair bristling in the wind, their two short club-queues bouncing on their shoulders, and their lips and hands stained gory-red with the juice of *salal*-berries, spying me, quit their picking, and come rushing down through the *chaparral,* with a wild, lunatic laugh that made my hair stand on end. But they were never bent on "butcher deeds," and never gave any war-whoop more fiendish than the insinuating question, "Got any tobac?"

One who travels afoot among the Indians, habited in the plain garb necessary amid the scraggy thickets of California, will find them making themselves very familiar with him, sometimes to his amusement, often to his great disgust. The lively Klamaths, especially, conceived the greatest curiosity respecting myself and my business. They carefully scrutinized every article of my apparel in turn, and men who understood them said they always discussed in detail, and with the greatest minuteness, every stranger's hat, coat, boots—every thing—and tried thus to conjecture his occupation. They wanted to purchase my clothes; they wanted to swap handkerchiefs; they wanted to peep into my traveling-bag. Waxing presently more familiar, they felt the quality of my cloth, stroked it down, rubbed it between their thumbs and fingers, asked what it cost, clasped my arm with their hands to measure my muscle, and then encouraged me with the brief, judicious remark, "Bully for you!" They turned up my boots to inspect the nails and soles of the same;

they wanted to try on my coat; and, last and worst of all, the rascals wanted to try on my trousers!

Like ill-mannered White people—to use the mildest phrasing—they were very fond of borrowing my knife, pencil, drinking-cup—any thing—which they would presently insert into their pockets, hoping I might forget to ask for it again.

One means of protection which old pioneers advised me to take, was, in journeying anywhither, always to keep at my tongue's-end the names of several prominent citizens of the vicinity, to impress the savages with the belief that I was thoroughly acquainted in those parts, had plenty of friends, and ample means of redress if they did me any mischief. The Indians are strongly attached to their homes, on which they have fudged so long in the building; and they have learned, by tough experience, that, if they do any thieving, it will be the worse for them, and that it will go hard but the Whites will burn their *rancherias*, and requite the stealing double. They desire to live in quiet where they were born, and they understand that they must keep the vicinal peace; but with a stranger in the gates, it is quite a different matter. Men keeping trading-posts, or having bands of them to fetch and carry on their ranches, almost without exception, say they are the most honest Indians they ever knew. But from a stranger, who they think is without means of swift and certain requital, they will prig every thing he has in the world.

In this, as in a hundred other things, the California Indians display their notable cunning. As the Italian proverb says, they have the open countenance, but their thoughts are exceedingly tight and crafty.

I am much indebted to them for guidance through labyrinths of trails; but, unlike Cuffee, they never rendered any service, however minute, without expecting payment. For every substantial benefit I paid them; but I speedily discovered, that, if a present were to be made every time it was expected, it would require a sumpter-mule to carry my substance about. For instance, Tacho-Col-ly, Chief of the Ta-ah-tèns, refused to count ten in his language unless I paid him, and only consented, at last, when he saw me entering into negotiations with one of his subjects, by presenting him a handful of sweet crackers. Once I was sitting with three stalwart and sinister-looking Eurocs on a rugged promontory, waiting for the tide to ebb; and when lunch-time arrived, we fell to—they, on their dried smelt; I, on some sandwiches. They had no claim on my luncheon, therefore asked for nothing; but presently I commenced talking with one about Indian concerns, and, in an instant, the crafty savage espied the drift, saw he had established a claim, and remarked, "Me talk you Injun-talk, you give me piece of bread and meat."

The difficulties of the undertaking are sometimes almost disheartening. It is very rare to find an Indian who can give any connected account of himself; so one must possess already a considerable stock of facts, or a vivid imagination, and ask a thousand questions in such manner that the Indian can answer "Yes" or "No." Then, too, they have a terror of a Reservation Agent, which is significant and piteous to behold; and, if one asks a number of questions, or produces a note-book, without making an elaborate explanation, the poor beggar gets scared, and will answer to never a word more. Many an Indian would perish in his tracks rather than go to the Reservation, which he remembers only as an infamous pest-house. Many a wretched, trembling squaw has fled for life to some pioneer, and gladly slaved for him all her life long, without reward or recognition, for the sake of his protection against the Agent.

One must depend mostly on men who

have dwelt a good part of their lives among them; and, for this reason, many a "squaw-man," whose contribution to the large uses of civilization was not otherwise conspicuously apparent, was, to me, a mine of treasure. One might spend years with diligence in acquiring an Indian tongue, then journey a three-hours' space, and find himself adrift again, so multitudinous are the languages and dialects of California. Carefully recorded conversations with five hundred men, therefore, would be more profitable than five years spent by one man, to say nothing of the value of time.

The custom in respect of names is various. Sometimes there is a tribal name for all who speak the same language; sometimes none, and only names for separate villages; sometimes a name for a whole tribe or family, to which is prefixed a separate word for each dialect, which is generally co-extensive with some valley. Of the first, an instance is found in the Cahrocs, on the Klamath, who are a compact tribe, with no dialects; of the second, in the large tribe, on the lower Klamath, who also have no dialects, and yet have no name, except for each village; of the third, in the great family of the Pomos on Russian River, who have many dialects, and a name for each—as Ballo Ki Pomos, Cahto Pomos, etc.

To increase the confusion, the Indians seldom call their neighbors by the same tribal names as the latter themselves adopt.

As a simple basis of classification, I used the ten numerals. These will always detect a new language, but not always a new dialect; for a tongue may have many dialects, with wide departures, yet the numerals will remain about the same throughout.

It is frequently a hard work to scrape away the *débris* created by the White Man during twenty years, and get down to the bed-rock of the old tribal organizations. The California tribes crumbled under the touch of the Pale-face, and their members were proud to group themselves about some strong man in the land, and call themselves by his name. They thought it greater honor to be called Bidwell's Indians, Hubbard's Indians, Redding's Indians, or so, than Wintoons, or whatever might chance to be their native title. Some remnants of tribes have three or four names, all in use within a radius of that number of miles; some, again, are merged, or dovetailed, into others; and some never had a name taken from their own language, but have adopted that given them by a neighbor-tribe, altogether different in speech. All these things are exceedingly perplexing and vexatious. For this reason, I have studiously ignored all the names given to tribes by Americans, else the whole matter would have been involved in an inextricable confusion.

On the Klamath River there live three distinct tribes—called the Eurocs, Cahrocs, and Modocs; which names mean, respectively, "down the river," "up the river," and "head of the river." The *habitat* of the Cahrocs extends from a certain *cañon*, a few miles above Weitspeck, along the Klamath to the foot of the Klamath Mountains, and a few miles up Salmon River. They have no recollection of any ancient migration to this region; on the contrary, they have traditions of creation, the flood, etc., which are fabled to have occurred on the Klamath.

The Cahrocs are probably the finest tribe of Indians in California. Their stature is a trifle under the American: they have well-sized bodies, erect and strong-knit; and when a Cahroc has the weapon to which he is accustomed—a sharp stone gripped in the hand—he will face a White Man, and give him a square, handsome fight, though he flees before him when armed with a snickersnee, or pistol, in the use of which he

does not feel confidence. The Klamath face is less broad than the face in the Sacramento Valley, but, in early manhood, nearly as oval as the Caucasian; cheek-bones not over-prominent; eyes bright, moderately well-sized, and freely opened straight across the face; nose broad at the base, straight and strong, with ovoid nares; forehead rather low, but without that disfiguring point of hair growing down the middle, such as one sees in the Sacramento Valley; chin and forehead nearly on a perpendicular line; color ranging from buff-hazel, or old-bronze, almost to black. Many of them —especially the young squaws—are notable for the fullness of the eyes, and the breadth of sclerotic exposed. The squaws age early, but even at forty or fifty their faces are furrowed with comparatively fine lines, and they seldom display those odious hanging wrinkles and that simian aspect seen in the Sacramento Valley.

With their smooth, hazel skins, oval faces, plump and brilliant eyes, some of the young maidens—barring the tattooed chins—have a piquant and splendid beauty. In those full, voluptuous eyes, so broadly rimmed with white, there is something dangerous—a very unmistakable suggestion of possible *diablerie*. When we consider, in addition, the paucity of White Women, it is small wonder that so many pioneers—including early all the county officers—have taken hem for wives. The young people of both exes dress in the American fashion; and have seen plenty of them appareled rith quite correct elegance—the young ndians in tolerable broadcloth, spotless nirt-fronts, and neat black cravats; e girls in chaste, pretty, small-figured uffs, with sacques, collars, ribboned its, etc.

The Cahroc is taciturn and indifferent ward his squaw and parents, but selm wantonly cruel; easy-going with his ildren; talkative with his peers; generous to the division of the last crumb; mercenary and smiling to the White Man; brave when need is, but cunning always; fond of dancing; quick to imitate; very amorous; revengeful, but avaricious, being always pacable with money.

The primitive dress of the men is simply a buckskin girdle about the loins; of the women, a chemise of the same material, or of braided grass, reaching from the breast to the knees. The hair is worn in two club-queues, which are drawn forward over the shoulders. The squaws tattoo—in blue—three narrow fern-leaves perpendicularly on the chin —one falling from each corner of the mouth, and one in the middle. For this purpose they are said to employ soot—gathered from a stove—mingled with the juice of a certain plant. In their native state, both sexes bathe the entire person every morning in cold water; but in the care of their cabins and the immediate vicinity, they are execrably filthy.

For money, the Cahrocs make use of the red scalps of woodpeckers, which are valued at $5 apiece; and of a curious kind of shells, resembling a cock's spurs in size and shape, white and hollow, which they polish and arrange on strings, the shortest being worth 25 cents, the longest about $2—the value increasing in a geometrical ratio with the length. The unit of currency is a string of 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 *állicochick*, 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.

The Cahrocs are very democratic. They have a head-man, or captain, in

each *rancheria;* but, when out on the war-path, they are somewhat more united, being under the command of one chieftain. But the authority of all these officers is very slender. The murder of a man's dearest relative may be compounded for by the payment of money, the price of an average Indian's life being *esa pasóra*—one string. If the money is paid without higgling, the slayer and the avenger become boon companions for evermore. If not, then the avenger must have the murderer's blood; and a system of retaliation is initiated, which would be eternal, were it not that it may be checked any moment by the payment of money.

In war they take no scalps, but decapitate the slain, and bring in the heads as trophies. They do battle with bows and arrows; and, in a hand-to-hand encounter—which often occurs—they clutch ragged stones in their hands, and maul each other with terrible and deadly effect. They sometimes fight duels, with stones, in this manner. Though arranged without much formality, they are conducted with a considerable degree of fairness—the friends of the respective combatants standing around them, and setting them on their pins again when they fall.

There is no process of courtship, but the whole affair of love-making is conducted by the father of the bride and the bridegroom expectant. When a young Philander becomes enamored of some dusky Clorinda, he goes straight to the father, and, without any beating of the bush, makes him a plump offer of so or so many strings for her. They chaffer, and higgle, and drive bargains without any reference to her wishes. "My ducats and my daughter," says the avaricious old Cahroc. A wife is seldom purchased for less than half a string; and, when she is especially skillful in making acorn-bread, and weaving baskets, or belongs to an aristocratic family, she sometimes costs as high as two strings—say $80 or $100. There is no wedding-ceremony whatever, but the bride follows the bridegroom to his cabin, and they at once set up their savage *Lares* and *Penates*.

No marriage is legal or binding unless preceded by the payment of money; and that family is most aristocratic in which the highest price was paid for the wife. For this reason, it stands a young man in hand to be diligent in accumulating shells, and not to be a niggard in haggling with his prospective father-in-law. So far is this shell-aristocracy carried, that the children of a woman for whom no money was paid are accounted no better than bastards, and the whole family are spit upon. Bigamy is not tolerated, even in the chief. A man may *own* as many women for slaves as he is able to support, or, rather, to purchase; but, if he cohabits with more than one, he brings upon himself obloquy and contempt. He is beneath the notice of honest Indians.

Before marriage, virtue is an attribute which can hardly be said to exist in either sex, all the young women being a common possession; but after marriage, when the dishonor of the woman would involve also that of the husband, they live with tolerable chastity, for savages. Still, no adultery is so flagrant but the husband can be placated with money; and it seldom requires more than one string. Virtue, therefore, is exceedingly rare, as an innate quality, but is simply an enforced condition; and, indeed, the Cahroc language, though rich in its vocabulary, is said to contain no expression for "virtue," though possessing an equivalent for "prostitute," corresponding to the fact. And yet, with all their immorality, inconsistently enough, bastards are universally shunned and despised. They, and the children for whose mother no shell-money was paid—who are illegitimate, in fact, according to Cahroc ideas—constitute a class of so

cial outcasts, Indian Pariahs, who can intermarry only among themselves.

There prevails in this tribe a juster division of labor than among the Eastern Indians. The men build the wigwams; kill the game, and generally bring it in; construct the fishing-boats, weirs, and nets, and catch the salmon; cut and bring in all the fuel for the sweat-houses; help to gather acorns and berries; make the fish-gigs, bows, and arrows. The women gather and bring in the firewood used for secular purposes; carry in all the acorns and roots; weave the baskets; generally bring in and dry the salmon; perform all the work of the scullery; make the clothes. Squaws also constitute more than half of the "medicines," and officiate as midwives. Yet they are regarded as drudges, and the Cahroc word for "woman" is *asisicitatván*, which signifies "water-carrier," from the two words, *asisick* and *tatvan*.

The Cahrocs have a conception of a Supreme Being, whom they call Chareya. The root of this word is the same as the first syllable of "Cahroc," and also *callek*, or *calläy*, in the Russian River dialects, signifying "above;" but, with the curious accretive capacity of Indian languages, it is expanded into the complicated idea of "The Old Man Above." Chareya sometimes descends to earth, to instruct the prophets (or medicines), when he appears as a venerable man, clad in a close-fitting tunic, with long, white hair flowing down his shoulders, and bearing a medicine-bag. When creating the world, he sat upon the Sacred Stool, which is still preserved by the Chareya-Indian, and on which he sits, on the occasion of the great annual Dance of Propitiation. But, as among all the tribes of northern California, the *coyote* is the real and practical object of veneration. They also believe in spooks, or demons, called *apparoán*, who run after people at night in the forest, and leave tracks, which, when seen in the morning, bear a very suspicious resemblance to horse-tracks.

The sweat-house is constructed entirely underground, smallish and oblong, puncheoned up inside, covered with a flat roof level with the earth, and airtight, except for the little hatchway at one side. It is church, theatre, *café chantant*, dormitory, sweat-bath, and medical examination-room in one; and it is consecrated exclusively to masculine occupation. Lapitean says, among the Eastern Indians the men never enter the private wigwams of their wives, except under cover of darkness; but here, the case is reversed, for it is the men's apartments that are sacred. No squaw may enter the sweat-house, on penalty of death, except only when passing her examination for the degree of M.D. During the rainy season, when fires are comfortable, they are kept burning in the sweat-houses day and night; and there are always enough of them in each village to furnish sleeping accommodations for all the adult men thereof.

In summer, the Indians occupy the common cabins, or brush-wood booths, with their wives; but in winter, they sleep by themselves in the sweat-houses; and I suspect they use the terrors of religious *taboo* to banish the squaws from them, in order to enjoy the warm and cozy snuggery themselves. But, airtight as they are, and heated perpetually (for, once kindled, the fire must never be suffered to go out until spring), the atmosphere in them is villainous beyond description.

Of numerous fables and *coyote* stories in vogue among the Cahrocs, related by gifted squaws to their children, I will give here one specimen, which is not entirely unworthy a place in that renowned old book written by one Æsop:

FABLE OF THE ANIMALS.

In the old days, a great many hundred snows ago, Chareya, sitting on the Sa-

cred Stool, created the world. First, he made the fishes in the big water, then the animals on the green land, and, last of all, The Man. But the animals were all alike yet in power, and it was not yet ordained which should be for meat to others, and which should be meat for The Man. Then the great Chareya bade them all assemble together in one place, that The Man might give each his power and his rank. So the animals all met together, a great many hundred snows ago, on an evening, when the sun was set, that they might wait overnight for the coming of The Man on the morrow. Now, Chareya commanded The Man to make a great many bows and arrows, as many as there were animals, and to give the longest to the one that should have the most power, and the shortest to the one that should have the least, etc. So he did, and after nine sleeps his work was ended; and the bows and arrows which he had made were very many.

Now, the animals, being gathered together in one place, went to sleep, that they might rise on the morrow, and go forth to meet The Man. But the *coyote* was exceedingly cunning—above all the beasts that were, he was so cunning. So he considered within himself how he might get the longest bow, and so have the greatest power, and have all animals for his meat. He determined to stay awake all night, while the others slept, and so go forth the first in the morning, and get the longest bow. This he devised within his cunning mind; then he laughed to himself, and stretched out his snout on his fore-paws, and pretended to sleep like the others. But about midnight he began to get sleepy, and he had to walk around camp and scratch his eyes a considerable to keep them open. But he still got more sleepy, and he had to skip and jump about like a good one, to keep awake. He made so much noise this way, that he woke up some of the other animals: so he had to think of another plan. About the time the morning-star came up, he was so sleepy that he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. Then he took two little sticks, and sharpened them at the ends, and propped open his eyelids, whereupon he thought he was safe, and he concluded he would take just a little nap with his eyes open, watching the morning-star. But in a few minutes he was fast asleep; and the sharp sticks pierced through his eyelids, and pinned them fast together.

So the morning-star mounted up very swiftly, and then there came a little peep of daybreak, and the birds began to sing, and the animals began to rise and stretch themselves; but still the *coyote* lay fast asleep. At last, it was broad daylight; and then the sun rose, and all the animals went forth to meet The Man. He gave the longest bow to the cougar, so he had the greatest power of all; and the second longest to the bear; and so on, giving the next to the last to the frog. But he still had the shortest one left, and he cried out, "What animal have I missed?" Then the animals began to look about, and they soon spied the *coyote* lying fast asleep, with the sharp sticks pinning his eyelids together. Upon that, all the animals set up a great laugh, and they jumped on the *coyote*, and danced upon him. Then they led him to The Man—for he could see nothing for the sticks—and The Man pulled out the sticks, and gave him the shortest bow of all, which would shoot an arrow hardly more than a foot. And all the animals laughed very much.

But The Man took pity on the *coyote*, because he was now the weakest of all the animals—weaker even than the frog—and he prayed to Chareya for him; and Chareya gave him cunning, ten times more than before, so that he was cunning above all the beasts of the wood. So the *coyote* was a friend to The Man and his children, and helped them, and did

many things for them, as we shall see hereafter.

In the Cahroc legends, the *coyote* is as important as Reynard in ours. When one Cahroc has killed another, he often barks like a *coyote*, believing he will thereby be endued with so much of that animal's cunning as to be able to elude the punishment due to his crime.

EXHUMED.

ANTERIOR, and up to, about the year 1825, the region of country bordering on New York and Pennsylvania, from the Hudson River to Lake Erie, was little better than a solitude, dotted here and there with villages. Its prosperity was greatly retarded by the difficulty of communicating with New York and other cities, as marts for produce, and from whence to draw supplies. To develop the resources and lay open the hidden wealth of this almost inaccessible region, the Legislature of the State of New York, at its annual session of 1825, on the recommendation of De Witt Clinton — then Governor of that State, and, next to Henry Clay, the pioneer of American "Internal Improvements" — passed an Act authorizing the survey of a route for a great State-road along the southern border of the State, from the North River to Lake Erie. Judge Jabez D. Hammond, of Otsego County; Alfred S. Conkling, afterward United States District Judge, and Nathaniel Ritchie, of Salem — subsequently Lieutenant-Governor—were appointed a State Board of Commissioners for that purpose. To select and locate the most eligible route and to ascertain the most feasible eastern terminus for such road, three companies were organized under the supervision of these Commissioners; the principal one starting from Newburgh, and pursuing a route now nearly identical with that of the New York and Erie Railroad — the offspring of that pioneer exploration. This party —of which the writer was one—consisted of seventeen persons—engineers, surveyors, flag and chain-bearers, Commissioners, etc.—under the guidance of Joseph Henry, Esq., now, and for many years past, the worthy Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in the city of Washington. Most of the party were from cities, and had joined the company more from love of excitement than motives of professional zeal or pecuniary benefit.

After a few days' surveying through the settled country, we struck into the pathless woods, and met almost daily thereafter with adventures which gave a zest to our labors, and dissipated all regret at our undertaking. Our endeavors to select the most level route led us still deeper into the dark and apparently untrodden forest comprising that part of Sullivan County, New York, bordering on Pennsylvania; and, for days, no sign of civilization had been visible, but where the immense size of the trees, the absence of track or trail, the deep softness of the ground strewn with the accumulations of years—perhaps centuries—of decayed leaves and moss-covered limbs, proclaimed a primeval forest, and assured us of our entire isolation from all mankind. One afternoon, a shrill whistle from the guide arrested our progress, and a sound ahead — unmistakably the accent of a human voice — broke the stillness of the solitude, and put us on the *qui vive* of excitement and anticipation. What could it mean? For eight days we had been penetrating this wild desolation, which we had been assured

was an uninhabited wilderness. Listening a moment, we approached the place whence the sound came, and there stood before us, erect and unabashed, a human figure, apparently six feet in height, with clear, gray eyes, clean-cut features of the Saxon type; skin dark, approaching swarthiness; long, straight hair, of a dark hue; and a face, to all appearances, an entire stranger to a razor; with a head-covering of plaited straw, and a shirt of deer-skin belted to the waist, exhibiting a well-proportioned and manly form, and, to our surprise, clearly not an Indian — the only indication about him of savage or Indian life being shoes of untanned deer-skin bound to the feet with strings of the same material. Such was the apparition, whose response, on being accosted in the English language, seemed a jargon of broken English, German, and Indian, as he informed us that here was his home and that he lived only three miles distant, where there was a settlement, to which he invited us. Following his guidance, we found, to our surprise, a colony of some forty or fifty persons — men, women, and children — comprising a society, or community, that had not been included in any census, and who, for a period of more than half a century, had been, and still were, wholly unknown to the surrounding settlements.

The panorama before us was in every respect strange and peculiar: an oasis of some sixty or seventy acres of cleared land, on which were growing corn, beans, potatoes, and other vegetables, and near the centre of which were eight or ten rude log-huts. A couple of tame buffaloes, and a few horses and cows, together with some fowls and pigs, imparted to the place a somewhat civilized appearance, and divested it of any aspect of barbarism. From these rude huts, there issued, with surprised stare, a motley crowd, clad in habiliments mostly of tanned skins, ornamented with straw, feathers, and slightly stained bark, which, though unmistakably original, were, by some of the younger females, made with some pretensions to comeliness, and even coquetry; yet so unlike any thing modern, that it seemed like a transition to the dark ages. We were escorted by our conductor to the most pretentious of these habitations, situated in the centre of the group, and there presented to the Chief or Patriarch of the community. He received us with a degree of quiet dignity, not free, however, from a perceptible shade of uneasiness, as his glance surveyed our number and appointments; but which, as the interview progressed, disappeared. He was seated on a kind of camp-stool, with a tanned skin stretched across it, in a hut about fourteen feet square; the floor of hardened earth was covered with mats and skins of animals, and the walls were decorated with hunting implements and fishing apparatus.

He was a robust, heavy-bearded, white-haired old man, apparently seventy-five or eighty years of age, with a brown, leathery complexion. The long silence was broken by our chief asking him how long he had lived in this wilderness—for some of the huts seemed many years old.

"Yes," he replied, "they are so; and I have lived here many years — since I was a boy."

"Have you no intercourse with the outside world?"

"No; we take care of ourselves, and" — looking at our party suspiciously — "we don't want any interference from outsiders."

"But are you happy and contented?"

"Yes; we always have been; but the young folks have lately got an idea, from a hunter who lost his way in the forest, and, like you, happened upon us, that there is a better state of things outside here, and it is hard work to control them and keep them quiet."

"Pardon me for saying I am inclined

to think them more than half-right; and, although we did not come here to disturb your quiet and happy community—for our business is that of surveying a route for a great State-road—yet we think we can interest, and perhaps benefit, you by telling of the outside world, of which you must necessarily now be ignorant; and we would like to hear from you something of your history—the place whence, and the reason why, you came here."

"You speak so kindly," replied the old man, "that, although the story is painful, and only wholly known to two of us, after you have rested, and have seen and conversed with some of our people, and satisfied your evident curiosity, I will tell it to you."

We were not long in overcoming their shyness, and soon found them obliging, and willing to show and explain their modes of living, their houses and households. Among their culinary utensils were drinking-cups of horn, bowls and plates, with a variety of articles of baked clay of considerable ingenuity and beauty; mats of straw, grasses, and pine bark, woven or plaited, ornamented the floors; and swinging cradles of willow, artistically interwoven with variegated barks, were cozy resting-places for the tiny occupants, who were robed in a single garment, made of the finest skin of the fawn. An accurate description of the costume of the female portion of this community, would require a more intimate knowledge of the feminine toilet than the writer possesses; but, certainly, no one could fail to admire the blooming cheek, the elastic step, the well-proportioned forms of these bright-eyed maidens, as they here met our admiring gaze. One article of dress—a reminiscence of home and by-gone years—attracted our attention. It was a little cloak, with the hood thrown back, and dotted with tufts of feathers—the sacredly cherished property of the Chief's aged companion. But strange and crude as were their outward appearance and surroundings, we found that their ideas of conventional life—its privileges, duties, and obligations—were much more so; and, to our questions as to their history, genealogy, marital, parental, and filial relations, they seemed utterly at a loss, and to regard it all as a very tangled skein. They were all brothers and sisters; some brothers first cousins to their own sisters; others, step-relations—with very short steps at that—to their own wives, and some almost their own grandfathers.

The Patriarch, in compliance with his promise, proceeded to give us a sketch of the origin, and cause of the seclusion, of the community:

Soon after the middle of the last century, and subsequent to the old French war and Braddock's defeat, two little children—Karl Beuhler, aged seven, son of Philip Beuhler, and Susan, aged seven, only daughter of the widow Stearns, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, then the very border of Western frontier settlements—went, one afternoon, with other children, to gather berries. Having strayed some distance from their companions into the woods, they wandered on, regardless of their course or the flight of time, until, to their surprise, they were overtaken by the shades of night. Bewildered and frightened, they endeavored to retrace their steps, until the darkness, and their utter exhaustion, left them no alternative but to lie down and wait for morning.

How long they slept they never knew. The boy was suddenly awakened by a grip upon his arm; and, opening his eyes, he saw bending over him, with a fiendish scowl, an Indian, decorated with paint and feathers. His cry of terror aroused his little companion, whose wild shrieks woke the echoes of the forest, as her gaze encountered the savage. Their first impulse was to run; but the

savage instantly had the boy pinioned, and then dragged them, regardless of their cries, deeper into the forest, where he was joined by his companions; and for days, with worn and weary feet, they were obliged to keep pace with their captors, until they reached the encampment.

For a period of five toilsome and bitter years, the two incessantly sought every means of escape from a captivity more terrible than death, but without success—the slightest suspicion of even a desire on their part to escape bringing upon them unmerciful chastisement. With the increasing severity of their treatment, the yearning for parents and home increased. Their growing years, and the evident regard exhibited by the old Chief toward Susan, who, as she approached womanhood, became in his eyes—as she was in fact—exceedingly comely ("as you may judge for yourself," said he, "for there she sits," pointing to an aged woman sitting near him), made them desperate, and they determined to seize the first opportunity to escape, or perish in the attempt. The opportunity soon presented itself, on the occasion of a grand feast and war-dance, to celebrate a victory over their enemies, the Wyandots—from whom they had taken several prisoners, who were to be put to the customary torture and the stake.

The powwow, with its feasting, carousing, and drinking, continued for three days and nights, by which time the "fire-water" had so stupefied the Indians as to render them unconscious of the silent preparations and departure of the two youthful, but resolute fugitives, who, mounted on two of their fleetest horses, rode furiously through the darkness, and before the setting of another sun had so distanced their pursuers as to justify the repose they so sorely needed. Fastening their horses to a tree, they soon slept soundly and contentedly, on their couches of dried leaves, until, toward morning, they were aroused by the sharp bark and whine of a dog. Springing up, their attention was attracted by his singular actions—as he kept running back and forth. His piteous cries and continual bark suggested to Karl that it might be a good omen, and lead to the discovery of their lost homes. So, following, he led them to a spot where lay the body of a man, apparently asleep, but who, to their horror, they soon discovered was dead. Covering him with leaves and earth, they took his rifle, ammunition, and provisions—to them the means, through God's mercy, of saving their lives.

They journeyed on, followed by the dog who had so faithfully served his master, and who looked into their faces with a pathos that almost asked their protection, until they reached the spot which was now echoing back the principal actors in the foregoing narrative. For over twenty miles their pursuers tracked them, but, entering the domain of a hostile tribe, with whom they were then at war, they were suddenly arrested, and driven back, with great loss.

The Chief, thus foiled in his designs toward Susan, placed his affections on the young and budding beauty of an Indian captive, who, having been the friend of Susan, had grieved at her absence; but now, dreading the designs of the Chief, she readily agreed to the plan proposed by a young Chief—to whom she had long given her affections—to escape, under his guidance, and find, if possible, the home of Karl and Susan. Starting on foot, they wandered for two weary months, through dangers and privations, until, at last, they discovered and joined their lost friends. Making a home together, they formed the nucleus of the community.

Such was the old man's story; and such was their love of that home and mode of life that they had no desire for change, and even dreaded the restraints civilization would impose upon them.

But the advent of our party was destined to exhume these fossilized recluses. The representations made to them of the world, its education, comforts, and blessings, graphically depicted by our chief, aroused them from their torpor; and we left them, feeling sure we had awakened ideas and views of their situation and future interests that would result in their benefit. The next morning we resumed our survey.

Although forty-five years have passed since then, the above incidents will be enshrined in the memory of the actors in the scenes described, as among not the least interesting of the reminiscences connected with the survey of the route of the New York and Erie Railroad.

EVELYN.

A soft, black eye—so deep, so deep,
Its liquid depths no glance may follow.
A face where lights and shadows creep
O'er arching brow and dimpled hollow.

A voice, now loud in maiden glee—
As tides on pebbly reaches throbbing—
Now sorrow-hushed as sunset sea
In purple rays at even sobbing.

Oh, twining hands! Oh, rich, dark sheen
Of gleaming braids, that crown in glory
A face as fair as spirits seen
In ancient books of Bible story.

Oh, Love! Oh, Life! like generous wine—
Like breezes from the streams and mountains—
Thy presence thrills this soul of mine,
Thy glances stir my heart's deep fountains.

Oh, Love! Oh, Life! a rose, a weed,
Touched by thy hand, my peerless beauty,
Is cherished with the miser's greed,
And guarded well in jealous duty.

But though you've woven, warp and woof,
Into the thread of my life's passion,
I dare not speak, but stand aloof,
And dream and sigh—the olden fashion.

WANTS AND ADVANTAGES OF CALIFORNIA.

DURING the ten years ending in 1870, the population of Iowa increased about seventy-six per cent.; that of Minnesota, 152 per cent.; and that of Kansas, 240 per cent.; while in California, the increase has been only forty-seven per cent. It may not be unprofitable to inquire into the cause of this. Seeing that the States of Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas suffer from the disadvantages of rigorous winters, and that the price of agricultural productions is generally lower there than in California, a superficial observer would be apt to fall into the mistake of believing that the soil of California is so far inferior in point of fertility to that of the other States mentioned, as to account for her comparatively small immigration. He would think that all those stories—so often repeated, and so widely circulated—with regard to the salubrity of her climate, the immense yield per acre of her cereals, the mammoth proportions of her vegetables, and the size and flavor of her fruits, are only so many fictions invented by Californians to test the credulity of strangers. Doubtless, many of her advantages have been very seriously and very injudiciously exaggerated. Still, it can be shown by incontrovertible facts, that, if during the last decade she has not kept pace with some of her sister States, it is owing to other causes than an inferiority in either soil or climate; and that, at the present time, she is surpassed by none in the inducements she holds out to the farmer and the farm laborer.

Perhaps foremost among the causes which have retarded the settling up of the State by farmers, is the delay in adjudicating between the United States Government and those claiming Mexican grants. The General Government would undoubtedly derive more revenue from these grants, if every man that claimed one immediately received a patent for it, no matter how defective his title. Owing to the litigation with regard to the Spanish grants, which caused the financial ruin of many Californians, it would be more conducive to the welfare of the entire State if some of the grants, instead of being the garden spots of the world, were barren deserts.

In 1851, 813 Spanish claims were presented before the Board of Land Commissioners. Of this number, over 170 have been rejected, and for something over half of the remainder patents have been received. As several of the claims did not call for any specified number of acres (only the quantity of land between certain boundaries), and as these claims, in many instances, have not yet been surveyed, it is impossible to estimate exactly the number of acres demanded under Spanish or Mexican titles. Judging from the size of the grants surveyed and patented, the officers in the Surveyor-General's Department think that on an average each claim demanded four leagues of 4,438.68 acres each. This would make over 14,000,000 acres in all. Such an immense area of the most fertile land in the State in such a condition that it could neither be pre-empted nor sold, would paralyze the progress of any State. That California, laboring under this disadvantage, should make so much progress, proves the vastness of her resources. When a man has a just claim to only a league, he often, until it is surveyed and patented, occupies twice or

thrice that quantity. Poor settlers every year squat on such land, but being unable to prove the Spanish title defective, they have to move when it is too late to seek land elsewhere that year and put in a crop. The loss and suffering thus entailed are incalculable. Even the owners of grants that have been surveyed and patented are often sufferers, on account of this state of things. The immigrant in search of a home has nothing to guide him as to what is or is not patented land. Let him but hear the slightest rumor that the title to any piece of fertile land is defective, and his hopes immediately turn hearsay evidence into the strongest proof. Every other settler in the neighborhood follows his example. Each privately expresses his hopes of ultimate success, and remains on the ground through the counsel of others rather than through his own convictions. Many, too, squat on land to which they know they have no claim, actuated by no other motive than dishonesty. They think that the lawful owner, sooner than take legal proceedings against them, will sell them a claim cheap, pay them for moving off, or compromise with them in some manner. Other States complain of injustice at the hands of Congress, but perhaps no State in the Union has more reason than California to be dissatisfied with the action of the General Government. Every grant could have been settled years ago. There is no reason why those still unsurveyed should not be surveyed at once. Many of those who claim grants for which they have not received patents know very well that their titles, when properly investigated, are absolutely worthless. There can be no stronger proof of this than the opposition shown by the claimants to the survey of the land. Knowing well that, in many instances, after the proper investigation, they either would receive no grant at all, or a grant much smaller than what they now have the use of, they exert all their influence to persuade Members of Congress to allow matters to remain in their present position. They have possession, and will retain it, but they can not sell to any advantage until they receive patents. Californians should see that their Representatives in Washington bring the settlement of these claims to a speedy issue. It took twenty years to settle one-half of these claims; perhaps, if the people of California will only have a little patience, in twenty years more Congress will deign to settle the other half.

Another circumstance that has retarded the development of the State is the character of the immigrants that have arrived. Generally speaking, the founders of the State were men of great enterprise, willing to undergo great hardships and to run great risks, but unwilling to identify themselves with any steady industry requiring a few years to make profitable. They all wanted fortunes at once. They expected to gather dollars when it would be more reasonable to expect only dimes; and if the larger sum could not be obtained, the smaller one was no object. Their character has not yet changed. No one can be found more willing than a California farmer to take the most enormous risks. Often his calculations are such, that, in order to meet them, he must not only have an extraordinary large crop, but get an extraordinary large price for his produce. Instead of living on a small farm of his own, in too many instances he rents a tract of land many times too large for the resources at his command. Sometimes he makes in one year what many would call a handsome fortune; but it is more probable, that, after a few years, he has nothing left but a team of horses and a wagon. He then becomes a teamster for a few years more, until he earns enough to venture again on his fool-hardy experiments. Thus his time passes away, either as a renter or a teamster; and what

money he makes by one occupation is generally lost in the other. Even men who farm their own land are very often characterized by carelessness, indolence, and extravagance. Farm implements are often left throughout the whole year exposed to the weather, so that the amount necessary for repairs would be astonishing to the members of a more thrifty community.

In California, the farmers spend a large portion of their valuable time in doing nothing. Wheat, after being sown, requires but little attention until harvest-time. In some countries, however, the farmers pull up the weeds in their grain-fields, and thus improve the yield, not only of that crop, but also of those that succeed it. In California, this is seldom done. The farmers are intelligent enough to know that pulling out the weeds would materially increase their crop; but as the increase would pay them only small wages for the time thus occupied, they prefer to neglect it altogether. Go into any little town in the interior of the State during the time that elapses between seed-sowing and harvesting, or between harvesting and seed-sowing, and you will find it thronged with farmers. Business does not bring them there; but, as they can find nothing to do at home, they think to drive into town and learn the news the most pleasant mode of spending their time. I have seen homesteads occupied for twelve and even fourteen years with not a single fruit-tree set out, and nothing like a vegetable-garden could be seen. Every thing they eat, except flour and pork, has to be purchased. In other places, the country supplies the town with vegetables, but in California this is reversed. Every day the market gardener can be seen selling potatoes, cabbages, onions, carrots, etc., to the farmer. You seldom see tastefully kept gardens like those that adorn and enhance Eastern homes. Of course, there are many exceptions; but the exceptions only prove how much more wealthy and comfortable the thriftless farmer could be by better management.

In like manner, the farmer, in the treatment of his *employés*, is extremely short-sighted. He cares about doing nothing that does not bring him an immediate return. If he built comfortable quarters for his men, instead of consigning them to the stable or the hay-stack, the money thus laid out would be profitably invested. Most farm laborers, and especially laborers of the best class, would prefer $300 a year from a man who treats them to some of the comforts and refinements of civilized life, to $350 from a man who treats them no better than if they were savages. If laborers were made to feel themselves at home, not only could they be hired for a smaller sum, but their services would be more faithfully rendered. Now they are as indifferent to the welfare of the employer as he is to theirs. Whenever they can get better wages they leave, no matter how pressing the demand of the farmer for their services at that particular time; and even while they remain, their only object is to earn their money as easily as they can.

Farmers must follow a more diversified system of cultivation. Two advantages arise from this: first, their soil will not become exhausted as under the present system; and second, they will find profitable occupation on their land during the whole year, instead of spending a third of their time, as they do at present, unprofitably.• The additional crops to which they ought to turn their attention should be either such as we require for our own consumption, or those which, from their high market value, could be transported to other parts of the Union or to foreign countries. There are many agricultural productions of which we do not produce enough for our own use, and there are several oth-

ers imported into the United States, for the growth of which the soil and climate of California are well adapted. More butter and bacon should be raised for our own consumption. Doubtless, many parts of the State are suitable to the growth of rice. During the last fiscal year, this article was imported into the United States to the amount of $1,876,-786. A duty of 2½ cents per pound gives an advantage to the home over the foreign producer. Most persons would be astonished to learn that we imported $9,602,630 worth of fruit last year. A great part of this consisted of oranges, lemons, nuts, and raisins, all of which can be grown here with profit. Of olive oil, another article to the production of which the southern part of the State is more than commonly well adapted, we imported $375,988 worth. The duty on this is $1 per gallon. We import raw silk, as wound off the cocoon, to the amount of $5,739,592; of opium, $1,926,-915; of raw flax, $649,832; of raw hemp, $3,918,129; of chiccory, $57,946; and of tobacco-leaf, $3,433,669. On nearly all of these articles there is a heavy import duty. During the last year, we imported $2,165,557 worth of spices, ginger, pepper, mustard, etc. Mustard has already been cultivated in this State, and proved to be a very profitable crop. While we have thousands of acres of the best grape land lying idle, we imported, last year, $5,814,232 worth of wine. The poorest of this had to pay a duty of twenty-five cents per gallon, and the best fifty cents per bottle.

Among the articles that might be grown with profit for exportation, I shall mention, as deserving particular attention, apples for drying and hops. Hundreds of tons of apples rot in the orchards of California yearly, and the time most suitable for drying them, coming after harvest and before the plowing season, is one of the most inactive in the year. The work is light, and could be performed by the farmer's children, as well as by grown men. Preserving fruits of all kinds should receive more attention from the farmer.

The cultivation of hops has advanced rapidly in the United States. The use of malt liquors has increased, owing chiefly to the large influx of German immigrants. In the year 1871, the Internal Revenue tax upon fermented liquors in California amounted to $152,818. Since the tax is $1 on each barrel of thirty gallons, the large quantity of 4,584,540 gallons was manufactured in this State last year. California hops are considered too strong for the kind of beer made in this State; but they are considered superior for many purposes in the East and in Europe. This crop is one of the most precarious grown, a full crop being seldom obtained more than once in every four or five years. It suffers from several kinds of lice, mold, high winds; and summer rain is fatal to it. However, one good year pays for several bad ones. Growers say that this State is more than usually favorable to the growth of hops; and, while the average yield per acre in the East and in England amounts to only seven or eight hundred pounds, here it reaches from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds. Mr. Smith, a farmer near Watsonville, has cultivated a field of hops with profit during the last three years. The land is a rich alluvial loam, and, before planted with hops, was worth about $100 per acre. The first outlay, then, was land, twenty acres, at $100 per acre, $2,000; 13,600 poles, at $30 per thousand, $408; press, $300; twine, $300; kiln for drying the hops, $1,000; cuttings, at $10 per thousand, $275—total, $4,283. The hills are eight feet apart, and two cuttings were set out in each hill. These cuttings send out a great many vines, but not more than three or four to each hill are allowed to grow. In some hop-yards, the vine is allowed to attain its full growth in a vertical po-

sition along the pole, but many consider it better to stretch twine from pole to pole, and, after the vine reaches a certain height, to train it out horizontally. Mr. Smith thinks his poles will last twenty years, and his twine five years. Most of the work in the hop-yard, with the exception of plowing and cultivating, was done by Chinese. Young boys and girls can do the greater part of the work as well as adults; and on this account, as well as others, hop-raising deserves the consideration of the farmer. The cost of cultivating these twenty acres was as follows:

Plowing, at $1.50 per acre	$30
Setting out cuttings, at 50 cents per acre	10
Putting poles in the ground	20
Tying vines to poles, and removing suckers	125
Digging around the hills in the beginning of spring	180
Cultivating twice, to keep down weeds	20
Picking, at $1 per 100 pounds, green	900
Carrying hops from field to kiln	15
Removing strings from poles	10
Wood for drying	30
Wages of pressman	75
Horse at press	10
Total	$1,425

Receipts of 1,500 pounds to the acre, at 55 cents per pound, $16,500; but the price of hops is as fluctuating as the yield. It has sometimes, during the last twenty years, fallen as low as four or five cents per pound, and sometimes risen as high as 60 cents per pound. Mr. Rouse, of Oneida County, New York, a great authority on every thing connected with hops, estimates the average price in the Eastern States, for a period of fifty-eight years, to be 14¾ cents per pound, and the average cost of production, during the same time, to be 7½ cents per pound. He estimates the average yield in the East to be 888 pounds per acre, and the profit to be $64.38 per acre. The cost of production at the Watsonville hop-yard did not amount to five cents per pound; but, on account of the immense yield, the cost per acre was over $70, while in the East it was only $64. Taking the average price previously mentioned, 14¾ cents, and allowing 3¼ cents per pound for transporting the hops to Eastern markets, there would, after deducting one per cent. per month for all the money invested, be a profit of $65 to the acre.

The soil and climate of California exhibit characteristics not met with elsewhere; and this often puzzles the oldest and most experienced cultivators. Crops which would be profitable are neglected, because not understood, and on account of the necessary costly experimental outlay. As a case in point, take flax. Flaxseed can be produced in many parts of the State at a cost of two cents per pound, or less; yet for several years it was imported at a cost of four or five cents per pound. For any thing the farmer knows to the contrary, the production of the fibre may be as profitable as that of the seed. But the fibre is generally burned; or, if utilized at all, is used only for mending the roads. In many places, miles of road are covered with it; while a more thrifty population would turn it to better account.

How many farmers, to-day, can tell whether it is more profitable to feed their grain to hogs than to sell it? How many can tell under what circumstances one method would be better, and under what the other? How many can tell under what circumstances it would be better to cut their wheat or barley green and feed it to cattle on the farm? What do the farmers know of the comparative merits of feeding their stock with raw or cooked food? Of supplying their horses with whole or cut hay? Of the comparative merits of plowing four or ten inches in depth? The knowledge of farmers on all these points is very slight; and it would be unreasonable, with their want of opportunities, to expect it to be otherwise. In like manner, the production of silk, and the cultivation of the grape-vine and the ramie-

plant—industries which, at no distant day, may be as important as is the raising of wheat at present—are neglected, through the ignorance of farmers. Much of the soil cultivated in California was extremely rich, and yielded an abundant harvest to cultivation of any kind. As it becomes gradually exhausted, through an improper system of husbandry, the demand for skillful and experienced farmers will become imperative. A bad system of road-making has, in many instances, been as injurious to the State as a bad system of farming. Go into some of the richest valleys in California—valleys that have been cultivated for twelve or fifteen years—and, though thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent in building roads, you will find the country as impassable as it was before the advent of the American settler. Travel on these roads in summer, and you will find them ankle-deep in dust. A cloud of fine, penetrating dust surrounds you on every side; and obscures the view to such an extent as to render vehicles, going in opposite directions, in imminent danger of coming into collision. Travel on them in winter, and you will find the dust turned into mud, so deep and tenacious that a team of horses can with difficulty drag an empty wagon through it. The fact is, Californians think they are capable, without any previous training, of doing every thing; and therefore, instead of employing an experienced engineer to lay out and build their roads, it is just as probable that for this purpose they will elect a shoemaker or a tailor.

All that has been said with regard to the carelessness and extravagance of the farmer, applies in a twofold degree to the farm laborer. In every part of the State can be found farmers who began, fifteen or twenty years ago, without a dollar, but who are now independent. I am not speaking of men who have made fortunes in speculating in land; only of men who have made their money by plodding industry. They married, saved every dollar they could, kept adding acre after acre to their farms, as they found themselves able to purchase it, and now they are surrounded with comfort and happy families. With these examples before him, it is surprising that the farm laborer does not make greater exertions to secure a home. But no; because he does not receive the high wages that once prevailed in the State, he thinks what he gets is not worth saving. I have seen laborers (men who had no pretension to be any thing else) wearing a suit of clothes, which, with watch and jewelry, was worth $150. I have seen these men leave their work, hire a pair of horses and a buggy for $5 per day, take a girl with them, and go twenty miles to a ball. I am speaking of what is common, not of isolated instances. When such men are thrown out of employment, of course, they have not a dollar left; and they bitterly complain that the country is going to ruin, and is unfit for a White Man to live in. One would think there is something in the climate of California that generates discontent and extravagance. You will find here laborers, not twelve months from Europe, who, though they receive $300 per year, and board, complain of the rate of wages. Yet, if one year's wages were put in bank, the interest would nearly equal the wages they got at home.

Again, there is no country where the laborer can begin to farm on his own account with so small an amount of capital as suffices here. That a vast amount of land should be in the hands of one person, is generally looked upon as an evil; but to the laborer with a certain amount of money it is a benefit, in one respect; though it would be an injury to him, if he had more resources at his command. If he had money enough to buy horses, seed, farm-tools, and to build

a house, of course it would be better for him if less land belonged to the private individual, and more to the Government. With a year's wages, he can not undertake all this; but he can buy a team of horses and a plow. With these, and known to be honest, sober, and industrious, he will find, in every locality, holders of large tracts of land willing to supply him with every thing else he requires for farming purposes, for a share in the crop. He will find this more remunerative than working for wages, to say nothing of its being more independent.

Doubtless owing to the long distance to reach California, fewer immigrants arrive than if the country were more accessible; and after their arrival, they encounter more than ordinary difficulties while searching for farms. Such a vast quantity of the land is claimed under Spanish grants—and a great deal of what is left has been taken up by private entry—that the remaining agricultural land still owned by the Government is to be found only in isolated tracts; and these tracts are generally occupied by graziers. In the other States, when the immigrant seeks a farm, he everywhere finds men willing to give him information, because his interests and theirs are identical. They, like him, are farmers; and they know that the sooner the land is occupied by such settlers, the sooner will they have roads, schools, and churches. Here, he meets with opposition from the graziers, because his interest and theirs are antagonistic. Many of the graziers belong to a class that do not place a very high value on education; more of them are rich enough to send their children to private schools. They do not want roads, as their cattle can be driven to market through the open country. They have nothing to gain, but every thing to lose, by the settlement among them of agriculturists. As the law now stands, they have the farmer who settles in their midst completely at their mercy, unless he is rich enough to spend in fencing the land five times as much money as the land itself cost. Until the law is changed, and the grazier compelled to prevent his cattle from damaging his neighbor's crops, it is useless to expect California to become a thickly settled State.

Even after this difficulty is removed, the immigrant in search of a farm will find that his object is not very easily accomplished. No law will compel the grazier to assist him in his search by pointing out vacant portions. Hence, the necessity of a paid agency for supplying the immigrant with information of this kind. The Immigrant Union does a good deal this way; but, through lack of funds, not a tenth of what is necessary. We should remember that when an immigrant comes here, and, failing to find a farm, leaves for some other State, it is not that immigrant alone we lose. Before leaving home, the last words he heard from dozens of his friends were: "When you get there, write, and let me know all about the country. If I am pleased with your opinion of it, I shall soon follow you." If he is dissatisfied, he leaves the State, warns his friends, and we lose them also. Any legislation that fails to provide funds for supplying the immigrant with information after his arrival, is short-sighted, and detrimental to the best interests of the State.

Notwithstanding all the land that has been alienated, there are yet in California over ninety-eight million acres of Government land. A great deal of this is suitable for farming. It is unnecessary to point out any of those localities where land fit for fruit can be obtained. That is too plentiful to need particular mention. Good grain land can be found in San Bernardino, Kern, Tulare, Merced, and Fresno counties. The soil in these places is very fertile, needing only a sufficiency of moisture to produce

abundant crops. These counties have a great number of streams that can be made available for purposes of irrigation, under a proper system of which they will become the most productive in the State. Shasta, Humboldt, and Mendocino contain tracts of fair agricultural land.

In various parts of the State settlers are living on land that has not yet been surveyed. These men want to move to localities where pasturage for their stock is more abundant. They can not obtain a title to the land before it is surveyed. No one can molest them while they remain on the land, but, should they leave it, any one may take possession of it. They are, therefore, willing to sell their claims for a small sum, generally not more than the cost of the improvements. Between Calistoga—in Napa County—and Healdsburg—in Sonoma County—there are for sale claims of this description amounting to twenty thousand acres.

In all parts of the State holders of large tracts of land are cutting it up into farms, and offering it for sale on easy terms. The price is seldom greater than the yearly rent paid for land of no greater productiveness in the British Islands; and the purchaser has to pay only one-fourth of the money on taking possession, and the remainder in four or five years. Some are even offering farms of forty acres for nothing, only requiring the farmer to live on the land and improve it. Besides these forty acres, the farmer has the option of buying or renting as much of the adjoining land as he chooses.

It is universally admitted to be injurious to the State to have an immense body of lands in the hands of a few individuals. Much as monopolists own at present, they will, in all probability, yet own five or six times as much, unless Congress will amend the Homestead and Pre-emption laws. Many million acres of the land, now open to homestead and pre-emption, are of such a quality that they will not support a family on every quarter-section. Yet this land is valuable for grazing purposes. After it has lain open to settlement for some years, the Government, seeing that no one is willing to take it up under the Homestead or Pre-emption laws, will order it to be sold by private entry, when, like all lands thus sold, it will fall into the hands of the monopolists. To remedy this, the land should be classified, and, where it is of poor quality, the settler should be allowed to pre-empt a section, or more if necessary.

Whether he intends to buy from private individuals, or to pre-empt Government land; whether he intends to engage in the production of cereals, wine, or silk, the farmer, with moderate capital, will find plenty of opportunities of securing a desirable home. If he has a family, so much the better; for young boys and girls, if brought up to habits of industry, are, at an early age, worth more than their board. It is true, the farmer will suffer occasionally from droughts; but where is the country in which the crops do not sometimes fail? In other places the farmer loses his crop through unfavorable weather, after he has gone to considerable expense in harvesting it. Here, that never occurs. Owing to the absence of rain in the summer and autumn, crops are harvested with less expense than in any other country where the same rate of wages prevails. A glance at the mode of harvesting will show the truth of this assertion.

Hay is cut with a reaper driven by one man and drawn by two horses, at the rate of twelve acres per day. The price paid to the owner of the reaper varies from 75 cents to $1 per acre. Feeding a man and two horses costs a trifle over another dollar per day. The hay is never shook out to dry, as is done in colder countries. It is next raked into rows, preparatory to putting it into cocks.

A man and horse will rake about fifteen acres daily. Wages for man, $1.50; board, 50 cents; hire for horse, 25 cents; board, 30 cents, daily. One man puts from eight to twelve acres daily into cocks, and the harvesting is over. If he wants to sell it, he leaves it in the field for months, if necessary, until he has an opportunity of pressing it. Pressing costs him—every thing included—about $3 per ton. From these prices we arrive at the following cost per acre:

Cutting, including hire and board for man and horses	$ 0.18
Raking, including hire and board for man and horse	0.17
Putting into cocks, including board and wages to men	0.20
Pressing into bales, allowing four tons to the acre	12.00
Total	$12.55

This is for rich land, where the yield is from three to five tons to the acre. The price of pressed hay on the farm, during the last three years, has varied from $8 to $16 per ton. The hay-pressers make fair wages while engaged at this work. Three men and three horses are with each hay-press. There is no occasion for very valuable horses in doing this work. The three horses, with their harness, might be bought for $200; the press will cost about $225. Three men will press eight tons a day. The heaviest item in this expenditure is rope, which costs 20 cents a pound. They will use eight dollars' worth of this daily; and their total daily expense, including food for themselves and horses, will be $10, leaving them $14 for their work.

Wheat is sometimes cut down with a reaper, and bound into sheaves; but more generally it is headed. The latter process is the cheaper one, but can not be followed when the crop is extremely heavy and lying on the ground. In heading, the machine cuts the crop and passes it into a wagon. It is then hauled off to a convenient position, and piled up unbound in a heap, where it awaits the arrival of the thrasher. Whether reaped or headed, it is unnecessary to go to any expense in protecting it from the weather. If the farmer means to sell it soon after being thrashed, he has no need to haul it to his granary. After the thrashing is over, immense piles of sacks can be seen lying for months in the open field. They are perfectly safe: they are never stolen, and never injured by the weather. Accompanying the header, there are usually five men, three wagons, and twelve horses. The men and horses are hired by the owner of the header, but boarded by the owner of the wheat. A good header will cut about eighteen acres daily; for which a price, varying from $1.50 to $2 per acre, is paid. The farmer must also keep a man to stack the wheat, costing $2 more daily. Assuming the price paid to the owner of the header to be $1.75 per acre, his whole daily outlay would be $39.50, or $2.20 per acre. Out of this $39.50, the owner of the header receives $31.50. His expenses are: one man to attend to the header, $4 per day; four more men at $1.50 each per day, and twelve horses at 25 cents each, if he has to hire them—making, in all, $13, and leaving a daily profit of $18.50. These figures also apply to rich land that yields twenty or twenty-five sacks of wheat to the acre. Most of the wheat is now thrashed by steam. A steam machine will average about eight hundred sacks of one hundred pounds each daily. The price paid to the owner of the machine may be set down at eight cents per sack. With the machine are four men and six horses, which are to be fed by the farmer. Besides these, there will be fifteen more men required, and these the farmer must feed and pay. As the work is hard, and employment at this season easily obtained, they receive $2 per day and board. Wood for the engine costs the farmer $6 per day, making in all $111.50, or about 14 cents per sack. After deducting his expenses, the owner of the thrasher will

clear about $40 per day. His machinery costs about $2,500; but, as he gets about sixty days' work during the thrashing season, the machine nearly pays for itself in one year. It will be seen from these figures that the farmer can get his crops harvested at a small expense; and at the same time, if he has money to invest in machinery, he can obtain good interest on his outlay.

The greater the number of farmers arriving, the better will it be for those already here. There is room for all; and the more populous the State, the more readily will railroads be built, and the more easily can farm produce be sent to market. Unfortunately, these remarks do not apply to the laborer and mechanic as well as to the farmer. They can not create work for themselves to such an extent as the farmers can, but they can do a good deal in that direction. As has been already shown, the farm laborer can, after one year, or at the most two years, become a cultivator on his own account; but, in order to do this he must be careful of his money, work for whatever wages he can get in dull times, and be always employed, even if he has to work for his board. Many mechanics, idle in the cities, would find employment in the country. Blacksmiths and shoemakers, especially, would find many places in the interior where they could open shops of their own. They should be married, and have a few acres of land, on which they could work when not engaged at their trade. They may not earn as much money as some of those working for daily wages at the same occupation; but, living cheaper, they can save more.

YOSEMITE VALLEY IN FLOOD.

MANY a joyful stream is born in the Sierras, but not one can sing like the Merced. In childhood, high on the mountains, her silver thread is a moving melody; of sublime Yosemite she is the voice; the blooming *chaparral* or the flowery plains owe to her fullness their plant-wealth of purple and gold, and to the loose dipping willows and broad green oaks she is bounteous in blessing. I think she is the most absorbing and readable of rivers. I have lived with her for three years, sharing all her life and fortunes, dreaming that I appreciated her; but I never have so much as imagined the sublimity, the majesty of her music, until seeing and listening at every pore I stood in her temple to-day.

December brought to Yosemite, first of all, a cluster of ripe, golden days and silvery nights—a radiant company of the sweetest winter children of the sun. The blue sky had Sabbath and slept in its high dome, and down in its many mansions of *cañon* and cave, crystals grew in the calm nights, and fringed the rocks like mosses. The November torrents were soothed, and settled tranquillity beamed from every feature of rock and sky.

In the afternoon of December 16th, 1871, an immense crimson cloud grew up in solitary grandeur above Cathedral Rocks. It resembled a fungus, with a bulging base like a sequoia, a smooth, tapering stalk, and a round, bossy, down-curled head like a mushroom—stalk, head, and root, in equal, glowing, half-transparent crimson: one of the most gorgeous and symmetrical clouds I ever beheld. Next morning, I looked eagerly at the weather, but all seemed tranquil; and whatever was being done in the deep places of the sky, little stir was visible below. An ill-defined dimness

consumed the best of the sunbeams, and toward noon well-developed grayish clouds appeared, having a close, curly grain, like bird's-eye maple. Late in the night some rain fell, which changed to snow, and, in the morning, about ten inches remained unmelted on the meadows, and was still falling—a fine, cordial snow-storm; but the end was not yet.

On the night of the 18th rain fell in torrents, but, as it had a temperature of 34° Fahrenheit, the snow-line was only a few feet above the meadows, and there was no promise of flood; yet sometime after eleven o'clock the temperature was suddenly raised by a south wind to 42°, carrying the snow-line to the top of the wall and far beyond—out on the upper basins, perhaps, to the very summit of the range—and morning saw Yosemite in the glory of flood. Torrents of warm rain were washing the valley walls, and melting the upper snows of the surrounding mountains; and the liberated waters held jubilee. On both sides the Sentinel foamed a splendid cascade, and across the valley by the Three Brothers, down through the pine grove, I could see fragments of an unaccountable outgush of snowy cascades. I ran for the open meadow, that I might hear and see the whole glowing circumference at once, but the tinkling brook was an unfordable torrent, bearing down snow and bowlders like a giant. Farther up on the *débris* I discovered a place where the stream was broken up into three or four strips among the bowlders, where I crossed easily, and ran for the meadows. But, on emerging from the bordering bushes, I found them filled with green lakes, edged and islanded with floating snow. I had to keep along the *débris* as far as Hutchings', where I crossed the river, and reached a wadable meadow in the midst of the most glorious congregation of water-falls ever laid bare to mortal eyes. Between Black's and Hutchings' there were ten snowy, majestic, loud-voiced cascades and falls; in the neighborhood of Glacier Point, six; from Three Brothers to Yosemite Falls, nine; between Yosemite and Arch Falls, ten; between Washington Column and Mount Watkins, ten; on the slopes of South Dome, facing Mirror Lake, eight; on the shoulder of South Dome, facing the main valley, three. Fifty-six newborn falls occupying this upper end of the valley; besides a countless host of silvery-netted arteries gleaming everywhere! I did not go down to the Ribbon or Pohono; but in the whole valley there must have been upward of a hundred. As if inspired with some great water purpose, cascades and falls had come thronging, in Yosemite costume, from every grove and *cañon* of the mountains; and be it remembered, that these falls and cascades were not small, dainty, momentary gushes, but broad, noble-mannered water creations; sublime in all their attributes, and well worthy Yosemite rocks, shooting in arrowy foam from a height of near three thousand feet; the very smallest of which could be heard several miles away: a perfect storm of water-falls throbbing out their lives in one stupendous song. I have criticised Hill's painting for having two large falls between the Sentinel and Cathedral rocks; now I would not be unbelieving against fifty. From my first stand-point on the meadow toward Lamon's only one fall is usually seen; now there are forty. A most glorious convention this of vocal waters—not remote and dim, as only half present, but with forms and voices wholly seen and felt, each throbbing out rays of beauty warm and palpable as those of the sun.

All who have seen Yosemite in summer will remember the comet forms of upper Yosemite Falls, and the laces of Nevada. In these waters of the jubilee, the lace tissue predominates; but there is also a plentiful mingling of arrowy

comets. A cascade back of Black's is composed of two white shafts set against the dark wall about thirty feet apart, and filled in with chained and beaded gauze of splendid pattern, among the living meshes of which the dark, purple granite is dimly seen. A little above Glacier Point there is a half-woven, half-divided web of cascades, with warp and woof so similar in song and in gestures, that they appear as one existence: living and rejoicing by the pulsings of one heart. The row of cascades between Washington Column and the Arch Falls are so closely side by side that they form an almost continuous sheet; and those about Indian Cañon and the Brothers are not a whit less noble. Tissiack is crowned with surpassing glory. Her sculptured walls and bosses and her great dome are nobly adorned with clouds and waters, and her thirteen cascades give her voice of song.

The upper Yosemite is queen of all these mountain waters; nevertheless, in the first half-day of jubilee, her voice was scarce heard. Ever since the coming of the first November storms, Yosemite has flowed with a constant stream, although far from being equal to the high water in May and June. About three o'clock this afternoon I heard a sudden crash and booming, mixed with heavy gaspings and rocky, angular explosions, and I ran out, sure that a rock-avalanche had started near the top of the wall, and hoping to see some of the huge blocks journeying down; but I quickly discovered that these craggy, sharp-angled notes belonged to the flood-wave of the upper fall. The great wave, gathered from many a glacier-*cañon* of the Hoffman spurs, had just arrived, sweeping logs and ice before it, and, plunging over the tremendous verge, was blended with the storm-notes of crowning grandeur.

During the whole two days of storm no idle, unconscious water appeared, and the clouds, and winds, and rocks were inspired with corresponding activity and life. Clouds rose hastily, upon some errand, to the very summit of the walls, with a single effort, and as suddenly returned; or, sweeping horizontally, near the ground, draggled long-bent streamers through the pine-tops; while others traveled up and down Indian Cañon, and overtopped the highest brows, then suddenly drooped and condensed, or, thinning to gauze, veiled half the valley, leaving here and there a summit looming alone. These clouds, and the crooked cascades, raised the valley-rocks to double their usual height, for the eye, mounting from cloud to cloud, and from angle to angle upon the cascades, obtained a truer measure of their sublime stature.

The warm wind still poured in from the south, melting the snows far out on the highest mountains. Thermometer, at noon, 45°. The smaller streams of the valley edge are waning, by the slackening of the rain; but the far-reaching streams, coming in by the Tenaya, Nevada, and Illilouette *cañons*, are still increasing. The Merced, in some places, overflows its banks, having risen at once from a shallow, prattling, ill-proportioned stream, to a deep, majestic river. The upper Yosemite is in full, gushing, throbbing glory of prime; still louder spring its shafts of song; still deeper grows the intense whiteness of its mingled meteors; fearlessly blow the winds among its dark, shadowy chambers, now softly bearing away the outside sprays, now swaying and bending the whole massive column. So sings Yosemite, with her hundred fellow-falls, to the trembling bushes, and solemn-waving pines, and winds, and clouds, and living, pulsing rocks—one stupendous unit of mountain power—one harmonious storm of mountain love.

On the third day the storm ceased. Frost killed the new falls; the clouds

are withered and empty; a score of light is drawn across the sky, and our chapter of flood is finished. Visions like these do not remain with us as mere maps and pictures—flat shadows cast upon our minds, to brighten, at times, when touched by association or will, and fade again from our view, like landscapes in the gloaming. They saturate every fibre of the body and soul, dwelling in us and with us, like holy spirits, through all of our after-deaths and after-lives.

JUANITA.

"EVERY man in the settlement started out after him; but he got away, and was never heard of again."

I had listened quietly to the end, though my eyes had wandered impatiently from the face of the man to the region to which he pointed with his finger. There was nothing to be seen out there but the hot air vibrating over the torn, sandy plain, and the steep, ragged banks of the river, without any water in it—as is frequently the case at this season of the year. The man who had spoken—formerly a soldier, but, after his discharge from the army, station-keeper at this point—had become so thoroughly "Arizonified" that he thought he was well housed in this structure, where the mud-walls rose some six feet from the ground, and an old tent was hung over a few crooked *manzanita*-branches for a roof. There was a wide aperture in the wall, answering the purpose of a door; and a few boards laid on trestles, and filled in with straw, which he called his bunk. He had raised it on these trestles, partly because the snakes couldn't creep into the straw so "handy," and partly because the *coyotes*, breaking down the barricade in the door-way one night, hunting for his chickens, had brought their noses in unpleasant proximity with his face while lying on the ground. He had confided these facts to me early in the morning, shortly after my arrival, continuing his discourse by a half-apology for his naked feet, to which he pointed with the ingenuous confession that "he'd run barefooted till his shoes wouldn't go on no more." .He held them up for my inspection, to show that he had them—the shoes, I mean, not the feet—a pair of No. 14's, entirely new, army make.

We had arrived just before daybreak, my escort and I, having made a "dry march"—which would have been too severe on Uncle Sam's mules in the scorching sun of a June day—during the night. The morning, flashing up in the east with all the glorious colors that give token of the coming, overpowering heat, brought with it also the faint, balmy breath of wind in which to bathe one's limbs before the sun burst forth in its burning majesty. Phil, the ambulance-driver, and my oracle, said I could wander off as far as I wanted, without fear of Indians; so I had ascended the steep hill back of the station, and, spying what looked like a grave-yard at the foot of it, on the other side, I had immediately clambered down in search of new discoveries. I knew that there had formerly been a military post here: it is just so far from the Mexican border that fugitives from the law of that country would instinctively fly this way for refuge; and just near enough the line where the "friendly Indian" ceases to be a pleasant delusion, to make the presence of a strong military force at all times necessary for the protection of White settlers. But there are none; and Uncle Sam, protecting his own property "on the march" through here as

well as possible, allows the citizen and merchant to protect himself and his goods the best way he can. Why the camp had been removed, I can not tell—neither, perhaps, could those who occupied it—but I am pretty sure they were all very willing to go: I've never seen the soldier yet that wasn't glad of a change of post and quarters.

There were quite a number of graves in this rude burying-ground (I don't like that name, on the whole; but it seemed just the proper thing to call this collection of graves), and among them were two that attracted my attention particularly. The one was a large, high grave, with rather a pretentious head-stone, bearing the inscription:

"To the Memory of James Owens,
Who came to his death May 20th, 186–."

The other seemed smaller, though it was difficult to determine the exact dimensions, on account of the rocks, bones, and dry brush piled on it. It is the custom of the Mexicans in passing by a grave to throw on it a stone, a clump of earth, or a piece of brush or bone if they have nothing else, as a mark of respect: so I concluded at once that some one of that nationality lay buried here. One, too, who had some faithful friend; for there was a look about the grave that spoke of constant attention, and frequent visits to it.

On my return, having done justice to the breakfast the station-keeper had prepared (and for which he had killed one of his chickens, in order to "entertain me in a lady-like manner," as he said to Phil), I questioned him about the American whose grave I had seen out there. Before he could answer, a shadow fell across the door-way, and I half rose from the ambulance-cushion I was occupying, when I saw an Indian, a young fellow of about twenty, stand still in front of it, half hiding the form of an aged crone, on whose back was fastened a small bundle of fire-wood, such as is laboriously gathered along the beds and banks of water-courses, in this almost treeless country. The Indian stooped to lift the load from the woman's back; and she turned to go, without even having lifted her eyes, either to the ambulance that stood near the door-way, the soldiers that lounged around it, or myself. The station-keeper seized an old tin-cup, filled it with coffee, piled the remains of the breakfast on a tin-plate, and disappeared in the door-way. Returning, he answered me, at last:

"The grave you saw was dug for a man that lived here while I was yet a soldier in the —— Infantry at this camp. He had brought a Spanish woman with him, his wife, with whom he lived in one of those houses, right there, on the bank of the river. He had sold some horses to the Government, at Drum Barracks, and was sent out here with them; and seeing that it was quite a settlement, he thought he'd stay. *She* was a mighty fine-looking woman—a tall, stoutish figure, with as much pride as if she had been a duchess. Among the Mexicans in the settlement was a man who, they said, had been a brigand in Mexico, had broken jail, and come here, first to hide, and then to live. It warn't long till he began loafering about Owens' place; and one night, while Owens was standing in his door, smoking, there was a shot fired from the direction of the hill, behind this place, and Owens fell dead in his own door-way. There was no doubt in any body's mind who the murderer was, for his cabin was empty, and he could be found nowhere about camp. The soldiers, as well as the other fellows, were determined to lynch him, and every man in the settlement started out after him; but he got away, and no one ever heard of him again."

"And the woman?" I asked.

"O—nobody could hurt her; and she raved and ranted dreadful, for awhile. But she turned up absent one morning,

about a week after we had put him under the ground, and her husband's watch and money had gone with her."

"But," said I, impatiently, "where is the settlement you speak of? I have not found a trace of it yet."

"Well, you see, they were *adobe*-houses that they built, and the rains were very heavy last year, and the Gila commenced washing out this way; the banks caved in and carried the rubbish away. They hadn't been occupied for some time; but the house where Owens lived is just right across there—if you go near the bank you can see where he built a good solid chimbley, like they've got at home. The camp used to be down the flat apiece. I had my house there last year; but it washed away with the rain: so I built up here, where there's better shelter for my chickens. They're my only friends, besides Bose, and I've got to be choice of 'em. I don't see a White face for months, sometimes, since the war is over, and it keeps me company kinder, to see the places where the houses used to be."

"And the other grave—that with the bones and rocks piled on it?"

The man threw a look toward the door-way, and put his hands in his pockets.

"That's Juanita's grave. She was an Indian girl."

He walked out of the door; and, as I had nothing better to do, I too stepped out, thinking to go as far to look for the ruins of that "chimbley" as the blazing sun would permit. The first I saw when I came out of the door-way was the old Indian woman, sitting on the ground in the shade of the house, her back against the wall, her knees drawn up, her elbow resting on them, the doubled fist supporting the face, while the other hand hung listlessly across them. The face was aged and wrinkled, the hair a dirty gray, and the eyes seemed set—petrified, I had almost said—with some great, deep sorrow. Beside her stood the tin-cup, untouched and unnoticed; the tin-plate had been almost emptied of its contents; but a drumstick in the hands of the young Indian, and a suspicious glossiness about his mouth and chin, seemed to mark the road the chicken had taken. The station-keeper stood by the woman, and said something to her in a jargon I could not understand; but she took no more notice of him or what he said than if it were a fly that had buzzed up to her. She moved neither her eyes nor her head, looking out straight before her. I walked as far as the banks of the river, failed to discover the remains of the "chimbley," and turned back to the house. The station-keeper was not to be seen; the Indian boy paused from his labors, to take a look at me; but the woman seemed to be a thousand miles away, so little did she take heed of my presence.

It was nearly noon, and I concluded to pass the rest of the day in sleep, as we were to leave the station at about ten in the night, when the moon should be up. The "whole house" had been given up to me, and a comfortable bed arranged out of mattress and wagon-seats, so that I felt comparatively safe from prowling vermin, and soon went to sleep. I awoke only once, late in the afternoon; the station-keeper was saying something in a loud voice that I could not understand, and, directly, I saw two pair of dusky feet passing by the space that the blanket, hung up in the door-way, left near the ground. After awhile I raised the blanket, and saw the Indians trudging along through the sandy plain, the woman following the tall, athletic form of the man, the yellow sun burning fiercely down on their bare heads, scorching the broad, prickly leaves of the cactus, and withering its delicate, straw-colored, and deep-crimson flowers. I dropped the curtain, panting for breath:

it was too hot to live while looking out into that glaring sunshine.

Later, when I could sleep no more, and had made my desert toilet, I stood in the door-way, and saw the two Indians coming back as in the morning: the woman with a bundle of fire-wood on her shoulders, the man walking empty-handed and burdenless before her. I turned to the station-keeper, and pointing to the bundle she had brought in the morning, and which lay untouched by the wall, I said, indignantly:

"It seems to me you need not have sent the poor woman out in the blazing sun to gather fire-wood, when you had not even used this. You might have waited till now."

"She—she would have been somewhere else in the blazing sun; she was just going——" And he stopped—as he had spoken—in haste, yet with some confusion.

I cast a pitying look on the woman, which, however, she heeded no more than the rose-pink and pale-gold sunset-clouds floating above her, and then wandered slowly forth toward the hill, which I meant to climb while the day was going down.

When I reached the top, the light, flying clouds had grown heavy and sad, and their rose-hue had turned into a dark, sullen red, with tongues of burning gold shooting through it—the history of Arizona, pictured fittingly in pools of blood and garbs of fire. But the fire died out, and a dim gray crept over the angry clouds; and then, slowly, slowly, the clouds weaved and worked together, till they formed a single heavy bank—black, dark, and impenetrable.

Just as I turned to retrace my steps, my eyes fell on a group of low bushes, which would have taken the palm in any collection of those horribly dead-looking things that ladies call phantom-flowers. So pitilessly had the sun bleached and whitened the tiny branches, that not a drop of life or substance seemed left; yet they were perfect, and phantom-bushes, if ever I saw any. How well they would look on those graves below, I thought, as I approached to break a twig in remembrance of the strange sight. But how came the red berries on this one? I stooped, and picked up—a rosary; the beads of red-stained wood, the links and crucifix of some white metal, and inscribed on the cross the words, "*Souvenir de la Mission.*" How had it come there? Had ever the foot of devout Catholic pressed this rocky, thorny ground? Of what mission was it a gift of love and remembrance? Surely, it had not lain here a hundred years—the gift of love from one of the Spanish *padres* of the Arizona Missions to an Indian child of the Church! Or had it come from one of those California Missions, where the priests to this day read masses to the descendants of the Mission Indians? Yonder, in the west, with the purplish mists deepening into darkness in its cleft sides, was the mountain which to-morrow would show us "Montezuma's face," and here lay the emblem of peace, of devotion to the one living God. Perhaps the station-keeper could solve the mystery; so I hastened back through the gloom that was settling on the earth, unbroken by any sound save the distant yelping of a *coyote*, who had spied me out, and followed me, as though to see if I were the only one of my kind who had come to invade his dominion.

"See what I have found," I cried, exultingly, when barely within speaking-distance of the station-keeper, who stood within the door-way.

In a moment he was beside me, calling out something in his Indian-Spanish, which seemed to electrify the woman, who still sat by the *adobe*-wall. Springing up with the agility of a panther, she was by my side, pointing eagerly to my hand holding the rosary.

"What does she want?" I asked, in utter consternation.

"The rosary; give her the rosary"—the barefooted man was speaking almost imperiously—"it's hers; she has the best right to it."

"Gladly," I said; but she had already clutched it, and turned tottering back to the mud-wall, against which she crouched, as though afraid of being robbed of her new-found treasure.

The man turned to me in evident excitement: "And you found it? Where? She has been hunting for it these years—day after day—in the blazing sun and streaming rain; and *you* found it. Well, old Screetah's eyes are getting blind—she's old—old."

"But her son might have found it, if he had looked; for I found it just up on the hill there," I suggested.

"He's not her son; only an Indian I kept to look after her, kinder; for she's been brooding and moping till she don't seem to notice nothing no more. But, now she's found it, may be she'll come round again, or go on to Sonora, where, she says, her people are."

"How came she to lose it, then, if it was so precious?"

"She didn't lose it—but, I forget every thing; supper's been waiting on you: if you'll eat hearty, I'll tell you about those beads after awhile. The moon won't rise till after ten, and you've good three hours yet."

I was so anxious to hear about the beads, that I would not give the man time to wash dishes; though he insisted on putting away the china cup and plate, which he kept for state occasions, when he saw my disposition to let Bose make free with what was on the table—table being a complimentary term for one of the ambulance-seats.

In the days when this had been a military post, garrisoned by but one company of the ——— Infantry, the station-keeper had been an enlisted man, and the servant of Captain Castleton, commanding the camp and company. Young, handsome, and generous, the men were devoted to their Captain, though as strict a disciplinarian as ever left the military school. The little settlement springing up around the camp was chiefly peopled by Indians and Mexicans, and only two or three Americans. When Captain Castleton had been here just long enough to get desperately tired of the wearisome solitude and monotony of camp, and had put in motion whatever influence his friends had with the authorities at headquarters, to relieve him of the command of the post, and the inactive life he was leading, an Indian woman and her daughter came into the settlement one evening, and found ready shelter with the hospitable Mexicans. That she was an Indian was readily believed; but that the girl with her belonged to the same people, was not received with any degree of faith by those who saw her. She was on her way back to Sonora, she said, to her own people, from where she had come with her husband, years ago, along with a pack-train of merchandise, for some point in Lower California. From there she had gradually drifted, by way of San Diego, into California, up to Los Angeles, and on to some Mission near there, where she had lived among the Mission Indians, after her husband's death, and where Juanita had been taught to read, write, and sing by the Mission priests.

At last, Screetah had concluded to go back to Sonora, and had drifted downward again from Los Angeles, to Temescal, to Temacula, to Fort Yuma, and through the desert, till, finally, some compassionate Mexicans had carried her and the girl with them through the last waterless stretch to this place. The girl, with her velvety eyes and delicately turned limbs, soon became the favorite and the adored of every one in camp and settlement; and, though that branch of

her education to which her mother pointed with the greatest pride—reading and writing—had never taken very deep root in the girl's mind, she sang like an angel, and looked "like one of them pictures where a woman's kneeling down, with a crown around her head," while she was singing. Indeed, the religious teachings of the good priests seemed to have sunk deeply into the gentle heart of Juanita, and her greatest treasure—an object itself almost of devotion—was a rosary the priest had given her on leaving the Mission. It had been impressed on her, that "so long as these beads glided through her fingers, while her lips murmured *Aves* and *Pater-nosters*, night and morning, so long were the angels with her. Did the angels take the rosary from her—which would happen if Juanita forgot the teachings of the priests, and no longer laid her heart's inmost thoughts before the Blessed Mother—then would she lose her soul's peace and her hopes of Heaven; and she must guard the sacred beads as she would her own life."

There was no point of resemblance between Juanita and the old Indian woman; and the girl, though warmly attached to her, declared that she was not her mother, only her nurse or servant. Her mother, she said, had been a Spanish Doña, and her father a mighty Chief of his tribe, whose head had been displayed on the gate of some Mexican fortress for weeks after it had been delivered to the Government by some treacherous Indian of his band. Juanita's personal appearance, the fluency with which she spoke Spanish, her very name even, seemed to confirm her accounts, dim and confused as the recollections of her earliest childhood were; nevertheless, she had "Indian in her," as the man said, for she proved it before she died.

But to return to the time of their arrival in camp. Screetah seemed in no hurry to resume her journey through the burning desert; and, as Captain Castleton said, he would no doubt have retained her by force rather than let her drag the poor child through the waterless wastes into sure destruction. He had given them an old tent after they had been with their Mexican friends for nearly a week; and when these same Mexicans left the camp, the two women were given possession of their house. Here it became a source of never-ending delight to the old Indian that all the choice things by which she set such store, and which among her "civilized" Indian friends had been so scarce, as coffee, sugar, and bacon, were served out to her as though they rained down from the sky. But to do Screetah justice, the sweetest side of bacon and the biggest bagful of sugar never gave her half the pleasure that she felt when one of the soldiers gave to Juanita a lank, ragged pony, which, on a scout, he had bought, borrowed, or stolen from an Indian at the Maricopa Wells. Her time was now pretty equally divided between the rosary and the pony, which, in time, lost its ragged, starved appearance, under her treatment, and retained only its untamable wildness, and the unconquerable disposition to throw up its hind-legs when running at full tilt, as though under apprehension that the simple act of running did not give an adequate idea of its abilities. At first, Captain Castleton, highly amused, would call for his horse when he saw Juanita battling with her vicious steed on the plain near camp, in order to witness the struggles of "the wild little Indian" near by. But, after awhile, they would ride forth together, and dash over the level ground or climb up to the highest point of the hill—Juanita's voice ringing back to the camp almost as long as she was in sight, chanting some wild anthem, in which seemed blended the joyous strains of the heavenly band and the wild song of the sav-

age when he flies like an arrow through his native plains.

Old Screetah's low-roofed *adobe* had assumed quite an air of comfort through the exertions of some good-natured soldiers, and more particularly through the manifestations of Captain Castleton's favor. From a passing pack-train, laden with Sonora merchandise, he had bought the matting that covered the mud-floor; the sun-baked pottery-ware was Screetah's greatest boast, as it came from the same province—her birthplace; and the bright-colored Navajo blanket had been bought with many a pound of bacon and of coffee—articles more precious far in this country than the shining metal which men risk their lives to find here. No wonder that the Captain passed more of his time in Screetah's hut than in his white wall-tent, where the sun, he said, blinded him, beating on the fly all day long; and where the slightest breeze brought drifts of sand with it. That Juanita seemed to live and breathe only for him had come to be a matter of course. Among the Mexicans it was accepted that at a certain phase or change of the moon there had been some words spoken, or some rite performed, by old Screetah, which, according to their belief, constituted Indian marriage; and both seemed happy as the day is long.

Like a thunderbolt from the clear sky it struck him one day, when the mail-rider brought official letters advising him of the change that had been made in his favor. He was directed to proceed at once to Drum Barracks, there to await further orders! It was, perhaps, the first time that he experienced the curse of having his most ardent wishes gratified. For days he wandered about like the shadow of an evil deed—restless from the certainty of approaching judgment, and fainting with the knowledge that he was powerless to ward off the coming blow. It was hard to make Juanita understand the situation, and the necessity of parting; but when she had once comprehended that she was to be abandoned—a fate which, to her, meant simply to be thrust out on the desert and left to die—the Indian blood flowed faster in her veins, and rose tumultuously against the fair-faced image that her heart had worshiped. What was life to her with the light and warmth gone out of it? He was leaving her to die; and die she would.

When the little cavalcade, ready and equipped for the march, was about to leave the camp, Juanita was nowhere to be found. For hours the Captain sought her in every nook they had explored together, and called her by every endearing name his fancy had created for her. Juanita's pony was gone from his accustomed place, and he knew it would be useless to await her return. Captain Castleton was not a coward; the searching glances he sent into every *cañon* they passed, and among the sparse trees on their road, were directed by the burning desire to meet the dearly loved form once more; but they would not have quaked had the arrow Juanita knew so well to speed, sank into his heart instead.

Days passed ere Juanita returned; and, though Screetah groveled at her feet with entreaties not to leave her again, and the soldiers showed every possible kindness and attention to the girl, she was seldom seen among them. Sometimes, at the close of day, she was seen suddenly rising from some crevice in the hill, where she had clambered and climbed all day; but oftener she was discovered mounted on her pony, her long, black hair streaming, her horse in full gallop, as though riding in pursuit of the setting sun. No word of complaint passed her lips; no one heard her draw a sigh, or saw her shed a tear; and none dared to speak a word of comfort. But when Screetah tried to cheer her, one day, she held out her empty hands,

saying, simply, "I have the rosary no more!" Then Screetah knew that all hope was lost, and she pleaded no more, but broke the beautiful, sun-baked pottery, tore the matting from the floor, and crouched by the threshold from noon to night, and night till morning, waiting quietly for the silent guest that she knew would some day, soon, enter there with Juanita.

One day, she came slowly down from the hill and entered the dark *adobe*, where Screetah sat silent by the door.

"A little cloud of dust is rising on the horizon," she said to the old Indian, "and I must prepare;" and Screetah only wailed the death-song of her race.

Though Juanita had returned on foot, she had ridden away on the pony the day before, and the soldiers started out to look for the animal, thinking it had escaped from her, or had been stolen by some marauding Indian. But they found the carcass not far from camp—with Juanita's dagger in the animal's heart. The next day she went to the top of the hill again, and when night came, she said, "The cloud grows bigger." On the third day, when Juanita lay stretched on the hard, uncomfortable bed, denuded of all its gay robes and blankets, a sudden excitement arose outside, such as the signs of any thing approaching camp always create. A hundred different opinions were expressed as to what and who it could be. Nearer and nearer came the cloud of dust, and a cry of surprise went up, as the horse fell from fatigue on the edge of the camp, and the rider took his way to old Screetah's hut.

What passed within those dark, low walls—what passionate appeals for forgiveness, what frantic remorse and bitter self-accusations they echoed—only Screetah and the dying girl knew. The old Indian was touched, and tried to plead for him; but Juanita seemed to heed neither the man's presence nor the woman's entreaties. She died "with her face to the wall," and the words of forgiveness, which he had staked life and honor to hear, were never uttered by those firmly closed lips.

With the day of Juanita's death commenced the old Indian woman's search for the rosary, and she tore her hair in desperation when they laid the girl in her narrow cell before she had found it. Day after day, the search was continued. Was it not the peace of Juanita's soul she was seeking to restore? After awhile the camp was broken up, by orders from District Head-quarters, and a forage-station established. Our friend, whose term of service had expired, was made station-keeper, and, one by one, the people from the settlement followed the military, till, at last, only he and old Screetah were left of all the little band that had once filled the dreary spot with the busy hum of life.

ABIGAIL RAY'S VISION.

SHAKSPEAREAN readings—that was what we, at last, settled upon as the solution of the problem how to spend most pleasantly the long evenings of our California winter at the Barracks. With the enthusiasm inspired by a novel idea, it was resolved to commence forthwith. Accordingly, the next evening found us convened in the spacious, half-furnished dining-room, duly equipped for the occasion, with as many copies of the great dramatist as the house, which had been ransacked from basement to garret, could furnish. "Hamlet" was selected for the inauguration of our new winter-evening recreation; and the parts having been distributed (two or more being necessarily assigned, in some instances, to the same individual, in consequence of the numerical weakness of our company), the reading began. It has never yet happened to me to know a person who could read at all who did not secretly admire his own reading. Every man, it is said, fully believes that he can edit a better newspaper than any for which he subscribes; but every man, woman, and child has a faith in his own elocutionary prowess, the complacency of which no adverse criticism can ruffle. However, the discovery that we were making fearful work of the play, which had dawned very clearly upon all minds before the conclusion of the First Act, was made by each with reference to the others, and by none with reference to himself. Hamlet blandly suggested that the Ghost was too monotonously sepulchral in his utterance; while the Ghost ventured to hint that there was too deep a bass, and too much "boom, boom" in Hamlet's declamation in the Fourth Scene. The Queen declared the King bombastic, and the King charged the Queen with tameness. Horatio averred that Francisco's "Stand, ho!" was like a policeman's cry of "Stop thief!" and Francisco retorted that Horatio said "Tush, tush!" with the shrill vehemence of a shrew, instead of the easy *nonchalance* of a gentleman who wishes to intimate his incredulity without being uncivil. Finally, Laertes and Ophelia criticised each other with an asperity that would have been deemed almost ungentlemanly on the one side, and unladylike on the other, but for the sanction afforded by the marital relation for such reciprocal plainness of speech. Thus the deficiencies of the company collectively were unanimously acknowledged, with a mental reservation on the part of each in his own favor.

Mr. Bulger, as Hamlet, having "boom, boomed" the concluding lines of the Act in his deepest bass, only gave expression to the general sentiment when he tossed his book upon the table around which we were gathered and declared it clear that we were not "up to that sort of thing." Mr. Bulger was a young, and as yet unappreciated artist, sustained, however, despite his lack of present recognition, by a profound consciousness of his own genius, and an unfaltering faith that it was his destiny to win a place in the front rank of his profession.

"Suppose," suggested Ophelia, "that we lower the standard of our ambition, and try Tennyson or Longfellow?"

"Elocutionary reading," said Mr. Crapely—a recent graduate of an Eastern theological seminary, who had come to California in the double hope of improving his health and obtaining an eligible "call"—"elocution is in its theory

a science, the principles of which must be studied, and in its practice an art, in which one must serve an apprenticeship. Most of us, I fancy," he continued—meaning by "most of us" all except himself—"have neither studied it as a science, nor had any systematic training in it as an art. Hence our indifferent success is scarcely to be wondered at." Mr. Crapely thus delivered himself in the grave, didactic manner suitable to his calling.

"It is, at any rate," said Mrs. Weir, the Queen, who was also our hostess of the Barracks, "a most delightful accomplishment; and, I think, I would much rather have a daughter of mine a thoroughly good reader than a skillful pianist. Why would it not be an excellent idea to secure a competent teacher to give us lessons?"

The suggestion met with general favor, and nothing seemed to remain but to decide upon an instructor. This, however, was found to be by no means as simple a matter as might have been imagined. A number of candidates, known to us personally or by reputation, were named and canvassed, but the name that is hailed as an inspiration, and commands all suffrages, was not among them. The prospect of arriving at a harmonious decision began to appear doubtful.

Gradually the discussion lost its original vivacity. Mr. Crapely's flagging interest was attested by a dismal yawn; and Mr. Bulger remarked sarcastically that the only practicable method of carrying out Mrs. Weir's suggestion appeared to be to organize ourselves into classes of one, with a professor for each.

When the conversation began to languish, our hostess had withdrawn from it behind the cover of the evening paper; turning first, as was her custom, to the column of new advertisements, with an eye to single gentlemen with unexceptionable references, or gentlemen and their wives (without children), who might have availed themselves of this medium for making known their desire to be accommodated with "sunny rooms with board." Mr. Bulger, having delivered himself of the satirical rebuke elicited by our divided counsels, had risen, as if about to retire, when she looked quickly up from the paper, with a little exclamation of surprise.

"Good people," she said, "here is a rare coincidence. Just listen to this advertisement, which I find at the head of the column of 'New to-day.'" She read as follows:

A LADY, just arrived from the East, desires to find employment as a teacher of elocution in a school for girls. She will give private lessons to individuals or classes in the evening, either at her rooms or at the residences of the pupils. Apply to ABIGAIL RAY, No. — Second Street.

"A very singular advertisement," said Mr. Crapely, shaking his head, disapprovingly. "'Apply to Abigail Ray.' Why not 'Miss Ray,' or 'Mrs. Ray?' It looks as if there were something to conceal. Then she says nothing in regard to her qualifications, and does not so much as hint at testimonials."

"I rather like that," returned the hostess. "She makes no flourish about her ability, as is usual in such cases, but quietly assumes, as a matter of course, that she is qualified for the employment she seeks."

"I declare, I'm interested in her already," cried Ophelia, with effusion; "I'm sure she is a character, and that there's a mystery associated with her."

Laertes surmised that the "mystery," if any, could not be a creditable one. The Ghost, an elderly gentleman in the life insurance line, confessed to a presentiment that Miss Ray would prove to be an adventuress, and a dangerous person. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—united in the person of Mr. Bofer, the literary boarder, who wrote stories for the Sunday papers, and was supposed to correspond with "an influential Eastern jour-

nal"—protested that he was not afraid of her; he rather had an idea that he should find her available as "literary material," and shouldn't wonder if she could be utilized as a leading character in a sensational novelette. Finally, the "sense of the meeting" being taken, Mrs. Weir was authorized and requested, by almost unanimous vote, to call upon the advertiser, and, if favorably impressed, to ascertain upon what terms she would attend the class at the Barracks, three evenings in the week.

At dinner the next day, our agent made her report. It was evident that she had been completely fascinated by the teacher of elocution. Abigail Ray, whether Miss or Mrs., was a most remarkable and rarely gifted woman. There could be no doubt at all as to her qualifications. She was not young, nor personally attractive: this in reply to queries by Messrs. Bulger and Bofer, jointly. There was nothing "suggestive of a life-tragedy" in her countenance, at least nothing that Mrs. Weir recognized as such: this in reply to Mr. Bofer, individually. Mr. Crapely desired information as to her credentials: Mrs. Weir had asked for none, and Abigail Ray had offered neither reference nor testimonial, except the diploma of an Eastern Female College, showing that she had graduated with distinguished credit, at a period sufficiently remote to furnish such guarantees of character as are to be found in mature years. Mr. Crapely would like to know to what denomination of Christians the lady belonged: that was a subject on which Mrs. Weir could furnish no information; she had not thought it necessary to catechise Mrs. Ray (she would designate her by the more honorable title, in the absence of any certain knowledge as to her condition) concerning her religious opinions, inasmuch as she was to teach elocution, not theology. To come to the practical aspect of the matter, Mrs. Ray had as yet formed no engagements; her time was at her disposal, and her terms for three evenings in the week were quite moderate. It appeared, too, that our agent, while attending to the business of her principals, had not neglected her own.

Miss Ray was not satisfied with her present boarding-place, and, in case of an engagement as our instructor, she would become an inmate of the Barracks.

The arrangement was consummated the next day, which was Friday, and Monday evening was fixed for the first lesson. About noon, on Saturday, Miss Ray arrived in a *coupé*. Her luggage consisted of a single trunk of moderate dimensions, that looked as if it had seen much service. When presented to the company assembled in the dining-room, a few minutes before the meal was served, she failed to impress the majority of those present as favorably as she had our hostess. She was of middle height, with a fine figure, and something in her carriage which made her stature seem greater than it really was. Her countenance revealed nothing clearly as to her age; for the deep lines by which it was marked seemed rather such as are traced by great passions, or peculiar sufferings, than by years. In manner she was nervous and ill at ease. From the first, she impressed us all as a person who had "a history"—and a history that might well be a strange one. During dinner, she conversed but little, and seemed to struggle against a painful constraint without success.

But when, two hours later, she presented herself in the capacity of teacher, before the class assembled in the same apartment, she seemed like another person. Every trace of embarrassment had vanished. She was perfectly self-possessed, and spoke with a decision and authority that, at times, seemed almost imperious.

"What books are those?" she demanded, glancing at the volumes of Shakspeare, which several of the class held in their hands. When informed what they were, she directed us to read in turn; and, this having been done, remarked, that if we desired to learn, and not merely to amuse ourselves, we must "begin at the beginning."

"I must not conceal from you," she added, "that your progress will be slow and tedious. You have all contracted bad habits, which will make it more difficult to learn to read well than if you were beginners."

"Just what I have frequently remarked," said Mr. Crapely, complacently. "Most of us, I fear, have much to unlearn."

"And you, sir, especially," said Abigail Ray, addressing the astonished theologian. "You have contracted a most detestable clerical drawl, of which you will find it extremely difficult to break yourself. All of you are deficient in distinctness of articulation."

Mr. Crapely, who had read Constance's part in the magnificent scolding scene in the Third Act of "King John," and read it in what he considered his most effective style, could scarcely have been more amazed had the woman slapped his face. As soon as he could recover his self-possession, he asked if she would be kind enough to read the scene for us. He accompanied this request with a significant glance at the rest of us which seemed to say, "Let us see, now, how much better she can do it herself."

Mrs. Weir having seconded the request—though in quite a different spirit—and the others having added their voices, Miss Ray took the book which Crapely tendered her, and commenced. I think none of us had ever heard such reading. I am sure that I never had, though I had seen Mrs. Charles Kean's Constance more than once. When she came to the lines—

"I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine:
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost," etc.,

the entire company were electrified. Even Crapely's enormous conceit was not proof against the overpowering charm of this splendid elocution. The admiration he expressed was as genuine as it was enthusiastic. It quite carried him away.

"I never knew before what reading was," he exclaimed; "I never dreamed what it might be. If you can teach me to read like that, I shall be a made man."

"I can, at any rate, undertake to make you read so that it will not be painful to hear you," she replied, with cool gravity. "Beyond that, every thing will depend upon temperament and natural qualifications."

It was evident that Abigail Ray had herself been endowed, by nature, with that kindling temperament and intellectual fervor which have characterized all the greatest actresses of the world—at least, in the earlier portion of their career, before the cynicism that results from shattered ideals and dreams unrealized has chilled the ardor of youth.

If Abigail Ray did, indeed, have "a history," there seemed scant probability that it would ever be known to the new circle into which she had been introduced, for she habitually refrained from any, even the slightest, allusion to her antecedents. Mrs. Weir uniformly addressed her by the matronly prefix; but this was rather from an old-fashioned idea of politeness than from any theory as to the fact of her having ever been married. The rest of us called her Miss Ray. She seemed quite unconscious of this difference, and never said any thing to settle the doubt it implied.

At the next meeting of the class Shakspeare was laid aside, and we were set to "sounding the tonics," "exploding vowels," and repeating "Theodore

Thickthrong thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb;" "The ragged madman in his ramble did madly ransack every pantry in the parish," and other nonsense sentences of the like character. Mr. Bofer, whose literary tastes were shocked by these rhetorical monstrosities, ventured an attempt to ridicule this elementary training. It was, however, the last, as well as the first, exhibition of levity that occurred during the continuance of the class. Miss Ray gave the culprit a look that made him suddenly grave, and addressed to him a few words of rebuke, to which he attempted no reply. We all came, at length, to stand somewhat in awe of this singular woman. As to Bofer and Crapely, I think they were actually afraid of her, though her imperious moods rarely manifested themselves except when we met in the relation of teacher and pupil. In the ordinary intercourse of the household, she was frequently constrained and embarrassed, evincing little power of self-assertion. At first, she seldom permitted herself to be drawn into serious conversation, more especially when it took the shape of discussion; though occasionally I fancied, from some transient expression flitting across her countenance, that she felt a profound contempt for the opinions to which she listened without remark. After a few weeks, this guarded reserve gave way in a measure. Then we were not long in discovering that she was a woman gifted with rare intellectual powers, cultivated to the highest pitch by a range of study and reading far wider than had at that time been contemplated by any American scheme of female education. Her knowledge of science was something more than the smattering taught in our colleges; and, as she became more at home among us, she would sometimes, when religious topics came up, let fall a brief comment which indicated that her reading had extended even into the most unattractive regions of polemics and theological metaphysics. But for all the ends of worldly success, the value of these powers and acquirements was impaired by a singular timidity and a liability to sudden panic that were not mere diffidence, but seemed to partake of the character of mental disease.

Though generally keeping a strict guard upon herself, like one who fears being surprised into the expression of contraband ideas, her caution would sometimes slumber, and a keen epigrammatic remark, or trenchant sarcasm, would flash from her like lightning from a summer cloud. The next instant she would cast around a quick, furtive glance, like that of some fierce, wild creature, which, though caught and caged, has but half learned from the severity of its keepers the hard lesson of submission. Two or three times during the first month of her residence at the Barracks, she allowed herself to be drawn into argument with Mr. Crapely; and none who were present will be likely to forget the ruthless elation with which on these occasions she confuted and demolished her clerical antagonist. From the beginning, Crapely had been afraid of the teacher of elocution; after these sharp passages at arms, in which he figured at such mortifying disadvantage, he began to hate her. Nor was he alone in this. As the wonder and admiration which she had at first inspired lost their freshness, she began to grow extremely unpopular with the little circle at the Barracks. She no longer exerted herself to conciliate and please, as she had done at the outset, and the sense of her superiority waxed irritating and oppressive. The women, especially, perceived that she had no sympathy with the things that most interested them, and that she lived apart in a world of her own. With the exception of Mrs. Weir, who remained her stanch friend, they all gradually came to regard her with dislike and suspicion.

At length, it began to be whispered about that she was "an infidel." An unguarded expression dropped here and there, a remark upon a sermon or a book, a sarcasm leveled at some relic of an obsolete theology—of such chance gatherings as these, the rumor was born. Then it was ascertained that Miss Ray never attended church. When she went forth on Sunday mornings, as was her custom, instead of repairing, as she had permitted it to be supposed, to some place of worship, she took long, solitary walks to North Beach, or even as far as the Mission. Next came the discovery that there was neither Bible nor prayer-book in her room. More awful still, one night the gentle Ophelia surprised the suspected skeptic deep in the perusal of Bishop Colenso's just-published work attacking the veracity of the Mosaic history. So absorbed was she in this heretical volume, that she did not hear her visitor's thrice-repeated knock; and when the latter finally entered, Miss Ray administered to her a sharp rebuke for intruding unannounced upon her privacy. As if all this were not sufficient to establish the charge, accident soon afterward supplied a crowning circumstance that spoke her condemnation with all the terrible emphasis of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. Mr. Crapely picked up in the hall (so he stated) a copy of verses in the strong, unmistakable hand of Abigail Ray. On examination, the manuscript proved to be a parody upon a well-known hymn, as remarkable for its keen point and vigor of expression as for the shocking irreverence of its spirit. Mr. Crapely thought it his duty to show this literary performance to Mrs. Weir, who declined to read it, and returned it to the supposed author upon the refusal of the finder to do so.

Our hostess, who was in the habit of keeping late hours, occasionally had a little supper in her own room, to which a few favored boarders were generally invited. Miss Ray, Mr. Bofer, and myself were more frequently distinguished in this way than any of the other inmates of the Barracks. It was on an occasion of this sort that Mrs. Weir returned the manuscript, stating how she had become possessed of it. Miss Ray, who was an excellent trencher-woman, and always seemed to enjoy these midnight repasts, had been talking in her most brilliant strain, without, however, allowing her conversation to prevent her from doing full justice to the rare-bit and the bottled ale. When she unfolded the paper handed to her by our entertainer, she became singularly excited, and there was a perceptible tremor in her voice as she said "I suppose you think it very wicked?"

"You had better get Mr. Crapely's opinion," returned Mrs. Weir; "not being an inquisitor myself, I did not feel at liberty to read your private papers."

"But the man, no doubt, said enough to produce the impression that it was rank blasphemy; and, if you have no objection, I would like first to read it, and then to explain how it came to be written."

The matter had already been sufficiently talked about to arouse curiosity, and we were all eager to hear the verses that had so shocked Mr. Crapely. Shocking enough they proved, and they lost nothing of their sinister point by the manner in which they were read. Mrs. Weir maintained a grave silence when Miss Ray had concluded, and even Bofer, who valued himself on his "liberal ideas," looked almost frightened.

"And now for the explanation," said Miss Ray, pouring herself a glass of ale, and drinking it off. "Some years ago, I became deeply interested in the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritism. I was for a long time a member of a private circle, and finally developed extraordinary powers as a trance-medium. At one of our *séances*, a spirit, claiming

to be that of a deceased uncle of mine, wrote these verses through me as the medium. They were, however, in a hand resembling his own. This copy I afterward re-wrote from memory, having lost the original. I will add that I, by no means, approve of the jeering spirit of the parody, though, I fear, I am more deficient than most women in reverence, and have been all my life unable to believe much that it is, by many good people, esteemed sinful to question. For this defect in my intellectual constitution I have paid a terrible penalty. It sundered me, twenty years ago, from the noblest man I ever knew. It has alienated me from cherished friends, and more than once has driven me forth, almost an outcast, from spheres of activity in which I might have been useful and happy, could I but have believed with others, or persuaded myself to pretend to do so. And now, in spite of all my care to avoid giving offense to any, my curse has followed me even here. I have disputed no man's opinions; I have even refrained from expressing my own. But it seems that this does not suffice, and that inquisition is to be made into my most secret thoughts, to discover ground for further persecutions."

Miss Ray retired to her room in a state of violent agitation.

"I believed from the first," said Mrs. Weir, who had listened with the appearance of unusual interest to her statement, "that she was a medium. What do you say," she added, lowering her voice, and looking round with the air of a conspirator, "to having a *séance* here some evening, if we can prevail upon Miss Ray to aid us? Four will be enough to form a circle, and no one else need know any thing about it."

Bofer hailed the suggestion with enthusiasm, and I readily consented to make one of the circle. When the idea was broached to Miss Ray, she expressed a strong reluctance to revive the exercise of her mediumistic powers, but finally yielded to persuasion, and a few evenings afterward found us assembled in Mrs. Weir's room for our first *séance*. Miss Ray, having seated herself beside our hostess, took one of her hands in both her own, and, drooping her head slightly, remained in that attitude with closed eyes. After the lapse of a few minutes, she heaved a profound sigh, and a nervous shiver ran through her frame. Her face became ghastly; her hands twitched spasmodically, and she seemed to breathe with difficulty. Gradually this restlessness passed away, and her countenance resumed its natural expression. Then she commenced speaking in a low monotone, like one soliloquizing with no consciousness of an audience.

"I see a house," she said, "on a bluff beside a great river—the greatest I ever saw. It is wider and more majestic than the Hudson. But it must be in a more northern region. The scenery is picturesque rather than beautiful, and has something almost savage in its character. The trees seem to be evergreens—pines, spruces, and firs, of gigantic size. The house is spacious, but rudely built. The main portion is of unhewn logs; but there is a long addition of rough boards. All the rooms are on one floor. There are seven in all. In the kitchen there is a girl with dead-black hair—yes, she is an Indian girl. There is also a man who looks like a laborer. He has long, coarse boots that come above his knees. In the front room I see a man and a woman. The man has but one arm. The other seems to have been cut off above the elbow."

Mrs. Weir, who had been listening with profound attention from the beginning, here uttered an exclamation of surprise, and seemed strongly moved.

"Tell me about the woman," she said, eagerly: "does she seem to be well?"

Miss Ray went on in the same tone

without taking any notice of the interruption, which, indeed, so far as we could judge, she did not hear:

"The man looks sad and worn. He is packing a large trunk, while the woman sits in a rocking-chair by the fire and directs him. She seems a tall woman, and has a handsome, resolute face; but I think she must be very ill. She puts her hand to her breast, as though she felt a severe pain there. It appears as if they were about to undertake a journey, for there are several trunks and boxes partially packed, besides the one with which the man is busying himself. This woman interests me. She suffers, and is strong. I should like to know her."

"It is probable that you will know her before long," said Mrs. Weir, softly. "Does she suffer so much, then? Do you think her illness threatens her life?"

Miss Ray made no reply to these questions; but, after a short pause, went on with her monologue:

"Oh, the noble river! Beneath this sky of gloom its sombre grandeur oppresses me; but it must be glorious in the full light of a cheerful day. I can not make out in what region of the world I am. Can it be Canada, and is this stream the St. Lawrence?"

"No," said Mrs. Weir, in the same low voice as before, and apparently unconscious that she spoke; "it is Oregon, and the river is the majestic Columbia."

Miss Ray said no more. She remained for a little time perfectly motionless, the expression of her face suggesting that she was absorbed in the contemplation of some imaginary scene. Then she gradually came out of her abnormal condition, going through the same process of apparent nervous disturbance which had preceded her entering into it.

"Do you know," asked Mrs. Weir, "what you have seen and described to us while in your trance?"

"No," replied the medium; "but the impression it leaves on my mind has in it something of subdued sadness—not altogether painful, but rather like the feelings produced by a lofty, tragic poem." She added that she would prefer not to be told any thing in relation to what she had said.

Mrs. Weir was unusually grave and thoughtful during the remainder of the evening, but she gave us no explanation in regard to the persons whom Abigail Ray had described. Just as her visitors were about retiring, she took a letter from her pocket, and, saying that she had received it that morning, requested us to look at the envelope. It bore an Oregon postmark of a recent date, and was addressed to Mrs. Harrison Weir, San Francisco. There was nothing peculiar about it, and, after the inspection which our hostess had requested, she locked it up in her writing-desk, as we bade her good-night.

It was on a Saturday morning, a week or ten days after the *séance*, when, on issuing from the house after breakfast, I saw a carriage that had just drawn up before the door. As I descended the long flight of steps that led to the main entrance of the Barracks, a gentleman stepped out of the vehicle and assisted a lady to alight. She was very tall, and leaned heavily upon the arm of her escort, in a manner that seemed to indicate extreme physical debility. As we encountered on the sidewalk, the gentleman asked me if this was Mrs. Weir's. I replied in the affirmative, and noted at the same time that the lady's face had the expression of a confirmed invalid, and also that her companion had but one arm.

[WILL BE CONCLUDED IN THE MAY NO.]

IN THE SHADOW OF ST. HELENA.

WHETHER in the Russian River Valley, Napa, or the smaller valleys of the Clear Lake country, St. Helena is in such friendly proximity that all sense of isolation is destroyed. Looking toward the south from its shoulder, there was an endless succession of stubble-fields and vineyards; the faint clatter of thrashing-machines could be heard; sacks of wheat stood bolt upright in the fields, like millers in convention. A train of cars, diminished by the long perspective, was creeping with serpentine undulations up the valley, and trailing a thin vapor against the sky. Farther south was the bay; and white sails of little schooners, outlined with a glass, appeared to split the salt meadows open, as they crept toward the little town of Napa. St. Helena was grandly lifted up, on that autumnal morning, and all the little mountains seemed to be rendering homage to the king.

There is no country under the sun where a vineyard is more picturesque than here. If there were an interminable perspective of green, clothing and coloring all the hill-sides, there would be no fitting border for the picture. But when there is not a fresh blade of grass by the way-side, and the tawny hills touch the yellow stubble-fields, we have a broad, golden frame for some picture which ought to be worthy of it. And what more so, than a sixty-acre vineyard, set within this mitred framework of mountains? The border is a very generous one, certainly: five or six miles of slope on either side, and this square of emerald in the centre. It is all worked in with true artistic effect, except those straight lines of vines, crossing at right-angles. A poet or a painter, setting this vineyard, would have curved the lines, or secured an orderly disorder—enough, at least, to have destroyed the association with a school-boy's rule and plummet.

Observe that the vines are not tied to clumsy, stiff stakes; nor are the leaves plucked off in part, to prevent mildew. The runners reach out and interlace, resting gently on the ground. The leaves droop a little in the hot sun, making a complete canopy for the clusters, the largest of which rest on the ground. How much more fitting this growing revelation—this discovery, step by step, of hidden clusters—than to see all this wealth at once, as one might do if the vines were trained bolt upright, and held in bondage by stakes.

Another notable effect is produced by the twenty or more varieties, differing in the shape of the leaf and in the color and flavor of the grape. The Tokay blushes by the side of the blackest Malvoisie. The Muscatel is pale where the Victoria has as much color as a ruddy English girl. The Muscats have a tinge of gold, in fine contrast with the Rose of Peru, whose regal purple deepens with every midday sun.

Three months hence, this border of gold will all be changed to the rank and riotous green of pastures quickened by the vernal rains—this square setting, as of emerald, stripped of every leaf and every cluster, but the bronzed vines still interlacing and toning the landscape into a mellow ripeness. A month later, the merciless pruning-knife has left only the black stub, a foot above the ground, and two or three "eyes" for the new wood. This amputated vineyard, with its limbs

burning by the way-side, suggests enough of prosy realism to neutralize all the sentiment which it can inspire on a hot September-day.

Will the juice of these grapes enrich the blood, and add any essential quality to the tone and fibre of a race which is giving so many signs of physical decadence? This conglomerate which you call society is hanging out a great many flags of distress. It babbles incoherently of perfectibility, and goes straightway to the bad. Are those reformers going to save the world, who, either through intemperance of speech or drink, must needs be moderated by a padlock put upon their mouths? Nor is it safe, just now, to calculate the results of this feminine gospel of vituperation. The backs of the body politic may be the better for having a political fly-blister laid on; and it might, perhaps, as well be done by feminine hands as any other. But there are some evils too deep for surface remedies. If, for instance, vineyards are going to curse the people, as my moralizing friend insists, then humanity hereabout is in a bad way, and needs reconstructing from the nethermost parts to the bald crown of the head. Why, a little generous wine ought to enrich the blood and inspire nobility of thought. If it does more than this—if it becomes a demon to drive men and hogs into the sea—then it is evident that both were on too low a plane of existence for any safe exaltation. But shall the vineyards be rooted up for all this? It is better to drown the swine, and let the grapes still grow purple upon the hill-sides.

Some day these mountains will be wreathed and festooned with vines. One may see this culture now climbing to their tops. Oh, my friend, with thin and impoverished blood! do not pinch this question up in the vise of your morality. No doubt there was a vineyard in Eden, and there were ripe clusters close by the fig-leaves. You can not prove to me that sinless hands have not plucked the grapes, and that millions will not do it again. What we need is not a greater company of wailing prophets, but men who will reveal to us the higher and nobler use of things. If one could not live comfortably in this Vale of Paradise and ripen from year to year, opening his soul to all enriching influences, without an everlasting protest, there would be small chance for his comfort in any more etherealized place.

Looking northward, or from the back side of St. Helena, is Lake County, the centre of which can be reached by the daylight of a summer day from San Francisco. It is a wild, isolated, and mountainous region, containing a harmless population, who are much addicted to salt pork, and needing all the more, perhaps, the medicinal and renovating qualities of the various thermal springs which abound. A Pike, with the wilderness at his back, and civilization advancing in front, is sometimes a ridiculous, and oftener a pitiable, specimen of humanity. When the school-house overtakes him, there is a crisis in his affairs. He must elect to hustle half a score of frouzy-headed children into his covered wagon, hang a few pots and kettles at the rear, and plunge farther into the wilderness, or let civilization go past him, closing in upon all sides, and, in spite of impotent protests, narrowing perhaps his own horizon, but making it broader and brighter for his children. If the horizon is too bright, this blinking Pike will turn his back to the light, and make a break for Egypt. So long as there is bacon and hominy, and free territory, with a modicum of whisky within easy reach, you can not summon this stolid, retreating animal to a better condition. Nature has made a botch of him, else he would now be running on four feet, instead of two. A border man, running away from civilization, who can not bark

and burrow like a *coyote*, nor climb a tree like a gorilla, is wrestling with his fate at a terrible disadvantage.

If you have never seen Clear Lake, do not babble about Como and Geneva. Here are eighty square miles of water, lifted fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and encompassed by mountains whose flaming forges were put out but yesterday — if a thousand years may be taken as one day. One may see Clear Lake from the top of St. Helena, twenty miles distant, on a bright day. We saw it first from Lukonoma — an intervening mountain, about fifteen hundred feet high; a ribbon of blue water stretching away between the hills, with a solitary white sail — recognized only by bringing a tree in the range. There was the droning of the pines on the mountain-tops in the afternoon trade-wind; a broad valley opening to the south, which swallowed up two or three mountain streams, and then opened its ugly, *adobe* lips for more; smaller valleys toward the north, encircled with tall firs, and the slumberous dome of Uncle Sam, lifting itself up grandly three or four thousand feet, hard by the lake.

Along this Lukonoma ridge there is a well-defined Indian trail for miles. The Clear Lake Indians were accustomed to exchange visits with a tribe in the Lukonoma Valley, ten miles below. The tops of the highest mountain ridges were selected for trails, rather than the valley. The Indian does not like to be surprised, even by his friends. Along these ridges he could look off on either side, and a long way ahead. If not molested, he might drop down to the hot springs just at the base of the mountain; take a mud-bath to make his joints a little more supple; and if he found an ant's-nest to add to his dietary stores, so much the better. You need not overhaul the Indian's cook-book. He ate the ants alive. No shrimp-eater ought to quarrel with him on that score.

We shall have a nearer view of Lower Lake another day. It is better to have the first view of some old and famous city from the hill-tops. That revelation ripens into a picture which ever afterward we hasten to set over against the squalor and ugliness disclosed by a nearer view. One need not be wholly disgusted, if, in place of a trout, he has caught a mud-turtle from the lake which opened its sheen of waters to him first from the mountain summit.

The shadows had stretched nearly across the narrow valleys when it occurred to us, that, in climbing to the highest and baldest peak, the Indian trail had run out, and that the hot springs — the point of departure — were eight miles distant, and were shut out of view by an intervening spur. Either a short-cut was to be made, trusting to luck to find a trail, or there was to be a night on the mountain. There were two intervening *cañons* to be crossed before there was any prospect of striking a trail. It is not pleasant to slide a horse on his haunches down into one of these chasms without knowing where one is to bring up. If the most obscure cattle-trail can be found leading in, one may trust to the instincts of horse-sense to find it, and also the one which will most certainly lead out on the other side. The tinkling of a cow-bell on the table-lands beyond, was a welcome sound. The horses wound into the first *cañon*, and went out without much hesitation. The trail for the next, by good luck, had been found. But it was a suspicious circumstance that these ponies—accustomed to those defiles, and now heading for home — hesitated, snuffed, snorted, and turned about. The rein was given to them, but, hungry as they were, they seemed disposed to turn back. The little Cayuse pony trembled, threw his ears forward, advanced and retreated, and blew out a column of vapor from each nostril as he kept up his aboriginal snort. Ei-

ther two tired and hungry excursionists must make a night of it, shut in by a *cañon* in front and in the rear, or the second one must be crossed without delay.

A horse is generally willing to plant his feet where he sees a man do it in advance. But these horses were dragged into the chasm, sometimes dropping on their haunches, and at other times plowing along with the fore-feet braced well ahead. Once at the bottom, a fresh sinch was taken with the greatest difficulty, as neither horse could be kept still for a second. A moment afterward the click of the pony's feet was heard, and the sparks thrown off by his shoes were distinct enough as he shot up the trail as though projected from a mortar. The old horse—stiff in the shoulders, and his legs like crow-bars—was not a rod behind him.

"Did you see any thing in that *cañon?*"

"No—yes. I saw the outline of a steer, going down to drink."

"Nonsense. Do you think these tired horses, refusing first to come into the *cañon*, would have gone out on the other side as if Satan were after them, if they did not know that that particular steer had claws? If you had seen twenty mules break out of a yard and stampede when the foot of a cinnamon bear was thrown over, you would not blame these horses for blazing the trail with fire as they thundered up the rocks with the fresh scent of a live grizzly in their nostrils."

"Then, if you are willing to take the affidavits of these two horses as to the facts—and the jurat of eight steel-clad hoofs, striking fire on the rocks, was a very solemn one—you can settle the question in favor of the grizzly much more comfortably than he would have settled it for you. It is not necessary that one's scalp should be pulled over his eyes and his face set awry for life, in order to obtain a more convincing demonstration. I can refer you to a settler who has had these things done for him—whereat his satisfaction has in no whit increased."

An hour afterward, two horses with drooping heads went into their stalls, and two jaded excursionists had each dropped into hot-baths at Harbine's Springs. Nothing externally will neutralize the chill of a night-ride among the mountains better than water which spouts from this hill-side heated to 110 degrees. It is a notable caprice of Nature, that, of three springs within the span of twenty feet, one is cold and has no mineral qualities; the other two are of about the same temperature, the waters of one strongly impregnated with iron and the other with sulphur. The waters of the two mineral springs combined are not only as hot as a strong man can bear, but they dissolve zinc bath-tubs, which was a satisfactory reason for the substitution of ugly wooden bathing-boxes. It is a pleasant nook, grandly encircled with mountains, with the wonderfully blue heavens by day, and lustrous stars by night.

Fifty or sixty moping invalids made up the assortment at the hotel. These taciturn and moody people did not wait for the angel to go down and trouble the waters, but each went in his own way and time and troubled the waters mightily on his personal account. The fact may be assumed that the angel had been there in advance. For a thousand years, a great subterranean caldron had been heated, tempered, and medicated, and its vapors had ascended as incense toward heaven.

This little sanitarium among the mountains, crowded with curious people—angular, petulant, and capricious—was invested with a great peace and restfulness for brain-weary folk. When the sun went down, invalids, like children, went off to bed. There was noth-

ing to do but to sleep through the long, cool nights. All the conventionalities of a more artificial social life were reversed. The people who had fought Nature and common sense for years, and had been worsted in the conflict, came here to make their peace with her. They were up with the opening of the day. They drank medicated waters heroically; dropped into hot-baths with a sensation akin to having fallen on the points of a million needles; plunged into pools, or were immersed with the vapors collected in close rooms. There were early breakfasts, when the boards were swept by invalids with ravenous appetites; dinners, at midday, attended by the same hungry, silent, introspective people; supper, before sundown, and the same famishing people were eating away for dear life. A four-horse passenger-wagon arrived just at night-fall, bringing the mail and an occasional guest. There was a glance at the newspapers, now and then a letter was read, and then night and a sweet stillness settled over this mountain dell. Time was of little consequence; people searched an old almanac for the day of the week or month; the sun rose above the crest of one mountain and went down behind another; there were the morning and evening shadows, the same flood of light in the valley at midday, the monotonous drone of the little rivulet in the *cañon*, and at long intervals the twitter of a solitary bird. Some sauntered along trails, counting the steps with a sort of mental vacuity; others tilted their chairs under porches, and slept with hats over their eyes. If a bustling, loud-voiced guest arrived, in a day or two he fell into the same peaceful and subdued ways. The repose of sky and mountain came down gently upon him, and a dreamy indolence shortened his steps and prolonged his afternoon naps.

There would have been an utter stagnation of life but for the advent of one of those characters who have been everywhere, seen every body, and had become a sort of itinerating museum of odd conceits and grotesque incidents. There were many invalids who had separated themselves from business cares, only to brood over their infirmities. They wanted nothing so much as, in some way, to be led apart from their own morbid natures. The eccentric little man told his stories. They were not always fresh, nor always extremely witty. But, as the assortment never ran out, and the quality improved from day to day, the fact was alike creditable to his inventive powers and his benevolence. At first, the worst specimens of morbid anatomy listened from a distance, and muttered, "Foolish;" "Don't believe a word of it." The next day they hitched their chairs along a few feet nearer to this story-telling evangel. One could occasionally see that a crisis was coming: either these people must laugh, or be put on the list of hopeless incurables. Observing, on one occasion, a man on crutches, who, after listening for a time with apparent contempt, suddenly withdrew and hobbled off around a corner of the narrow road, I ventured to ask him if stories were disagreeable to him.

"Oh, no; that is not it. You see I had not laughed in years. I was determined that old Hooker should not make me laugh, if I did not choose to. The fact is, I had either to holler or die. I wouldn't make a fool of myself, and so I went around the bend in the road, and turned off into the *chaparral*."

As this man dropped one crutch in a week from that time, and in ten days thereafter was walking with a cane, I have never doubted that he "hollered."

At night-fall generous wood-fires glowed upon the hearth of the sitting-room, and there was a more hopeful light in many faces. People lingered in the doorway, on the stairs, and leaned over the balustrade for one more story from the

genial and eccentric man. A ripple of half-suppressed laughter went around the room, ran up the stair-way, and ended in gentle gurgles in the rooms with open doors at the end of the corridor. The man of anecdote and story had touched, with healing influences, maladies which no medicated waters could reach. He exorcised the demons so gently, that these brooding invalids hardly knew how they were rescued. New and marvelous virtues were thereafter found in the spring water; there was a softer sunlight in the dell; the man with the liver complaint became less sallow, and no longer talked spitefully about "Old Hooker;" and the woman who did not expect to live a week, no longer sent down petulant requests that the house might be still, but only wanted that last story repeated to her "just as he told it."

Once, as the twilight drew on, the face of Hooker seemed to glow with unwonted radiance, as he unfolded his plans for a sanitary retreat. His theory was, that civilization had culminated in mental disorders, and the world was running mad with excitements, which half-demented people were busy in fomenting. Of the sixty guests at the Springs, he estimated that, at one time, not more than seven per cent. were free from some sort of a delusion—the evidence of lunacy in its milder forms. If put into strait-jackets, or shut up in the wards of a hospital, or treated otherwise as if insane, they would become as mad as Bedlam. One delusion must be matched against another. Every man and woman must be treated as sane, and all that they did, or thought, or said as the perfection of reason. The nonsense of clowns had cured more people than the wisdom of philosophers. The chemistry of Nature, the sunshine, the pure mountain air, and all the subtile combinations of thaumaturgic springs must be supplemented by every art which could beguile and lead people away from a miserable self-consciousness. A half-hour of sound sleep is sometimes the bridge over the gulf from death to life. He would not only make people sleep, but even laugh in their sleep. He would practice the highest arts of a sanitary magician. His patients should laugh by night and by day. They should forget themselves. The time would come when the best story-teller would be accounted the best physician.

On the evening before leaving the Springs, two hunters, in clay-colored clothes, deposited upon the porch each a deer and a string of Clear Lake trout. Hooker, of blessed memory, after whispering confidentially the bill of fare for an early breakfast, went aside and talked in an undertone with the hunters, who soon afterward disappeared in the direction of the *cañon* we had crossed a few evenings before. The moon being nearly at full, there would be a good prospect for deer during the latter part of the night; but there was a possible hint of larger game, in the chuckling undertone of one of the hunters as he shouldered his rifle: "Fellers as wear them kind o' clothes don't know a b'ar when they see him."

In the early morning, the same hunters were warming their fingers by the wood-fire in the sitting-room. Hooker was already up, and flitted about—now conferring with the hunters, and then with the steward. A game breakfast was already assured. Hooker whispered that the hunters had found the bear which sent the ponies flying out of the *cañon*. He had been taken alive, and we should have a parting look at him in advance of the other guests as we drove down the road. A Pike, astride of the *corral*-fence, saluted Hooker as we were climbing to the top rail: "Glad you 'uns found old corn-cracker up the gulch. He was powerful weak when I turned him out. He's a good 'un."

One glance at his long, yellow tusks and bristling back was enough. There was a sudden snap of the whip, and the dust spun from the wheels as two horses shot down the road on a bright October morning. The little dell, with its thermal springs, its colony of invalids, Hooker, the incorrigible, and the "bear" in the *corral*, disappeared with a gentle benediction.

One may traverse a thousand miles of the Coast Range, and not find another mountain road which reveals, at every turn, so many striking views as the one of twenty miles from Harbine's to Calistoga. The road, for a considerable distance, follows the windings of a noisy and riotous little rivulet, which, heading on the easterly side of St. Helena, runs obstinately due north for several miles. The fringe of oaks and *madroños* were wonderfully fresh, as they stood half in sunlight and half in shadow, still dripping, here and there, with the moisture which had been condensed during the night. A delegation of robins had come down from higher latitudes, and were taking an early and cheery breakfast from the scarlet berries of the *madroño*. It needed but the flaming maple and falling chestnuts, with some prospect of "shellbarks," to round into perfect fullness these autumnal glories. But no one living east of the Hudson could raise such a wild and unearthly yell as broke from the Judge every time a cotton-tail rabbit darted across the road. The obstreperous woodpecker was awed into silence, and the more industrious ones dropped in amazement the acorns which they were tapping into the trunks of the trees, and flitted silently away.

"That," said the Judge, "is not half as loud as I heard Hooker yell six months ago."

"Then he was demented?"

"Yes; he was as mad as a March hare, and in a strait-jacket at that."

"That clears up one or two mysteries. But you might have made the revelation before."

"When are you going to start that hilarious old institution, which you and Hooker called a sanitarium?"

—Just then, the summit of the mountain road had been gained, and the long perspective of the Napa Valley opened at the base of St. Helena, and melted away toward the south into the soft, dreamy atmosphere of an autumnal noonday.

SAM RICE'S ROMANCE.

THE coach of Wells, Fargo & Co. stood before the door of Pineywoods Station, and Sam Rice, the driver, was drawing on his lemon-colored gloves with an air, for Sam was the pink of stage-drivers, from his high, white hat to his faultless French boots. Sad will it be when his profession shall have been altogether superseded; and the coach-and-six, with its gracious and graceful "whip," shall have been supplanted, on all the principal lines of travel, by the iron-horse with its grimy "driver" and train of thundering carriages.

The passengers had taken their seats—the one lady on the box—and Sam Rice stood, chronometer held daintily between thumb and finger, waiting for the second-hand to come round the quarter of a minute, while the grooms slipped the last strap of the harness into its buckle. At the expiration of the quarter of a minute, as Sam stuck an unlighted cigar between his lips and took hold of the box to pull himself up to his seat, the good-natured landlady of Piney-woods Station called out, with some officiousness:

"Mr. Rice, don't you want a match?"

"That's just what I've been looking for these ten years," responded Sam; and at that instant his eyes were on a level with the lady's on the box, so that he could not help seeing the roguish glint of them, which so far disconcerted the usually self-possessed professor of the whip that he heard not the landlady's laugh, but gathered up the reins in such a hasty and careless manner as to cause Demon, the nigh-leader, to go off with a bound that nearly threw the owner of the eyes out of her place. The little flurry gave opportunity for Mrs. Dolly Page—that was the lady's name—to drop her veil over her face, and for Sam Rice to show his genteel handling of the ribbons, and conquer the unaccountable disturbance of his pulses.

Sam had looked at the way-bill, not ten minutes before, to ascertain the name of the pretty, black-eyed woman seated at his left-hand; and the consciousness of so great a curiosity gratified, may have augmented his unaccustomed embarrassment. Certain it is, Sam Rice had driven six horses, on a ticklish mountain road, for four years, without missing a trip; and had more than once encountered the "road-agents," without ever yet delivering them an express-box; had had old and young ladies, plain and beautiful ones, to sit beside him, hundreds of times: yet this was the first time he had consulted the way-bill, on his own account, to find a lady's name. This one time, too, it had a *Mrs.* before it, which prefix gave him a pang he was very unwilling to own. On the other hand, Mrs. Dolly Page was clad in extremely deep black. Could she be in mourning for Mr. Page? If Demon had an unusual number of starting fits that afternoon, his driver was not altogether guiltless in the matter; for what horse, so sensitive as he, would not have felt the magnetism of something wrong behind him?

But as the mocking eyes kept hidden behind a veil, and the rich, musical voice uttered not a word through a whole half-hour, which seemed an age to Sam, he finally recovered himself so far as to say he believed he would not smoke, after all; and thereupon returned the cigar, still unlighted, to his pocket.

"I hope you do not deprive yourself of a luxury on my account," murmured the soft voice.

"I guess this dust and sunshine is enough for a lady to stand, without my smokin' in her face," returned Sam, politely, and glancing at the veil.

"Still, I beg you will smoke, if you are accustomed," persisted the cooing voice behind it. But Sam, to his praise be it spoken, refused to add any thing to the discomforts of a summer day's ride across the mountains. His chivalry had its reward; for the lady thus favored, feeling constrained to make some return for such consideration, began to talk, in a vein that delighted her auditor, about horses—their points and their traits—and, lastly, about their drivers.

"I have always fancied," said Mrs. Dolly Page, "that if I were a man I should take to stage-driving as a profession. It seems to me a free and manly calling, one that develops some of the best qualities of a man. Of course, it has its drawbacks. One can not always choose one's society on a stage, and there are temptations to bad habits. Besides, there are storms, and upsets, and all that sort of thing. I've often thought," continued Mrs. Dolly, "that we do not consider enough the hardships of drivers, nor what we owe them. You've read that poem—the Post-boy's Song:

> "'Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of Fate,
> Forward and back I go!'

Well, it is just so. They do bring us our letters, full of good and ill news, helping to weave the web of Fate for us; yet not to blame for what tidings thev

bring, and always faithful to their duties, in storm or shine."

"I shall like my profession better after what you have said of it," answered Sam, giving his whip a curl to make it touch the off-leader's right ear. "I've done my duty mostly, and not complained of the hardships, though once or twice I've been too beat out to get off the box at the end of my drive; but that was in a long spell of bad weather, when the roads was just awful, and the rain as cold as snow."

"Would you mind letting me hold the lines awhile?" asked the cooing voice, at last. "I've driven a six-in-hand before."

Though decidedly startled, and averse to trusting his team to such a pair of hands, Sam was compelled, by the psychic force of the little woman, to yield up the reins. It was with fear and trembling that he watched her handling of them for the first mile; but, as she really seemed to know what she was about, his confidence increased, and he watched her with admiration. Her veil was now up, her eyes were sparkling, and cheeks glowing. She did not speak often, but, when she did, it was always something piquant and graceful that she uttered. At last, just as the station was in sight, she yielded up the lines with a deep-drawn sigh of satisfaction, apologizing for it by saying that her hands, not being used to it, were tired. "I'm not sure," she added, "but I shall take to the box, at last, as a steady thing."

"If you do," responded Sam, gallantly, "I hope you will drive on my line."

"Thanks. I shall ask you for a reference, when I apply for the situation."

There was then a halt, a supply of fresh horses, and a prompt, lively start. But the afternoon was intensely hot, and the team soon sobered down. Mrs. Page did not offer again to take the lines. She was overwarm and weary, perhaps; quiet and a little sad, at any rate. Mr. Rice was quiet, too, and thoughtful. The passengers inside were asleep. The coach rattled along at a steady pace, with the dust so deep under the wheels as to still their rumble. At intervals, a freight-wagon was passed, drawn to one side, at a "turn-out," or a rabbit skipped across the road, or a solitary horseman suggested alternately a "road-agent," or one of James' heroes. Grand views presented themselves of wooded cliffs and wild ravines. Tall pines threw lengthening shadows across the open spaces on the mountain-sides. And so the afternoon wore away; and, when the sun was setting, the passengers alighted for their supper at the principal hotel of Lucky-dog—a mining-camp, pretty well up in the Sierras.

"We both stop here," said Sam, as he helped the lady down from her high position; letting her know by this remark that her destination was known to him.

"I'm rather glad of that," she answered, frankly, with a little smile; and, considering all that had transpired on that long drive, Sam was certainly pardonable if he felt almost sure that her reason for being glad was identical with his own.

Lucky-dog was one of those shambling, new camps, where one street serves for a string on which two or three dozen ill-assorted tenements are strung, every fifth one being a place intended for the relief of the universal American thirst, though the liquids dispensed at these beneficent institutions were observed rather to provoke than to abate the dryness of their patrons. Eating-houses were even more frequent than those which dispensed moisture to parched throats; so that, taking a cursory view of the windows fronting on the street, the impression was inevitably conveyed of an expected rush of famished armies, whose wants this charitable communi-

ty were only too willing to supply, for a sufficient consideration. The houses that were not eating and drinking-houses were hotels, if we except occasional grocery and general merchandise establishments. Into what out-of-the-way corners the inhabitants were stowed, it was impossible to conjecture, until it was discovered that the men lived at the places already inventoried, and that women abode not at all in Lucky-dog—or if there were any, not more than half a dozen of them, and they lived in unaccustomed places.

The advent of Mrs. Page at the Silver Brick Hotel naturally made a sensation. An assemblage of not less than fifty gentlemen of leisure crowded about the entrance, each more intent than the other on getting a look at the arrivals, and especially at this one arrival—whose age, looks, name, business, and intentions in coming to Lucky-dog, were discussed with great freedom. Sam Rice was closely questioned, but proved reticent and non-committal. The landlord was besieged with inquiries—the landlady, too—and all without any body being made much the wiser. There was the waybill, and there was the lady herself: put that and that together, and make what you could of it.

Mrs. Dolly Page did not seem discomposed in the least by the evident interest she inspired. With her black curls smoothly brushed, her black robes immaculately neat, with a pretty color in her round cheeks, and a quietly absorbed expression in her whole bearing, she endured the concentrated gaze of fifty pairs of eyes during the whole of dinner, without so much as one awkward movement, or the dropping of a fork or teaspoon. So it was plain that the curious would be compelled to await Mrs. Page's own time for developments.

But developments did not seem likely to come overwhelmingly. Mrs. Page made a fast friend of the landlady of the Silver Brick, by means of little household arts peculiarly her own, and, before a fortnight was gone, had become as indispensable to all the boarders as she was to Mrs. Shaughnessy herself. If she had a history, she kept it carefully from curious ears. Mrs. Shaughnessy was evidently satisfied, and quite challenged criticism of her favorite. Indeed, there was nothing to criticise. It was generally understood that she was a widow, who had to get on in the world as best she could, and thus the public sympathy was secured, and an embargo laid upon gossip. To be sure, there were certain men in Lucky-dog, of a class which has its representatives everywhere, who regarded all unappropriated women, especially pretty women, very much as the hunter regards game, and the more difficult the approach, the more exciting the chase. But these moral Nimrods had not half the chance with self-possessed Mrs. Dolly Page that they would have had with a different style of woman. The grosser sort got a sudden *congé;* and with the more refined sportsmen she coquetted just enough to show them that two could play at a game of "make-believe," and then sent them off with a lofty scorn edifying to behold—to the mingled admiration and amusement of Mrs. Shaughnessy.

The only affair which seemed to have a kernel of seriousness in it, was that of Mr. Samuel Rice. Regularly, when the stage was in, on Sam's night, he paid his respects to Mrs. Page. And Mrs. Page always received him with a graceful friendliness, asking after the horses, and even sometimes going so far as to accompany him to their stables. On these occasions she never failed to carry several lumps of sugar in her pocket, which she fed to the handsome brutes off her own pink palm, until there was not one of them she could not handle at her will.

Thus passed many weeks, until sum-

mer was drawing to a close. Two or three times she had gone down to Piney-woods Station and back, on Sam's coach, and always sat on the box, and drove a part of the way, but never where her driving would excite remark. It is superfluous to state, that on these occasions there was a happy heart beneath Sam's linen-duster, or that the bantering remarks of his brother-drivers were borne with smiling equanimity, not to say pride; for Sam was well aware that Mrs. Dolly Page's brunette beauty, and his blonde-bearded style, together furnished a not unpleasing *tableau* of personal charms. Besides, Sam's motto was, "Let those laugh who win;" and he seemed to himself to be on the road to heights of happiness beyond the ken of ordinary mortals—especially ordinary stage-drivers.

"I don't calkelate to drive stage more than a year or two longer," Sam said to Mrs. Page, confidentially, on the return from their last trip together to Piney-woods Station. "I've got a little place down in Amador, and an interest in the Nip-and-tuck gold-mine, besides a few hundreds in bank. I've a notion to settle down some day, in a cottage with vines over the porch, with a little woman to tend the flowers in the front-garden."

As if Sam's heightened color and shining eyes had not sufficiently pointed this confession of his desires, it chanced that at this moment the eyes of both were attracted to a way-side picture: a cottage, a flower-bordered walk, a fair young woman standing at the gate, with a crowing babe in her arms lifting its little white hands to the sun-browned face of a stalwart young farmer who was smiling proudly on the two. At this sudden apparition of his inmost thoughts Sam's heart gave a great bound, and there was a simultaneous ringing in his ears. His first instinctive act was to crack his whip so fiercely as to set the leaders off prancing; and when, by this diversion, he had partly recovered self-possession, to glance at the face of his companion. A new embarrassment seized him when he discovered two little rivers of tears running over the crimsoned cheeks. But a coach-box is not a convenient place for sentiment to display itself; and, though the temptation was great to inquire into the cause of the tears, with a view of offering consolation, Sam prudently looked the other way, and maintained silence. The reader, however, knows that those tears sank into the beholder's soul, and caused to germinate countless tender thoughts and emotions, which were, on some future occasion, to be laid upon the altar of his devotion to Mrs. Dolly Page. And none the less, that, in a few minutes, the eyes which shed them resumed their roguish brightness, and the lady was totally unconscious of having heard, seen, or felt any embarrassment. Sentiment between them was successfully *tabooed*, so far as utterance was concerned, for that time. And so Sam found, somewhat to his disappointment, it continued to fall out, that, whenever he got upon delicate ground, the lady was off like a humming-bird, darting hither and yon, so that it was impossible to put a finger upon her, or get so much as a look at her brilliant and restless wings. But nobody ever tired of trying to find a humming-bird at rest; and so Sam never gave up looking for the opportune moment of speaking his mind.

Meanwhile, Lucky-dog Camp was having a fresh sensation. An organized band of gamblers, robbers, and "road-agents" had made a swoop upon its property, of various kinds, and had succeeded in making off with it. The very night after the ride just mentioned, the best horses in Sam Rice's team were stolen, making it necessary to substitute what Sam called "a pa'r of ornery cayuses." To put the climax to his misfortunes, the

"road-agents" attacked him next morning, when, the "ornery cayuses" becoming unmanageable, Sam was forced to surrender the treasure-box, and the passengers their bullion. The excitement in Lucky-dog was intense. A Vigilance Committee, secretly organized, lay in waiting for the offenders, and, after a week or two, made a capture of a well-known sporting-man, whose presence in camp had for some time been regarded with suspicion. Short shrift was afforded him. That same afternoon his gentlemanly person swung dangling from a gnarled pine-tree limb, and his frightened soul had fled into outer darkness.

When this event became known to Mrs. Dolly Page, she turned ghostly white, and then fainted dead away. Mrs. Shaughnessy was very much concerned for her friend; berating, in round terms, the brutishness of people who could talk of such things before a tender-hearted lady like that. To Mr. Rice, particularly, she expatiated upon the coarseness of certain people, and the refined sensitiveness of others; and Sam was much inclined to agree with her, so far as her remarks applied to her friend, who was not yet recovered sufficiently to be visible. Indeed, Mrs. Page was not visible for so many days, that Sam's soul began to long for her with a mighty longing. At length, she made her appearance, considerably paler and thinner than was her wont; but doubly interesting and lovely to the eyes of so partial an observer as Sam, who would willingly have sheltered her weakness in his strong, manly arms. Sam, naturally enough, would never have hinted at the event which had so distressed her; but she relieved him of all embarrassment on that subject, by saying to him, almost at once:

"Mr. Rice, I am told they have not buried the man they hung, so shockingly, the other day. They certainly will not leave him *there?*"—she added, with a shudder.

"I don't know—I suppose," stammered Sam, "it is their way, with them fellows."

"But you will not allow it? You *can not* allow it!"—excitedly.

"I couldn't prevent them," said Sam, quite humbly.

"Mr. Rice," and her voice was at once a command and an entreaty, "you *can* and *must* prevent it. You are not afraid? I will go with you—this very night—and will help you. Don't say you will not; for I can not sleep until it is done. I have not slept for a week."

She looked so white and so wild, as she uttered this confession, that Sam would have been the wretch he was not, to refuse her. So he said:

"Don't you fret. I'll bury him, if it troubles you so. But you needn't go along. You couldn't: it's too far, and you're too weak"—seeing how she trembled.

"I am not weak—only nervous. I prefer to go along. But we must be secret, I suppose? Oh!"—with a start that was indeed "nervous."

"Yes, we must be secret," said Sam; and he looked as if he did not half like the business, but would not refuse.

"You are a good man, Mr. Rice, and I thank you." And with that Mrs. Dolly Page caught up one of his hands, and kissing it hastily, began to cry, as she walked quickly away.

"Don't cry, and don't go until I have promised to do whatever you ask, if it will make you well again," Sam said, following her to the door.

"Then call for me to take a walk with you to-night. The moon is full, but no one will observe us. They would not think of our going *there*"—with another shudder—and she slipped away from his detaining hand.

That evening Mr. Samuel Rice and

Mrs. Page took a walk by moonlight. Laughing gossips commented on it after their fashion; and disagreeable gossips remarked that they came home very late, after *their* fashion. But nobody, they believed, saw where they went, or what they did. Yet those two came from performing an act of Christian charity, each with a sense of guilt and unworthiness very irritating to endure, albeit from very different causes. One, because an unwelcome suspicion had thrust itself into his mind; and the other——

The ground of Sam's suspicion was a photograph, which, in handling the gambler's body somewhat awkwardly, by reason of its weight—Mrs. Page had found, at the last, she could not render any assistance—had slipped from some receptacle in its clothing. A hasty glance, under the full light of the moon, had shown him the features of the lady who sat twelve paces away, with her hands over her face. It is not always those that sin who suffer most from the consciousness of sin; and Sam, perhaps, with that hint of possible—nay, almost certain—wickedness in his breast-pocket, was more burdened by the weight of it than many a criminal about to suffer all the terrors of the law; for the woman that he loved stood accused, if not convicted, before his conscience and her own, and he could not condemn, because his heart refused to judge her.

When the two stood together under the light of the lamp in the deserted parlor of the Silver Brick Hotel, the long silence which by her quick perceptions had been recognized as accusing her, upon what evidence she did not yet know, was at length broken by Sam's voice, husky with agitation.

"Mrs. Page," he said, assuming an unconscious dignity of mien and sternness of countenance, "I shall ask you some questions, sometime, which you may not think quite polite. And you must answer me: you understand. I'm bound to know the truth about this man."

"About this man!" Then he suspected her of connection with the wretched criminal whose body had only just now been hidden from mocking eyes? How much did he suspect? how much did he *know?* Her pale face and frightened eyes seemed to ask these questions of him; but not a sound escaped her lips. The imploring look, so strange upon her usually bright face, touched all that was tender in Sam's romantic nature. In another moment he would have recalled his demand, and trusted her infinitely; but in that critical moment she fainted quite away, to his mingled sorrow and alarm; and, Mrs. Shaughnessy being summoned, Sam received a wordy reprimand for having no more sense than to keep a sick woman up half of the night—smarting under which undeserved censure, he retired, to think over the events of the evening.

The hour of departure from Luckydog, for Sam's coach, was four o'clock in the morning; and its driver was not a little surprised, when about to mount the box, to discover Mrs. Page waiting to take a seat beside him. After the adventure of the previous night, it was with some restraint that he addressed her; and there was wanting, also, something of his cheerful alacrity of manner, when he requested the stranger who had taken the box-seat, to yield it to a lady. The stranger's mood seemed congenial, for he declined to abdicate, intimating that there was room for the lady between himself and the driver, if she insisted upon an outside seat.

But Mrs. Page did not insist. She whispered Sam to open the coach-door, and quietly took a seat inside; and Sam, with a sense of irritation very unusual with him, climbed reluctantly to his place, giving the "cayuses" the lash in a way that set them off on a keen run. By the time he had gotten his team cool-

ed down, the unusual mood had passed, and the longing returned to hear the sweet voice and watch the bright eyes that had made his happiness on former occasions. Puzzled as he was, and pained by the evidence he possessed of her connection, in some way, with the victim of lynch-law, *that* seemed like a dream in the clear, sunny air of morning, while the more blissful past asserted its claim to be considered reality. Not a lark, warbling its flute-notes by the way-side, not a pretty bit of the familiar landscape, nor glimpse of brook, that leaped sparkling down the mountain, but recalled some charming utterance of Mrs. Dolly Page, as he first knew her—as he could not now recognize her in the pale, nervous, and evidently suffering woman, sitting, closely veiled, inside the coach.

Occupied with these thoughts, Sam felt a disagreeable shock when the outside passenger—in a voice that contrasted roughly with that other voice which was murmuring in his ear—began a remark about the mining prospects of Lucky-dog.

"Some rich discoveries made in the neighborhood, eh? Did you ever try your luck at mining?"

"Waāl, no. I own a little stock, though," answered Sam, carelessly.

"In what mine?"

"In the Nip-and-tuck."

"Good mine, from all I hear about it. Never did any prospecting?" asked the stranger, in that tone which denotes only a desire to make talk, with a view to kill time.

"No," in the same tone.

"That's odd," stuffing a handful of cut tobacco into his mouth. "I'd have sworn 'twas you I saw swinging a pick in the *cañon* east of camp, last night."

"I'm not much on picks," Sam returned, with a slowness that well counterfeited indifference. "I was visiting a lady last evening, which is a kind of prospecting more in my line."

"Yes, I understand; that lady inside the coach. She's a game one."

"It strikes me you're devilish free in your remarks," said Sam, becoming irritated again.

"No offense meant, I'm sure. Take a cigar? We may as well talk this matter over calmly, Mr. Rice. You see it's ten to one that you are implicated in this business. Been very attentive to Mrs. Page. Made several trips together. Let her handle your horses, so she could take them out of the stable for them thieves. Buried her thieving, gambling husband for her. You see the case *looks* bad, anyway; though I'm inclined to think you've just been made a tool of. I know she's a smart one. 'Tain't often you find one smarter."

Sam's eyes scintillated. He was strongly minded to pitch the outside passenger off the coach. The struggle in his breast between conviction and resistance to conviction, amounted to agony. He could not, in that supreme moment, discriminate between the anger he felt at being falsely accused, and the grief and rage of being so horribly disillusioned. Their combined anguish paled his cheeks, and set his teeth on edge: of all of which the outside passenger was coolly cognizant. As they were, at that moment, in sight of the first station, he resumed:

"Let her get up here, if she wants to; I can ride inside. I don't want to be hard on her; but mind, if you breathe a word to her about my being an officer, I'll arrest you on suspicion. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. If she's guilty, you can't help her, and don't want to, neither; if she's innocent, she'll come out all right, never fear. Are you on the square, now?"

"Have you got a warrant?" asked Sam, in a low tone, as he wound the lines around the break, previous to getting down.

"You bet! but I'm in no hurry to

serve it. Piney-woods Station 'ill do just as well. Telegraph office there."

Mr. Rice was not in any haste this morning, being, as he said, ahead of time. He invited Mrs. Page to take her usual place on the box, telling her the gentleman had concluded to go inside; and brought her a glass of water from the bar. While he was returning the glass, the passengers, including him of the outside, being busied assuaging their thirst with something stronger than water, a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hoofs was heard, and, lo! Mrs. Dolly Page was discovered to be practicing her favorite accomplishment of driving six-in-hand!

When the "outside" recovered from his momentary surprise, he clapped his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Rice, and said, in a voice savage with spite and disappointment:

"I arrest you, sir."

"Arrest and be d——d!" returned Sam. "If you had done your duty, you'd have arrested *her* while you had the chance."

"That's so—your head is level; and if you'll assist me in getting on to Piney-woods Station in time to catch the runaway—for she can't very well drive beyond that station—I'll let you off."

"You'll wait till I'm on, I reckon. My horses can't go on that errand, and you darsn't take the up-driver's team. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, old smarty!"—and Sam's eyes emitted steel-blue lightnings, though his face wore a fixed expression of smiling.

Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that horses might be procured a mile back from the station; and, while the baffled officer, and such of the passengers as could not wait until next day, went in pursuit of them, Sam mounted one of the "cayuses," and made what haste he could after the coach and Wells, Fargo & Company's express-box. Within a mile or less of Piney-woods Station, he met the keeper, the grooms, and an odd man or two, that chanced to have been about the place, all armed to the teeth, who, when they saw him, halted in surprise.

"Why, we reckoned you was dead," said the head man, with an air of disappointment.

"Dead?" repeated Sam. "Have you seen my coach?"

"That's all right, down to the station; and the plucky gal that druv it, told us all about the raid the 'road-agents' made on you. Whar's the passengers?—any of 'em killed?"

"Passengers are all right. Where is Mrs. Page?"

"She cried, an' tuk on awful about ye; an' borrered a hoss to ride right on down the road to meet the other stage, an' let 'em know what's up."

"She did, did she?" said Sam, very thoughtfully. "Waäl, that *is* odd. Why, she ran away with my team—that's what she did; and it's all a hoax about the 'road-agents.' The passengers are back at the other station."

Sam had suddenly become "all things to all men," to a degree that surprised himself. He was wrong about the horse, too, as was proven by its return to its owner four days after. By the same hand came the following letter to Mr. Samuel Rice:

"DEAR MR. RICE: It was so good of you! I thank you more than I can say. I wish I could set myself right in your eyes, for I prize your friendship dearly—dearly; but I know that I can not. It has not been all my fault. I was married to a bad, bad man, when I was only fifteen. He has ruined my life; but now he is dead, and I need not fear him. I *will* hereafter live as a good woman should live. The tears run down my cheeks as I write you this farewell—as they did that day when I saw that sweet woman and her babe at the farmhouse-gate, and knew what was in your thought. Heaven send you such a wife. Good-by, dear Mr. Rice, good-by.

"DOLLY PAGE."

There are some men, as well as women, in this world, who could figure in the *rôle* of *Evangeline*, who have tender, loyal, and constant hearts. Such a

one was the driver of the Lucky-dog stage. But, though he sat on that box for two years longer, and scrutinized every dark-eyed, sweet-voiced lady-passenger who rode in his coach during that time, often with an intense longing for a sight of the face he craved—it never came. Out of the heaven of his life that star had vanished forever, and nothing was left him but a soiled photograph, and a tear-stained letter, worn with frequent folding and unfolding.

TRANSITION.

I dropped a golden bowl—the gift of my gracious Lord!—
My grasp relaxed its hold on the links of a silver cord.

I sank in a milk-white swoon—a torpid, inflexible rest,
A pulseless heart, a nerveless palm, a cold alabaster breast.

Rose-leaves drifted their snow over my closéd eyes,
In their blue depths below binding the tears and sighs.

A faint, receding shore—the sob of an ebbing breath—
And I floated out on an awful tide—to the still, white realm of death.

Oh, pale moon, looking down! oh, gold-headed stars! that slide
Your points of flame through rings of blue that loop on the inner side:

Did the hush of ineffable calm—the sweep of the wings of peace—
Bear up to your heights evangel and psalm, and triumph of glad release?

Into the limitless space! Free from earth's prison-bars!
Bathed in the rayless light that is born not of moon or stars.

Oh, music of angel harps! oh, sheen of the golden floor!
Did I mirror my face in the globes of pearl that were set in the open door?

Oh, love, never voiced on earth! oh, ripeness and fill of bliss!
I only touched the eternal shore—then drifted again to this.

ETC.

It is said that Californians are ostentatious in their pride of progress; that *our* State—our improvements, our affluence of vegetation, our wonders of Nature—is expatiated upon with more egotism than modesty; and that the eager question of "How do you like San Francisco?" greets each new arrival before the dust of travel is removed from the wayfarer, anxious to realize for himself the new sensations which are the invariable experience of those who seek, on this coast, recreation or change from the monotone of life in an older civilization. But is it not a pardonable enthusiasm? Our relations with the States east of the Rocky Mountains are as close and permanent as membership in one family can make them. The various ties, commercial and otherwise, existing between us and the countries of Europe, have united us also to them in something of fraternal fellowship. Our unity of interest with China and Japan has opened a pathway to hospitalities through which both giver and receiver may reap manifold advantages. It may be, in our gladness of welcome, we have exhibited more exuberance of feeling than is quite consistent with that fine tact which is the essence of good-breeding. Our demonstrativeness has, at least, been real and earnest. We "gushed" over our visitors from Chicago; we hailed subsequent parties with a welcome but a thought less overwhelming. The Pioneer of early days has repeated, over and over again, the old story of the discovery of gold in the mill-race (a trifle wearisome to him, perhaps); and Forty-niners have recounted their experiences with pick and shovel, and pictured to ready listeners the first working of the mines, with all their grotesque and pathetic combinations of lights and shadows. The extent and value of the *placers*, the character of the soil, the peculiarities of climate, the growth and decadence of towns and villages, the amount and variety of population, have all been discussed; and when, on these matters, curiosity has been satisfied and inquiry has ceased, our visitors have sprung upon us another series of questions, infinite in their ramifications: What of your social life? What is society doing for its present and its future? How about homes? schools? churches? libraries? colleges?

If we reply to these questions with the same honest pride in our advancement; if we speak of the refinement and culture of numerous homes in our midst, of the increasing interest in art and literature; if we direct attention to our growing libraries, and our infant art associations; if we number with infinite satisfaction our students of the brush and burin, and deliberately call attention to their sketches and studies as giving promise of a brilliant future—shall it be again said we are given to braggadocio and exaggeration? Shall it be hinted that our outlook is selfishly narrowed, and that we are provincial, in considering California exceptional in her golden resources, in her unequaled scenery, and the intelligence and vigor of her population?

There is room for improvement. We may have "bored" our guests with attentions kindly meant—as a recent spicy newspaper correspondent delicately suggested. It is an easily amended fault; and as Californians, in their associated pleasure excursions, have not been overwhelmed in like manner, either during their visits to the Eastern States or in Europe, it might be as well to spare our next summer's guests the infliction of the stereotyped trip around the Bay, excursion to Mare Island, and the final and inevitable banquet. Perhaps a more quiet, though none less courteous reception, would be more in keeping with their ideas of propriety; and we might spare ourselves, without any painful sense of deprivation, visits to Chinese theatricals and

Joss-houses, giving to our transient summer birds of passage—who, it must be confessed, are a positive delight to our longing eyes—freedom to come and go, on their errands of investigation and discovery, without pressing upon them those public social amenities which, to many of them, are a weariness of the flesh.

TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam" is not merely a noble monument to the memory of young Hallam; it is also a grand testimonial to the power of human affection. Nothing so elevates our ideal of humanity as the spectacle of the triumph of the love of which it is capable over death and time. The average utilitarian British mind made it a matter of reproach against the Queen, that, after the lapse of so many years, she should still cherish the memory of her husband with such a tenacity of devotion. The average utilitarian British mind regarded this persistency of grief that refuses to forget, or to be consoled with the lower consolations, as something morbid, and even indecorous. Certainly the brute does not grieve thus for its lost mate; and, from the stand-point of mere healthful animal existence, the sorrow that continues to cling to the memory of the dead amid daily association with the living, may, not unnaturally, be regarded as something partaking of the nature of disease. The text that has suggested this strain of comment lies before us in the shape of a remarkable book, of which it is not our purpose, or even our right, to speak as a mere literary performance. It was not written for the public, nor is it, properly speaking, a published work—only a small edition, designed for private circulation, having been printed. The purpose and spirit that inspired the volume are sufficiently indicated in these extracts, the first of which is from the Preface: "As in some Christian climes they build crosses by the way-side to remind the pilgrim of heaven, even so do I raise this memorial-stone to turn my children's thoughts to their mother, and to the Golden Land whither she has gone."

"To describe ourselves, to perpetuate more especially my wife's influence, to raise up a shrine, as it were, which shall hold her image, whither our children can go and find repose and new purpose; to show them what and who we are by bringing them face to face with our tastes, pursuits, and modes of expression; to introduce them into our inmost selves, and, perhaps, by these means to continue to teach them when our lips are hushed—to embalm ourselves, I may say—these are the chief motives to this writing. God grant that from these pages they may gather some lessons for good, and may His blessings rest upon them always."

The failing health of the subject of these "Mementos for our Children" suggested the idea of a resort to foreign travel, in the hope that new scenes and a milder temperature might prove beneficial to the invalid. The record of travel abounds in exquisite bits of description, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:

"I found great solace in the music with which Rome, at the Advent and Easter seasons, fills all her churches. It is at night-time that a person of my temperament and misfortune loves to be touched by the mysterious voice of melody. Every Sunday I generally went to St. Peter's to vespers; loved to lean against a column just outside the choir chapel, where I was well in the reach of the music and the solemn chanting of the cardinals; while the setting sun played among the medallioned spandrils of the arches: and through the nave, and in the recesses of the chapels, and shrouding the monumental effigies, the solemn shadows crept and saddened.

"And at night, too, the effect is still greater and more touching, for there is in such a place as St. Peter's a finer field for the play of the superstitions within us. On Christmas eve I heard the *Pastorella* sung there, an hour or two before dawn. I wandered off toward the tomb, before which the solemn funeral lamps burnt dimly, and as I heard the music softened by the distance; saw the white statuary about which the darkness swayed—at moments chased away by the glare of a passing torch, and then back again with a deeper shade than before—as I saw and felt these things, I wondered no more that the Romish church exercises such a powerful influence over those at least who are susceptible and imaginative."

But neither the soft climate of Italy, nor all that human skill and the tenderest affection could suggest, availed to stay the progress of the disease, or defer the inevitable hour, dreaded by the sufferer, only through her sympathy with the inconsolable grief of the beloved ones from whom she was so soon to be severed. There are few, we think, who will be able to read what follows with unmoistened eyes:

"I laid my head upon the pillow, and talked to her—low talk, such as I talked in the old trysting days—telling her how she had beautified my life, how happy she had made me, and that she had been a

perfect true wife to me. I told her, too, that never should any other head rest in her 'little home;' that I would walk through the coming years alone with her memory, and go pure to her, with the old love stainless and faithful. Happy words they were to her! — dear, blessed promises for one who was entering upon the life that is endless, and for one who believed she would carry with her and preserve for me the love that had made her career here so happy.

"She spoke of her children — her 'poor motherless children,' and what would become of them. I told her, that, so far as I could, I would be a mother to them—would instruct them with all my capacity, according to her plans and ideas; would dedicate and yield up my life to them; would especially try to impart to them a religious education — lead them to church, and, so far as I could do, give them the example of a Christian life. She could not reply, but crept closer, closer, and laid her dear lips in grateful love against my own. 'And, Precious, promise me that you will not wander aimless and homeless. Have a home; gather our children into it, and let them feel they have such a refuge in the world. Promise me this.' I did so, and she went on: 'Darling, if you will, I would like Lide to have all my things. I would like to send her something special from this bed. If you have no objection, give her the turquoise set you brought me from Paris. Send them to her in my name, with my blessing and love. Tell her, dear Rob, she will never know how much her poor mamma loved her. God grant that she may grow up to be all you desire and a comfort to you.'"

Though designed for circulation exclusively among the members and near relatives of the bereaved family, there is much material in this remarkable volume which would be generally read with pleasure, and which might be given to the public without violating the sensitive reserve and sacredness of private grief.

THE inauguration of a social literary society in San Francisco promises good things to come. Editors, authors, and artists are to form the nucleus of "The Bohemian Club," around which may revolve others—presumably scholarly men — not actively engaged in artistic or literary pursuits. The idea takes us back to the days of genial Kit North, Coleridge, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. What choice fare obtained in that society of choice spirits! With what keen-bladed activity they dissected trembling authors, driven by Heaven knows what mental insanity to lay crude and unripe creations upon the altar of public opinion! Yet, if they bore hard upon ideas of inheritance and tricks of expression, they criticised discriminatingly and fairly. They spent no vapid evenings in restless balancings between the merits of Tweedledee and Tweedledum. In the attrition of mind with mind, they reached intellectual altitudes never attained in any carefully pruned manuscript. The elixir, the aroma, the sparkle of those conversations was too brilliant and evanescent to be condensed between the pages of a printed volume. Imagine the opulence of those golden hours, when delicate humor and ethereal wit pricked their way delicately along the edges of Fancy, or shot boldly across some sober dissertation, exploding in racy *bon-mot* or bubble of laughter, which was but as foam on the rich wine of the feast. Is "The Bohemian" to be thus modeled? or will it evolve from its larger circle talent more diversified, a broader humor, and a wider range of thought and imagination? We can imagine stories of peril and adventure from men—and there are such among us—who have been probing the reticent mystery of the Arctic seas; or tropical experiences from travelers who have seen the soft lips of languid rivers sucking the poison of luxuriant overgrowth, and exhaling it again in a miasma of fever and death. We can fancy revelations from the few who stand before the gates of spiritual mysteries, demanding admittance like the great crusader at the doors of Jerusalem; or hints of warmth and color in art studies awakening an interest which all the clumsy copies of the "old masters" have failed to arouse. Shall a poet spring full-fledged from the inner circle of "The Bohemian" capable of wresting from Nature her deepest meanings, and giving us word-paintings rivaling Bierstadt's revelations in form and color? The cold, rich gloom of our brown hills; the sparkle of our mountain lakes; the gray clouds, mingling with the soft mist, shading our horizon, are yet to find adequate expression. Who knows but, under the developing influences of "The Bohemian Club," genius may take nobler flights, and talents find a wider range, than heretofore. As a now famous member of the "Century Club" once observed: "No man is conscious of his own powers till tested by those of others — realizing in intellectual fellowship his highest aspirations."

Let us temper our enthusiasm, however,

lest we rise to extravagant heights of expectation not to be realized. Yet we dare dream of a golden age of art and literature richer than that period of discovery when our mountain seams first revealed their hidden treasures. It is impossible to judge of the harvest in seed-time. "The Bohemian," as yet, is but the embodiment of a hope. May it prove a splendid success.

In a remote corner of Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco, there is a grave, lonely and uncared for, whose head-stone bears but one word —

"HERE."

Who sleepeth here, alone,
Marked by so strange a burial-stone?
The sandy soil about the grave
Is tossed upon it, wave on wave,
And hardy weeds above it grow;
But buds of beauty never blow.
Perhaps, with blood, his life was blot,
And he had wished his name forgot;
Perhaps, it was some heart of gold,
Whose truth and faith were never told,
Who willed that no fine stone be set,
Knowing that God would not forget.

Here! Could not one tender, loving hand
Plant the barren, wind-swept sand;
Pull the tall, eager weeds away,
And write thy name, thy death, the day
On which thine eyes first saw the light?
'Tis sad to sink into the night
Of dark forgetfulness, so soon;
Hard to give up thy bit of room
In the great world. But on this ground
The steps of Time have trod thy mound
Down, even with the land around;
And scarcely will another year
Find thee, poor sleeper, even "here."

Here? How vain the word!
Earth's placid breast is hardly stirred
When one more child has come!
But, as we cross the mystic bound,
And stand upon the unknown ground
Beyond, a glad and glorious throng
Of angels, with their happiest song,
Cry "Welcome, welcome home."

E'en the rank weeds that upward rise,
Point Heaven to our downcast eyes:
That word, upon the marble fair,
Should not be written "Here," but "There."

C. G. D.

The great positivist, Auguste Comte, has found a new disciple and interpreter in M. Louis Figuier. The original thinkers who develop new ideas and theories have always stood in need of intellectual middle-men to bring them *en rapport* with the popular mind. It is a curious fact that the men of largest intellectual scope, and the most pronounced originality, seem somehow to lack the peculiar powers necessary to make their ideas intelligible to the general public. The great originating mind is calm, and deficient in that enthusiasm which is kindling and contagious. Lesser minds, capable of receiving and appreciating ideas which they could never have originated, are the most efficient interpreters and propagandists. M. Louis Figuier derives the human soul from a vegetable. He does not go as far back as the author of "The Great Stone Book," deriving all the forms of life from the elements of stone and water. Nor does he furnish any theory as to the origin of the primitive elements. It is the old story of the Grecian cosmogony. There is the tortoise to sustain the element; but the question remains, as to what supports the tortoise. M. Figuier seems, in some respects, to stand upon the platform of Robert Dale Owen and the modern Spiritualists, for he has a theory of certain forms of existence that tenant the ethereal realms of space, and that have superhuman attributes. He holds that the planets are inhabited by beings analogous to earth-born mortals, who find their ultimate home and paradisaical resting-place in the sun. M. Figuier's theories will no doubt be deemed puerile by many. But they are nevertheless interesting, as the latest outcome of the Positivist Philosophy.

An ex-army officer tells the following amusing anecdote:

The military posts in north-western New Mexico are widely separated, and mail communication between each other and Santa Fé, army head-quarters, is uncertain and dangerous, the riders having to run the gauntlet of hostile Navajoes and Apaches. The distance between my post and Santa Fé was over three hundred miles, and to facilitate matters I was ordered to survey a new and shorter route — cutting off about seventy miles. A company, numbering eighty men, was detailed for the purpose; and, as the course led partly through a wooded region, a considerable squad was required to act as axe-men. Three or four live-

ly black-and-tan terriers accompanied the command, affording no little amusement by their activity in snapping up unwary gophers, rats, mice, and other vermin. The aborigines, who frequently honored us with their presence, claiming to be "Good Indian, me," were excessively pleased at those performances. On a certain occasion, one stalwart fellow, who spoke a few words of English, said to me:

"Nantanh, heap good dog."

"Yes," I replied, "they are good dogs."

"Cut 'um ear, cut 'um tail, make 'um good dog?"

"Certainly; it is because their ears and tails are trimmed that they get around so lively."

"Aough! Me got good dog; cut 'um tail?"

"Yes; bring your dog, I'll have him fixed for you."

Next day, my Navajo friend appeared with a small, black, Indian fice, sporting a long tail, and ears to correspond. Unrolling this precious quadruped from his blanket, he signified a desire to have the job done without delay; so I called two men, and bade one hold the dog while the other docked his tail with an axe. This did not suit Redskin, who refused to trust his favorite to the tender mercies of a savage White Man, and preferred to perform the operation himself. I therefore ordered one of the men to hold the dog's tail over a convenient log, while the other held his head and fore-paws. All being ready, the Indian seized an axe, but instead of using it as any other person would have done, he swung the blade high above his head with both hands, as if the object to be separated required his whole strength. Just then, the soldier who held the tail gave it a sudden pull, while the one at the head gave a corresponding push. Down came the keen weapon, dividing the unfortunate "purp" just forward of the hind-quarters, to the infinite disgust of the Indian, who picked up the disjointed halves, threw his blanket over his shoulders with indescribable dignity, and exclaimed, in guttural accents, "Ugh! Hell! Damn! Cut 'um too short."

THE following playful ballad we are permitted to copy from the advanced sheets of a forthcoming volume of coast-range rhymes, to be issued about the first of April, entitled *Songs of the Sarahs and the rest of the Gals*, by Walkout Grinder:

FAN-TASTICS.

If I should chance to go to see
A charming, chubby, young ladie
Whose given name was Miss Fannie,
Were not that a *Fan t' see;*
A very funny, odd *Fan see?*

If my charming friend Fannie
Lived in a tiptop storie:
If she lived up in an attic,
Were she not then a *Fan-atic*,
So lifted up, aristocratic?

And if my chubby, little Fan
Loved a darling, duck of a man,
Whose common christian name was Tom,
Were not the chap a mere *Fan tom* —
However hearty and handsome?

Or if, perchance, the name of Dan
Attached itself to the coming man,
And Fan should tell her Dan to go,
Would not that be a *Fan-Dan-go?*
If not, what then? I'd like to know.

A HEARTY hater of sensational preachers remarking, the other day, upon the bad taste of those who advertise all sorts of odd and outlandish subjects to draw a crowd, a witty parson responded, "Outlandish, indeed! By the way, I wonder these clerical mountebanks never yet announced a sermon to land-speculators, from the text, "Remember Lot's —"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated into English blank verse. By William Cullen Bryant. Volume I. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This goodly volume of 324 pages, with its large, clear type, fine paper, and ample margin, illustrates the utmost that the material and mechanical part of book-making can do to make the perusal of the text a comfort and a luxury. As an elegant and tasteful specimen of book-making—in the publishers' sense—it is a credit to the country, and to the great house whose imprint it bears. In regard to the manner in which the author has executed his task, whatever differences of opinion may exist will, we think, be found, in the main, to spring from predilection and unreasoning taste in the matter of poetic form, rather than from the conflicting judgments of thoroughly competent critics. To those for whom the martial pomp and exhilarating movement of Pope's resounding couplets retain a perennial charm that defies monotony, Mr. Bryant's chaste and simple blank verse will doubtless seem tame. We acknowledge that some such impression as this remained on our own mind after the perusal of the earlier portion of the version before us. Our feeling on concluding the First Book was that something of the original had been lost in the process of translation. We missed the trumpet blare and cymbal clash of the old translation,

"The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,"

that so stirs the heart of boyhood, even when its stately march is along the narrowest confine that divides the contiguous realms of sublimity and bombast. But the superiority of Mr. Bryant's style of verse for all the purposes of a faithful rendering of the original, its superiority in all the sterling qualities needed in a translation, makes itself more and more clearly felt in the course of a continuous reading. The qualities of this style are also far more suitable to the nature of his present undertaking than to the one that preceded it. For it should be borne in mind by those who are sensible of a comparative tameness in some passages of the present work, that the original itself is so widely different in character and style from the *Iliad*, and so inferior to it in dramatic fire and animation, that some critics have been disposed to question whether the two poems could have been the work of the same author, while no less an authority than Longinus accounted for the alleged inferiority by the theory that the *Odyssey* was produced during the poet's declining years, when his powers had begun to fail. The respective merits and characteristics of the two renderings are, in some measure, illustrated in the passage, in Book Second, describing the omen of "the two eagles." The old version is as follows:

"With that, two eagles from the mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoined,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.
Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and necks they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend:
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full t'ward the east, and mount into the sky.
"The wondering rivals gaze with cares opprest,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he viewed th' aerial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew."

Mr. Bryant renders the lines thus:

"So spake Telemachus. The Thunderer, Jove,
Sent flying from a lofty mountain-top
Two eagles. First they floated on the wind
Close to each other, and with wings outspread;
But as they came to where the murmuring crowd
Was gathered just beneath their flight, they turned
And clapped their heavy pinions, looking down
With deadly omen on the heads below,
And with their talons tore each other's cheeks

> And necks, and then they darted to the right
> Away through Ithaca, among the roofs.
> All who beheld the eagles were amazed,
> And wondered what event was near at hand.
> Among the rest an aged hero spake,
> Named Halitherses, Mastor's son. He knew
> More truly than the others of his age
> To augur from the flight of birds and read
> The will of fate, and wisely thus he spake."

But no adequate idea of the excellence of the present version can be gained from single passages. The *Odyssey* abounds in narration and in minute descriptions of manners, for the natural rendering of which Mr. Bryant's unornamented and unstrained blank verse is admirably adapted. There are few who do not find it tiresome to read more than a dozen pages of the popular rhymed version at a sitting; but in the one before us, we find an inartificial charm, a certain simplicity of style, like that of a fairy-tale, which beguiles the reader along without any sense of weariness. In no other English dress do these strange old fables, these incredible narratives, these realistic pictures of primitive manners, appear so natural or so pleasing. The scene, for instance, where Nestor—we wish Mr. Bryant had found some less incongruous epithet for him than "the Gerenian knight"—entertains Mentor and Telemachus, seems travestied when described in the pomp of rhymed heroics; but how well suited to it is the modest verse of our translator:

> "Thus having said, the blue-eyed Pallas moved
> With hasty pace before, and in her steps
> He followed close, until they reached the seats
> Of those assembled Pylians. Nestor there
> Sat with his sons, while his companions stood
> Around him and prepared the feast, and some
> Roasted the flesh at fires, and some transfixed
> The parts with spits. As they beheld the approach
> Of strangers, they advanced and took their hands
> And bade them sit. Pisistratus, a son
> Of Nestor, came the first of all, and took
> A hand of each, and placed them at the feast
> On the soft hides that on the ocean sand
> Were spread. . . . .
> . . . . Brought for their repast
> Parts of the entrails, poured for them the wine
> Into a golden goblet."

Unquestionably, this is the kind of poetry into which the *Odyssey* may be best rendered, if it is to be rendered in poetry at all. It may, perhaps, admit of a doubt whether a prose rendering might not be still better than the best poetical one.

In his Preface, the author enters into an unnecessary defense of the course he has pursued in preserving the Latin names of the deities of the Greek mythology. The usage by which these names have been sanctioned in English literature is universal, and has been too long established to be now questioned. If the translator had written Zeus for Jupiter, Herè for Juno, Artemis for Diana, etc., he would have set himself up against all the poetical authority from Chaucer to Coleridge, and besides have run the risk of being unintelligible to half his readers.

THE DEBATABLE LAND BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT. By Robert Dale Owen. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

This work bears evidence of the utmost care and candor. Whatever of denunciation may be hurled at its author, he deserves, at least, to escape the charge of insincerity. The prefatory remarks, which occupy nearly one-half of the work, are dedicated to the Protestant clergy; in which the earnest author is lachrymose over the fact that Protestantism has proved such a pitiable failure. The only ray of light that breaks in amid the encircling gloom is that which emanates from the virgin lamp of spiritualism. The argument is, that every age has its specific *spiritual* needs—as well as political, industrial, and social. The crying need of this age Mr. Owen conceives to be direct aid from spiritual sources. Moreover, he contends that the Bible itself warrants the belief that it enters into the plan of God's economy to grant such aid; and the question of fact, to be decided by proper evidence, is, whether or not he is now supplying it. Mr. Owen believes that *He is;* and in support of this opinion he has carefully aggregated and classified facts—or what he conscientiously regards as facts—and has used them as the stairs on which he mounts to his spiritualistic philosophy. In this he manifests the spirit of the genuine philosopher, who always entertains a reverent regard for facts, and waits attendance upon the same.

Mr. Owen is of the opinion that a so-called orthodox Christianity still clings to antiquated dogmas and perplexities of doctrine that can not stand before the world's growth, and

hence must be subverted, sooner or later, under the increasing light of philosophical and scientific research; and that *they* only lead the world's advance who act upon this truth.

The contest between the defenders and the impugners of an orthodox Christianity is becoming more and more brisk and sharp. Controversy is the basis of the campaign. On the one side, religion is subjected to the test of reason; on the other, reason is forbidden to dogmatize within the domain of faith. To follow either process, to the exclusion of the other, is both unwise and perilous. Religion has been aptly defined as reality realized. Genuine Religion and pure Science were wedded at the creation, and no subsequent papers of divorce have severed the tie: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Science has had no quarrel with religion, howbeit the world is full of self-elected mediators, intent on reconciliation. The revealed word is the text of our being and surroundings, while science is the patient illustrator and expounder; and "the more light is shed by accurate scholarship upon Holy Writ, and the more science is studied and developed, the more both will be found to be in harmony." It would be well to remember that our interpretation of all points of revelation is not necessarily identical with the revelation itself. Some eager enthusiast starts out with a pet theory; by and by it is confronted with an ugly, antagonistic, stubborn fact, that will not budge an inch. Instead of yielding obedience, and acting as the servant of fact, he insists upon being dictator, silencing all adverse testimony, and resting upon *ex parte* evidence alone. With many ardent defenders of religious doctrine, if scientific facts seem to disagree with their preconceived ideas, so much the worse for the facts. This is a wrong position to accept. The champions of Christianity need entertain no anxiety concerning any new light in the scientific firmament. Milton, with rare good sense and wisdom, expresses, with all the energy of conviction, a truth which should be the sheet-anchor of every honest Christian heart: "Though all the winds of doctrine be let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to doubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse by a free and open encounter?" It savors of conscious weakness to be perpetually perturbed concerning new schemes of speculative philosophy. It will not do to cry down human reason—as if the mind were not as much a gift of God as revelation itself. The better judgment would say: Let reason, as well as faith, be sanctified; as it is only through the beneficent behests of reason that the truths upon which faith has its foundation could ever be apprehended. Religious enthusiasts are too apt to raise the cry of infidelity against scientific works, written in an earnest, philosophic spirit, upon subjects of legitimate inquiry. Christianity is not insulted by such researches. To deny *in toto* what we have neither seen nor investigated, is ungenerous: denial is the refuge of the weak. Dugald Stewart puts it better, when he asserts that "unlimited skepticism is equally the child of imbecility and of implicit credulity."

We believe the time is now come when this doctrine of spiritual phenomena is a legitimate subject for critical scientific research. We would add, most emphatically, that we should deem it wisdom to restrict this research to the coolest, keenest, wisest, shrewdest, most philosophical minds. It is an unfortunate subject to intrust to the unenlightened, narrow-minded, credulous, crotchety, or muddy-headed. Instead of emancipating them from the thralldom of this "muddy vesture of decay," and carrying them quite beyond the cabin of the visible, it too often ends by incarcerating the poor souls within the walls of some humane institution, devoted to those "of reason's skill bereft."

The historical argument which Mr. Owen presents, to prove that Protestantism is a failure, we leave to the consideration of the more strictly religious press of the country, simply premising that the position which he takes, in placing Protestantism and Roman Catholicism in direct antagonism, is a very questionable one; and, inasmuch as Protestantism concedes the infallibility of no mortal man—David not excepted—it need not distress itself seriously concerning the short-comings of that pre-eminently human embodiment—Martin Luther. Mr. Owen labors heroically to prove the fact of the martyrdom of Servetus at the hand of Calvin, and that such an act betrayed more blood on the hands than

in the heart of the instigator at the time—a fact which we have never heard any Protestant attempt to deny or defend. Hence, the eighteen lusty pages devoted to this are "Love's labor lost." The author, in his unsteady zeal, seems not to forget the truth, that it is the high intellects that regard the simple question of right, but to effectually stir up a stupid populace, it is necessary to display the bloody shirt of some unfortunate victim. To beget a proper irreverence for Christianity, it was wisdom to fling out an illuminated burlesque of sundry salient doctrines from Calvin's *Institutes*. To be brief, and yet explicit—in reply to Mr. Owen on this point—we may be permitted to quote the poet's terse description of the genuine disciple, as accepted by the Protestantism of today:

> "And while 'Lord, Lord!' the pious tyrants cried,
> Who in the poor their Master crucified,
> *His* daily prayer, far better understood
> In acts than words, is simply *doing good*."

We have devoted thus much space to the consideration of the philosophical portion of this rare and remarkable work, which, by the author, is deemed the preface—a mere portico to the phenomenal edifice. But, to our mind, the portico is larger than the house. Howbeit, we had best enter and take a hasty stroll through invisible halls, chaperoned by invisible guides.

A careful examination of the phenomenal portion of this work, would be calculated to wring from the credulous an apostrophe not unlike that of Hamlet to his ghostship:

> "Oh, answer me!
> Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
> Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
> Have burst their cerements!"

Aside from the stereotyped physical manifestations of table-rapping, tremendous knockings, phosphorescent lights, spirit hands melting away, migratory furniture moving about under the influence of occult agency, and the like, there are, also, spirits which are personally identified, apparitions showing themselves spontaneously, ghosts in shining apparel, betrothed ones coming back to early loves, near relatives returning for the space of six years, and numerous other attestations.

Now, it has never fallen to our lot to witness any of these mysterious phenomena. If any rapping is to be done, knuckles are generally called into requisition; if furniture is to be moved, physical force is exerted; if light is required, we must pay for and scratch our own matches, and they too often provokingly miss fire; for apparitions, our own natural face in a glass suffices in that line; ghosts of past and present short-comings haunt us quite enough for comfort; and, as for mediumistic writing, a "pity 'tis, 'tis true," that uninspirational foolscap, scratching pens, and dubious ink are all the mediums we have thus far been able to invoke—and that, by depositing a reasonable *quid pro quo*. But far be it from us to affirm, that because *we* have failed to secure these subtile auxiliaries in our behalf, that therefore such aids are not available to others. Travelers from foreign shores rehearse their marvelous experiences, give account of rare and wonderful plants, strange organisms, mysterious animal creations, queer types of humanity heretofore unknown; and we give credence to their statements, while we may have neither time nor inclination to see for ourselves. A friend details to us the sharpness and agonizing acuteness of the pain he is suffering—he calls it neuralgia: we are quite satisfied that his testimony is truthful, without for once desiring to test it by experience. A peculiarly sensitive individual may be alive to influences which produce no effect whatever upon less susceptible organisms, as, for instance, a rap at the door may, at once, suggest the visitor; how, or from whence, comes the suggestion is quite as much a mystery to him as to any one else. Call it intuition, if you please, but this only removes the difficulty a little farther off.

We will go still further: another asserts that he has had spiritual intercourse with departed loved ones through the agency of a medium. Did that medium reveal any thing not known before-time to the applicant? Were not the thoughts, memories, and hopes reflections from his own mind? When Swedenborg saw and apprehended the suffering and sorrow of friends that were thousands of miles away, who, at that very instant, were being burned out of house and home, did spirits convey the sad tidings? That were no kindly revelation. Was it not, rather, that subtile, invisible, intangible, hitherto undis-

covered force, or agency, which enables delicately constructed, sensitive, refined organisms to apprehend and reproduce the thoughts and emotions of others? Such instances might be multiplied, even though of comparatively rare occurrence. The agency seems to be akin to that which we recognize by the name of magnetism, or like that of electricity and gravitation. We may be compelled to content ourselves with its results, without attempting to detain it long enough to analyze.

To concede as facts all these mysterious and unexplained phenomena, is by no means tantamount to acknowledging the agency of spirits in their production. To the untutored Africans the watch of Mungo Park was a fetich—a living spirit: did it not move and speak? In short, it is as unwise, weak, unsatisfactory, and calamitous to misapprehend and pervert well-established facts, as to ignore or deny them. That there is a contact of the spiritual and the material, we firmly believe—"the Here feels the breezes of Hereafter"—but the soul needs no mediumistic windmill to set the current in motion. The tenderest and most sacred of all communion can suffer the presence and intervention of no incarnated earthly agency; and a revealed Christianity has quite as little to fear from sublimated Spiritualism as from materialistic Science. Truth is eternal, and will take care of itself.

AMERICANISMS. By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

He does a service to mankind who preserves the idioms and dialects of a nationality, and embalms "Language (which is Thought's body)" thus holding up a faithful mirror of the life and the spirit of a people.

The author of *Americanisms*, appreciating the fact that there is no better key to the habits and temper of a people than the study of its watchwords and nicknames, its choice of terms and phrases, has collected a sufficient number of these peculiarities, these idiosyncrasies of speech, to furnish an idea of "the way we talk." Words and phrases which are used flippantly by the masses—caught up as naturally and freely as the air we breathe—have an especial interest to the language-explorer. These cant phrases and idiomatic expressions are often descendants of a foreign ancestry—wanderers from other lands—that sail into the harbor of our modern English, take out naturalization papers, and are speedily accorded the full rights of citizenship. At the same time, many beautifully expressive words and phrases of our own, "to the manner born," which have loved each other from their birth, fall out by the way-side, and are heard of no more.

There are, we believe, but three similar works extant: a *Vocabulary* by Pickering, a *Glossary* by Elwyn, and a *Dictionary* by J. Russell Bartlett. From the last-named work we notice many accredited extracts in the present compilation.

The task of collecting this sort of material must be necessarily difficult. The license of the press, the independent freedom of daily speech, and the large and increasing influx of immigrants to our shores—bringing their own vernacular with them—greatly enhance the difficulties attending such a work. In view of these obstacles, the author deserves great credit for the faithfulness with which he has performed his labor. He gives us a compendium of this sort of literature from nearly every nationality. Strictly speaking, therefore, the book can not be said to be made up of "Americanisms," unless they are such by brevet. Among the most interesting and readable chapters is that devoted to "The Great West." The author says:

"The Great West has impressed the stamp of its own life most forcibly upon the speech of its sons. Every thing is on such a gigantic scale there, that the vast proportions with which the mind becomes familiar beget unconsciously a love of hyperbole, which, in its turn, invites irresistibly to humor. Life is an unceasing fury of activity there; hence speech, also, is racy with life and vigor. It is free as the air of heaven, and moves with the impulsive energy of independent youth, conscious of matchless strength, and acknowledging no master in word or deed. It is an intensified, strangely impulsive language, just as the life's blood of the whole West throbs with faster pulse, and courses with fuller vigor through the veins. The West has humor—golden humor, full of poetry—dramatizing dry facts into flesh and blood, and abounding in charity and good-will to all men. Words are as abundant as food, and expressions grow in force and extent alike, till they sound extravagant to the more economical son of the East. Speech is

bold, rejecting laws and rules, making one and the same word answer many purposes, and utterly scouting the euphemistic shifts of a sickly delicacy. If it becomes vulgar—and it will become so, as the sweetest milk turns sour when the thunder rolls high—the vulgarism is still what J. R. Lowell so happily calls 'poetry in the egg.'"

For mining phrases, and the peculiar idioms indigenous to California, we notice the author gleans largely from The Overland. A copious, well-arranged index facilitates reference, enhancing largely its value as a work for the library.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

The Odyssey of Homer. Translated into English Blank Verse. By William Cullen Bryant. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Forster's Life of Dickens. By John Forster. Volume I., 1812 to 1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Our English Bible and its Ancestors. By Treadwell Walden. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Ballads of Good Deeds, and other Verses. By Henry Abbey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Wearithorne, or, In The Light of To-day. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George MacDonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Aunt Patty's Scrap-Bag. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A Million Too Much. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

How will it End? By J. C. Heywood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

History of English Literature. By H. A. Taine. Volume I. New York: Holt & Williams.

The Debatable Land between This World and the Next. By Robert Dale Owen. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Collegiate Education. An Address before the Alumni of Dartmouth College, July 19, 1871. By Richard B. Kimball. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Public and Parlor Readings. By Lewis B. Monroe. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Two Family Mothers. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Deerings of Medbury. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: A. K. Loring.

From Eldredge & Bro., Philadelphia:

A Manual of English Literature: A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Bro.

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V. The entire work has been examined with most scrupulous care, and while no line of the original has been expunged, there has been a minute and most extensive correction of typographical errors, and the substitution of uniformity in style of accentuation and other matters of nice scholarship for the variations of the original. Upon this point, a writer in the *Christian Times and Witness*, of Chicago, writes: "To get some idea of the extent of the improvements introduced, I have examined the first number, containing 112 pages (one-thirtieth of the whole work), and find in it thirteen new articles, forty-two editorial additions to former articles, and forty-one foot-notes, not to mention a great number of etymological, philological, and critical additions and corrections, consisting of a few words each, which are found in almost every article. So great an advance has thus been made upon the accuracy and practical usefulness of the work, that this edition must eventually supersede the other for both countries; and so thoroughly is the revision being performed that it seems hardly possible that any repetition of it will be called for in this generation."

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VOL. 8. No. 5.

THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

MAY, 1872.

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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 8.—MAY, 1872.—No. 5.

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.

No. IV.—CONCLUSION.

THERE always has been, and is at present, a lack of reliable statistics concerning our entire vinicultural interest. The most authentic information that can be obtained comes from a few public-spirited men, engaged in the business, in different parts of the State. The official statistics are wholly incorrect, and often absurd; and this has been proved by comparing the official returns with the facts collected by reliable men, in single districts. Thus the *State Register* for 1857 gives Sonoma and Mendocino counties 170,000 vines, and in the following year only 87,000; whereas, instead of a decrease in the amount, there was an increase of 400,000 in Sonoma County alone. In the same manner, Sutter County is made to show 85,000 less in 1858 than in 1857, which is known to be incorrect. Even taking these very inaccurate figures, the *State Register* shows an increase for the entire State of 2,000,000 vines from 1857 to 1858, and gives the total amount at 4,000,000 vines in the latter year. Taking for granted that our increase has continued since then in the same ratio—and we know it to have been greater in almost every county but Los Angeles—we would now possess about 30,000,000 vines, and the number certainly is not less. The last official report places the number at 23,000,000 vines, but gross inaccuracies are found in several well-known counties, which give us just cause to consider the total amount under-estimated.

The inaccuracy of the reports concerning the amount of wine produced is still greater than that of the number of vines. Sonoma County was reported to have made 209,000 gallons in the vintage of 1870, while a detailed statement of the different vineyards showed an actual production of over 650,000 gallons. The error for Napa County was even greater than the above. The blame for these inaccuracies can not justly be laid entirely to the Assessors: they are giv-

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en a certain rule by which to gather statistics, are not paid for extra work, and so if they carry out the general tenor of their instructions, they consider their duty accomplished. The burdens upon our country people have become so onerous that they are exceedingly shy of all Government officials, be they State or Federal, and it is wonderful how poor they become as soon as such officials put in an appearance. The number of the vines becomes insignificant, they being taxed as improvements, while the number of gallons of wine that are made is hardly worth while taking down, since each gallon is taxed as personal property. The vintner feels these taxes more than would the farmer, because he has had to struggle so hard and wait so long before reaping any benefit at all from his vineyard. And the severe taxation upon our viniculturists is decidedly wrong: they should be taxed far less than the mere cultivators of grain, as they are, at this present time, far more valuable in forming a permanent population. The farmer, as is very often the case, can gather two, three, or four harvests, and then depart to another portion of the State, where the land is said to be richer. The vintner, as soon as he plants his vines, has chosen his future home, and his interests immediately extend over the welfare of the entire neighborhood.

Vineyards have been sold within the last twelve months at the rate of $250 to $400 per acre, according as they were wholly planted with Mission, or in part with the choicer imported varieties of vines. The prices are also somewhat governed by the district, and the distance from, as well as the convenience of reaching, the principal market. These prices do not include any improvements other than the vines and fences; dwellings, wine-vaults, press-houses, etc., having an additional value. The following estimate will give an average showing of the value of thirty acres of vineyard, together with improvements, and all apparatus necessary for wine-making:

Dwelling-house and furniture	$2,000
Press-house and wine-vaults	1,500
Barn and outhouses	500
Horses, wagon, plows, etc.	1,000
Casks, vats, presses, etc.	2,000
Thirty acres vineyard, at $300	9,000
Total, complete	$16,000

This statement shows that the cost of improvements and material necessary in wine-making and cultivation is equal to seven-ninths of the value of the vines, and will enable us to make a close estimate of the sum invested in California in this pursuit. Before proceeding, it must be remembered that at least one-half of the vines planted are of the finer varieties, and consequently much more valuable than the Mission grape. The quantity produced being equal, and the wine made bringing fifty per cent. more, the vines should be estimated fifty per cent. higher:

15,000,000 Mission vines, at 40 cents	$6,000,000
15,000,000 imported vines, at 60 cents	9,000,000
Improvements, seven-ninths additional	11,666,666
Last vintage, 6,000,000 gallons wine, at 35 cents per gallon	2,100,000
200,000 gallons grape brandy, at $1.50 per gallon	300,000
One-third of previous vintage, 1,600,000 gallons, still on hand, at 50 cents per gallon	800,000
Total amount invested	$29,866,666

If to this we add the amount employed by the different wine-merchants of the State, in casks, stock on hand, etc., the sum would be increased over $1,000,000, making the total valuation about $31,000,000. And the future annual increase of the investment will probably not fall short of $2,000,000, rather more than less.

The State derives the greatest benefits from the plantation of vineyards, as they have been planted during the last ten years—that is, on the hill-sides and on those lands too steep to cultivate

with any thing else, or so poor that nothing else will grow. Thus the vineyards of the future will all be planted upon the mountain-sides, and interfere in no manner with the grain-lands. Millions of acres that are now covered with *chaparral* and *manzanita*-bushes will become utilized; for just those spots where these bushes grow, if there is any soil at all, are the very finest for vineyards. Nothing else will generally grow in such places, except these bushes and a short, tufted grass, that here and there seems to cling to the ground for dear existence. The vine, however, not only thrives, but actually luxuriates upon it. If the roots are only nourished with enough moisture during the first twelve months, all is right and sure; thereafter they push forward and downward where the moisture never fails, even through the most minute crevices of rocks or cement, in a manner most wonderful to behold. In gravelly soils the roots of vines seven years old have been found thirty feet below the surface, and they have been found half that distance in crevices of the most compact cement. They extend everywhere, and where they find resistance they creep around, and attain their end at the last. It is by this culture that our thousands of now idle steep and rugged hills and mountains will become transformed into producers of value, and the laborious and patient owner will reap from them harvests of gold. From bleak and barren wastes they will become clothed in the fresh green of the vine, and their sides be dotted with prosperous and happy homes.

The cultivation of the vine in our State is, or rather will become, a greater benefit when population shall be more dense, when land is not so easily obtained, and will be more needed than at present. Then such pursuits will be followed as will best give a living on the smallest parcels of land; and the culture of the vine, in this respect, has but few equals. To make a comparison with grain, it will be found that twenty acres of vineyard will give a better income than one hundred acres planted in grain. One man can do all the cultivation of twenty acres of vineyard without help, while the fact is very different with grain; and to continue the comparison, in many parts of the State—especially in those places situated near the chief outlets of trade—good grain-land is worth, per acre, nearly two-thirds that of an old, full-bearing vineyard. To these advantages in favor of the vine-culture, add that of the certainty of a crop, in wet or dry seasons, cold or hot. See, for instance, the result of the last vintage: after two successive dry seasons, we had one of the largest crops that was ever gathered in the State. The grain, in most parts of the State, did not even give a return of the seed planted; while the vines actually doubled the yield of the previous year, in most of the wine districts; nor was this increase effected by a loss in quality, for that, too, was better than ever before. Nor is it hard to explain either circumstance. The older vines were, of course, noticed as having borne the most: it was because their roots had gone down so far that they remained unaffected by the drought on the surface—they had found their moisture below. That they are better is owing to that same dryness, which did not allow so considerable an amount of glutinous matter to be absorbed by the roots; hence the rapid and easy clarification of the wines of the last vintage. They are more delicate, and freer to the palate, than they have ever been known to be. The wines of 1871 will long be remembered by connoisseurs as the finest we have yet produced.

This fact—that the wine-producers have secured a large crop, as well as one of superior quality, after two dry seasons—has, within the last few months, caused new inquiry as to the vine-cult-

ure of the State, and given an unexpected stimulus to proposed plantations. Our population is undergoing a radical change—is losing that restless shiftlessness, that willingness to take great risks for the chance of a great profit. The desire is gaining upon us to have less profits, but to have them sure. We are losing, as a community, that inordinate desire for riches, and acquiring that for comfort, ease, quiet—in short, all that the word Home can convey. And here is a pursuit that can, and does, satisfy these longings. That it be profitably and properly carried on, it must not be conducted in the manner of a mere speculation, though it is an excellent one; but it must be conducted with the sole view of making it the seat of a future home. It wants personal care and attention; and, when this is accorded, the management of a vineyard and its products is no longer a task, but becomes a pleasure, whose growth almost reaches to infatuation.

People must not go into the business of grape-raising, as many have done, with the view of making immense fortunes. This is not a gambling, but a legitimate pursuit, and only gives a percentage in the shape of income upon the investment. Nor must those about to engage in it demand or expect too much income from their vines. Many people have engaged, and are still engaging, in the business, who, with the possession of fifteen or twenty acres, expect to live in the style of bankers; and, if the income from their small vineyards does not suffice, they become disgusted, and condemn the pursuit. This class should not own vineyards, but engage, with the same capital, in the banking business, and learn from that what a legitimate income is. The cultivation of vineyards and the manufacture of wine are legitimate pursuits. They must be looked upon in that light only, and the income to be derived will be in proportion to the amount of money invested. To get the net income of a vineyard, and the percentage of profits derived from the working capital invested, we will take, as an example, the reckoning already given for the value of a vineyard of thirty acres. Deducting the value of the dwelling-house and furniture, we have $14,000 as the amount of capital. This statement places the value of an acre of vineyard at $300, being one hundred per cent. advance on its original cost to the planter. However, we will not take this profit into consideration at all, but consider only the purchase price. The average yield of an acre of vineyard is four hundred gallons, and we will place the average value at only thirty cents per gallon. For thirty acres, then, we will have:

12,000 gallons of wine, at 30 cents............		$3,600
600 gallons of brandy, from lees of the wine and pressings, at 75 cents, without Federal tax....................................		450
		$4,050
Deduct expenses—		
Cultivation of vineyard, at $15 per acre.	$450	
Picking grapes and making wine, at 5 cents per gallon.....................	600	
Hauling lees to distillery and cost of distilling, at 25 cents per gallon of brandy	150	
		1,200
Net income.........................		$2,850

An income of $2,850, from a working capital of $14,000, amounts to a fraction over twenty per cent. per annum. Taking into consideration the absolute security of the pursuit; the positive, equal, and constant results from year to year, with hardly a chance of failure; the increased income as the vines grow in age, and, in consequence, the additional value acquired by the property; the pleasant occupation, and the inducement it gives for the establishment of a home and maintenance of a family—taking these all into consideration, there are few, very few, pursuits that can equal its advantages, compared to the amount of money required in its undertaking.

The question has often been asked,

whether the production of wine in our State will not be overdone, and the enormously increased yearly planting of vineyards soon produce more than can be disposed of? The same question was agitated when vineyards in the Eastern States began to be planted extensively; and still they go on planting, and can not supply the demand for their products. The same doubt was expressed in the different wine-producing countries of Europe; nevertheless, the multiplication of vineyards does not suffice, compelling them to resort to adulterations, to increase the quantity of wine. The different peoples of the whole world are becoming consumers of wine; and those who are so situated as to be unable to produce it draw their supplies from those countries which are more favored by Nature. The use of grape-wine, unlike that of alcoholic liquors, is not debasing in its results, and sometimes has a healthful effect. It stimulates the brain to activity, but never takes complete possession of it; nor does it ever create that uncontrollable craving for its possession, or suffering at its deprivation, as do alcoholic liquors.

It is a striking fact, that there is no portion of the globe where wine is made, that has not found the bulk of its consumers among its own inhabitants. No matter how deficient the quality, if it did not find admirers, it found at least drinkers. The cold, tart wines of Switzerland, the rough, acrid wines of Spain, and the harsh wines of Italy, all are used in their own country, and but little is left to ship abroad. Yet Italy is said to produce even more than France. It is probable that more than one-half of the entire amount of wine made in Europe could not bear a sea-voyage without spoiling, or even live to see its second year, with all the necessary care at home, without losing its qualities.

The total area of France is 203,736 square miles, while that of California is 188,981 square miles, or, in round numbers, nine-tenths of that of France; but in these nine-tenths we probably have, at least, four times the area where the vine will grow and bring its fruit to perfection, than is possessed by France. That country has 4,500,000 acres of vineyard, which, in round numbers, produce 900,000,000 gallons of wine annually, or an average of 200 gallons per acre. From facts in our possession it would only require one-half that number of acres of vineyard in California to yield the same amount of wine as is produced in France. Of this enormous yield of wine, hardly more than two-ninths are exported, leaving about 700,000,000 gallons to be drank by 38,000,000 French people, or eighteen gallons to each person annually. France has almost reached the utmost limit that she can spare for export; and as the demand still continues to increase in the different parts of the globe, their people will have to look elsewhere for supplies. California, by its climate, the extent of its vine-land, and the prolific qualities of its soil, is eminently qualified to supply this increased demand, and will no doubt, sooner or later, do so.

We have given statistics of the extent of the culture in France, to show our producers that there is no danger of overdoing the interest in our own State—to show them that it has not and can not be overdone in France. As to the average value of their entire crop, the lowest estimate would not set it down at less than 20 cents per gallon. Some of their wines are valued at very high prices, and bring, even in the first year, from $5 to $10 per gallon; while many others will not bring more than 10 to 15 cents per gallon. The low prices paid for the latter is due to their lack of body and deficiency in keeping quality. Such wines we have heretofore been unable to produce, as they have generally kept good in spite of ourselves; and wines like ours in France, with equally known good

keeping and shipping qualities, would be worth from 30 to 35 cents per gallon. This fact must be encouraging to the wine-makers of the State, for it shows that the price, as an average throughout the State, has about reached its lowest limit.

In this series of papers we have often drawn comparisons between the imported wines and those produced in our State, and, in many cases, we may have been considered severe as against the imported wines; but we do not wish to be misunderstood, for no reflection is intended upon any of the justly renowned wines of any one of the European countries. The reputation of a fine wine—no matter in what country it be produced—is always safely guarded by the true wine-lover: he sees no nationality in a fine wine—one country may be honored in its production, but its reputation belongs to the world at large. Our remarks were aimed solely at those compound liquids sent to us, literally, as ballast for ships, and called claret—an honest name to cover an imposture. To the trade they are known as *Vin de cargaison;* and this, in the French language, conveys a grim, sarcastic double-meaning, that is not easily translated. An analysis of the wines would probably better show the meaning than any translation. And still, we have had persons compare our pure wines with these imported fabrications; but their number has wonderfully decreased during the last few years, and they can no longer remain ignorant of the changes that have taken place, by our steady advance and constant improvement in quality. The Sauternes have been driven out of the market; then the German wines, and, in a few years, the importation to our State of *Vin de cargaison* will have become a thing of the past. No foreign wines will then be imported here, except those fine and truly grand wines, which can maintain the high position they have gained.

We have endeavored to lay before the reader the true value, actual merit, and real qualities of our wines, without the slightest exaggeration. We have claimed that they were the pure, fermented juice of the grape; were possessed of an inviting taste and pleasant bouquet; and beyond all these, that they have keeping and shipping qualities unsurpassed by any other wines in the world. Without having yet made a wine to be placed in the foremost rank of the grand wines of the world, we still claim that if each gallon of our production were rated, and the same course pursued with the entire crop of any other wine-producing country, that ours would out-rank the other. But we do not intend to stop there. It has taken ages to discover and make known to the world the qualities of those grand wines produced from hardly more than a dozen vineyards, and we have not yet placed the name of a vineyard among this select few; but we will, and the day draws nigh. Every season brings us better wines, the product of some newly discovered locality, planted with choicer varieties of the grape, and entirely different from any thing previously produced. And thus the circle will continue to narrow until California will proudly place the name of that future-discovered vineyard among those of the choicest of the earth. It will not be overshadowed by the crumbling walls of castle or monastery, whose very dampness is replete with memories of past violence and torture; nor will it require any of these auxiliaries to make its merits known. It will be the modest home of an American, surrounded by all the civilizing influences of our bright age, and with no past history but that of the peaceful, patient, and noble toils of its founder!

THE SECOND BULL RUN.

I PROMISED to give you some sort of idea, Bill, of how we managed to come out all right from the fight at Bull Run. I mean the Second Bull Run—not the great Derby-day of the early part of the war, when the militia got in first, making the fastest time on record; but Pope's Bull Run, where Porter misbehaved, and Stonewall Jackson so everlastingly went for our right wing in the morning, and our left wing in the afternoon.

Well, we had marched, day after day, across the red desert of Fauquier County, till we were disgusted with it—choking with its red dust, and looking more like genuine butternuts than blue Yankees. It was blazing hot; we had suffered shameful and needless defeat under McClellan; we had lost our baggage in the transfer round from Old Point; we were short of rations; we were unwashed and a prey to vermin; we had no faith in Pope; and we had a hearty and wholesome dread of Stonewall Jackson. The latter, indeed, had come to seem omnipresent: blazing his infernal guns on all sides of us every day; circling all round us, and falling upon our most unprepared points at the least expected moments. We were headed northward—retreating, as we supposed—but there stood the ubiquitous Stonewall right in our path, opening his guns on our front as we came out of the woods at Bristow. He was only fooling us there, as it turned out, while gaining time to plunder and burn an immense train of supplies at Manassas Junction; but we were confounded by his impudence and daring, and suffered the mortal agonies of anticipating a fight every day of our march. We got him out of the Junction, somehow, but not till he had stolen every thing he could carry, I notice, and burned the rest.

Somewhere near the Junction we *bivouacked* for the night—the night of August 28th—and next day we trudged back and forth round the same region, in a way that seemed so aimless and absurd that no wonder we lost what little faith was left us in the sagacity of our leaders. Some of us began to doubt if, after all, McClellan was such a fool as we had thought him after Malvern Hill, seeing the blank idiocy that had fallen upon us here.

This was the day, you will remember, that afterward figured so largely in the testimony at the Porter court-martial. We were in Porter's corps, and had good reason to remember it all. In the afternoon, the firing on our right swelled up pretty strong—grew, in fact, into a regular battle—and still we fiddled along on the road among the pine-trees, kicking up the dust, or sprawling in the shade, out of reach of the lead and iron. At last, however, we did get up and march forward. When we came to an open plain, where we could see the edge of the fight, we went into a long line of battle and posted several batteries of artillery. Here we shook out our flags and loaded our muskets; the aids and officers rode up and down our lines, and we really looked and felt like soldiers once more, seeing how martial an array we could get up.

Presently the brass guns near us ripped out a salvo, and, under the scream of the "spherical case," the skirmish line went trotting out on to the plain. Ever in the skirmish line, Bill? I tell you it is not a bad place to be—in a

fight, I mean—although you do have to "draw the enemy's fire." It's a place where there is some excitement to warm you up, and is better than that awful torpor of suspense you feel in the line just before beginning. And you have some independence, too, and can get behind a convenient tree or a hummock.

However, our skirmish line that day never got across the field, for all the bravery of our start. Somebody halted us before we were half-way to the woods, and we lay down flat on the ground, and began popping away at the woods wherever we saw the twigs move. Even this was ordered stopped. And pretty soon we were ordered up, and, by Jove! faced about and just walked back to the place we started from! Yes, sir; with the other corps fighting on our right, we turned and marched away unharmed! The whole corps marched to the rear, with the skirmish line following, until we all left the fields and filed into the same dusty road again—marching by a flank—the uproar of the battle growing fainter behind us! It was shameful! We all felt the sting of reproach, though the fault was not ours, when the wounded came straggling wearily by us. I don't pretend to know the merits of the case, or what Porter's orders were, but I know we asked each other why we were skedaddling, and we all felt indignant, though we were old soldiers enough to dread and hate a battle.

We got back to the shade again and sprawled under the pine-trees, while the rest of the army got whipped for want of our help; or, if they were not whipped, they at least won a defeat, instead of the victory it might have been.

After the firing ceased for the darkness, we began a most extraordinary series of evolutions, which we kept up pretty much all night long. First we marched very slowly in one direction, and then made a long halt, still standing in the road; then off we went very rapidly in another, only to bring up against a long halt again. Now we went smoothly, along a wood-path; and then stumblingly, among stumps and fallen boughs. Everywhere we met stragglers—great crowds of stragglers: I never saw so many before! They were moving along leisurely, or squatting round small fires in groups of two and three, boiling their eternal coffee. Their fires were burning everywhere we went. Our zigzag line of march kept taking us right over these fires, which we kicked through, scattering the embers and spilling the coffee. We laughed at the rage of the fellows we disturbed, for you know how we all despised the "coffee brigade." During one of our long halts most of us fell asleep, or went into the coffee business on our own account, and when we were waked up it was daylight.

This was the beginning of one of the longest and nastiest days of the whole war. It was evident very soon that there was a fight on hand, though at first, immediately after roll-call and before breakfast, we had apparently resumed the aimless tramping of the night before. But it began at last to look very much more like business. For we were evidently pushing forward for a position; and many other regiments were doing the same, somewhere to the westward, and facing the distant line of mountains. But I don't mean to tell you of the long, lazy day—for it was lazy, though deadly enough, too—only the end of it, and how I myself managed to pull through my own private little scrape on the succeeding night. In brief, then, we lay perfectly still most all the day—formed in column by divisions—in an old plowed field. Here we browsed on our hardbread with such appetites as we had—which, to tell the truth, were not vigorous, for that terrible preliminary silence was over us all like a pall. You know what I mean, Bill: a field of dead men,

a long waiting for something, as evident that a battle will burst out before night as that a thunder-storm is coming when the clouds roll up black and threatening. I tell you, I saw more blanched cheeks and ashy faces during that long, quiet waiting-spell than in twice the time of actual fighting.

The ground in front of us sloped gradually upward to a fence, beyond which were pine-trees. In this wood the battle burst out at last. Troops had been taking position there, and when all was ready, the lines advanced and soon woke up the Rebs. We seemed to be held in reserve at first, but stood expecting to go in in our turn. The musketry began first—a few dropping shots, like the beginning of a shower—then a brisk volleying, and then a continuous crash, with the artillery chiming in. This artillery fire gave us our first taste of the Second Bull Run. The great iron missiles came hurtling over us savagely. One, which was flying all askew, end over end, struck the ground in front, bounded like an india-rubber ball, and came smash through the two men of the right file in "A" company, just in front of me. I never saw such a sight or such a prodigious wound. The first man—Corporal Henn it was—was just about cut in two; and the man behind him had that whole shell buried in his body. Instantly, through the dust of their fall, the two dead faces were glaring back at our company just behind. It was awful! That wasn't the only trick the artillery served us before we moved, but it is more than I meant to speak of.

The wounded came streaming past us —all very jolly and full of enthusiasm. "Look at that," said an officer, holding up an arm which showed a clean bullet-hole through it; "that's good for thirty days! just the prettiest little wound a man could ask for. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for it." And our own officers looked envious, and called him "mighty lucky." Then came a fellow with a very slight hurt, but with the bloodiest face imaginable, who mopped away at the crimson gush, saying, "Whaled 'em like h—, boys; no show for you to-day." They were all merry at first as they came limping by, swearing very cheerfully and heartily, and quite sure it was all up with the "Johnnies." But as the crowds multiplied, it began to look more dubious; and when I saw the well-known broken squads of unhurt men, I knew the Johnnies had not been dislodged.

Broken and sadly diminished regiments—mere handfuls about the colors —came last, making a vain stand and show of fight. Then galloping aids and dire confusion of shouts, and instant need of movement on our own part. As our compact column faced about at the order and began to retreat in our solid block-formation, the Rebel yell sounded behind us, and the bullets came buzzing through our ranks. It was odd to see every one shrug up his shoulders as men do who are caught in a sudden rain, as if the deadly lead could be so warded off.

After crossing a small meadow run, we began to ascend a slope among young orchard trees, and here the Rebel fire was unmercifully severe. But the officers kept us in our division column and marched us straight on, leaving the poor devils who fell calling after us in vain. Near the shattered farm-house at the edge of the orchard was a battery of Parrott guns—Weed's, I think—evidently loaded and waiting for us to get away from its front; and as we parted just enough to march between the guns, an officer yelled out, "By battery, fire!" And they all banged off in chorus, just as we passed between their muzzles. It was the most confounded crash; and a Rebel shell burst at the same moment close above our heads. We were deafened and confused by the chorus of con-

cussions so close to us; but still the column kept up its mechanical march—down one slope and up another—far to the rear, it seemed, though the whizz of shells and hum of bullets were as near us as ever.

As we got on the cleared space of some rising ground, I looked back, and saw the Rebel line holding the ridge behind, and Weed's Battery, which they had taken; and, in all the field, not a regimental or brigade formation in sight, but clouds of fugitives everywhere—mere scatterment and demoralization on all sides; limping groups, and running groups, and slowly retreating groups, turning round to fire, as they fell back.

If brains and military skill were wanting in our leaders, personal bravery certainly was not. Let us be fair about this! General officers and staff officers were galloping all over the ground—close to the enemy's skirmish line, as it seemed to us.

Finally, we halted, while our Major got some orders from an Aid; and then we formed, for the first time, a line of battle, facing the enemy. How snappishly the officers swore out their orders, in bringing us out of column into line! But it was done as prettily as on parade. As soon as the line was formed, we were faced to the left. "Right shoulder shift, arms! Forward, double-quick, march!" And off we went—not at double-quick, but at a run. Evidently the danger now was on our left. Fierce as the attack had been in front, all that seemed to be a secondary matter now; and the opening roar on our left told of a movement there, portentous of further defeat.

On we went over hill and hollow, running till we panted like dogs, and I thought we should all fall from sheer exhaustion. Stumbling over the remnants of a fence, we found ourselves, finally, in a country lane, and almost as soon as we struck it we came to a halt. There was a partial lull in the firing, just then. For a few minutes, we seemed to have found a quiet retreat in that lane. Good luck or skill had taken us into a first-rate position for defense; and the lull gave time to dress our line back to the road-side. Somehow, too, the run had cheered us up: in spite of the look of utter defeat the whole field had worn, we all now seemed to feel the contagion of confidence. Our fear had all gone; we examined our musket-locks; shoved cartridge-boxes round to the front of our belts, and picked out such slim shelter as the shallow little roadside ditch could afford. The lull didn't fool us a bit, though: we knew it was coming harder than ever, in a minute. Half a dozen brass Napoleon guns came up behind us and took position on the slight rise of ground there—I am afraid to say how slight or how near; positively, we could look right into their open mouths!

There was only a minute or two of silence, in which we stood expectant, and looked across the road into the pine-woods in front. A rattling crash of musketry—a screaming yell of men—the tramp of advancing lines coming through the woods! Then the Napoleons opened; and we opened too—the first shot we had fired that day. And we must have opened to some purpose—made it lively for the Johnnies, I guess—for they never reached the fence in front. At any rate, I saw but one all the rest of the day—a big fellow, in full gray to the blanket—who climbed to the top of the fence and sat there, a-straddle, swaying back and forth, till he fell heavily inside.

But, oh! the brass guns behind us! How the gunners did dance with excitement and delight, as they poured in their fire! Bully guns, for short-range fighting! And every time they fired we had to duck down; and, even so, we got covered with grains of powder, and burning bits of flannel, and great puffs of hot smoke. I saw the gunners putting in

the powder-bags when you could not bear your hand on the hot brass.

We kept up our confidence and our courage, and seasoned the woods with the liveliest kind of firing, whenever the Rebs came marching up again; for they came back and tried it over again two or three times before they gave it up. But they made their mark upon our lines —you can bet on that! The wounded fell down just where they stood. One fellow wanted me to turn him over, that I might get at his cartridge-box, when my own should be empty, as he wouldn't want it himself. The poor fellow was dead before we left.

When the dusk fell, it was almost absolutely still. The left had stood firm against all the Rebel efforts; and now it was too late for any thing more that night. This was the end of the Second Bull Run.

We began to move off, in the failing light, a gray-bearded General—Milroy, the men said it was—coming up to us to give the order in person. And, as we marched over a small ridge, McDowell came riding up, with his staff. He rode forward from the rest quickly, taking off his hat as he came abreast with us, and shouting out: "God bless you, Regulars! you've saved the army! you shall not be forgotten! God bless you, every one!" We cheered him, in return, feeling flattered by his evident enthusiasm, for we had not before seen our own merit in so strong a light, nor realized the value of the work we had done in the country lane.

Marching down a hill brought us to a stone bridge over Bull Run. The approaches were very muddy, and the dejected stragglers were still passing over. Most of the army was across, however; and, with hardly a halt, we, too, pushed on over. We were on the middle of the bridge, I think, when the Major came riding back suddenly, as if something were forgotten, saying: "Fletcher and his picket-squad are not here! Captain, the detail was from your company; send a man back, at once, and order them in." The Captain turned to me, and ordered me to take the message, telling me to leave my gun with the Orderly, that I might go quicker, and overtake the company again more readily. And in this way I became a straggler.

It was getting quite dark as I climbed the hill; however, I had little trouble in finding my way back to the position in the road which we had held. Fletcher was already getting his men together: so I gave him the order and pointed out the way, and then started back alone. Had I kept to the beaten track, I should have had no trouble; but it occurred to me that by going through the woods on the right I could cut off considerable distance. My short-cut took me down hill rather more suddenly than I had anticipated, and the gloom of the woods increased the darkness so much that I could hardly see at all. An oozy little run of water, which was nasty to cross, I suppose helped to confuse my points of compass; for, by the time I had found a crossing-place and stood on the other side, I hardly knew which way to turn. The only thing that occurred to me was, to get away from the little stream: this led me up hill and among rocks. The path was getting very much obstructed with bowlders, logs, and dead boughs. I stumbled about for some time, getting many falls and scratches, and trying to avoid the switching which the twigs gave my face—too busy to note, at once, how the time was passing—till, finally, it came over me, with a start of alarm, that I was entirely off my course. Sitting on a rock, I reflected for a moment, then started back, to regain the road, if possible. It was too late: even the run was hard to find; harder still to cross; and, once across, I had entirely lost my bearings. The rocky ground, and the low pine bushes, were wholly unlike any

spot I remembered seeing for weeks. I tried, though, to keep a straight course, hoping it would soon bring me out of the woods; and once out, I might, perhaps, find stars enough still shining through the clouds to guide by. Presently I came to a fence, and, beyond this, into an open and grassy field. The clouds, however, had thickened so, that hardly a star remained in sight, and the few that were dimly visible I could not recognize as friends. But the strangest thing to me was, the entirely peaceful and untrampled appearance of the field. Not only was there no evidence of the day's battle, but no evidence of war, even. Fences were whole, the grass untrampled, and a by-path, or wood-road, I had discovered, seemed unworn by ruts more recent than the last spring. This wood-road, however, was a clew to the way out of my maze. I determined to follow it, till it led to friend or foe, or to some of the larger tracks which would take me to the bridge. So I kept on, careful not to lose its faint trace, through the grassy field. It took me through a spur of wood, then over a ridge, through another patch of woods, and so into a broader and more decided cart-path. Following this, now quite rapidly, I came suddenly upon the prostrate figure of a man. The stark rigidity of the form — apparent even in the darkness — told me only too plainly of the battle. I confess, I was chilled with fear. Do we any of us, I wonder, ever outgrow that dumb horror of the dead which haunts our childhood till it seems like another nature? Let none think himself above the foolish weakness till he finds himself lost by night in an enemy's country, and tries to pick his dangerous way over the awful wreck of a battle-field, in darkness and coming rain! This body was but the outlying sentinel of many others, among whom I soon crept, trembling with horror. Blankets, broken guns, canteens — the wreck of battle — the awful stillness of the bodies—the white faces! I declare, I can hardly think of it now without a chill of the old horror! Seeing a fire-light ahead, I started and ran toward it, anxious only for human brotherhood. As I neared it, my terrors diminished somewhat. I now began to note other fires — many, in fact. I was approaching, perhaps, my old friends, the stragglers; perhaps a picket outpost.

Perhaps a picket outpost — but of which army, Rebel or Union? That was a question of deep import. Andersonville, or "present-for-duty" in the morning? My horror of the dead began to grow quite faint, as I drew nearer the fire. And, in the inverse proportion, caution grew strong. Men, with arms in their hands, stood by the fire; but the lurid light made silhouettes only of their figures: their uniforms were not to be distinguished.

I hovered as near as I dared, but could not settle the matter at all. Presently, I got down on all-fours, and slowly worked my way nearer and nearer to the group. It was singular that the question was so difficult. At last, when the low murmur of voices became almost distinguishable in words, one of the men jumped to his feet. I dropped my face on my hands, and lay perfectly still — thinking myself discovered. Finding that I was not molested, I ventured to look up. One glance told the story. The man who had jumped up had gone to the opposite side of the fire, and was now squatting in the full light of the stirred embers, trying to read a slip of paper by the fire-light. The flickering glare fell upon a handsome gray suit, brilliant with new buttons and a decoration upon the collar. My horror of the dead was now wholly swallowed up by the fear of capture. Rapidly, quietly, I turned and dragged myself away. As soon as I dared to do so, I got on my feet and away

from the fire as rapidly as I had approached. The wreck on the field had lost its terrors now.

As soon as my distance from the Rebel fires gave me a feeling of temporary security, I tried to form some definite plan of escape. The stars were now wholly clouded over, and a misty drizzle of rain had set in; but, beyond perplexing me, and diminishing my chance of keeping a straight course, this gave me no concern. Walking kept me warm, and I did not mind the wet. The actual fighting had lasted so late, that it was not likely the Rebels had established a perfect line of pickets; and the irregular fire-lights proved that the outposts had been very hastily posted. To avoid the fires, and yet maintain a straight course —if that were possible—would certainly take me to the creek—Bull Run Creek—and, in all probability, I should find the Federal lines on the other side.

As the night was waning, I saw I had no time to lose; so I soon decided which direction looked most promising. At first, I had to retrace my steps in part, and even to pass rather nearer than was quite safe to the fire I had before approached. However, I ran the gauntlet safely, and was making good progress, when my attention was attracted by a low call, in a voice that sounded familiar. The call was one of such distress that I could not, for Pity's sake, help stopping to find the unfortunate utterer. And I soon found—who do you think? Do you remember the man William Blake, whom we thought so typically Irish, in spite of his English name, who came down to the fort to enlist, his wife with him, urging him on, and still crying over him and the parting? Well, it was Blake whom I found. He was wounded and quite faint, apparently losing much blood from an ugly hole in his breast and arm. He was a little delirious, and did not know me; but I had no difficulty in binding up his arm and making him drink a little water and eat something from my haversack. This revived him so that he was soon able to walk, with the help of considerable assistance from me. But he kept muttering and moaning in his delirious way, and really alarming me with the notion that his noise would attract some unwelcome attention toward us.

It was quite near the spot where I found him that we came, most unexpectedly, to a good-sized stream of running water, which might, or might not, be Bull Run—though it was smaller than I thought Bull Run ought to be. Leaving Blake on the bank, I soon found a ford, which I tested by wading; and then, coming back, I picked him up in my arms and staggered across with him. This was no easy job, with so big a baby, and, I may add, so frantic a kicker as Blake. But, in spite of slippery rocks and Blake's struggles, I was fortunate enough to get him safely over.

As I sat down to take breath, I felt tormented with doubts about the stream. Was it Bull Run? I remembered seeing on a map, quite recently, a number of streams running into Bull Run. If this was one of the tributaries only, we were still probably within the Rebel lines, and might come on one of their picket-squads at any moment. This miserable doubt was my constant companion through that long night of wanderings. The dread of all fires and embers—and we soon began to see many such, in spite of the now heavily falling rain—the indescribable anxiety I felt about poor Blake, who grew more delirious, and required more supporting constantly, the rocky fields, the drenched condition of our clothes, the nervous horror of falling into Rebel hands, and the physical exhaustion—altogether came near, I think, to upsetting my mental balance. We had had no sleep, or next to none, the night before; we had undergone a day of bloody fighting, and now, here was an-

other sleepless night! Possibly, I grew rather oblivious of time and distance. I find now, my memory supplies little clear idea of the long, wet hours. A general impression of rocks, and water, and slippery mud; of dreaded fires, with Rebels lurking near them; of darkness and falling rain; of a wounded man fast growing faint in my arms—this is my only picture of the latter part of the night.

Once, a heavy fall roused me to a sense of Blake's condition. He might be dying; and so my duty toward him at last overcame my horror of capture. I determined to get him into hands that could take him to medical care—Rebel or Federal. We were going up a hill, and I had fairly to lug him; but I did so with a will, seeing before me a long, low building, with light shining from its windows. Reaching the door, at last, we fell again, but, luckily, partly inside the building, bursting the door open in our fall. A man in shirt-sleeves came forward, and helped me drag Blake into the room, and then began feeling his pulse in a professional way that showed he was a surgeon. But still the doubt: which side—Union or Rebel? Nothing in the surgeon's dress gave any clew. I stared about the long, low room: it had evidently been built by Rebel soldiers for a winter camp or barracks. The floor was now full of sleepers, all well covered with blankets; but low moans told of pain, and a smell of ether, the rolls of bandages, the open case of instruments, etc., left no doubt that it was now a hospital.

"Go there and report," said the surgeon, pointing to a table where stood a lighted candle and writing materials. As I advanced toward it I saw, what I had not before noticed, that a woman was seated at it. A woman—what do I say? A lady—a lady neither old, ugly, nor ill-dressed. She took up her pen, as I came forward, and began mechanically: "Name?" "Do you want my name?" said I—stupidly, I confess. "No, no, no!" said she, rather pettishly; "his—the wounded man's." And so she went on, briefly—eliciting Blake's name, regiment, nature of wound, etc., registering all my answers in a book before her. "There, that will do; you can go, now," said she, at length. "Yes, go ahead, now," said the surgeon; "or, stop; are you wounded? You look utterly exhausted. Take this," concluded he, pouring something from a bottle labeled "*Spiritus frumenti.*" I drank eagerly and gratefully, and, thanking him, stepped out of doors once more. It was still raining, but it was no longer night. The gray light was growing into day, and my problem was still unsolved.

Almost as soon as I came out, I heard a muffled clatter of drums—as if the resonance of their sheep-skins had been soaked out by rain—and the shrill piping of familiar airs. The reveille was beating off. A line of men was gathering before me; but the hue of their overcoats was still unrecognizable—might be either blue or gray. As I doubted, yet drew near, roll-call began. I could hardly understand why the voice of the Orderly Sergeant sounded so homelike and familiar. Nor could I quite believe my senses when the names were plainly those I had heard called daily for a year or two; and the answers were in tones as familiar as the names. I stepped between some shelter-tents, took my place on the left just in time to hear my own name called, and to answer—with full heart and grateful lips—"Here!"

Blake came back, Bill, after six months in the Philadelphia hospital; but, to this day, he don't know how he got off the battle-field of the Second Bull Run.

CARMEN HORATII.*

O youth, I hate the Persian pride:
Those garlands that, of cost untold,
Show rich blooms linked with cords of gold,
And many a paltry pomp beside.

Let not thy white and dainty hands
Spurn common flowers; nor search with care
Those sheltered nooks, whence roses rare
Shed late perfume o'er wintry lands.

A simple myrtle-wreath entwine
Thy head, as thou dost serve the feast,
When, from all cares but love released,
I drink, beneath this arching vine.

A NAUTICAL CAREER.

HIS name was Roderigo, and he always wanted to go to sea. He thought Roderigo was the proper sort of a name for one fated to do life-long battle with the winds and waves. It was a good name for the stern-pole of a gondola; but the boy's soul soared higher, and nothing short of a gulf-stream with an iceberg in the distance could satisfy his lofty ambition.

As soon as he could walk he haunted the bath-tub, launching therein the parental slipper. Day after day those slippers cruised up and down the confines of the bath-tub, under the captainship of Roderigo. Day after day Roderigo paid the penalty of these perilous ventures, until the slippers eventually sank, hopelessly water-logged, and Roderigo turned his attention to some other species of craft, with a recklessness and a determination that was truly nautical.

Before he could swim, he came very near to an early grave in the untimely canal, but was, as usual, rescued by the inevitable amphibious Samaritan, who seems always to be lying in wait for the luckless creature that persists in tumbling into unexpected waters in a very natural, inexcusable, and commonplace manner.

Having upset in a yawl-boat the legitimate number of times; having broken through the ice one winter's Saturday and been rolled over barrels and rubbed with hot flannels in consequence, and having devoured whole libraries of sea-tales, Roderigo grew to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age; and at that very moment he made up a small package containing the fewest number of necessaries possible, and as many articles of a piratical nature as he could procure and tie comfortably under the

* "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

"Simplici myrto nihil adlabores
Sedulus cura; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus; neque me sub arta
Vite bibentem."

four corners of his great silk pocket-handkerchief: such as a dirk-knife, for instance—a very dull one, with a loose handle—a red sash, peculiar to corsairs, and some plugs of tobacco, that no sailor is complete without.

One still night, Roderigo seized this nautical toggery, crept stealthily out of his window across the kitchen-roof, and then let himself slide into the back-yard, where he came within an ace of breaking his back across the saw-buck. It was a moment of horrible joy to Roderigo when he found himself utterly free—free as the birds themselves; free to go wherever he pleased, whenever he liked, without consulting his parents. The limitless earth lay all before him: China, India, the isles of the sea, the icy poles, the shadowless equator. Where—oh where! or when! or how! should his untrammeled feet find an insurmountable barrier, henceforth and forever! This was a little flight of fancy Roderigo indulged in as he sat on the saw-buck over which he had tumbled; and, at the conclusion of this apostrophe to his mercurial extremities, he quietly arose, walked out of the front gate, closing it softly after him, and passed gayly down the street under the shadow of the houses, winding his solitary way toward the wharves at the edge of the town.

He had, like a wise runaway who knows his business, made all necessary arrangements previously. A schooner—a long, low, rakish-looking craft—with the bloody flag and the skull and cross-bones undoubtedly secreted somewhere in her lockers—Roderigo was sure of it: this piratical craft was lying quietly at her wharf when the runaway drew near. She was in good sea trim; but one thing was necessary to complete her happiness and assure her perfect fitness for the cruise: namely, a boy about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who was desirous of running away from home in the very middle of the night—one who would willingly creep out of a back window with his small bundle of dirk-knives and tobacco—who would risk breaking his back over a saw-buck and brave the sea at his earliest convenience, resolved that no man should board his ship unless he was willing to pass over the dead body of such a brave little fellow as the subject of this sketch.

Roderigo was just the boy for all this, and much more of a similar nature. He felt that if his father should request him to stay on the poop-deck of a blazing brig, he would gladly stay and scorch there, and have a ballad written of him in consequence. It was partly the bare possibility of this schooner at the end of the wharf bursting suddenly into a pyramid of flame, and of his being accidentally discovered walking up and down in the middle of it all, like a little Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego, that caused him to resolve upon ending his tedious days in her; to repel all thoughts of home; to forswear his father and deny his mother, and such other relatives as he happened to be possessed of at the time.

Roderigo walked boldly to the end of the wharf, gazed fondly down upon the narrow deck of the *Sea-gull*—which was the appropriate name of his future bride (he had called the schooner his "bride," on one or two occasions)—and seeing no one stirring on board, he hailed the Skipper in a loud voice that rang out over the water, and set several dogs to barking on several vessels anchored off in the stream. White, wooly clouds sailed rapidly across the face of the moon, almost obscuring it at times, as though she had shut her bright eye for a moment and slowly opened it again. The current swirled and eddied among the docks; and, when the dogs had ceased barking, a cock crew with a shrillness and longevity that amazed the runaway. Then all was still, save the water that seemed to be continually smacking its lips over something in a

heartless, sensual way. Roderigo had been expected aboard sometime during the night; so the Skipper slept with half an eye open, as skippers are wont to do in trying times. Soon the cabin hatch slid partly back, a faint gleam of light stole out of the opening, and threw into bold relief a bushy head and face that yawned all over, and then proceeded to inquire into the occasion of the unusual disturbance.

The matter was soon made clear to the satisfaction of both parties, and Roderigo climbed down a rude sort of ladder nailed to the side of the wharf and boarded the *Sea-gull*, where he was advised to "turn in at once and get forty winks, as the *Gull* was going down on the flood-tide about three in the morning!"

Getting down a perpendicular stairway, Roderigo found himself in a cabin about the size of a dry-goods box—the same, however, which he had admired so greatly upon his recent visit, when he was bargaining with the Skipper for the privilege of running away to sea with him. The Skipper, having pointed Roderigo to his bunk under the steep stairway, at once rolled into his own shelf on one side of the cabin, and was almost immediately asleep and snoring a kind of nasal duet with the Mate, who was likewise cook and crew, and who occupied the other side of the same little close-smelling cabin.

Now, Roderigo had never been to sea, but he had read nearly all the sea-tales in circulation. He, therefore, felt himself qualified to run a privateersman through an improbable crack in an impassable reef in a manner calculated to electrify Mr. Fenimore Cooper and Captain Marryatt, respectively.

"Why do these thoughtless men neglect the ship at this moment?" thought Roderigo; and he immediately arose from his bunk—which, by the way, he found a trifle stifling—and took himself to the deck, where he stood watch for the next hour and a half, and was as wide-awake as possible.

The water still gurgled among the mussel-coated piles, and seemed to be saying in a whisper something awfully mysterious. The moon wrote her monogram in molten silver upon the smooth, ebony floor of the water, where it was no sooner written than the ripples conspired to shatter it into a thousand animated fragments that suddenly disappeared, as though they had sunk; then the moon began all over again, and again it was broken and swallowed up, until the young sea-boy was tired of watching it. The *Sea-gull* sat like a swan upon the wave. Roderigo observed this with satisfaction, because it was the correct thing for her to sit thus, and to be ready to spread her swelling sails and bear down before the gale, according to twenty ballads that he knew by heart, and had often sung to himself, spurning the earth the while like a born rover! From time to time, drift-wood floated slowly past with the tide. An empty orange-crate passed by, looking like a hen-coop in a deluge, and at sight of it Roderigo's heart leaped within him; for he thought of the spice islands whence it came and of the possibility—yea, of the probability (with youth all things are probable)—of his being wrecked there some fine morning, and of being rescued in splendid style and instantly married to the Queen's daughter.

The youthful mariner began to think it strange that no one shrieked for help in his immediate vicinity, since he could swim now and was naturally a brave little fellow, whose greatest delight would be to rescue any one in deep and watery distress. It seemed a little strange to him that the white and glaring face of some three-days-old corpse didn't rise up under the stern of the *Sea-gull* and ask, with oozing lips, for Christian burial. Roderigo's self-appointed watch was cer-

tainly uneventful, and he thought sea-life very dull as he sat on the rail of the schooner, tied to the wharf of an old town that slept and was silent as death for the space of four hours.

By and by, a boat with two occupants stole out from an adjoining dock and sped rapidly toward the dark hull of a vessel that was anchored in mid-stream. "Ha, ha!" cried Roderigo, under his breath, "somebody else's boy will be missing in the morning!" He wanted to hail the boat and have a talk with the other adventurer, comparing notes and marine prospects.

There are very long and empty spaces between the episodes of a night. The head of the runaway gradually sank upon his shoulder, and he slept quite uncomfortably, with a pain in his side and his cap in imminent danger of dropping overboard at the slightest motion of the sleeper. When he came to himself again, he was chilly and full of aches. The east was sickly yellow; a thin mist lay upon the water, and the click of the anchor-chain assured him that the vessel was just upon the order of going to sea, and no time was to be lost if any one else chose to take the tide at the flood and be led to fortune in the prescribed manner. Down he groped into the cabin and reported the state of affairs. Now, if there is a skipper of any thing afloat—from a clam-scow to a ship-of-line—who likes to be told of his business, and finds the information particularly enjoyable when offered gratuitously by a landsman, and a young one at that, I'd like to make his acquaintance. He would, undoubtedly, be the most amiable of his race.

Roderigo received no response for some moments. The cabin seemed like a tomb, though the nasal voices that issued from its depths were a sufficient guarantee of life and breath in some quarter of it. He continued, therefore, to howl diligently that "the other ship was *histing* anchor, and that it was almost morning on deck!" Anon, the disturbed sleepers aroused from their slumbers and came on deck, swearing like a brace of troopers. It is not sure that troopers swore any worse than other people; but I know that these fellows were swearing the worst kind. Roderigo was not accustomed to this sort of language. In his library of sea-tales, the captains were fond of uttering mysterious blanks and dashes, the exact significance of which he had never comprehended. It was a new experience, and it startled him a little; but, as he was evidently right in alarming the dull-brained Captain and his comrade, they began at once to loosen ropes, and stow away queer-shaped blocks and other things—all of which delighted the heart of Roderigo with their newness and novelty—and, after some little trouble, the *Sea-gull* swung stern foremost into the stream, and drifted about for a few moments helplessly, acting as much like a wounded duck as any thing.

Roderigo was expecting every moment to collide with vessels of every description. He was calculating upon the chances of escape in case a great hole should be stove in the bows of the *Sea-gull:* his excitement was something intense, and he trembled all over, because he couldn't help it. From time to time he scanned the receding shore, seeking the familiar forms of his bereaved parents, who might be expected to implore him, from the extreme end of the wharf, to come back to them and cease roving. He resolved to refuse them this favor—tenderly, yet firmly. He needn't have troubled himself so very much, for they came not. In fact, they could scarcely have been expected to make their appearance at such an unseasonable hour—it was not yet sunrise—but Roderigo had a fashion of building up tragic castles upon lands that dissolved in the very first ripple of plain fact, and he was never

so happy as when planning a new structure upon the crumbling ruins of his very last disappointment.

In a little while, the sails of the *Sea-gull* were spread like great wings, and the schooner began to steady herself, as though she had, at last, made up her mind which way to go. Those wings flapped lazily; for the air was light, and she moved softly and almost noiselessly through smooth water. The little ripples under the bows plashed musically, and a long chain of bubbles swam after them, with a sunbeam — the first of the morning — caught in each. It seemed the most exquisite moment in Roderigo's life: that early hour of dawn, the town slowly waking out of its death-like silence, the shadows lifting with the smoke-pillars from many chimneys, and the most delicate, cool, and fragrant air breathing upon his hot cheek flushed with excitement. He looked along the docks with a sense of divination. He saw the dripping and slimy hulls under the wharves; sea-green colonnades, whose pillars were crusted with mussels and star-fish, and that needed only a tinge of moonlight to transform them into the submarine chambers of some sea-god. He saw small skiffs moving in and out among the docks, with two or three occupants, or perhaps a single one. They were gathering drift-wood, and gleaning the floating harvest of the sea. He almost wished he had been born in a sphere of life which would admit of his following the same picturesque profession: it was almost piratical in its nature, and it seemed to him even more attractive than life on the *Sea-gull*, which was growing a little monotonous, since the schooner was not so swift a sailer as he had supposed.

For an hour or more they drifted with the tide, that was sweeping toward the sea, some miles away. The town had withdrawn into the distant horizon, and looked like a single line in some poem across a page of arabesque, with a cluster of exclamation points at the end of the line, which were masts, of course. Roderigo knew the whole poem by heart. This was the most touching line in it, and he began to repeat it over to himself, with mixed emotion, as they sailed.

On either side stretched measureless breadths of marsh land. The channel was by no means a wide one, and often they drifted close in upon the reeds that stood up to their waists in water, and bowed to them in a body as they passed. Now and then, a crane stalked by them; a few, whose bodies seemed to be roosting on the top of their long legs, heard the soft ripple under the *Sea-gull's* bow, and, suddenly uncoiling their long necks, they limped away on their clumsy wings —just over the top of the reeds—till they looked like a tuft of feathers blown across the marsh. A few pelicans sailed over the water; and Roderigo thought that if they got well under way they never could stop again, unless they ran against something.

There was a sort of breakfast after awhile—a breakfast that astonished Roderigo, who had expected to take his tankard of coffee in one hand—he didn't get it at home, however—and his piece of salt-junk in the other, eating and drinking alternately, while the jolly tars relieved one another at telling the wildest yarns conceivable. Roderigo had absorbed "Tom Cringle" and all his glorious contemporaries, and the Skipper of the *Sea-gull* was by no means to be thought of in the same moment. There was, literally, nothing to do, and the *Sea-gull* led her crew a dull life, drifting slowly down stream between the lonesome marshes. In the midst of the passage, Roderigo fell asleep on deck: Nature was seeking payment for the wakeful night he had passed. He roused from time to time, only to find the same dreary, gray-green, salt-odored desert, with sometimes a fisherman's cabin near the

shore, or a stationary windmill in the distance, or a man standing motionless in the dead-level of the reeds, looking like a post; or, perhaps, to find another schooner swinging past them, with her great sails golden and beautiful in the sunshine.

The dullest hour is but sixty minutes long, and Roderigo's first day at sea—as he chose to consider it—was absorbed in a damp, gloomy mist that came out of the ocean, chilly and depressing, and by no means soothing to the minds of the seamen. Down went the anchor into the sandy bottom of the channel, that had grown to an amazing width since Roderigo last opened his eyes; down went the sails into a thick, cumbersome, moist heap, that had, nevertheless, to be clewed up in ship-shape; down went Roderigo's spirits, for the air was keen and penetrating, and his hands numb with cold. The wonderful sea was beginning to make itself known: you could feel its long-drawn breath, and hear its loud breathing, even that far away. The *Sea-gull* rocked upon the water; her booms swung to and fro in an impatient, spiteful fashion. The most miserable hour of Roderigo's life seemed to dawn upon him in the evening of that first eventful day. He went below into the close, ill-smelling cabin. The Skipper and his Mate smoked villainous pipes, played greasy cards, and drank a tin-cup full of something that made them noisy and brutal. It was the hour for Roderigo to lay his deepest plot for the capture of the schooner, and a peremptory return to his native town. Had he been in better spirits he would have arranged all these matters. In imagination, he would have seen himself, a slight, boyish hero, who had rescued this schooner from the hands of irresponsible men, and returned the same to her legitimate owners. A public reception, a speech or two of the most complimentary nature, a memorial medal, and the unbounded admiration of all his school-fellows, would naturally follow. But, alas! Roderigo was in the depths of melancholy and despair. The atmosphere of the cabin was stifling; the persistent rocking of the vessel made his head ache and his stomach uneasy; it also troubled the polluted waters in the hold of the vessel, whose very breath was poisonous. The brutes, who drank, smoked, and played till midnight, said nothing to him, save to advise him to "Turn in, youngster." Therefore, he turned into his little bunk, which was about the size of a coffin; and there he continued to turn and turn, and moan in the bitterness of his soul, and repent the sins of his whole life, but none more earnestly than the one scarcely yet a day old—the result of which, it seemed to him, must prove fatal to himself, perhaps to his mother, also, and, possibly, to the whole family. Oh, youth and inexperience, how manifold are thy sorrows, and how sorely do they magnify themselves!

When the beneficent Angel of Sleep finally visited the miserable little sailor-boy and softly shut down his eyelids, the lashes were all dripping with tears. It is needless to reproduce the *log* of the *Sea-gull*. For two weeks that diminutive specimen of naval architecture wrestled with the elements: rough winds tore her sails into ribbons; rough waters engulfed her with perpetual avalanches; the little company put their trust in Providence, and took it back again, more than once; the trough of the sea swallowed them with frightful greed, but threw them out into the air afterward, and they took hope once more; sometimes the waves shouldered them like a toy-ship, or held them trembling upon the verge of dark, cavernous abysses, too awful to be thought of without a shudder. Roderigo was of little service at such seasons: he wasn't of very much service at any time. But often he was found to be good company for the tough old sea-dogs, who seldom had the op-

portunity of looking back upon the childhood which they must have almost forgotten.

There were some days when the sea was like glass; when birds hovered about them—garrulous sea-doves, clamoring for crumbs that the runaway took great pleasure in casting upon the waters solely for their sake. At these times the deck was more level, and the sunshine usually abundant. It was a joy to lie in some dry, warm corner, and coax the Skipper and his man to reveal something of their past. They had dwelt years in foreign seas, and their hearts warmed at the enthusiasm of this boy while he listened to their recitals. They told of the Indies, East and West; of the Yellow Sea; of the Paradise Islands; of the frozen deeps, where the great whales are sacrificed, and sometimes the whalers. They described the icebergs, swimming the dark-blue seas, like floating palaces hewn out of crystals and crusted with gems—temples whose transparent walls were too dazzling to look at without shielding the eye with your hand, even as it were the sun itself. Meantime, the sails flapped in the motionless air; the reef-points lashed them fretfully, as though it were idleness to be lying there, and the canvas were to blame.

The birds wheeled about them in great circles, or sat like corks upon the water. Floating gardens of sea-moss, never so little, and as beautiful as laces, drifted down close to the side of the vessel, where Roderigo was not slow to capture them with a hook and line, and to press the same carefully, with a view to exhibiting them upon his return home—if, indeed, he ever got home again, now that it seemed so long since he was there. He sometimes thought, while he was lying upon the deck, of opening a museum of trophies gathered in his foreign travels. It was a proud thought, and a fond one; but I believe he threw his entire collection overboard, before his return—they had such a disagreeable odor.

The one foreign port that they touched at—the destination of the *Sea-gull*—could scarcely have been less interesting; yet it delighted Roderigo. There was a dilapidated wharf, tottering out into the bay. It had an unstable air about it, as though it had waded in some dark night, and, being fast in the mud, was never able to get back again; and so remained, a sort of disappointed thing, doing half-duty for poor pay. Two or three warehouses and a shabby dwelling or two were all the evidences of civilization visible. The primeval forest crowded every thing close upon the edge of the sea, and covered the place with deep, cool shadows early in the afternoon.

Three or four days of moderate work relieved the *Sea-gull* of her freights, and intrusted her with fresh merchandise; so that, one fine evening, the land-breeze took the little schooner right under the "shoulder of her sail," and walked her out into deep water again. It was as though the elements could not permit so drowsy a spot to be troubled any longer, even by that harmless little craft and her indolent crew. Then Roderigo's heart beat high; a new range of thought opened before him; every moment lessened the distance and the time that divided him from home. With his happiest dreams came half-suggested fears: accident, misfortune, death, perhaps, had wrought changes in his circle of beloved ones. His heart seemed actually to melt and run down his skeleton when he thought of these things. It was the dreadful *sinking* sensation which every living thing but the birds must feel—they, evidently, do not, or they wouldn't dive as often as they do, nor with such unmistakable relish. This was all that marred the jubilant emotions that filled the breast of that homeward-bound wanderer.

How long the hours seemed! How

light the winds, though the spray was leaping as high as his head above the weather-bow, and covering half the deck with its descending shower! Often and often he wondered if he could ever forgive himself for having uttered some harsh and thoughtless words, if he found not her to whom he owed forgiveness.

I wish youngsters wouldn't grow serious and self-accusing, and deluge themselves with penitential tears, when their infantile hearts are scarcely old enough to conceive of the nature of sin! It is pitiful in any one—this despair of the soul; but in youth it is heart-rending, and ought to be stopped. Well, there is no need of working up an illusion only to dispel it in the last line of this leaf from a boy's log. Nothing at all happened. Nobody died, nor was married, nor troubled themselves specially about any body else's business; in fact, they scarcely had time to. The *Sea-gull*, having been upon the broad waters two or three weeks, returned in safety; and one summer sunset, when all the marshes were purple and all the rivers golden, when the distant town read like an illuminated text in the midst of some green and flowery page from some quaint and melodious old record—in such an evening, the *Sea-gull* folded her white wings, and drew slowly to the shore. The sacred silence of evening was brooding over the peaceful town; there was surcease of rushing waters and of sighing winds: it was like stepping into a picture of pastoral contentment whose quietude had never been broken.

Roderigo could have knelt and kissed almost any plank in that old, weather-stained dock—he was so glad to get home again. With a step too light for earth, he hastened homeward. It wasn't far away, yet he thought how pretty a plot it would be to climb into his own little window and come down-stairs to the folks just as though he had been there all the time. He was a little nervous about his mode of leave-taking: what would they say to him, now that he had returned?—or, rather, what would they do to him, when the first joyful impulse of greeting had spent itself? He got so excited about it, as he drew nearer home, that when he again saw the dear old house, just as it was a month before, and there at the window his mother looking out as though she were expecting him; and coming from the barn his father, with milk-pail in hand, with its creamy contents for supper, which was, of course, just ready—well! he dropped his bundle in the garden-path, and ran in and fell upon the lap of his mother, where he cried himself nearly sick—having forgotten entirely the neat little ruse involving the back-window.

Of course, there was no trouble after that: Roderigo had been to sea, and got as much of it as he cared to have. He was never tired of narrating his adventures, in true sailor fashion—that is, with sufficient ornamentation to make them acceptable to the youthful mind.

Many times he revisited the old wharf, whereon he stole that memorable midnight; but he always wondered how he could have found such commonplace subjects so romantic. It was evidently the best thing that could have happened to him—that cruise along the coast—because his heart was set upon it, and nothing but a genuine experience—which is always a gospel of revelations—could have possibly upset it. His parents knew this, and, in their wisdom, they resolved to sacrifice something, and run a little risk. This was the joke of it; and, by the way, Roderigo, to this day, doesn't mistrust that those good souls knew he was going all the while. They smoothed the path for him, and made peace with the Skipper and his man, and were praying that he might not be very sea-sick the night he stole away. They heard him, and looked after him with loving and hopeful eyes. They ate a silent break-

fast, and looked intently into the bottom of their tea-cups, and said little, and thought never so much. They blessed God for fair weather, and hugged the hollow in their heart that none but one could fill, and which he had voluntarily deserted. They poured the oil of patience, and hope, and trust upon the troubled seas that surrounded the boy, and he came back a wiser and a better, and heavier weight, and greater eater—which was unnecessary, because boys always eat every thing they can lay their hands on. This is the way to do it; don't try to fight against him, but smooth the path, and the Prodigal will come back again and behave himself. But for such wise management, Roderigo might have suffered lasting injury among the dangers on the high seas.

CHINESE INTERIORS.

CORRECTLY speaking, such a thing as a Chinese interior does not exist in the sense in which I am obliged to use the words: namely, as a residence. The Chinese habitation is all exterior—all outside; nothing closed in; no windows to shut, no doors to open, no hearth round which to congregate and realize the blessed feeling of home, no bedroom wherein women can shut themselves up for a private chat: they are open to the four winds of heaven, and no secret could be safely whispered within their indefinite precincts. No beds whereon to dream again of hopes and joys faded from out our life in garish day—those twilight visions to which the lonely heart clings, to "dream the only happiness it knows." For that alone, if for naught else, it is a blessing not to have been born a Chinaman. They sleep (it can scarcely be called repose) upon oblong kind of trays made of the hardest wood—teak or ebony—and sometimes even marble, with a hump of wood or matting for a pillow, or a sort of case in which the women put their heads in order to preserve their *coiffure*. It must be understood, that, as they do not wear movable *chignons*, the dressing of the hair in the "tea-pot style" would be a long and tedious business every morning; therefore, they take this means of preventing it getting tumbled during the night. The luxury of a bed is unknown to them. The body reclines, or rather is stretched, on a board, while the head is fitted into a box.

A tray of a polygon form, containing a great variety of condiments, and a teapoy, are the nearest approach to the specialty of a dining-room which I was able to discover. The drawing-room is a nook or corner wherever a person can lounge, but without any definite locality. It is quite possible to walk a mile in a Chinese dwelling of a man of rank without being able to find where the house actually *is*. You may be escorted through massive granite court-yards, with solid columns fifty feet high, from which you ascend a royal flight of steps, and find yourself under a roof turned up at the corners of handsome fretwork tiles supported by pillars and *one* wall. Against this wall is a sideboard, or altar, on which are placed burning incense and sundry cups of tea. Tablets and hatchments are hung around, proclaiming the family honor and antiquity. Gorgeous silken banners are suspended, resplendent with gold embroidery and fringe, literally worth its weight in gold, as it is fabricated from pure gold thread. This is called the Ancestral Hall—I should say, rather a piece of one; and in it is decided all the family business and disputes of the clan, consisting often of some four

or five hundred persons. In the presence of the most learned and venerablė of the family, and upon this altar, where daily they pay their homage to their ancestors, they lay their "deposition of facts," much as our Christian oath is deponed before a Judge. Nor is it so very long ago that in Europe to "swear by the tomb of your fathers," was considered a particularly binding oath. Sir Walter Scott makes Ravenswood swear "by the lone tomb where my father's bones lie moldering." Thus, in China, they avoid long Chancery suits and the family litigation passing from generation to generation. They do not expose their home grievances and heart-sores for the careless and callous world to sneer at and embitter, but adopt the French maxim, "*Il faut laver son linge sale chez soi.*" Leaving this ancestral hall by the side-steps—for there is no door to go through—you fancy you are at last approaching the family home. You squeeze through a narrow passage of two high walls and find yourself once more in the open air, upon a bridge of zigzag construction, intended to resemble the undulations of a serpent; for, prominent as the serpent has made himself in Biblical history, he is still more important as a Chinese Buddhist, and, under his formidable aspect of the dragon, is the principal *dramatis personæ* of the whole mythology. The serpentine bridge is erected over a mud-flat growing taro-plants and exquisite creepers of morning-glory, the white bells as large as a goblet. The carving, both in wood and stone, is at once beautiful and grotesque, and the molding in tile-work or cement of green glass renders all the buildings in China singularly picturesque.

"This is all very romantic," you soliloquize; "but surely people can not live on a bridge, though it spans a tangle of morning-glories." Yet, idling there, is a woman with a child: he is seated on a projecting ornamental coping, and she, squatted in the most uncomfortable position, is endeavoring to feed him. The young rogue has evidently elected to take his *chow-chow* in that singular airy apartment. At the other end of the bridge, you walk on to a veranda, also with a turned-up roof at the corners, upon which are two lackish fish in green crockery, standing on their heads and flourishing their tails as if in derision of Izaak Walton. The coping-stone is relieved by two dragons with very scarlet tongues and equally frolicsome tails. This roof is supported by fragile, transparently carved pilasters; and it has no walls whatever, unless a handsome screen of oyster-shells set in a beautiful mosaic can be so considered. From the roof are suspended glittering lamps of crystal and painted horn, with long, crimson silk tassels. I may say there are no ceilings anywhere, the roof remaining to view with painted or carved rafters. The whole of the veranda is a mass of rich carving and gilding on wood, ivory, etc. At last we have come to seats and a lounge resembling a sideboard with the legs cut short, all elaborately carved in ebony and marble. Here also we meet a gentleman of the house or establishment—one of the elders of the family—dressed in a magnificent blue satin gown, resembling a gentleman's *robe de chambre*, save that it is closed at the bottom. This is How Kwa, one of the wealthiest men of the city. He receives us with courtly suavity, evincing no surprise or awkwardness at our unexpected visit. He bows graciously, placing his two hands together, as if shaking hands with himself (a custom I entirely approve of), and installs us upon the sideboard he has just vacated, which is still too high to be comfortable for me, as my feet have to swing. Our host takes one of the ebony stools, and makes polite inquiries as to what country we are from, which way we came, etc. Several other persons assemble and stand

about, when tea is instantly offered for our refreshment. The manner of taking it is curious. A small copper saucer holds a tea-cup of fine porcelain and saucer to match, placed on the top of the cup. You take the copper saucer in one hand, press the upper saucer with the other, and sip the tea from between, thus preventing the tea-leaves which are in the cup from entering the mouth.

Though no amateur of tea, I yet ever found the real Chinese tea delicious and welcome, after my usually long struggle through the hot and hard streets, composed of blocks of granite. My readers are aware that tea is taken in China without sugar or cream. We admired the inverse carving with deep-blue or scarlet coloring, let in instead of laid on the surface. How Kwa showed us *objets de virtu* and precious jade-stone ornaments around, and some little European trinkets, which, in his politeness, he thought we might be pleased to see. I particularly admired the flowers in pots all round the veranda—chrysanthemums, in a state of perfection only seen in European flower-shows, Chinese marigolds and roses. Forthwith our host presented me with a large, full-blown rose, which, to my astonishment, turned out to be of French manufacture, with the glass dew-drop and strongly scented with ottar of roses. Nevertheless, the idea may not be without poetry, for, wherever I place that rose, it perfumes all around. It reminds me of How Kwa, and that without the cruel alternative of "breaking the vase." It is, at least, indicative of Chinese sentiment, which is very practical and useful.

Besides our host of the blue satin gown, the other members of the family were brothers, cousins, sons, nephews—for in China relatives all live together, to the extent, frequently, of one hundred—to say nothing of the poor dependents, who seem to roost about like chickens. There was also of the party a little boy, who told me his name was A-Zoye, that he was seven years old, and could read, but not the classics! He was a very little fellow, not taller than a California boy of four, and certainly would not weigh half as much. But he was evidently the pet of the place. In common with all Chinese children, he had no appearance or expression of childhood, but rather that of a little, dwarfed man; and his green satin drawers, fitting to his tiny legs, and wadded black satin coat, made exactly on the pattern of his elders, his bald head and skull-cap, conveyed the impression of a little elf—one of the "good folks," supposed to dance in circles round the grassy knolls by moonlight—rather than of a *bona fide* boy of seven. A dozen of servants or retainers stood about, enjoying to the full the spectacle of the strangers—the *Fan kwei*, or red-haired devils, as Europeans are familiarly called by Chinese. No doubt they thought us very ugly, on account of said red hair, but were too polite to show it. I was much surprised to notice the real republican spirit which existed in the heart of this most conservative and absolute monarchy in the world. The servants lounged about, passing their remarks, and evidently criticising us freely with their masters.

The gentleman of the blue robe now led us through the veranda, and introduced us to a favorite walk of his, which consisted of a narrow entry with a high wall covered with creepers on one side and a lower one on the other, on which were a number of trees cut into the most fantastic shapes—fish on their heads again, goats, dragons, pagodas, men and women—their faces alone being made of plaster; every other portion, even to the hands and feet, were formed by the leaves and branches trained into proper proportions. These trees were real curiosities; and the Chinese thoroughly enjoyed our amazement. They seemed proud to show us some handi-

work which we could not accomplish. Some of these plants had required a century to grow to their present state of grotesque perfection. Young ones, from fifteen to twenty years, were not nearly so compactly formed. Thus a Chinese may bequeath and entail *his plants* for future generations to foster and train, just as a cattle-breeder might will his short-horns or Southdowns to his heirs. In this alley a large block of marble, called soapstone, was pointed out to us as a very agreeable couch, it being naturally the exact shape of their beds with the bolster. I quite failed to comprehend its delights, although several threw themselves upon it, to show how beautifully it was adapted for the purpose; but it appeared to me that to lie on a marble block like a sarcophagus was too much like the monuments in Westminster Abbey, and I again congratulated myself, as Tom Hood says, that by the simple accident of birth I had not been born High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo Jumbo.

Here our party met with an increase. One, in particular, was a youth of singularly graceful demeanor and refined, intellectual face. He was attired in maize-colored silk drawers and a blue satin coat, or rather shirt; for I may mention here that the Chinese upper garment for both sexes is a shirt, without wristband or collar, worn outside the trousers instead of in, which would make it appear that we have borrowed our shirts from the Chinese long ago, just as Western ladies have recently been wearing their hair in the fashion of the Cantonese sailor-girls.

A-Chee, the young man in question, was the eldest scion of the house—the first-born of the first wife of the head of the family—and was being carefully educated for a man of letters—the highest grade in China, ranking before military or civil officials. Out of this corridor A-Chee led us into a series of small rooms without fronts, and the roof considerably detached from the walls by open ornamental species of flying buttresses—cool and airy, certainly, and causing thorough ventilation. I am informed that it is left open to admit the "Spirit of the Wind"—the *Fung sui*—greatly honored by the Chinese; probably corresponding to the Roman Temple of Winds. In these rooms youthful A-Chee and a younger brother pursued their studies under the care of a tutor—a regular Dominie Sampson, with tremendous tortoise-shell spectacles—a man evidently absorbed in Chinese classics and legendary lore. Here, at last, was something like domestic household life: studios without fronts, and bedrooms or alcoves ditto; but we must not forget the elaborately carved altar-piece, where the ancestors were worshiped every evening by the tutor and his pupil. This worshiping, or, as I should rather assume, reverential homage paid to parents and ancestors, is the only religion the Chinese practice. By a graceful motion of the hand, our young host waved us to his sideboard, and more tea was handed to us. I noticed that the learned Dominie regarded us through his spectacles with a sort of suave pity—no doubt from the fact that we were unacquainted with the maxims of the wise Confucius, much the same as an Oxford Don might regard a good, honest fellow who had never heard of Socrates. He did not think it worth while to ask any questions, under the conviction that the ignorance of our answers would preclude his gleaning any information. It occurred to me that the principal reason why Chinese persist in considering Europeans so inferior to themselves in education, is because they rarely meet with great scholars—classically literary men. They are brought in contact with business men, military or naval, who are not inclined to go into philosophy; while the Chinese have a passion for abstruse learning, and would certainly hold in high veneration

any of our great philosophers and thinkers, if they could speak Chinese with sufficient fluency to convey their deep learning and erudition.

From this studio we passed into a very pretty garden, or, more correctly speaking, flagged yard, without a particle of soil visible. Through the nicks between the flags the flowers were growing resplendently, forming borders of narrow shapes. Magnificent party-colored coxcombs of crimson and gold, beautiful varieties of *immortelles*, grew in circles around their flag-beds, white and red camellias were loaded with buds. I think it would astonish our horticulturists to see the choicest flowers springing from the granite beds, and I feel that I am laying myself open to the remark, "You may tell me of the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot being picked up on the flukes of your anchor, 'cause that's in Scripture; but that you've ever seen *fishes fly*, I'll no believe."

Passing through a few more apartments, we came suddenly upon a large fish-pond of more than half an acre, covered with beautiful lotus lilies, which perfumed the whole surroundings. The pond was well stocked with carp of a very large size, and superior even to the carp of the Loire, in France. Two persons in a boat—I can not say whether male or female—were fishing. On the other side of the pond was a small, fantastic tower or pagoda of hexagon form, open at the six sides. In this pavilion some ladies were taking tea. But still, though we had been walking for about three-quarters of an hour, there were no signs of a house: veranda, bridges, quagmires, ponds, towers, and *kiosks*, yet no rooms or house where you might expect to find people living. We had now been joined by a number of women-servants—*armahs*, I presume—some with babies on their backs, tied on with red kerchiefs, their little limbs stretched out, and the little black head niddle-noddling about, looking like well-grown tortoises; others, with larger babies on their arms—and all with a file of young ones clinging to their garments. I had noticed them gathering, and peering at us furtively round corners and from narrow passages; but now, as we came near the feminine department, they mustered courage, and, clustering round us, made the children *chin-chin* us, and, in some instances, forced them to go down upon their knees and touch the ground with their forehead, as I have seen Mohammedans *salâm*. The women were obviously more impressed than the Dominie by my high color and jewelry. Now, in order to make the acquaintance of the ladies, I had to separate from my gentlemen friends; for, although the Chinese wives are not nearly so strictly guarded as those of the Mohammedan harem, yet ladies of rank and position do not receive visits or hold any converse with gentlemen not immediate relatives. Two Chinese merchants or mandarins, however closely allied in business or pleasure, would never see each other's wives, or frequent that portion of the dwelling into which I was about to be admitted. The middle and lower-class women of China mix freely with their countrymen and foreigners; while a Turkish woman must be degraded, indeed, ere she would appear before a stranger without her *yashmak* over her face. Probably the difference is, that, while the Chinese regard the practice of mixing in familiar intercourse with the opposite sex as unladylike and unbecoming, the Turks regard it as immoral. Thus, a little love-making or intrigue might possibly be carried on in a Chinese establishment without fatal consequences, when in the harem such a proceeding could have no other termination than a sack and the Bosphorus for one of the hapless lovers, and a poniard for the other. To be sure, in a Chinese mansion, such as I am describing, any

love-making, except by pantomime, would be attended with insuperable difficulties: no *tête-à-tête* could take place with the smallest degree of comfort or safety; no snug drawing-room with a *causeuse;* no *boudoir*, save where the prying eyes of seven other wives could spy round a corner. However, I do not believe the Chinese experience love as a sentiment. They know nothing of the

"Sad and mad — but oh! so sweet,"

the poet sings. And as they are married in the adolescent period, affection and passion may exist afterward, but no romance. There are no lovers' walks, no path being made wide enough for two to walk comfortably abreast. There seem to be too many people in China for any two to get a cozy nook to themselves.

Nevertheless, in spite of paganism and polygamy, I am of opinion that the Chinese woman is both modest and moral. She is married young, is rarely unfaithful to her husband, taking meekly a first or fifteenth share of his affections. If he dies, she remains his widow, very rarely marrying again. If in the lower class, she works for her own living until her children can support her. The virtuous conduct of a woman through a long life, is more highly estimated in China than in any other country. Temples are built in honor of good women, as in other countries monuments are erected to heroes and great men. But I do not know of any monument raised to commemorate merely the virtues of a woman, in modern countries. The canonization of saints in the Roman ritual is the only thing which corresponds to the deifying, or beatifying, of women of pure lives in China. In these temples consecrated to good women, there is a female figure upon the altar — the Goddess of Chastity. I should prefer saying, the Patron Saint of Chastity, as I fully believe it represents. Around are small frames with the names of such women as have been faithful to their husbands during their lives of widowhood. Sometimes there are virgin-widows, the husband having died immediately after the betrothment: these are highly estimated. In this event, the girl goes through all the ceremonies with a *paper bridegroom*. She is considered his wife, and lives with his people, true to his memory, and finally becomes one of the elect in the Temple of Chastity.

On the other hand, the custom of the Suttee is not unknown, though comparatively rare. It is not effected by immolation on the funeral pyre, as in India. But the widow will invite her friends to a banquet, array herself in a red robe, and, in the presence of her guests, rush to a rope which is suspended, mount a chair or table, put her head through the noose, and deliberately swing herself off, without any interference to prevent her. Such is the extreme, however, of devotion to a husband.

As regards modesty, their dress is, without exception, the most modest female garment worn in the world, because it entirely conceals the figure. There is no display of a symmetrical *tournure*, no graceful undulation of neck and shoulder, no dainty ankles laced in tight boots, no rounded arms to be displayed or at all discovered under the loose dress of the Chinese woman. The only exceptions I have seen to this rule are the sailor-girls, with their exquisite little bare feet and ankles—perfect models of symmetry — and the poor, wretched women-laborers who hunt the water-chestnut, far above their knees in mud: only women are employed, and even these are not more nude than our ballet-dancers, who undrape themselves for public exhibition; while the nut-hunters do it from necessity, wading in three feet of mud for five cents a day. No women ever appear as actresses in Chinese theatres. Judging from the figures of

the aforementioned classes, I should assume the Chinese women to be well formed, though small. Their limbs are round and delicately modeled; and from their dark color and a coating of shiny mud, they resembled bronze statues, in their straight and graceful pose. The contrary is the case with the Turkish women, whose dress in their harem is the acme of *volupté*. The soft, full trouser displays the movement of the figure more than any dress a woman can wear; the short jacket barely reaches the waist, and is quite open in the front, where a little soft muslin, like Francesca's hair, "naught concealed the bosom shining." The costumes of much of the peasantry of Europe would be considered as indecent if seen upon any other female. Some are utterly absurd — so scanty in longitude and latitude as to be indelicate. Our civilized fashions are a mixture and combination of all — a grand, varied complication of the monstrosities of the world — sometimes too long, sometimes too short; sometimes emulating a spring-bed in amplitude and heaped-up drapery, at others so straight that it is hard to stride on a windy day. It can never be said that our vaunted civilization has produced that first *desideratum:* refinement and modesty. On the contrary, "Fashion" runs reckless over the world, gleaning from every source—barbarous, beautiful, or brazen — with like indifference, if it is novel: now flaunting in the embroidered robes of Eastern princesses; anon seizing upon the fisherwoman's scarlet cloak, or disrobing to vie with the harem houris.

We are now on the threshold of the ladies' domiciles. Our male attendants remain behind, and the *armahs* and children convoy us in — that is to say, if there be any inside, for again we find ourselves in a vestibule, open at either side, with an altar elaborately carved, on which are colossal bouquets of artificial flowers, more tablets, tea-poys, and embroidered banners. From this apartment we pass into a narrow, twilight passage, where I hear a fluttering and a scuffling, as of a flight of birds. Turning, I come face to face with a tiny, butterfly-looking lady, who had evidently been trying to make her escape. I smile, and she smiles, but looks timorously over my shoulder. But, no; my guides assure her there are no gentlemen following me. She then takes my hand, smiles a little apologetic smile with the *naïveté* of a child and the good-breeding of a gentlewoman, leads me into the alcove whence she has just emerged, and seats me upon her bed. It was a bed, obviously; for I could see, in the dim light, the curious box-pillow and the wadded counterpane, or *mientoyl*, with which she wished to cover me, as it was rather a chilly day for Canton, and I was half afraid she wished to show me hospitality by putting me to bed, as Turkish women invite you to sleep as well as smoke. She had quite a pretty, piquant face, with a half-humorous, half-plaintive expression, in spite of the thick coating (to use a mild phrase) of *red raddle* which partially covered it. She looked me over with a childlike astonishment, without any coarseness or ill breeding; but her expression said clearly, "What a curiosity you are! so monstrously dressed, with such extraordinary hair and eyes! but still I like you." Then she slid off the bed, of which I was very glad, for it was marble-hard and cold. She led me by the hand through sundry open sheds and passages into an open, furnished, three-sided room, hung round with family portraits. The ladies were painted with very fair skins; and my little hostess, telling me a great deal about them, made me clearly understand that these dead ladies had been once as fair as I was, which seemed to afford her great satisfaction. Outside was another flower-

yard, with a small fountain and sun-dial; and passing through this, we entered a grand hall, where was seated a lady of middle age and portly presence. She had a complexion painted bright *mauve*, and good-natured, vivacious, round eyes. I may mention that the Chinese eye is often round, and rarely so oblique as represented. Frequently the eyelid is a little tightened. The color is invariably a rich brown. This lady, Madam How Kwa, *premier*, the head of the female half of the establishment, *chin-chin'd* us with great affability and no want of grace, considering that she must have weighed at least two hundred pounds. How she contrived to stand or move on her small feet — like hoofs — was a mystery, unless hoofs are constructed to bear more weight than feet. I refer the point to mechanicians. The lady at once commenced to entertain me, as though I had had a fortnight's invitation. Tea, sweetmeats, fruits, and condiments, from the polygon tray, and a pipe, were all offered, in turn. She was surrounded by three or four boys and girls, handsomely attired in silk and satin shirts embroidered in silver. They were not her children, as I understood, but a wife's who was dead. The lady herself wore six silk shirts, of different colors, one over the other — by way of being warm, as there are no fires. I ought to have mentioned that we had moved on, and now entered the nearest approach to an apartment I had yet seen. It had actually three sides, was large and lofty, with the rafters resting on the walls. The fourth side was trellis-work, open to a yard filled with camellias and china-asters, planted in magnificent vases two feet high. There was also a large banyan-tree, with its roots plastered against the wall, through which creepers were gracefully twining. This room was handsomely furnished, with ebony chairs, tables, sideboard, stools, and teapoys, inlaid with mother-of-pearl or the landscape marble. Several other ladies glided or sailed in, for the locomotion upon the distorted feet is very like the movement of a rolling vessel at sea. I observed that the best-dressed, and those of the most consequence, were all enameled in *mauve*, which led me to deduce that *mauve* was the fashionable color for a face at this time.

We were finally all seated, surrounded by a circle of chattering female attendants and a crowd of astonished children, whose round eyes never deserted me for a moment. The tea which was handed to me was very hot, and I fear I made a slight grimace, for the hostess rose, and, taking the cup, handed it to a servant. She then unfastened a beautifully inlaid cabinet, whence she took some dry tea, which her attendant carried off, but presently returned to me, the boiling water having been poured on it. Not taking it too hot this time, I was delighted with the delicious aroma it gave out; and my hostess, now watching my face, seemed pleased with my appreciation of her dainty beverage. I felt gratified at this refinement of hospitality, in giving me the very best she had. I had now opportunity to examine the other wives and ladies of the house. One who sat near a table, turning over the leaves of a curious-looking Chinese book, was evidently the "literary lady," as well as the "belle" of the mansion. She would be considered handsome in any country, and after becoming accustomed to the brilliant *mauve*-paint I could easily detect the beauty of her features. She had a delicate, aquiline nose, and magnificent, dark eyes, from which she flashed a half-haughty, half-*insouciant* glance, which seemed to say: "You see *I* am a beauty! but whether you admire me or no, is not of the smallest importance. *You* have fearfully red hair, and horrid blue eyes." She never thought of violets, of course; but boiled gooseberries. If I am any thing of a physiognomist,

that is what she thought. Presently one of the half-score babies made a raid upon my bracelet, which he carried off in triumph. This was the signal for a general onslaught of all the children, their mothers, and their *armahs*. Every ring, and bracelet, and brooch, and ear-ring was speedily under criticism, and compared with their own. The *entente cordiale* was now fairly established. My gloves next excited their curiosity, and the tightness of their fit and difficulty of getting them off was a subject of much amusement. My hands were extremely interesting ungloved, and a dozen questions were put as to how I whitened them; for the Chinese hands are many shades darker even than the face, and thoroughly brown. One old *armah*, more privileged than the rest, pinched and rubbed me, to extract some of the coloring, as she supposed. She rolled up my wide sleeves to the shoulder, to find out where the painting commenced; and the applause was great, when it was found the white went all the way up. It was evidently considered a triumph of artistic skill. She peeped into my dress at the neck, and gave out a verdict that it was all alike. I was whitewashed all over, while they were only colored to the chin. The proud beauty now evinced some anxiety to find out how my skin was whitened, which proved to me that her historical reading had not been profound, or she would have known that Saxons were naturally fair. If I could have accommodated her with the receipt, she would no doubt have appeared as a blonde the next morning. The nurse, who must have been the beauty's special *armah*, wanted to take off my boots; but this the lady decidedly negatived, in a gracious, dignified way, which said, as plainly as though she had spoken English, "If she has a secret to keep, we can not force her to betray it." Some of the other ladies thought it must be natural, though the first impression had evidently been that I was carefully whitewashed. Every lady was thickly painted white and *mauve*, or white and red, some having henna on their lips. The children, also, were painted, and their heads shaven, except the one tail of hair, which made them resemble some sort of unnatural productions in a pantomime. All the ladies were, at least, pleasant to look at. Their hair was carefully and scientifically dressed, with ornaments of flowers, gold and silver, jade-stone, and coral. The style, resembling a tea-pot, is stiff and unpoetical, yet not nearly so grotesque and monstrous as some of our own fashions, nor altogether so dirty; for although they use a great deal of a glutinous matter made from wood-shavings, yet the civilized fashion of using the fetid locks cut from the fevered head of the sick or dead in hospitals, horse-hair, jute, or masculine beards has not yet been adopted by this barbarous people. Their dresses were of the richest material, and, as I have shown, very modest. But their feet—at least, those of the principal wives—were revolting, unnatural, and very ugly to European eyes. They reminded me of Greenwich pensioners walking on their wooden stumps. The trouser hangs about the shriveled limbs as round a chair-leg; and the foot in noway conveys the idea of a pretty, small foot, the shape being so distorted as to resemble a hoof. The shoe is constructed as if to fit a pointed hoof, such as a pig's or deer's. The great-toe is thrust into the point, and the heel bound up, so as to form a direct line with the leg, instead of an angle. Thus the foot is deeper, or thicker, than it is long, and the ankle much larger than the leg—which gives it entirely the form of that of an animal. And when the small-footed woman and the natural-footed quarrel, the latter insults the former by calling her "Pig's-foot!" They practice this distortion as fashionable

and aristocratic; just as we tighten the waist to appear delicate and genteel. The Chinese think this hideous; and the unprejudiced eye would have some difficulty to decide whether it was more barbarous to make one's foot like a pig's, or one's body like a wasp's. They evince as much surprise as to what has become of the vitals of the small waists, as we show curiosity to discover where the Celestial toes and heel can be. Yet, strange to say, our modern boot, by raising the heel several inches from the ground, throws the foot into the same unnatural position as the Chinese small foot. Fortunately, it is impossible to condense the foot after a certain age, or we should assuredly see Chinese feet on European bodies: so much does Fashion distort and disfigure the wondrous symmetry the Creator has given us. In the matter of feet, the Chinese are particularly favored: the natural Chinese foot and ankle are the most exquisitely beautiful of any nation I have ever seen.

One of the wives formed the exception to the rule, as she was not painted, and her dress was of darker colors than the rest—seemingly less care bestowed. She regarded me with a vacant, semiconscious gaze, which said, "There is a show to be seen, and I have come to see it; but I don't care for that or any thing else"—just as a woman would look drearily out from the same window whence she used to note the arrival of a loved one, now thousands of miles away, or lying among some coral-reefs washed by the emerald ocean. She looks out mechanically, to satisfy the craving of an unbelieving heart which can not realize its loss. Thus the Chinese wife regarded all around her: there was something her heart could not and would not believe. I saw it in the hopeless eyes that looked out far away, yet knew it was in vain; in the mirthless mouth, which had repeated that sad truth until it twitched and trembled with the miserable weight of words. She was the second wife, as I afterward learned, and had borne a son prior to the first wife's having any children. This son had, consequently, been the object of the parents' special delight, being the *eldest*. Every thing was done to educate him for his position, as main stem of the family-tree; and, in a country where maternity is the highest and only honor a woman can expect to claim, the future reflected glory of the son shone over the mother, making her position little inferior to that of the first wife, as mother of the eldest son. Even when the first wife presented her husband with a son, the elder boy's career was already marked out; and he had continued prosperously with his studies until a few months previously, when the time had arrived for him to attend the University, to pass his examination, in order to take his degree.

Much as we esteem our University-men, their diploma does not carry so much weight as do the Chinese insignia. The Canton University only confers these once in three years, when as many as twenty thousand compete, but less than three hundred can be dubbed M.D. or B.A.

The young graduate of this noble Chinese family had evidently built upon his great learning or family influence to secure his election. This is an anxious time—for the families at home as well as the students. Thus, the weary-eyed mother must have watched eagerly and sleeplessly for the return of her son, clothed with honor and wreathed with the highest glory his young head could wear. How many heart-burnings and petty cruelties had she not borne in view of this moment; for the first wife's control over the others is almost unlimited. To triumph over all in the grandeur of her son returning laden with the richest prize the Chinese can aspire to; to see his name emblazoned with the others in the ancestral hall; to have him become,

in time, living and dead, the venerated ancestor of the clan; to know that her grandchildren and great-grandchildren would burn incense in his honor, whenever the sun shed his last ray over that home! If a woman has no ambition for herself, she is sure to nourish it for her son. How, then, shall she control her agony when the child of her love—the sustaining hope of her life—the glory of her wifehood—is brought home to her a stiffened corpse, with starting eyeballs and protruding tongue—found strangled in his stall, unable to bear the ignominy of having been "plucked," as we should term it? It is no point in Chinese morals to *bear* disgrace; on the contrary, it is considered better to flee from it by suicide. Thus, with criminals condemned to death, the alternative of suicide is permitted. Possibly, in a country so immutable as China, disgrace once incurred might be permanent for life, which would make self-destruction appear less fearful. The Chinese Hades is a mere retributive punishment for crime committed, and self-annihilation of the body is not counted as one. Thus, the eyes of the childless mother looked upon me with that distant, meaningless gaze which sorrow so often lends to the expression.

Such is a specimen of a Chinese domestic tragedy. How true is it, that we—I mean society—invent our own troubles and sorrows, and then weep our heart out over them. Children of a larger growth, we refuse to be taught that it is useless to "cry over spilt milk." That poor woman never grieved because her husband had taken to his bosom twelve or fifteen partners subsequent to herself. Yet this is the grievance which breaks the hearts of half the Western women who suffer from that mythical disease. Society represents it as the most terrible disaster—the direst calamity—yet practices it *sub rosa;* and the Western woman wails over the loss of her husband's affection as bitterly as the Eastern over the lost life and glory of her son. What a strange, anomalous world it is, when we investigate outside the ring of our own tether!

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. II.

THE first of September brings a red-letter day in the Cahroc year—the great Dance of Propitiation—at which all the tribe are present, together with deputations from the Eurocs, the Hoopas, and others. They call it *sifsandy pickyavish*, which signifies literally "fixing the earth." The object of it is to propitiate the spirits of the earth and wood, in order to prevent disastrous land-slides, forest-fires, earthquakes, drought, and other calamities.

All the villages are then deserted—left unprotected and undefended—for all the women, and all the children, and the gray-beards must attend the grand anniversary. They come in fleets of canoes, up and down the Klamath, or on foot in joyous throngs along the trails beside the river, the squaws bringing in their baskets victuals enough to last their families as long as possible—a fortnight or more. But, singular to tell, neither on this occasion nor on any other do they have any feasting. Each family partakes of its own plain messes, though the greatest generosity prevails, and strangers or persons without families are freely invited to share their simple repasts of dried salmon and acorn-

bread. Some Frenchman has said we have a hundred religions and one gravy. The California Indians have a hundred dances and one acorn-porridge.

In the first place, an Indian of a robust frame—able to endure the terrible ordeal of fasting to which he is subjected—goes away into the mountains with an attendant, to remain ten days. He is called the Chareya-Indian, which may be translated, almost literally, "Godman;" and their evident belief is, that, by the keen anguish he undergoes, he propitiates the spirits vicariously in behalf of the whole tribe. During these ten days he partakes of nothing whatever, theoretically, though, in case of extreme suffering, it is probable that he takes a little acorn-porridge or *pinole;* but he must abstain from flesh, on penalty of death. The attendant is allowed to eat sparingly of acorn-porridge only.

Meantime, what is going on in camp? During the long days, while they are awaiting the return of the Chareya-Indian, the men and squaws amuse themselves with song and lively dance, wherein they join together. Various games are played; gambling is indulged in. But singing and dancing are the principal amusements, and considerable time is devoted to teaching the boys to dance in imitation of the solemn and momentous ceremonial which is to be observed upon the return of the Chareya-Indian. Sometimes, in a dithyrambic frenzy—men and women mingling together—they wildly leap and dance; now each one chanting a different story, extemporized on the spot, in the manner of the Italian *improvisatore*, and yet keeping perfect time; and now all uniting in a chorus. Then, again, sitting in a solemn circle on the ground, or slowly walking in a ring around the fire—hand joined in hand, while the flames gleam upon their swarthy faces, ripple in the folds of their barbaric paludaments of tasseled deer-skin, and light up their grotesque chaplets and club-queues in nodding shadows—they intone those weird and eldritch chantings, in which blend at once an undertone of infinite pathos and a hoarse, deathly rattle of despair; and which I never yet have learned to listen to without a certain feeling of terror.

And now, at last, the attendant arrives on the summit of some overlooking mountain, and, with warning voice, announces the approach of the Chareya-Indian. In all haste, the people below flee in terror, for it is death to behold him. Gaunt, and haggard, and hollow-eyed—reduced to a perfect skeleton, by his fearful sufferings—he staggers feebly into camp, leaning on the shoulder of the attendant, or perhaps borne on the arms of those who have been summoned to bring him in from the mountains; for, in such an extreme instance, a secular Indian may assist, provided his eyes are bandaged. Long before he is in sight, the people have all disappeared. They take refuge in the deeps of the forest, or enter into their booths and cabins, fling themselves down with their faces upon the ground, and cover their eyes with their hands. Some wrap many thicknesses of blankets about their heads. Little children are carefully gathered into the booths, and their faces hidden deep in folds of clothing or blankets, lest they should inadvertently behold that dreadful walking skeleton, and die the death. All the camp is silent, hushed, and awe-struck as the vicegerent of the great and dreaded Chareya enters.

Now he approaches the sweat-house, and is assisted to descend into it. Feeble and trembling with the pangs of hunger, he seats himself upon the Sacred Stool. Tinder and flints are brought to him. With his last remaining strength he strikes out a spark, and nourishes it into a blaze. The Sacred Smoke arises. As no common creature may look upon the Chareya-Indian and live, so also none may behold the Sacred Smoke

with impunity. Let his eyes rest upon it, even for a moment, and he is doomed to death. The intercession of the Chareya-Indian alone can avert the direful consequences of his inadvertence. If, by any mischance, one is so unfortunate as to glance at it, as it swirls up above the subterranean sweat-house, seeming to arise out of the ground, he goes down into it, prostrates himself before the Chareya-Indian sitting on the Sacred Stool, and proffers him *állicochick*. The priest demands $20, $30, $40, according to the circumstances. He then lights his pipe, puffs a few whiffs of secular smoke over the head of the unfortunate man, mumbling certain formularies and incantations the while, and this transgression is remitted.

After the lapse of a certain time, the people return from their hiding-places, and prepare for the last great solemnity: the Dance of Propitiation. They arrange themselves in a long line—the men only, for the women do not participate in this part of the ceremony. They are vestured in all their pomp of savage trappings, their jingling beadery, their tasseled robes of peltry, their buckskin bandoleers—passing under one shoulder and over the other, and gayly starred with the scarlet scalps of woodpeckers, to the value of $300 or $400 on each. They brandish aloft in their hands their finest bows and arrows, inlaid with sinew and shells, with glinting strings of pink and purple abalones; and, if any one can boast of a black deer-skin as a trophy of his prowess, such an one is accounted beloved of the gods. No Indian can participate in the dance unless he has at least a raccoon's or a deer's-head, with the neck stuffed, and the remainder of the skin flowing loose, elevated on a pole within easy eye-shot.

Then two or three singers begin an improvised chant, a kind of invocation to the spirits; and occasionally they all unite in a fixed choral, which is meaningless, and repeated over and over, *ad libitum*. Both in the recitative—where each singer makes an entirely independent invocation—and in the choral, they keep time wonderfully well, and that without beating time. The dancers in the line merely lift and lower one foot, in slow and regular accord. The ceremony continues about two hours, during which profound decorum and stillness prevail among the spectators.

When this dance of religion is ended, all gravity vanishes forthwith: wild and hilarious shouts resound throughout the camp; the gayest dances are resumed, in which both sexes unite; and in the evening there ensues a grossly libidinous debauch.

The fire has now been kindled for the rainy season; and once the flame is set a-going in the several sweat-houses, it must not be suffered to expire during the winter.

In the vernal season, when the winds blow soft from the south, and the salmon begin to run up the Klamath, there is another *dies fastus*—the Dance for Salmon—of equal moment with the other. They celebrate it to insure a good catch of salmon. The Chareya-Indian retires into the mountains, and fasts the same length of time as in autumn. On his return the people flee, while he repairs to the river, takes the first salmon of the catch, eats a portion of the same, and with the residue kindles the Sacred Smoke in the sudatory. No Indian may take a salmon before this dance is held, nor for ten days thereafter, even if his family are starving.

It has formerly been mentioned that the squaws are under a taboo respecting the sweat-house. The Indians are thoroughly consistent in this matter, and, as they suffer no woman to enter it, so they allow none to gather the wood burned therein. Fuel for the sweat-house is sacred, and no squaw may touch it. It must be cut green from a standing tree;

that tree must be on top of the highest hill overlooking the Klamath, and the branches must be trimmed off in a certain particular manner. The Cahroc selects a tall and sightly fir or pine, climbs up within about twenty feet of the top, then commences and trims off all the limbs until he reaches the top, where he leaves two and a top-knot, resembling a man's head and arms outstretched. All this while he is weeping and sobbing piteously, shedding real tears; and so he continues to do while he descends, binds the wood in a fagot, takes it upon his back, and goes down to the sweat-house. While crying and sobbing thus as he goes along, bending under his back-load of limbs, no amount of jeering and flouting from a White Man will elicit from him any thing more than a glance of sorrowful reproach. When asked afterward why he weeps when cutting and bringing in the sacred fuel, if he makes any reply at all, it will be simply, "For luck." Arrived in the sweat-house, he replenishes the fire, making a dense and bitter smudge, while all the occupants lie around with their faces close to the floor, to keep themselves from smothering. When they are in a reek of perspiration, they clamber up the notched pole at the side, swarming out from the hatchway like rats, and run and heave themselves head and heels into the river—all "for luck."

The taboo is lifted from the sweat-house only while a squaw is undergoing the ordeal which admits her to the mysterious realm of therapeutics. This ordeal consists simply in a dance, wherein the woman, holding her feet together, leaps up and down and chants in a bold, monotonous sing-song until she falls utterly exhausted. For a man the test is something more rigid. He retires into the forest and remains ten days, partaking of no meat the while, and of just enough acorn-porridge to keep him alive; then, at the expiration of this hard fast, he returns and jumps up and down in the sweat-house, like the woman.

There are two classes of doctors—the root-doctors and the barking-doctors; the latter reminding one somewhat of the mediæval Spagyrics. It is the province of the barking-doctor to diagnosticate the case, which she does by squatting down like a dog before the patient, and barking at him like that noble and useful animal for hours together. After her comes the root-doctor, and, with numberless potions, poultices, etc., seeks to cure the part where the other has discovered the ailment to reside. No medicinal simples are of any avail, whatever be their virtues, unless certain powwows and mummeries are performed over them. It will be perceived that the barking-doctor is the more important functionary of the two. In addition to her diagnostic functions, she takes charge of the poisoned cases, which, among these superstitious people, are extremely numerous. They believe they frequently fall victims to witches, who cause a snake, frog, lizard, or other noxious reptile to fasten itself to the body, and grow through the skin into the viscera. In this case, the barking-doctor first discovers, *secundum artem*, in what portion of the body the reptile lurks, then commences sucking the place, and sucks until the skin is broken and blood flows. Then she herself takes an emetic and vomits up a frog or something, which she pretends was drawn from the patient, but which, of course, she had previously swallowed.

The Cahrocs hold their medicines personally responsible for the lives of their patients. If one loses a case, he must return his fee. More than that: if he receives an offer of a certain sum to attend a person, and refuses, and the individual dies, he must pay the relatives, from his own substance, an amount equivalent to the fee which was tendered him. A medicine who becomes

famous, is often summoned to go twenty or thirty miles, and receives a proportionately large reward — sometimes a horse, sometimes two horses—when the invalid is rich.

Before going out on a chase, the Cahroc hunter must abstain three days from touching any woman, else he will miss the quarry. A. Somes relates an incident which happened to himself when hunting once in company with a venerable Indian. They set out betimes and scoured the mountains with diligence all day, and were like to return home empty-handed, when the old Mustache declared roundly that the White Man was trifling with him, and that he must have touched some woman. No ridicule could shake his belief; so he withdrew a few paces, fell on his knees, turned his face devoutly toward heaven, and prayed fluently and fervently for the space of full twenty minutes. Somes was so much impressed with the old savage's earnestness, that he did not disturb him. Although able to speak the language well, he understood nothing the white-haired petitioner uttered. When he made an end of praying he arose solemnly, saying they would now have success. They started on, and it so fell out that they put up a fine pricket in a few minutes, and Somes picked him off, whereupon the old savage was triumphant in his faith as was ever fire-worshiping Gheber over the rescue of one of his conquerors from the deadly errors of Islam.

Also, the fisherman will take no salmon, if the poles, of which his spearing-booth are made, were gathered on the river-side, where the salmon might have seen them. They must be brought from the top of the highest adjacent mountain. So will they equally labor in vain, if they use the poles a second year, in booths or weirs, "because the old salmon will have told the young ones about them." It is possible that the latter is only a facetious excuse made to the Whites for their indolence in allowing the winter-freshets to sweep away their booths every year.

When the salmon are a trifle dilatory in coming up in the spring, it is the good pleasure of the "Big Indians" to believe that some old harridan has bewitched them. In such case, they call an indignation meeting, denounce the *suspect* vigorously by name, and send a messenger down to her booth with the information, that, unless the spell is released within a certain time, they will descend upon her in a body and put her to instant death. Before sending this warning, however, they generally wait until a few days before the time when the salmon are certain to come, or they have private advices that they *are* coming; so their dupes cry out, "Ah! they are terrible fellows after witches!"

In regard to women, they have a superstition which reminds one of the old Israelitish uses, described in the Book of Leviticus. Every month she is banished without the village, to live in a booth by herself, and no man may touch her on penalty of death. She is not permitted to partake of any meat—including fish—for a certain number of days, and only very sparingly of acorn-gruel. If a woman at this time touches, or even approaches, any medicine about to be administered to an invalid, he will die the death.

The Cahroc language is said, by those who are acquainted with it, to be copious, sonorous, and rich in new combinations. When spoken by some stalwart, deep-voiced Nestor of the tribe, it sounds more like the Spanish, with its stately procession of periods, than any other Indian language I have heard; and it is far removed from the odious gutturalness of the Euroc, spoken on the lower Klamath. In such words as "Chareya" and "Cahroc," they trill the "r" in a manner which is quite Spanish, and which an American can scarcely imitate. They are ready and fertile in invention:

no new object can be presented to them but they will presently name it in their own language, either by coining a word, or applying the name of some similar object with which they are already familiar.

They bury the dead in the posture observed by ourselves, and profess abhorrence for incremation. Neither do they disfigure their countenances with blotches of pitch, as do the Scott River Indians. A widow cuts off her hair close to the head, and so wears it, with commendable fidelity to the memory of her deceased husband, until she remarries—though this latter event may be hastened quite as unseemly as it was by Hamlet's mother. The person's ordinary apparel is buried with him in the grave; but all his gala-robes, his bandoleer, his deerskins, and his strings of polished abalones are swung over poles laid across the picket-fence. If it is a squaw, all her large, conical baskets are set in a row around the grave. It is seldom that a grave is seen nowadays which is not inclosed by a neat, white picket-fence—copied from the American, for they are very imitative. They inter the dead close beside their cabins, in order that they may religiously watch and protect them from peering intrusion, and insure them tranquil rest in the grave. Near Orleans Bar, I passed a *rancheria* wherein the graves were numerous, every one with its tasty picket-fence and its barbaric treasure of apparel hanging over it. As the long strings of polished shells swayed gently to and fro in the evening breeze, with the mother-of-pearl, and purple, and pink brightly glinting to the setting sun, while the streets of the village were silent and peaceable in their Sabbath evening repose, the faint clicking of the shells seemed to me one of the most sad and mournful sounds I ever heard. Each little conical barrow was freshly rounded up with clean earth or sand, whereon were strewn snow-white pebbles from the river-bed.

How well and truly the Cahrocs reverence the memory of the dead is shown by the fact that the highest crime one can perpetrate is the *petchiárey*—the mere mention of the dead relative's name. It is a deadly insult to the survivors, and can be atoned for only by the same amount of blood-money paid for willful murder. In default of that, they will have the villain's blood. "Macbeth does murder sleep." At the mention of his name, the moldering skeleton turns in his grave and groans. They do not like strangers even to inspect the burial-place; and when I was leaning over the pickets, looking at one of them, an aged Indian approached, and silently but urgently beckoned me to go away.

They believe that the soul of a good Cahroc goes to the Happy Western Land beyond the great ocean. That they have a well-grounded assurance of an immortality beyond the grave is proven, if not otherwise, by their beautiful and poetical custom of whispering a message in the ear of the dead. Rosalino Camarena—husband to a Cahroc woman, and speaking the language well—relates the following incident, illustrative of this custom: One of his children died, and he had decently prepared it for burial, carried it in his own arms, and laid it in its lonely grave on the bluff mountain-side, amid the green and golden ferns, where the spiry pines mournfully soughed in the wind, chanting their sad threnody, while the complaining Klamath roared over the rocks—far, far below. He was about to cast the first shovelful of earth down upon it, when an Indian woman—a near relative of the child—descended into the grave, bitterly weeping, knelt down beside the little one, and, amid that shuddering and broken sobbing which only women know in their passionate sorrow, murmured in its ear: "Oh, darling! my dear one, good-by! Never more shall your little hands softly clasp these old withered cheeks, and

your pretty feet shall print the moist earth around my cabin never more. You are going on a long journey in the spirit-land, and you must go alone; for none of us can go with you. Listen, then, to the words which I speak to you, and heed them well, for I speak the truth: In the spirit-land there are two roads. One of them is a path of roses, and it leads to the Happy Western Land beyond the great water, where you shall see your dear mother. The other is a path strewn with thorns and briers, and leads I know not whither, to an evil and dark land, full of deadly serpents, where you would wander forever. Oh, dear child! choose you the path of roses, which leads to the Happy Western Land —a fair and sunny land, beautiful as the morning. And may the great Chareya help you to walk in it to the end; for your little, tender feet must walk alone. Oh, darling, my dear one, good-by!"

It has been stated already that the *coyote* is the Reynard of the California Indians. In extreme northern California he is not actually invested with the functions of the Creator, though he does many wonderful and sagacious things; but among the tribes farther south, the Platonic Eon rests and reposes in him, for he created not only "this goodly frame, the earth," but man himself. Following are a few additional specimens of Cahroc fables:

ORIGIN OF SALMON.

When Chareya made all things that have breath, he first made the fishes in the big water, then the animals on the green land, and, last of all, The Man. But Chareya did not yet let the fishes come up the Klamath, and thus the Cahrocs had not enough food, and were sore a-hungered. There were salmon in the big water—many and very fine to eat—but no Indian could catch them in the big water, and Chareya had made a great fish-dam at the mouth of the Klamath, and closed it fast, and given the key to two old hags to keep, so that the salmon could not go up the river. And the hags kept the key that Chareya had given them, and watched it day and night, without sleeping, so that no Indian could come near it.

Then the Cahrocs were sore distressed in those days for lack of food, and many died, and their children cried to them because they had no meat. But the *coyote* befriended the Cahrocs, and helped them, and took it on him to bring the salmon up the Klamath. First, he went to an alder-tree and gnawed off a piece of bark: for the bark of the alder, after it is taken off, presently turns red and looks like salmon. He took the piece of alder-bark in his teeth, and journeyed far down the Klamath, until he came to the mouth of it, at the big water. Then he rapped at the door of the old hags' cabin, and, when they opened it, he said, "*Aiyuquoi*," for he was very polite. And they did not wonder to hear the *coyote* speak, for all the animals could speak in those days. They did not suspect the *coyote*, and so asked him to come into their cabin and sit by the fire. This he did; and, after warming himself awhile, he commenced nibbling the piece of alder-bark. One of the hags, seeing this, said to the other, "See, he has some salmon!" So they were deceived and thrown off their guard; and, presently, one of them rose, took down the key, and went to get some salmon to cook for themselves. Thus the *coyote* saw where the key was kept; but he was not much better off than before, for it was too high for him to reach it. The hags cooked some salmon for supper and ate it, but they gave the *coyote* none.

So he stayed in the cabin all night with the hags, pretending to sleep, but he was thinking how to get the key. He could think of no plan at all; but, in the morning one of the hags took down the key, and started to get some salmon again,

and then the *coyote* happened to think of a way as quick as a flash. He jumped up and darted under the hag, which threw her down, and caused her to fling the key a long way off. The *coyote* quickly seized it in his teeth, and ran and opened the fish-dam before the hags could catch him. Thus the salmon were allowed to go up the Klamath, and the Cahrocs had plenty of food.

ORIGIN OF FIRE.

The Cahrocs now had food enough, but they had no fire to cook it with. Far away toward the rising sun, somewhere in a land which no Cahroc had ever seen, Chareya had made fire, and hidden it in a casket, which he gave to two old hags to keep, lest some Cahroc should steal it. So now the *coyote* again befriended the Cahrocs, promising to bring them some fire.

He went out and got together a great company of animals, one of every kind, from the cougar down to the frog. These he stationed in a line all along the road, from the home of the Cahrocs to the far-distant land where the fire was, the weakest animal nearest home, and the strongest nearest the fire. Then he took an Indian with him and hid him under a hill, and went to the cabin of the hags who kept the fire, and rapped on the door. One of them came out, and he said, "Good evening;" and they replied, "Good evening." Then he said, "It's a pretty cold night; can you let me sit by your fire?" And they said, "Yes; come in." So he went in and stretched himself out before the fire, and reached out his snout toward the blaze, and sniffed the heat, and felt very snug and comfortable. Finally, he stretched his nose out along his fore-paws and pretended to go to sleep, though he kept the corner of one eye open, watching the old hags. But they never slept, day or night, and he spent the whole night watching and thinking, to no purpose.

So, next morning, he went out and told the Indian whom he had hidden under the hill that he must make an attack on the hags' cabin, as if he were about to steal some fire, while he (the *coyote*) was in it. He then went back and asked the hags to admit him again, which they did, as they did not think a *coyote* could steal any fire. He stood close by the casket of fire, and when the Indian made a rush on the cabin, and the hags dashed out after him at one door, the *coyote* seized a brand in his teeth and ran out at the other door. He almost flew over the ground; but the hags saw the sparks flying, and gave chase, and gained on him fast. But by the time he was out of breath he reached the cougar, who took the brand and ran with it to the bear, and so on, each animal barely having time to give it to the next before the hags came up.

The next to the last in the line was the ground-squirrel. He took the brand and ran so fast with it that his tail got afire, and he curled it up over his back, and so burned the black spot we see to this day, just behind his fore-shoulders. Last of all was the frog; but he, poor brute! could not run at all: so he opened his mouth wide, and the squirrel chucked the fire into it, and he swallowed it down with a gulp. Then he turned and gave a great jump; but the hags were so close in pursuit that one of them seized him by the tail (he was a tadpole then) and tweaked it off, and that is the reason why frogs have no tails to this day. He swam under water a long distance—as long as he could hold his breath—then came up, and spit out the fire into a log of drift-wood; and there it has stayed safe ever since: so that when an Indian rubs two pieces of wood together the fire comes forth.

COYOTES DANCING WITH THE STARS.

After Chareya gave the *coyote* so much cunning, he became very ambitious, and wanted to do many things which were

very much too hard for him, and which Chareya never intended he should do. One of them once got so conceited that he thought he could dance with the stars; and so he asked one of them to fly close to the top of a mountain, and take him by the paw, and let him dance once around through the sky. The star only laughed at him, and winked its eyes; but the next night when it came around it sailed close to the mountain, and took the *coyote* by the paw, and flew away with him through the sky. But the foolish *coyote* soon grew tired of dancing in this way, and could not wait for the star to come around to the mountain again. He looked down at the earth, and it seemed quite near to him; and as the star could not wait or fly low just then, he let go and leaped down. Poor *coyote!* He was ten whole snows in falling, and when he at last struck the earth he was smashed as flat as a willow mat.

Another one, not taking warning from this dreadful example, asked a star to let him dance once around through the sky. The star tried to dissuade him from the foolhardy undertaking, but it was of no avail; the silly animal would not be convinced. Every night, when the star came around, he would squat on top of a mountain and bark, until the star grew tired of his noise. So, one night, it sailed close down to the mountain, and told the *coyote* to be quick, for it could not wait; and up he jumped, and caught it with his paw, and went dancing away through the great blue heaven. He, too, soon grew tired, and asked the star to stop and let him rest awhile. But the star told him it could not stop, for Chareya had made it to keep moving all the while. Then he tried to get on the star and ride, but it was too small. Thus he was compelled to keep on dancing — dangling down from one paw; and one piece of his body after another dropped off, until there was only one paw left hanging to the star.

The interpretation of these fables is not difficult. That one about the *coyotes* dancing with the stars manifestly took its origin from the Indians observing meteors, or shooting-stars. A falling star is one which is sailing down to the mountain, to take on board the adventurous beast; while the large meteor which bursts in mid-heaven, with visible shards falling from it, is the unlucky aëronaut dropping down, limb after limb. Probably that one concerning the origin of salmon hints at some ancient obstruction in the mouth of the Klamath — a cataract or something of the sort—which prevented the salmon from ascending. The fable respecting the origin of fire, like the Eastern Indian story of Michabo — the Great White One — is simply a sun-myth, with which is mingled a very weak analogue to the Greek fire-myth of Prometheus. The coming of the firebrand from the East, carried by the various animals in succession, is the daily progress of the sun, while the pursuing hags are the darkness which follows after. Of course, this poor little story of the Indians is not for a moment to be compared with the majestic tragedy wrought out by the sublime and gorgeous imagination of the Greeks; and it suffers seriously even when set alongside of the ingenious Algonquin myth of Michabo. It falls not a little behind it in imaginative power, albeit there is in it, as in most of the California fables, an element of practical humor and of slyness which is lacking in the Atlantic Indian legends. Though the Cahrocs are probably the finest tribe in the State, their imagination is not only feeble, but gratuitously filthy. This is shown in their tradition of the Flood, which can not be recited here, on account of its infamous vileness.

STORY OF KLAMATH JIM.

Early in the year 1871 an Indian called Klamath Jim did a murder on a

White Man in Orleans.Bar, and by due process of law he was tried, condemned, and hanged. In the presence of his doom, even when the fatal hour was hard by, he exhibited the strange and stoical apathy of his race in prospect of dissolution. He might almost have been said, like Daniel Webster, to have coolly anatomized his sensations as he went down to his death. He asked the Sheriff curious and many questions on the grim topic: how the hanging was performed; how long it lasted; whether it would give him any pain; whether an Indian could die as quickly when hanging in an erect posture as when lying in his blanket; whether his *spirit* would not also be strangled and rendered unable to fly away to the Happy Western Land, etc. In going to the gallows he walked with nerve and balance, tranquilly puffing a cigar; and he mounted the scaffold with an unfaltering tread, daintily held out his cigar and filliped off the ashes with his little finger, took a final whiff, then tossed it over his shoulder. He assisted the Sheriff in adjusting the noose about his neck, shook that officer's trembling hand without the tremor of a muscle, spoke a few parting words without the least quivering of voice, and then the drop descended; and his soul went suddenly out on its dark flight.

The Cahrocs had quietly acquiesced in the execution; but they were not well pleased, and now, though they dared not make open insurrection against the Whites, their astute medicines and soothsayers concocted a story which was intended to encourage their countrymen ultimately to revolt. They pretended they had a revelation, and that all the Cahrocs who had died since the beginning of time had experienced a resurrection, and were returning from the Land of Shadows, to wreak a grim vengeance on the Whites, and sweep them utterly off the earth. They were somewhere far toward the rising sun, advancing in uncounted armies; and Chareya himself was at their head, leading them on, and with his hands parting the mountains alternately to right and left, opening a level road for the slow-coming myriads. It was the return of

> "The innumerable caravan, which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death."

The medicines pretended to have been out and seen this great company, and they reported to their willing dupes that they were pigmies in stature, but like the Indians of to-day in every other regard. Klamath Jim was with them—the soul and inspiration of this majestic movement of vengeance, counselor to Chareya himself.

As week after week slipped away, until six moons were counted, and none of this mighty host made their appearance, and none more than usual of the Palefaces sickened and dropped into their graves, the people began to clamor against the medicines and the soothsayers, and they began to cry unto them, "Where are your gods?" Then the medicines and the soothsayers took counsel together; and they published to the angry people that Chareya had changed his mind and interceded for the Palefaces, persuading the risen Cahrocs not to slay them off the face of the earth, for that the Palefaces had taught them many things; and that if they were now destroyed, the Indians themselves would presently perish, in their helplessness. This caused jangling and delay in the camp, because the voice of Klamath Jim was still lifted up for revenge. Therefore, seeing he was implacable, Chareya slew him; but, at the intercession of his fellow-*redivivi*, he called him back from the Land of Shadows. Having now been twice abolished and twice restored to life, Jim also changed his ferocity into loving-kindness, and he and Chareya together prevailed on the people, and

appeased them; and the great multitude that no man could number turned them about, and went quietly back and got into their little graves.

This cock-and-bull story is utterly contemptible, except as connected with the actual facts. The leaders had hoped that when they announced the approach of the dead-walkers, the people would rise in mutiny; but the latter had once tasted the quality of George Crook's cold lead, and they preferred to let the dead men try their hands first. For some time, it was said, they were on the very tiptoe of expectation; but, finally, the plot of revolt had to be abandoned, and all remained quiet on the Klamath. It also has some value as showing the singular clannishness of the California tribes. The leaders considered that it would seem more probable to their dupes that the dead Cahrocs were coming back to help them, rather than the living Eurocs, Hoopas, or any of their neighbors.

THE PARTING.

The white sands glowed in the evening sun,
The tides rushed in, and the ships sailed by;
The circling sea-birds screamed shrill and high,
And the rugged headlands loomed gaunt and dun.

Two shadows stretched on the narrowing beach,
As the tides rushed in, and the sailors sung;
Two hearts were bitter, and hot, and wrung
With the passionate pain of a parting speech.

The drift-wood was strewn on the furrowed shore—
The ruin and wreck of the mariner's hopes;
Half buried in sand were the severed ropes
That should steady the tall masts never more.

Nor the moldering planks, nor the rusting chain,
Shrouded and covered with green sea-moss,
Told half so well of tempest and loss
As the lives that could never be one again.

Though the hot hands clung, and though palms were pressed,
'Twas the dark, sad ending, just begun—
The dawn of grief, with the sinking sun,
And the chill of the grave on lips caressed.

* * * * * * * *

The shadows were gone, and the chain and spar
Were washed and hid by the rising foam;
The white-sailed vessels, bound fair for home,
Left swiftly behind them the harbor-bar.

Though the sun at evening be red as wine,
Though the ships sail on, the sands gleam white,
Ah! ne'er again in the tender light
Shall their shadows mingle, their hands entwine.

ABIGAIL RAY'S VISION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

AT the close of the elocution lesson on the same evening—the class had now dwindled to four members—Miss Ray informed me that Mrs. Weir's sister and brother-in-law had that morning arrived from Oregon, and taken up their quarters at the Barracks. Mrs. Mozely—such was the lady's name—was afflicted by a disease that had baffled the skill of the Portland physicians, and her husband had brought her to San Francisco to obtain the best medical advice that could be had on the coast. Miss Ray added that she had seen the invalid, and found herself singularly interested in her.

The next morning, Mr. Mozely made his first appearance in our domestic circle, at the breakfast-table. He had an air of profound depression, and scarcely joined in the general conversation; but his appearance and manner produced the impression of a man broken down by trouble or misfortune. Mrs. Mozely took her meals in her room, out of which she never stirred, and where she saw none of the household except her sister and Miss Ray. In a short time, it came to be generally understood that her case was regarded as incurable, and that, in all probability, she would never leave the house alive. We only met Mr. Mozely at table, and occasionally late in the evening, when he came down into the dining-room with his pipe, to smoke and pace the long apartment for half an hour before bed-time. With the exception of the brief periods thus employed, he spent nearly the entire twenty-four hours in the sick-room.

The Barracks was an extensive building, which had been originally designed for a girls' boarding-school, or, in the more ambitious phrase of its founder, "A Classical Institute for Young Ladies." This educational enterprise having proved a pecuniary failure, in consequence of the too expansive scale upon which it had been projected, the "Institute" building, after standing for a long while unoccupied, was finally let for a boarding-house. The wide halls, the numerous staircases, the spacious rooms—many of them now unoccupied and unfurnished—gave the house a lonely and gloomy aspect. The dormitory, which still retained enough of its old appointments to suggest its former use; the great school-room with its forlorn array of dusty maps and charts, and its continuous wall of black-board from which the last school-exercises traced by the girlish fingers of the scattered flock had never been erased—these once so cheerful with the overflow of youthful life and merriment, now so deserted and silent, seemed pervaded by a ghostly atmosphere and haunted by feeble, melancholy echoes. It was probably some of these features of the establishment that had suggested the name by which it had come to be familiarly designated by its inmates at the time of which I am writing.

The apartments assigned to the Mozelys were at a remote extremity of the third story of the building, with no rooms that were occupied immediately adjoining them. Mr. Crapely, myself, and two others of the gentlemen boarders were lodged on the same floor, but nearer to the main stairway communicating with the lower stories. Crapely was, I think,

the first person in the house to speak of a certain heavy, peculiar effluvium which he fancied emanated from the apartment of the invalid. Soon, however, the rest of the lodgers in that quarter of the house declared one after another that they had become sensible of the same thing. The odor was strange and pungent, rather than intrinsically disagreeable, and there was nothing in it that was otherwise offensive than through its association with a mysterious and fatal malady. I was myself inclined to attribute it to some drug or medicine used by the patient—a notion which Crapely scouted as absurd. He insisted, with his characteristic dogmatism, that the unfortunate lady was dying of cancer, and that the effluvium of which we had all now become aware, was invariably associated with the last stages of that terrible disease. Crapely, who was at feud with Mrs. Weir, on account of what seemed to be her alliance, offensive and defensive, with Miss Ray, continued to agitate the subject with such effect that several of the lodgers on the third floor began to talk of quitting the house unless they could be accommodated with rooms on the story below.

For some weeks after the arrival of the Mozelys, Mrs. Weir's time had been so exclusively devoted to her sister that none of us saw much of her. Miss Ray, who spent some hours daily in the sick-room, furnished me, from time to time, with information in regard to the condition of the sufferer. From her I learned, on a certain Thursday night in the first week in March, that the physicians had finally pronounced the case of the patient hopeless, and declared that she was liable to be summoned away at any moment. This decision had been communicated to her by her husband, and had been received with a certain stern, unshaken fortitude rather than with resignation.

"She has no *dread* of dying," said Miss Ray; "and seems to cling to life rather through a strong intellectual curiosity than from any other feeling. The first thing she wants to have read to her every morning is the dispatches. She speculates with a singular interest on the fluctuations of European policies, and watches every step in the progress of the civil war with greater anxiety than she has at any time evinced in the doctors' bulletins of her own health. She has frequently expressed a strong hope that she might live till the war is ended; but she has quite given that up now, and during the last few days her curiosity seems to have taken a new direction, and occupied itself about comparatively trivial matters. She seems sufficiently reconciled to death," continued Miss Ray, with what struck me as an unaccountable bitterness in her voice, "though she has even less faith to sustain her than such a wretch as I. For, while I have a creed, such as it is—containing, it is true, fewer articles of belief than Mr. Crapely's—this poor lady feels no fixed assurance of the continuation of individual existence after physical dissolution. I, too, am at times beset by doubts as dreary even as that," she added, with a mournful pathos in her voice, "but my constant cry is, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!'"

The next evening Bofer and myself received a summons to Mrs. Weir's room, the first since the arrival of her sister. Miss Ray was present when we made our appearance. After relating to her all that had taken place at the *séance*, Mrs. Weir produced the letter before alluded to.

"You will remember," she said, "that I received this on the morning of our *séance*. It was from Mr. Mozely, announcing that he was coming to San Francisco with his wife, in search of better medical advice than could be found in Oregon. You heard Miss Ray's description of my sister's home. It was

exact in every particular. No doubt you have recognized Mr. Mozely as the one-armed man she spoke of. It appears, too, that the scene pictured by her so much in detail was actually going on at the very time she was describing it."

Among other things spoken of by Mrs. Weir on this occasion, was the singular interest and curiosity recently evinced by the invalid in regard to the house and its inmates. She had repeatedly made her husband and Miss Ray describe to her the general plan of the building, and particularly the dormitory, the principal school-room, and the dining-room, having somehow conceived a fancy that these resembled the corresponding rooms in the convent-school where she had been a pupil when a girl. When the morning papers had been read to her, and she had learned the latest news concerning the policies of governments and cabinets, the intrigues of statesmen, and the movements of hostile armies, she would get Miss Ray to entertain her with the petty gossip of the household, or with sketches of the different boarders and their respective peculiarities. On this particular day she had manifested an almost childish curiosity on these subjects, saying over and over again how much she should like, "just for once, to see the strange, large house," and its inmates. Finally she had asked with great earnestness if she could not be assisted down stairs some day, at the dinner-hour, and be permitted to look in upon the company while at table.

"It is singular," said Miss Ray, "how persistently her thoughts have run on this subject. Just before she went to sleep this afternoon under the influence of her medicine, she said to me, with a smile, that she believed the first place her spirit would visit, on its release from the body, would be the dining-room, when we were all assembled there."

On Saturday afternoon a furious storm set in, which continued to rage without a minute's abatement through the entire night and the succeeding day. On Sunday, I do not think that a single soul stirred out of the house—such was the violence of the wind, and so incessant the deluge of driving rain—with the exception of Mr. Crapely, who always went forth to church with a visible increase of satisfaction whenever the weather was such as to detain less uncompromising spirits within doors. On occasions of this kind he never failed to edify the company at dinner with a synopsis of the sermon, and to intimate his grateful sense of the spiritual refreshment which had rewarded his faithfulness in the discharge of religious duty. Coming into the dining-room somewhat late on this particular evening, I found the company at table, and Mr. Crapely already in the midst of his account of the sermon, which he pronounced one of the most profound and logical discourses it had ever been his privilege to listen to.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Bofer, who, in his capacity as the literary boarder, ventured occasionally to break a lance with Crapely in theological discussion—"it seems to me, from your report of the sermon, that it was just a lot of incomprehensible metaphysical rubbish."

"It can not but appear so," returned Mr. Crapely, with complacent superiority, "to any one who is not familiar with the language of speculative philosophy. I think it is Coleridge who remarks that there are expositions of truth which appear obscure to the ignorant by reason of their profundity."

"Sounds to me a great deal more like old Johnson," returned Bofer. "It's as pompous as the opening sentence of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. As to your preacher's disquisition about the Absolute and the Related, the Conditioned and the Unconditioned, and all that, in my opinion it is nothing but the uncouth jargon of men who first mystify

themselves with words which convey no distinct ideas, because they have no definite meaning, and then undertake to mystify others by the same process."

"To make one's own ignorance the measure of possible knowledge," retorted the theologian, in his most oracular manner, "is to imitate the dunce, who declares there is no meaning in a passage of Plato, because it has no meaning for him."

Bofer, posed for the moment by this ponderous rejoinder—his mental processes were not usually of the kind that "outrun the slow deductions of logic"—sent his plate for another cut of the roast-beef, while he meditated a repartee. But he looked relieved and grateful when Miss Ray came to the rescue, while Crapely evinced a commensurate degree of nervous trepidation at the prospect of an encounter with this redoubtable antagonist.

"As I understand, from your statement of the argument," said Mr. Bofer's new ally, "it was, that since the Finite can not grasp the Infinite, the mind of man is incapable of judging concerning the character and attributes of God."

"You will grant," said Mr. Crapely, rallying, "that there are ideas which the human mind can not conceive—the ideas of Time and Space, for instance. It can not conceive the inconceivable, or know the unknowable."

"As plain," commented Mr. Bulger, in the character of Chorus in a Greek play, "as that when an irresistible body collides with an immovable body—the one won't stop, and the other won't budge."

"The Infinite Being," resumed Mr. Crapely, loftily, unconscious of the interruption, "is therefore inconceivable and unknowable by the finite human intelligence."

"The difficulty, then," said Miss Ray, "lies in the incapacity of the finite mind for dealing with the Absolute and the Infinite?"

"Undoubtedly," assented the theologian.

"And the preacher's conclusion was, that as the human mind can not know God, it should accept what the Church teaches about him."

"Precisely," assented Mr. Crapely again.

"Why might not a very different, a very impious inference be deduced from the same dangerous premises?" suggested Miss Ray. "If the incapacity for grappling with these high subjects is in the constitution of the mind itself, why might it not be argued that the mind is an instrument which was designed for humbler functions—designed, instead of wearying itself with vain struggles and questionings concerning what it can never know, to concern itself with the things which are within the range of its powers?"

"As, for instance?" interposed Mr. Crapely, looking as if a little puzzled in regard to what was to come next.

"As, for instance, the things that concern our human life; the earth on which we dwell; the visible universe, into so many of whose sublime mysteries we have penetrated. Why fret ourselves to no purpose? In a word, why not conclude from the ascertained limitations of the *power* of human thought that the same limitations bound the field of legitimate inquiry?"

"That," said Mr. Crapely, in the tone of a judge pronouncing sentence upon a criminal, "that is in substance the argument of the profane materialistic philosophers, who acknowledge no law as divine, except such as they can find in Nature; who would substitute Science for Religion; who would turn our churches into lyceums, and the ministers of the gospel into lecturers on physiology and chemistry, the rules of ventilation, and the best system of sewerage. It is the

argument of the atheist and the scoffer."

"That would be a radical revolution," remarked the elderly gentleman in the life-insurance line, speaking *sotto voce;* "but I'm not sure it wouldn't help our business hugely."

"Look out now for a heavy return," whispered Mr. Bulger in my ear. "If he don't catch a stinger on the nob, I'll stand the champagne." Bulger practiced an hour daily with the gloves, and affected the dialect of the prize-ring.

For a second there was a strange gleam in Abigail Ray's eyes, and an ominous twitching about the corners of her mouth. But she seemed to impose a strong constraint upon herself, as she replied:

"Perhaps the merits of an argument can be most fairly judged without any reference to the good or bad character of the individual who uses it. To my own mind, the logic of the preacher to whom you listened this morning with so much edification is eminently worthy of Dean Swift's leather man, warranted to reason as well as most country clergymen. But I should think no better of it if it were presented by an archbishop, and no more meanly of it if I heard it from the lips of a creature capable of filching private papers from my portfolio and then attempting to use them for my ruin."

In the midst of the profound silence that followed this coarse blow, broken only by Bulger's whispered comment—"A sockdologer, but below the belt!"—Crapely bowed to Miss Ray, and, rising from the table, left the room. When, after a few seconds, I stole a look at the elocution teacher (who sat next me), I saw that she was painfully agitated; and the grave, disapproving glance of Mrs. Weir changed to one of sincere pity as she read in her countenance such unmistakable signs of terror and distress.

Before any one had presence of mind enough to break the awkward pause that followed Crapely's retreat, there came, all at once, a long wail of the wind like the solemn, complaining swell of the organ in one of Mozart's masses. This was followed by a sudden lull of the storm—so sudden that it was noted by all of us as something singular. Then Mr. Bofer, who had gone to a window and looked out, reported that it had ceased raining. Mrs. Weir was, according to her custom, arranging her sister's dinner on a tray, while a servant stood at her side ready to carry it upstairs. At this moment, I addressed Miss Ray, with the benevolent intention of attempting to relieve her embarrassment. She made no reply, and I then observed that she had dropped her knife and fork, and was gazing with a fixed and startled expression at Mr. Mozely, who sat diagonally opposite her. No, not *at* him, as I now perceived, but *past* him, as if contemplating with amazement some object invisible to us which she saw behind his chair. Then her face turned gradually and steadily in the direction of the head of the table, as if her eyes were following the progress of a person very slowly making the circuit of the room.

"Mary," said Mrs. Weir to the servant, as she was moving toward the door with the tray, "tell Mrs. Mozely that I will come to her the moment dinner is over." As she ceased speaking, Miss Ray pushed back her chair, rose from the table, and, turning half round, said, in a low voice—still gazing straight before her into vacancy with the same fixed look:

"My dear lady! how were you able to get down here alone? Surely, it has proved too much for your strength. Let me assist you back to your room."

Mrs. Weir turned deadly pale, and every one at the table looked on speechless with a strange awe. At the same instant, the strong, pungent odor of the

sick-room seemed to surround and almost to stifle me. Looking up, I saw a sudden change come over Miss Ray's face. She shook as if with an ague-fit, uttered a shriek, and sank fainting to the floor. In the midst of the confusion that ensued, and just as she had been placed on a lounge, where the ladies gathered about her, applying such restoratives as were at hand, Mr. Crapely's white, scared face appeared in the doorway.

"Mrs. Weir," he said, with a tremor in his voice, "will you step this way? Something quite dreadful has occurred."

In a few minutes, it was known to the entire household that Mrs. Mozely was dead. The servant had found her in her great easy-chair, with an open book in her lap, apparently asleep. On endeavoring to wake her she became alarmed, and, hurrying from the room, met Mr. Crapely in the hall, who had returned with her and confirmed her fears.

When Miss Ray was restored to consciousness, she stared confusedly around her for a few minutes. She then asked for a glass of water, after drinking which she retired to her room, without speaking a word.

The storm commenced again soon after that strange lull, and continued all night. It was thought best that there should be the least possible delay about the funeral. Under the most ordinary circumstances, a death in the household brings with it a feeling of solemnity and awe. But the atmosphere that pervaded the Barracks on the night of Mrs. Mozely's death seemed in the excited fancy of its inmates like that of a charnel-house. It was long past midnight before any one in the establishment retired. Even the most unsocial seemed to experience a strong accession of the gregarious instinct, and a disposition to linger longer than usual around the stove, in the remote corner of the dining-room, where smoking in the evening was lawful according to the traditions of the Barracks. Of course, Abigail Ray's vision, or pretended vision, at the dinner-table, was the chief subject of discussion among the knot of smokers. Mr. Crapely remarked, significantly, that she was a splendid actress. Mr. Bofer stated what had been repeatedly said in regard to the deceased lady's intense curiosity concerning the members of the household, and her declaration that the first place her spirit would visit would be the dining-room. Mr. Crapely retorted that the declaration rested upon the testimony of Miss Ray alone. Mr. Bulger called attention to the fact that at the time of Miss Ray's singular demonstration, the fact of Mrs. Mozely's death was not known. Then the elderly gentleman in the life-insurance line referred to the appearance of the strange odor simultaneously with the other occurrence. Every one present had been aware of the odor, and the servant who carried up Mrs. Mozely's dinner had met it on the stairs. Mr. Crapely declared that this was a mere fancy—natural under the excitement of the circumstances; and added, as he rose to retire, that if any faith was to be reposed in Miss Ray's mysterious intimations, the ghost might be expected to make the tour of the house during the night, and pay every room in it a visit, inasmuch as the curiosity of the poor lady while in the body had not been confined to any particular room, but had extended to the whole interior plan of the building.

Bulger and myself were the last to leave the dining-room. The kitchen clock, which was ordinarily half an hour fast, struck two as I was in the act of turning off the gas. Hearing steps approaching, I paused, and the gentleman in the life-insurance line, who had gone up-stairs an hour before, re-entered the room in his dressing-gown and slippers.

"By George!" he exclaimed, evidently much disturbed, "I can't stand it: that odor has come into my room. I'm going to sit up all night." A few minutes later, Bofer and Crapely came in together, the latter looking rather sheepish. Their story was similar to that of their immediate predecessor. The ghost was making the round of the house: the penetrating effluvium that announced its presence had entered all the rooms on the third floor in regular order, and had commenced on the second floor with the rooms nearest the foot of the stairs. In the morning every soul in the house, excepting Mrs. Weir and Abigail Ray, contributed his or her mite of testimony to confirm the story.

It was one night about a week after the funeral that I first heard Abigail Ray speak of what had occurred in the dining-room on the day of Mrs. Mozely's death. I had occasion to go to the library for a book, and found her sitting alone. She told me that she was about to return to the East in a short time, in company with Mr. Mozely and Mrs. Weir, and that the establishment at the Barracks was to be broken up. I do not remember which of us first touched upon the subject of Mrs. Mozely's death, but it came up in some way.

"That was no clairvoyant vision," said Abigail Ray, with deep solemnity of manner. "I saw her with the natural sense as clearly as I ever saw her in the flesh. I saw her enter the door, and stand behind her husband's chair, looking around the table and perusing the countenances of the guests. I saw her move slowly to the place where Mrs. Weir sat, and pause there, and look toward the foot of the table. I verily believed, that, yielding to the impulses of the morbid curiosity she had expressed so repeatedly, she had summoned sufficient strength to get down-stairs without aid. It was not until I had addressed her and begged her to let me conduct her back to her room that I saw something in the face before me, and the eyes that looked into mine, that seemed not of this earth. Then her lips moved, and I heard articulate words that seemed to come faintly from afar in a tone like 'the pulse of a sound;' and the words were, 'All is over; and it is you, not I, who are right.' What followed I need not tell."

It is now four years since Abigail Ray sailed in the steamer for New York, and during that period I have had no intelligence of her. Ophelia tells me that she has written twice to her address, but has received no answer. A few days ago, I met Mr. Crapely, who informed me that he had learned from a paragraph in an Eastern paper that she was the inmate of an asylum for the insane; and added, as we parted, "I always knew the woman was a lunatic."

FORSTER'S LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.*

THERE is no man in literature, who, by his genius, wins the admiration of a multitude of readers, who does not also make most of those readers his friends and well-wishers, and excite in them an active interest and curiosity in his personal, apart from his literary, life. Those readers are apt to believe that every man writes in great degree out of his own heart; and if, by a skillful depicting of sweet and admirable traits of character, they have drawn the persons of his imagination closely to their hearts, they intuitively trust the author as a man of kindred traits, and curiously inquire of his habits, his mode of life, his relations with others of mankind, of his birth and birthplace, his childhood and its whereabouts, the first evidences of his active mind, his early companionships, his studies in youth, his natural tastes, his first observations, the experiences that directed his thought, of his tastes, his temper, his character, his appearance, his walk and conversation — himself in minutest particulars. Since the basis of every man's writing, even in works of the imagination, is his own memory and experience, we curiously wonder which of the facts of the novel are his own personal facts, and which of his characters is the man himself.

He who could depict those wonderful absurdities — Mr. Pickwick and his personal friends — must have had singular experiences; and the maker of the two Wellers must be full of the richest humor; and he who could draw the picture of Little Nell has certainly in his own breast a world of sacred tenderness, sweetness, and purity. And we ask, was David Copperfield really Dickens himself, and could he have had such hard lessons from experience? And then the great crowd of our new personal friends come trooping up: Mr. Micawber and Oliver Twist, and the dear old Cheeryble Brothers, and Mr. Nicholas Nickleby, and Captain Cuttle, and the hundred others whom we are accustomed to call "creatures of the imagination;" and we are wondering who are these people in real life, and if they recognize themselves, or if their friends recognize them in those pages. But in the people that he has made us hate we see nothing which we can believe is a part of the author. Our own observation has detected many a Mr. Stiggins, and Mr. Squeers, and Pecksniff, and Chadband, and Mrs. Jellyby, and Mr. Carker, and their allies in Dickens' imagination. We can believe, though outside of our own experiences, in the possibility of Smike, and Mr. Swiveller and the Marchioness, and Fagin, and Sikes, and Nancy; but our doubts are never answered as to the real existence of Mrs. Harris. A traveler once on the way from Ventnor to London says that the coach, in which Mr. Dickens was also a passenger, stopped at the village of Lake, in the midst of a pouring rain. A lady of the name of Harris had booked her name for a passage on that coach. A stop was made at the house indicated. The guard got down and gave a tremendous rap at the door. The servant came and inquired what he wanted. "Mrs. Harris," shouted the guard; "and the coach can't stop." The servant-girl was amazed. "There is no Mrs. Harris lives here,"

*THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812–1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

she said. "Yes, there is," he replied; "and if she is not quick, the coach will go without her." But there was no Mrs. Harris to be found in the village of Lake. The traveler turned round to Dickens and said, "I never did believe that there ever was a Mrs. Harris — did you?" And Dickens roared with laughter.

It is quite thirty-six years since the name of Dickens first became known in America; and the interest then awakened about him has never ceased. During all this time it has, of course, been impossible for him to have been wholly unknown to us. From his intercourse in society there have come a thousand personal anecdotes, many true and many not true, and all touching upon facts of himself, the least of which has been interesting to us if not altogether satisfactory. One whom we admire so greatly as an author, we have at some time placed most highly in our estimation as a man. We have endowed him with many traits of which gossiping tales have since robbed him; and while he has been dethroned from the high pedestal in our esteem upon which our imagination too early placed him, yet he has not lost, and perhaps never will lose, his position in the regards of most of the readers of this generation. Many of the reports that we have heard of him heretofore we confess to have been little better than gossip; yet there are rumors, which, no better than gossip at first, in the course of time become crystallized and remain in the alembic of history as permanent and indisputable truths. But what would be gossip, and many tales and numerous anecdotes, do not or have not told us much of Charles Dickens; and so every man is ready to welcome this life of him, written by his friend of thirty-three years, assured that what of truth there may be in the floating talk of Dickens will now be confirmed, and that we shall have other and newer truths that every one wants to know.

This volume takes us from the time of the novelist's birth on Friday, the 7th of February, 1812, at Landport in Portsea, to the end of his first American tour, after he had written "The Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," and was then only twenty-nine years old — just half his life finished, but not half his work accomplished. We look in this life for answers to our many wonderings and questionings, and shall be apt to test its merits as a "Life of Dickens" by the success with which its writer gives facts, incidents, and relations which satisfy our now perhaps morbid, but at first natural curiosity.

David Copperfield represents himself so far back into the blank of his infancy as to discern therein his mother and her servant, dwarfed to his sight by stooping down or kneeling on the floor, and himself going unsteadily from the one to the other. "If it should appear," he adds, "from any thing set down in this narrative, that I was a child of close observation, or that as a man I have a strong memory of my childhood, I undoubtedly lay claim to both of these characteristics;" and Mr. Forster writes that "applicable as it might be to David Copperfield, this was simply unaffectedly true of Charles Dickens." In a letter to Washington Irving, Dickens describes himself to have been a "very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy." He was certainly a lad of much sensitiveness; and it may be was not quite satisfied with the attentions which were given him as one of a family of eight children, whose parents were not burdened with this world's goods. His mother "taught him the first rudiments not only of English, but also a little later of Latin." Then he went to a preparatory day-school with his sister Fanny, two years his elder, in Rome Lane, in Chatham. He had access at home to the

small library of his father, which contained "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," and the "Tales of the Genii"—the identical volumes which gave much consolation and pleasure to David Copperfield. At seven years old he went to school at Chatham to Mr. William Giles for two years, and caught from him the "habit, the only bad one taught him by Mr. Giles, of taking for a time, in very moderate quantities, the snuff called Irish blackguard," which habit he abandoned after some few years, adds his biographer.

At nine years old he went to London with his father, who had been appointed a clerk in Somerset House. The father was involved then in financial difficulties, and the family had to take up its abode in a mean, small tenement, with a wretched little back-garden abutting on a squalid court, in Bayham Street, Camden-town. Here he first heard of the "deed," denoting "that crisis in his father's affairs in fact," which is ascribed as the difficulty of Mr. Micawber. A washerwoman lived next door, and a Bow-street officer over the way. The family lived there a life of poverty; the father, of easy temper, making the most of his difficulty, the son Charles meanwhile officiating as cleaner of his father's boots and of his own, till finally the paternal expedients were thoroughly exhausted, and the mother opened a house at number four, Gower Street, on the door of which "a large brass-plate announced MRS. DICKENS' ESTABLISHMENT." Yet, says the son, "nobody ever came to the school, nor do I recollect that any body ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was ever made to receive any body. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested"—and was, finally, carried to the Marshalsea Prison. Charles was at this time not exceeding ten years old, yet the little fellow, sickly as a lad and therefore small—of much greater sensitiveness, perhaps, on that account—with a desire to learn, but without the opportunities of school, was in the midst of these scenes receiving impressions of which his mature imagination made most successful use. And these experiences show us clearly enough that out of his memory and heart came many a scene which afterward glowed in the pages of his novels, and set us wondering whether or not Dickens himself was ever cognizant of such as a reality.

At the age of ten he was taken into the employment of Murdstone & Grinby, the proprietors of a blacking-warehouse at old Hungerford Stairs, where he covered the pots of paste-blacking, tied them with a string, and pasted on each a printed label. There were other boys at the same occupation—one by the name of Bob Fagin, whose name he afterward took the liberty of using. He left this occupation at twelve years, and went to Wellington House Academy, where he remained only two years, and was afterward at a school kept by a Mr. Dawson, in Henrietta Street, for a short time. From this time we get only glimpses of him as a student in one or two attorneys' offices, occupied "at times in the Lord Chancellor's Court, taking notes of cases as a reporter;" then preparing himself to become a newspaper parliamentary reporter; then reporting for the *True Sun*, at the age of nineteen; then for the *Mirror* and *Chronicle*, and one of the ablest of the reportorial corps, till, at the age of twenty-three, his work of authorship commences with the "Sketches, by Boz," in the *Evening Chronicle*, for which, through the kindness of his friend Mr. George Hogarth, "his salary was raised from five to seven guineas a week."

It was the publication of "The Pickwick Papers," in 1837, that made to the world the startling revelation of Dickens' genius. They were issued in monthly parts, first intended to be illustrated by Mr. Seymour, whose place, upon his death (after the first number), was filled by Mr. Hablot K. Browne. It is not the least interesting of the incidents of Dickens' first volumes, which is narrated by Mr. Thackeray. "I can remember," he writes, "when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, in covers which were colored light green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand—which, strange to say, he did not find suitable."

The completely satisfactory biography of any man must be, from the story of the beginning to the end of his life, full of personal incidents and facts. It must be true, of course, that his life was full of incident and action; and, indeed, if this be not so, the biography ought not to be written. And this certainly was true of such a man as Dickens. He was not an inactive man, interested only in the noiseless, though earnest, joys of the domestic circle. His was not the life of the scholar, never so happy as in the solitude of his library; nor that of the contemplative philosopher, to whom the movements of what is commonly called "life" are vain, and whose routine is without interest or incident. But he was of an almost furious activity, restless under restraint, quick to detect new features in passing life, quick to observe and use every new scene in the passing human drama; whose very temperament demanded activity, who took constitutional walks of fifteen miles, and, "when he was not on the sea-side, much on horseback in suburban lanes and roads." At least, one asks the biographer that throughout the whole life of his subject he be as liberal of incidents as we have been in this notice up to the time he was twenty-five years of age. But this test applied to the present "Life," by Mr. John Forster, will not be satisfactorily answered.

It is possible he has quite a different idea of what a biography should be. And though most of the facts we have recited come from his work, yet we have already nearly exhausted the personal items of interest in the volume; and for the fact of writing or being able to write many of these facts he appears to be indebted to an accident. "The incidents," he writes, "to be told now would probably never have been known to me, or indeed any of the occurrences of his childhood and youth, but for the accident of a question which I put to him one day in March or April, of 1847." To the exceeding great loss of those who are interested in Charles Dickens, it is plain throughout this volume that no such accident happened again; and it appears that in the sweetest moments of his idolatry and sycophancy he became in no way the recipient of facts worth narrating concerning the personal life of Dickens, save what came direct from that person's tongue or pen. Yet his own acquaintance with Dickens commenced about the beginning of Dickens' career as author, and there followed "a friendship," says Mr. Forster, "which lasted without the interruption of a day for more than thirty-three years." Concerning Mr. Forster, we can not help coming to the conclusion either that he was unobservant, and did not see or hear much of any thing during his whole personal intercourse with Charles Dickens that was worth telling, or that he did observe and can not tell, or that he knows much and many things concerning him and has not told and does not

propose to tell them, or—does not know how to write a biography.

He has made meagre mention of the production of the first five volumes—of how "The Pickwick Papers" originated in a desire of Mr. Seymour to produce pictures of sporting-men getting into absurd difficulties, which idea was submitted by the publishers to Mr. Dickens, who took all there was valuable in the suggestion, added to it and wrote the work, and, naturally enough, did not like to have the friends of Mr. Seymour, who incontinently killed himself after the first number, claim all the credit of the story for the artist—of how popular his writings were, as we all know, and what a bad bargain he found, from the immense sales of his books, he had made with his publishers, and how he got out of it, and how he afterward learned better things, and how he made a new bargain which we venture to believe any other, the hardest-headed and most grasping author, never made with publisher on either side of the Atlantic. It was for a new work in twenty numbers, similar to those of "Pickwick" and "Nickleby," and was not to begin until after an interval of twelve months—in November, 1842. During its publication, he was to receive £200 monthly, to be accounted as part of the expenses; for all which, and all risks incident, the publishers made themselves responsible, under conditions the same as in the "Clock" agreement, except that out of the profits of each number they were to have only a fourth, three-fourths going to him; and this arrangement was to hold good until the termination of six months from the completed book, when, upon payment to him of a fourth of the value of the existing stock, they were to have half the future interest. During the six months' interval before the book began, he was to be paid £150 each month; but this was to be drawn from his three-fourths of the profits, and in no way to interfere with the monthly payments of £200 per month while the publication was going on. There is an unsophisticated air about this which reminds us of the childlike agreement made relative to Mr. Dickens' recent readings in America, as detailed by James T. Fields, in his "Yesterdays with Authors."

Mr. Forster takes some pains and apparent pride in contradicting the story told some time ago, by Doctor R. Shelton Mackenzie, that one day Mr. Dickens was in the studio of George Cruikshank, and turned over a portfolio of drawings containing what are now recognized as the portraits of Fagin, Bill Sikes and his dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, and Master Charles Bates—the result of an idea in Mr. Cruikshank's mind to show the life of a London thief by a series of drawings engraved by himself, in which, without a line of letterpress, the story would be clearly told. Mr. Dickens, then in the midst of "Oliver Twist," said at once that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story: not to carry Oliver Twist through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' den in London, show what their life was, and bring Oliver through it without sin or shame. "*I consented*," said Mr. Cruikshank, "*to let him* write up as many of the designs as he thought fit for his purpose; and that was the way in which Fagin, Sikes, and Nancy were created. My drawings suggested them, rather than individuality suggesting my drawings." Mr. Forster produces a letter from Mr. Dickens, in which he asked Mr. Cruikshank to design one plate afresh, which, Mr. Forster thinks, "disposes of a wonderful story originally promulgated in America, with a minute conscientiousness and particularity of detail that might have raised the reputation of Sir Benjamin Backbite himself." He adds that "the distinguished artist whom it calumniates by fathering its invention upon him . . . has been left undefended

from the slander. By my ability to produce Dickens' letter, I am spared the necessity of characterizing the tale, myself, by the one impolite word (in three letters) which alone would have been applicable." But it now seems that Mr. Cruikshank did not wish to be defended, and he himself has taken another method of saving Mr. Forster the use of unpleasant language, by writing a long letter, since the publication of this volume, to the press, in which he gives, in lengthy detail, the same story which Doctor Mackenzie had already told.

It is very apparent, from this volume, that Mr. Forster has felt it incumbent upon him to write such a life of his friend as shall be quoted as the "Life of Dickens," *par excellence*, and shall also reflect some credit upon himself as the biographer. He is a writer of the last preceding generation, and does not apparently look on mere voluminousness as other than commendable. He forgets that probably no one will desire to read the "Life of Dickens" unless he has previously read his works; and that if he has read them, he has already formed an opinion about them, and does not care for, and will not waste his time reading, the commendatory criticisms upon his works which Mr. Forster has seen fit to write for this occasion, or which, being already written, he has inserted as padding. If any one wishes a criticism upon any one's works, he will go to an impartial critic, and not to one who has especially undertaken the task of the author's glorification.

But Mr. Forster can not keep himself out of this book for a moment. He forgets that nobody cares any thing about John Forster, or about any one else, except in great subordination to the subject of the biography. We are never allowed to forget the fact that between Mr. Dickens and John Forster was "a friendship which lasted, without the interruption of a day, for more than three-and-thirty years;" that it began by Mr. Dickens' taking an immense liking for John Forster, and not *vice versa*—Dickens approaching him with the book of his opera of the "Village Coquettes," and his collected "Sketches," "which he desired me to receive 'as a very small testimony of the donor's regard and obligations, as well as of his desire to cultivate and avail himself of a friendship which had been so pleasantly thrown in his way.'" Mr. John Forster was the party who saw every thing Dickens wrote, either in manuscript or proof, before it was given to the public, and he was the person to whom Dickens, judging from this volume, wrote the only letters worth publishing or making extracts from. We are told, incidentally, that Dickens was married, but Mr. John Forster was his friend. Mr. John Forster was the person who always had a finger in the bargains which Dickens made with his publishers, and Forster was the person from whom Dickens in America "received your precious letters." It was sweetness always to this biographer to have been in Mr. Dickens' mind; even that his name ever lingered there was much; and he narrates with charming *naiveté* that "here were the only two leading incidents of his own life before I knew him: his marriage and the first appearance of his 'Pickwick;' and it turned out, after all, that I had some shadowy association with both. *He was married on the anniversary of my birthday, and the original of the figure of Mr. Pickwick bore my name.*" Quite charming! But if the public ever forgive Mr. Dickens for taking to his bosom on other occasions such a singular being as Mr. John Forster, there will always remain now one grievance when they think of Little Nell.

It may have been only from the vainglory which has already displayed itself in the endeavors of the friends of Mr. Seymour to get for him some of the

glory of the creation of "Pickwick Papers," and of George Cruikshank to have considerable credit for the subsequent "Life of Oliver Twist," who would have had, in spite of him, some sort of a life which would doubtless have interested every body just as much; but whatever be the reason, Mr. Forster wishes it known, that, while strangers and friends were writing to Mr. Dickens not to let Little Nell die, Mr. John Forster was the wicked man who brought up the guillotine and instigated Dickens to the dreadful end, or, as indexed in this volume, "my share in the close;" and as Mr. Dickens writes—in a letter to Mr. Forster, of course: "The assurance that this little closing of the scene touches and is felt by you so strongly, is better to me than a thousand most sweet voices out of doors. When I first began, *on your valued suggestion*, to keep my thoughts upon this ending," etc. "The words printed in italics," Mr. Forster adds, "as underlined by himself, give me my share in the story which had gone so closely to his heart. I was responsible for its tragic ending. He had not thought of killing her when," etc. Cruel man! to so imbrue his hands in blood, and then claim credit for it! As the injured Queen would have no other speaker of her living actions but such an honest chronicler as Giffith, so, in like phrase, Mr. Dickens, already tasting of fame and dreaming of immortality, wrote, on the 22d day of April, in the year 1848, to Mr. John Forster (and that gentleman craves that his modesty may be believed in), "I desire no better for my fame, when my personal dustiness shall be past the control of my love of order, than such a biographer and such a critic." As a critic, indeed, were his "words of so sweet breath composed" as must have proved most rich and satisfactory; but as a biographer, Mr. Dickens himself can not speak. Mr. Forster loved his friend much, but could not help showing, even in this final tribute to him, that he loved also himself.

With a disposition to think kindly of this biography, one can not help wondering why the last 125 pages are filled up with the account of Dickens' visit to America, which Dickens had already told to every body in a silly and sophomorical volume, for which sensible Americans have forgiven him on account of his youth and his ignorance of the world, and in which pages there is so exceedingly little that can possibly be new to any body. It gave, to be sure, an opportunity to Mr. John Forster to make use of a stock of letters which he had been saving many years for this occasion only; and perhaps it may be carping on our part to find fault with this honest chronicler for using these scraps, for which he has held such superstitious reverence. Mr. Forster thinks most highly of Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Scott" in eight volumes, and can not learn that the world is in the receipt of more good things in literature now than in that earlier generation, and is not tolerant of mere bulk, however interesting the subject upon which the volume treats. And because so many of the letters to Mr. Forster exist, may be the reason we are allowed to see none to any one else. Mr. Dickens had other correspondents than his chosen biographer, for he acknowledges hearing "from Talfourd, Miss Coutts, Brougham, Rogers, and others."

One gets from this volume an impression, that, after all, it is very singular that Mr. Forster can tell so much of Mr. Dickens concerning his life before he knew him, and can tell, apart from Dickens' letters to him, so little during a period of closest intimacy of seven years to the close of this volume; and the impression which one gets concerning Mr. Dickens as a man is possibly not such as Mr. Forster intended to give. It is not usually the object of bi-

ographers to leave behind any bad opinions of their subject, and this one is given to extraordinary adulation. It may be possible for us to believe that Mr. Dickens was a man of much nobleness and generosity of character. They are traits particularly dwelt upon by his biographer, who, giving no evidence, must expect us to rely on hearsay, which is not always considered very good in the courts of public opinion. We believe that he had much determination and a resistless energy: his works prove that. We believe, further, that he had within what was at the same time a motive-power and source of consolation—if his nature could need it—a magnificent vanity. He was proud, especially, of himself, and much harassed and annoyed, when he had passed his days of poverty, to think that he had been born to no better position. Mr. Forster says he felt humiliated to think of his humble condition, but the feeling did not come to him till some years after he had discovered his own strength. It made him heart-sick to go, in later years, near the old blacking factory, and get the scent of his early occupations. But he was not so sensitive about it when he was there at work; and he left it simply because it provoked his father that the boy had to work near the open window, where people could see him—a humiliating position, the true depth of which, on that account, he never complained of at the time. Mr. Dickens narrates that "his mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day." But his father said he "should go back no more, and should go to school." And Mr. Dickens adds, "But I never afterward forgot—I never can forget—that my mother was warm for my being sent back." This is a mere melodramatic burst of his later years, but it weakens, somewhat, our belief in that "nobleness of character" which Mr. Forster likes to credit him with, to know that Dickens wrote this out so bitterly concerning his mother for his future biographer to make public record of, and that he ridicules the weakness of his father in the character of Micawber. And so it may not be strange if some of us remember that verse of Proverbs: "There is a generation that curseth his father, and doth not bless his mother."

His early impressions, memories, and misfortunes grew greatly when he reviewed them, in later life, in the maturity of his great imagination. And the dreadfulness of his personal suffering, his exquisite sensitiveness in his earlier days before he was ten years old, we believe in as much as we do in the truth, and frankness, and impartial honesty of the volume he wrote after his first visit to America, the full truth of which we had ample means of testing. However great and successful as a novelist, he was the poorest of historians. It was Mr. Dickens' virtue to have a most abundant vocabulary, coupled with a large and restless imagination, and the result of that combination was to gush. This he was always ready to do, and this he always did. Allied with quickness of thought and perception, and boundless spirits, this was the very basis and cause of his prolific production; and this was quite as often the unhappy occasion of stories being long drawn out, and for this reason, if any, the next generation of readers will not so unanimously read his works as the present. So we need not count it strange that absolute truth was not easy for Mr. Dickens to write. He did not need that for mere entertainment, and that was what he wrote for. While there are true pictures in his books, the whole of any work was not intended to be, and was not, truth.

Mr. Dickens came to America, first, to gratify his vanity. His tendency to gush is so constant that he can not even describe his voyage to his chosen friend and biographer, Mr. John Fors-

ter, still extant, with any degree of soberness; and his "American Notes," people, who would not allow themselves to get angry at such a brilliant Bohemian, regarded only as a little of his irrepressible gush. And having reached the conclusion that Mr. Dickens was a Bohemian—which Mr. Forster does not say, but only logically, though unintentionally, suggests—we conclude that the same person was selfish to a remarkable degree, as all persons of such intense natures must be; for Mr. Forster says he had "a too great confidence in himself, a sense that every thing was possible to the will that would make it so," and adds that "there was in him, at such times, something hard and even aggressive;" and we reach one other conclusion: that Mr. Dickens was not a gentleman. He has proved it on more occasions than one, but perhaps quite as conclusively in his own narration. He arrived in Cleveland in the night on board a steamer, and in the morning crowds came down to welcome him. Some people stood on the wharf and actually looked toward the steamboat, including the cabin-windows. Mr. Dickens' vanity attributed to each one of the staring crowd foreknowledge of his particular cabin-window, and such familiarity with his genius as to recognize him immediately through said window. But he tells it best himself: "The people poured on board in crowds, by six, on Monday morning, to see me; and a party of 'gentlemen' actually planted themselves before our little cabin, and stared in at the door and windows *while I was washing and Kate lay in bed.* I was so incensed at this, and at a certain newspaper in that town which I had accidentally seen in Sandusky, . . . that when the Mayor came on board to present himself to me, according to custom, I refused to see him, and bade Mr. Q. tell him why and wherefore." Even in those barbarous days, any American, or English, gentleman would have quietly closed his door or drawn his curtain, and, having washed his face, would have gone out and received the Mayor. But Mr. Dickens never thought of that.

If there was much of any thing in the life of Charles Dickens worth telling, the life of that person is yet to be written. This one may be prolonged even to four volumes—giving to Mr. Forster, from some quarters, a certain temporary reputation—and, it may be, the more volumes there are, the more money will be made by the present biographer. The new life will be much less bulky, will be included in one volume—whose dimensions we believe quite ample enough to tell best the life of the best man; it will have very little to say of Mr. John Forster, and may live far beyond that person's little immortality; it will tell us of Charles Dickens the man, and will prove to us, if it be so, that he had many virtues of the heart; it will connect him somewhat intimately with the men of his own generation, besides Mr. Forster, if in life he was so. And yet, it may be, that the world will really have had enough already, when this interminable life shall be finished; and that the genius glowing on his pages, and the talk that will for many years, more or less, float about the world, will satisfy the curiosity of most people as to what and who was Mr. Charles Dickens.

A WOULD-BE BENEDICT.

OBADIAH FULLER was courting the Widow Blain in earnest: he was unceasingly courting some one in earnest. The "sad satiety" of love had never come to him, because, ere he reached its flower and fruit, the untimely frost of a rejection by its over-sensitive object nipped his hopes; but the stolid insensibility which in nearly every case provoked the dismissal, also prevented any great degree of disappointment and suffering.

"Being as I see a bucket out there in the kitchen, guess I'll wash my feet," said Obadiah to the widow, as they sat in her front-room, with all the doors and windows wide open, on a hot, July evening.

Those who have lived in the foot-hills of the Sierras, breathed the dust, and endured the toil of existence, will appreciate the feeling which induced the utterance of the above remark, though they might pity the poverty of sentiment which kept him down to the recognition of ignoble physical discomfort upon the occasion of a visit to a lady whose virtues as a housekeeper and economist had enchained his fancy and excited his warmest admiration.

"What—what did you say?" excitedly asked the widow. But when she saw, with distended eyes, the actual preparation going on, she dropped her voice into a key of the coldest and genteelest irony: "Certainly, make yourself comfortable, Mr. Fuller, by all means. A foot-bath is undoubtedly refreshing—make yourself at home, and wash your feet, by all means." Whereupon she sat down, very rigidly.

Obadiah, looking at her from the kitchen-door, where he had settled down to what he considered a very simple and natural performançe, noticed, for the first time, a certain thinness in the widow's lips, and a rather combative and determined air in the cords of her neck.

"Good evening," said she, with flashing eyes and offended air. "Take the bucket, Mr. Fuller; since you have none, I freely give you this one."

Obadiah, ambling toward his cabin, stopped at a store. "What curious creatures women-folks be! The Widow Blain give me this bucket," said he.

The next evening he learned from the widow herself that no man could wash his feet in her house and live—at least, in her affections; that no man could put her best water-pail to unholy uses, without trampling on the best feelings of her nature, which were those of an untiring housekeeper; that she was a firm believer in a place for every thing and every thing in its place, and the place for Obadiah's feet was neither in her bucket nor within her doors any more henceforth. He reached for his hat, and, with a mildly troubled and pensive look, departed for home. When he got there, he gave the bucket a kick, and to this day considers there was scarcely any ground for the sudden change in the widow's mind.

This was simply one of many such dismissals, which gave him an indifferent idea of the constancy of the sex. Still, the comforts of a home—that delusive rock upon which so many hearts have been wrecked—had charms for him, and lent perseverance to efforts which deserved better success.

Obadiah Fuller, in his infancy, was the wonder of the neighborhood for fatness; his eyes were round and unblink-

ing; tears never came out of them on the most melancholy occasions. He grew amazingly in body: his mind and sensibility, far in the rear, were almost lost sight of in the general scramble of the coarser appetites for development. His manhood had more than fulfilled the promise of his youth: he ate, and slept, to repletion; and never ceased wondering why things are just as they are. To him it was astounding that a woman should refuse the hand of any man who could support her.

Obadiah—a fair representative of a small class of men existing in every community—was incapable of inspiring love in the heart of any woman; yet, as far as lay in his power, he loved the sex indiscriminately. He was now in middle-life, subject to frequent depressions of spirit through the fickleness of Eve's fair daughters, and was correspondingly elated upon the happy occasion of their benignant condescension. He made money in the mines, and kept it—enough to attract the notice of women of uncertain age. He had, in its incipient state, the friendly spirit which takes in its embrace the back of its victim's chair in public places—than which, says the modest girl, there is nothing more excruciating in the catalogue of social offenses. In fact, he possessed, in a high degree, the "makings" of a first-class society nuisance; but the "unspiritual god Circumstance" had debarred him from the attritions of that refiner of mind and manners, and left him an untutored blunderer. He had many virtues: good habits, business integrity, and a kind heart; but his negative virtues and negative vices were so evenly distributed that he could arouse no active feeling in the human breast. Neither loved nor hated, he stood on that middle-ground so extensively occupied by that band of Nature's unhappy creations—good men and good women: a name unanimously agreed upon by the world as appropriate for beings with neither virtues nor vices.

The hopeful eye of the humanitarian sees in the dim future of a million years hence a new order of things, when courtship and marriage will be made easy and agreeable by the classification of men and women. Obadiah Fuller should have deferred his coming until that time. But could it have been possible for him, by the light of science or otherwise, to have found the woman to whom his attentions were acceptable and his courting not obnoxious, from what disastrous experiments he would have been saved! Doubtless there was such an one somewhere; and Jane Springer might be she, thought he, as, upon a gala-day, he invited her to accompany him to the county-seat.

They started in the early morning. Jane, in her neat-fitting riding-habit, looked younger and fresher than was her wont. A housekeeper in the Larue Hotel, this opening-day held within its hours two possibilities for her: a pleasant ride, and a proposal. Should the latter come, she had resolved to accept it. It did come. Every thing conspired to make it easy; and it was made far less awkwardly than Jane had imagined possible from Obadiah. The hand and heart were accepted—not with unseemly haste, but with good feeling and womanly deliberation. The county-seat reached, they made various purchases, dined, and were about starting for home.

"Obadiah?"

"Well, Jane."

"Have you got every thing?" asked Jane.

"Every thing I can think of," said he.

"Think again, Obadiah"—with a little timidity.

"I can't think, unless it's a cooking-stove."

"No, Obadiah; it's the license."

"License?"

"Yes, the marriage-license."

With more alacrity than he usually exhibited, he dismounted, and procured that necessary document. It was late in the afternoon when they finally started. Every thing had gone well. They were in a delicious dalliance with the last half of a happy day, and on the return of a memorable trip. At the moment when Obadiah exhibited his lack of dispatch in business as to the license—when Jane was forced to stand forth in the unnatural light of an impatient *fiancée*—through her soul there crept the shadow of a doubt as to the eternal fitness of things. Later, the doubt took the awful proportions of a dead certainty. Obadiah announced, just at dark, that in his opinion they had taken the wrong trail, and were lost; but that, likely, they would soon strike the right one. He was the first man to whom Jane had ever pinned her faith, and she determined to enjoy to its fullest the womanly luxury of being rescued from the dangers of this night by him.

She gave herself up to his guidance, and, with a saint-like resignation, descended to the valleys and mounted to the hill-tops. Time went on—the trail was not found. Jane, whose patience was now perceptibly on the wane, discovered new distresses at every step.

"Oh, Obadiah! I hear robbers talking!"

"Do you?" said complacent Obadiah.

"Oh, Obadiah! I see their eyes flashing in the dark!"

"Where?" asked that stoic.

"Oh, Obadiah! the bears and lions are after us: I hear them growling and roaring!"

"Well, Jane, what of it? They always growl and roar when they are hungry. We must do the best we can," said Obadiah.

From that moment, Jane despised him. Had he bristled up to her side, in a protecting-cavalier fashion, and said, "Jane, there isn't a bear within ten thousand miles of us, and there is no such thing as a robber anywhere; and I'll protect you against thunder and lightning with my last drop of blood!"—the rigors of the situation would have melted away like the morning mist, and Obadiah would have lived and died a respected husband and father. To the last, he preserved the "even tenor of his way," though a devious one. His tranquillity, transcendent and lofty, came not within the circle of earth's dampening influence. Jane, indignant and out of all patience, at last said:

"Good Lord! Obadiah, why don't you let the mules follow their noses?"

Being open to any suggestion, he let the mules follow their noses; and straight home they went, where they arrived in the morning, just as the little Jew, who kept the dry-goods store, was taking down his shutter. Two days afterward, Jane was heard to say, in the dining-room of the Larue Hotel:

"No; I can't—I won't—marry a man who knows less than a mule!"

This little affair did not abate Obadiah's ardor in pursuit of a wife, but simply puzzled him for a day or two. He had a wandering, uncertain way with him when off the scent; but quickly anchored his affections upon another, who looked to him no less fair, no less desirable.

Katie Simmons was fair to look upon and an excellent girl, but of a deeply pious turn of mind, which to Obadiah was something of an objection; for, good as he was, he had never been to church in California—indeed, he had scarcely ever had an opportunity to go, since churches were few and ministerial visits far between in small mining-camps. However, he overcame all scruples, and reasoned, as many a man before him, that piety, after all, is an essential thing in woman: it enables her to bear with much, forgive much, and be silent to the end. And here he hit upon a happy

thought. "If," said he, "there is any lack in me—any real cause for so many refusals—may be she, with Christian forbearance, will overlook it." His first overture took the form of a useful present; and, as he anticipated, so it came to pass that Katie did not forget her profession of Christianity, but accepted his gift—the precursor of many solid attentions, which, agreeable as they proved, lacked that airy grace, that delicate aroma, dearly prized by the sex. In the town-hall, at this time, were held the religious meetings, to which he escorted Katie, not only to please her, but his own soul had become to him an object of some interest. The mild accents of Katie's voice, urging him to repentance and reform, had not been without influence. At first he found it difficult to get into the ways of kneeling, rising, and sitting in their proper times; but, with Katie at his side to prompt, he got on tolerably well. At last, the text was announced, and the minister began his discourse in that sing-song tone peculiar to those of the Methodist persuasion. Obadiah, realizing his respectable position (in church), occupying a front seat, by the side of Katie, fell into a train of thought on his own account—nothing very positive, but a sort of dreamy speculation in regard to his future. No one knows how long he would have gone on thus had not the minister, who had warmed up to his work, exclaimed, in stentorian voice, "Come, sinner—come to Jesus." This earnest cry pierced to the soul of Obadiah: he jumped to his feet, awakened, as it were, from deep sleep. The minister paused; the congregation looked at him; then, through his lethargic mind, there shot a gleam of inspiration. He seized his Peruvian hat, and awkwardly but resolutely passed it for contributions. Every one laughed and gave freely of his substance. The minister waited till he had placed the hat on the platform, when he resumed his sermon, under what might be called trying circumstances. And it is as yet unknown whether the generous contribution was given for the Lord, or as a fair compensation for amusement afforded by His servant Obadiah.

Katie had a disturbed manner when Obadiah returned to his seat. She fancied she would share in the ridicule, and she already felt the staring eyes of the people; and, although his immortal soul was precious in her sight, the ill behavior of its temple—the body—had abated her enthusiasm for its salvation, and created within her a longing desire to shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of some other woman, more capable, more worthy, who was weaned from the vanities of the world and indifferent to its sights and sounds. Again was Obadiah adrift. Never did he feel so hopelessly discouraged. He had prospected every marriageable woman in town, and the indications were unfavorable. A tinge of bitterness began to show itself in his conversation. He even spoke slightingly of the sex, and said they had better stay at home, where they belonged.

The summer passed away, and, just after the first rain, when all the miners were jubilant over the prospect of a wet season, there came to the town a lady, dashy in appearance, at home in conversation, and so coaxing and caressing in manner that her twenty-eight summers, or thereabout, were entirely overlooked. She came ostensibly as a dress-maker; she hung her window full of bewildering pictures of ladies with ruffles, court-trains, and other accessories of fashion, after which she could model with ease and dispatch. Obadiah met her, and yielded up his heart without a struggle. She was a woman of tact, and these live longest in the hearts of men. She flatters their weaknesses, and steers clear of the troubled waters of past indiscretions. She never allows a blunder to be made in her presence, and has the

happy faculty of making a mishap appear rather as an advantage. Not that Miss Hopkins was all this; but she might have been had she lived in a happier time, for she had the genuine intuitive power that insighted the special characteristics of all the people within the circle of her acquaintance. She made dresses badly enough, but more than atoned for it by well-turned compliments. Each customer came in for her share: figure, hair, eyes, or any feature that needed bolstering, got it from the deft tongue of Miss Hopkins. They could not give her up: she was as balm in Gilead. Besides, dress-makers were not common in those days, and she was much better than none. Obadiah offered himself, and was accepted. The marriage was to take place at the end of a month. His heart was overflowing with joy. He commenced immediately to renovate his house, and a wing must be added. He sent to San Francisco for carpet and furniture; he supplied wood and provisions in proportion to his happiness. There was no end to the hams, the beans, the lard. There was never a more devoted lover, and his delight was not broken in upon by the envious competition of rivals: others visited, but she went out with none but Obadiah. They rode on horseback, and had quiet little dinners together. He felt at these times that he had never loved before: no one had ever so sedulously watched the different stages of his appetite. After the first rude crash of meat and vegetables, came the titillating insinuations of puddings and cakes from the hand he adored. Never since in his own mother's house had a pie been made on purpose for him. His last bachelor day had come: the sun rose in the heavens, and seemed resolved to "hang forever there." At noon, he wandered into a ravine just at the edge of town, to pass the leaden-footed hours, and to muse upon his prospective happiness unmolested. With a feverish impatience, not unusual upon like occasions, he walked up and down and around, and finally halted at the sound of voices. He could see, but not be seen.

"Well, Cynth, how are the times?" asked the flashy-looking stranger who had been loafing around town for several days.

"Very much as they have always been in my life and line. My time has been divided pretty evenly between starvation on the bed-rock and riotous living on the bread of fools."

"I hear you are once again about to enter upon one of those blessed periods of prodigality. How did you manage it?"

"Manage it?" said she. "Bleeding fingers, throbbing eyes, and an aching back rather enlarge a woman's capacities for deviltry; at least, they drive me semi-annually to marriage. A choice of evils is something, however, to a free-born American citizen. When I married you I was crazy under the incessant growl of dissatisfied boarders."

"Cynthia, you are about as active and energetic a woman as one sees in a lifetime," said he.

"Yes; this blind old fool urges me to marry him, and I desire more comfortable quarters than the legitimate profits of dress-making can give me: two good and sufficient reasons for any marriage. Besides, he has money; and, if I don't rake his pile, I will, at least, get some good harness to remember him by."

"When does the event come off?" asked he.

"If by 'the event' you mean my marriage with Obadiah Fuller, allow me to state that it comes off this evening, at eight o'clock."

Night's sable mantle had scarcely draped the Sierras, when, through the outskirts of the town, with stealthy tread, stole a muffled figure. Along the level, and down the grade, passed a form, with

a speed to which that of the bearer of the fiery cross, at the command of Roderick Dhu, was but a snail's-pace. The wheezing of an immense pair of lungs heralded its approach; the retreating sound of ponderous footsteps announced its transit. The inmates of way-side houses, startled by the unwonted sounds, hastened to the doors only to hear the last, fading echoes.

It was Obadiah Fuller, fleeing from the destruction of his idol.

PIONEER DAYS OF CALIFORNIA.

EVERY state has its traditions of early times; and the origin of nearly all the older nations is so hidden in the murky atmosphere of the fabulous and the mythological as to deserve, at best, only the modern appellation of historical romance. With these older states traditions long ago became recorded history; and the air of high antiquity which invests them is allowed to redeem them from the patronizing judgment which men bestow on nursery tales, to whose company they rightfully belong. But the world has become too severely practical to entertain any state origin of modern times which approaches the supernatural, or weaves into its traditions any coloring more miraculous than "hard times," "flush times," or "bloody times." California owns to all of these qualifications, except the last; and if in its traditions it asks the world to relax nothing of its decision that the age of miracles is past, it may still be entitled to claim something for instances of the power of endurance approaching the superhuman. The grand illustrations of this quality evinced through a thousand privations, unheard-of sufferings, and hardships, on the journey and voyage to California in the early days, when the immigrant united in himself the character of warrior, hunter, passenger, explorer, sailor, cook, and nurse, before he had reached the Sunset-land; and for years afterward, in actions and privations that describe the hero—all this entitles our early times to a place a little aside from the well-beaten highway over which most modern states have traveled into their recognized places of greater or less magnitude in the social system.

Isolated as the Forty-niner was for years from the mental intercourse with the world to which he had been accustomed, he yet found an indescribable substitute which rendered that isolation quite endurable, if not enjoyable. Something, which neither the genial climate nor the affluent mines could impart—a constantly recurring excitement, which stripped existence of its monotony, and which seemed to be generated by a subtile atmospheric stimulant—added a ceaseless charm to the country, and helped to attach the early immigrant irrevocably to the soil. And to this day—it matters not whence he comes or whither he goes—neither sunny Italy nor *la belle France*, the baronial atmosphere of old England nor the enchanting ground of older Palestine, can wholly dissipate the charm which he has found in the land of his adoption. That attachment was well illustrated by a victim of *Vigilance* justice, who was compelled to "leave his country for his country's good." On reaching Panama, he begged the Captain of a return steamer, upon his knees, with the tears streaming down his face, to take him back to California. The Captain said, in reply to his entreaties, "Why, they will hang you as high as Haman, if you go back." "Be it so," he responded; "I would rather die in California, *without*

touching the ground, than live anywhere else."

One of the principal features of early times was the absolute freedom of social intercourse between man and man, and the absence of those distinctions in society which cause men to jostle each other in ascending the rounds of its ladder of crystallized forms, time-honored conventionalities, affluence, and fashion. Pedigree could not be proved, even if it were princely—for where all were strangers to each other, antecedents necessarily began and ended with the assumption of the claimant—and it was considered worthless, unless the presence of manhood sustained the claim to distinction. Even in that event, pride forbade the proffer of credentials. Thus it became necessary to admit all to the privileges of the best of men until they proved themselves undeserving; and then the reversed order of ascent was more quickly taken than belongs to the custom of refined society in old communities. Whatever the organization of society in its present order and general make-up may add in the way of stimulus to the progress of mankind, it must be acknowledged that it is the prolific mother of more than half the wretchedness and disastrous failures of its individual members. Nothing but barbarism as an alternative would justify society as now constituted, with wealth and fashion as the main elements of success in life. A constant, agonizing effort to be as miserable as you can seems to be the warp of our social economy.

It was different in the early days. The relief which men found here from the rigid forms of society—the absence of the graduated scale of social influence—was extremely favorable to the culture of the philosophic mood which renders one contented with himself and all the world. Relieved from the spirit of social intoxication, one could soberly smile at the petty annoyances which fret the ambition of the aspiring, from the cradle to the grave. None of these disturbed the Forty-niner; and if his food was not at war with digestion, he rested at night as peacefully as the new-born babe—albeit, if a miner, his bed may have been upon a snow-bank thirty feet deep, or intrenched in a mud-puddle that threatened inundation, with an umbrageous oak or towering pine as shelter from the storm overhead. All his hardships were of a physical nature: mentally, he was placid; and the situation was so novel and interesting that he marveled that so many of the ills of life resulted from the very organization specially created to prevent them—refined society.

Whenever social bankruptcy comes to the individual, and a temper somewhat cynical fastens upon him, let him not contemplate revenge, or stain his soul with homicide or suicide, but betake himself to the mountains and valleys remote from the haunts of civilization, and soothe his distempered fancy in a life distant from art, but close to Nature. No man is fit for society who is not superior to it; and the best that can be said of our social economy is that it establishes a school for aggregated humanity, in which a few are elevated above its highest standard, but more are dwarfed below the lowest elements of its education. Perhaps it would be better for him who can not rise above its standard to emigrate beyond its pale.

A singularly active and adventurous spirit characterized the first two or three years' wave of immigration; and a kindred development should have followed, and did follow. In ten years they built up a state that elsewhere had taken thirty, and they endowed its civil polity with a more expansive and cosmopolitan spirit than belongs to the controlling one idea, however correct and exalted in itself, which has been the corner-stone in the foundation of so many modern states. The climate, the main pursuit,

and the grand conformation of the country were all peculiar, and stamped their appropriate influences upon the new civilization. Something more may be claimed for that civilization than "the grand Provincialism," which Eastern visitors term it; for it manufactures more of character-influence for the East than it receives from it, and this should reverse the order of relation. It often happens that it is the manhood, and not the childhood, of nations that is transplanted to the provinces; and if provincialism were made to mean a higher development than the parent has reached, there would be significance in the term, in accordance with fact. History will sometime write, if it has not already recorded, that America revolutionized the civil polity of Europe; and then the reacting influence of the new upon the older States of the Union will be admitted. This distinctive merit of California has been derived—aside from the influences already mentioned—from the cosmopolitan character of her population. Probably nowhere else upon the globe is there a spot where may be found so great an admixture of the intelligent elements of all nations and peoples; and if the composition be not equal to the best, it is, at least, above the average, in quality, of the parent stock. The natural manifestation should be a broader philanthropy, a more tolerant spirit, and an enterprise of greater elasticity. This, if not the universal rule, has had but few exceptions. In its spirit of toleration, an apparent exception may be found in the treatment of the Mongolian immigrants. Yet a liberal and intelligent people is in duty bound to guard with jealous care the position of its independent labor, for upon that depends the prosperity of the state; and if the fear that the voluntary immigration of an inferior race would overrun the country, at the expense of our own labor, was groundless, it was still excusable, from the overshadowing importance of that possible result. Men who looked from causes to effects well knew that a people who enjoyed personal freedom at home would not voluntarily banish themselves permanently to a country where they must occupy the lowest position—as hewers of wood and drawers of water to a superior race. As well might Africa, of her own free will, have sought to endure the horrors of the middle-passage to serve as chattels in America. When the news that gold could be picked up from the surface of the soil—which spread over Asia, as it spread over America and Europe—should be contradicted by actual experience, it was reasonable to suppose that excessive immigration from Asia to California would gradually cease, as it has ceased.

Probably nothing stamps early times with greater interest or higher renown than the fact that several hundred thousand men lived here for years, in perfect peace and good order, substantially without law, and without executive or police government. The burden of preserving public order, which, under the forms of an old-established government, is duly assigned, with red-tape precision, to public officers selected for the purpose, was here voluntarily assumed by every good citizen as conscientiously as though he held the commission of a ministerial officer. When, in later times, the semblance of law and authority was established, and the new immigration brought the outlaw, the highwayman, and the desperado, the ineffectiveness of the legal power to enforce the laws over so extensive a field of jurisdiction often compelled communities, especially in the mines, to combine together for self-protection. Thus originated here the organization known the world over under the title of "Vigilance Committee"—which embodied executive, judicial, and legislative authority.

Those familiar with the operation of

these bodies, indignantly resent the charge that their action should be confounded with mob action. They claim that no legal tribunal ever proceeded with its business more deliberately or in better order, and that their record of the instances of mistaken judgment in penal offenses would compare favorably with that of any tribunal established by law. Be that as it may, one thing was generally admitted: that no power was ever created by law which lawless desperados and malefactors held in such awe and dread as the power of these self-constituted committees. The bare announcement of the formation of such an organization has often restored order in the most lawless community; and the spotted characters—the outlaws, the scourges of society—have been known to fly instinctively from its neighborhood. Assuredly, its power was overwhelming. A body of men of unknown numbers, sustained by the community almost blindly, sworn to secrecy, and united in self-defense, with lines of secret communication that cobwebbed the country—there has seldom been a detective power that could compare with it in effectiveness, even under the most tyrannical dictatorship. The ubiquitous spies of the terrible Venetian Council of Ten, the secret agents of the bloody Inquisition, the renowned detective police of the last Napoleon, were scarcely more awe-inspiring to the objects of their surveillance than a California Vigilance Committee to the fraternity leagued together with predatory intent upon the good order and peace of society. Admit that it was a dangerous power, even a lawless power, and yet few "old Californians" can be found who will not claim that at one time in the history of the State it was an absolute necessity. Its efficiency lay in its numbers, its thorough organization, and its secret action. The theory of its economy was based upon the law recognized in the old maxim that the devil must be fought with fire.

Instances of mob action, pure and simple, were exceedingly rare. Over the whole region of the mines very few instances can be recalled of this lawless, and often objectless, action. One instance in early times may be cited, which had, at the time, considerable notoriety. The victim, strange as it may appear, was a woman. In the midst of a population almost exclusively male—where the advent of woman was as rare as angels' visits, and appreciated quite as highly—it is remarkable that a representative of the gentler sex should atone, at the end of a halter, for her disregard of law and order. High up in the northern mines had she planted her colors, and for a time she commanded the admiration of the sterner sex. The miner, the itinerant prospector, the trader, the limb of the law, and the numerous fraternity who exhibit the "tiger," all paid court to her—if not for her beauty, at least for her sex. She was of the Latinized Mexican race, in which the pure Castilian blood did not, perhaps, predominate; and if she was not a Venus in comeliness, there were no blemishes apparent not easily overlooked by the chivalry of those early times. She reigned queen of that mining region, if not by virtue of beauty, at least by virtue of all-powerful crinoline. The vocation of gambling, although rightfully considered as the undisguised enemy of moral tone in society, was, nevertheless, viewed with leniency by the public opinion of that day, and the leisure hours of men of all pursuits generally found them congregated in the gaudily decorated, comfortable, and seductive gambling-saloons, either as spectators or participants in the games. She was there, also, as the gambler's companion or assistant in his evil, but profitable calling. Seated behind the gaming-table, attired in the apparel best calculated to exhibit her

charms, with consummate tact she drew the by-standers to an interest in the various games of chance, in which hard-earned fortunes were lost in a moment. She drank her "toddy" equally well with the men as often as they chose to "treat," and smiled sweetly upon the half-intoxicated rustic who wildly staked his all upon the turn of a card. Sated with the success of her arts and the admiration of men, she deemed her position scarcely lower than that of any hereditary Queen ruling by authority of divine right. But, in an evil hour, passion seized the helm, dethroning reason and prudence, and, in one wild throw of the die, she hazarded—as many have done before her—every thing that she had acquired of fortune, power, even life itself, and—lost. In the midst of a maddening altercation with a by-stander, she drew her dagger and stabbed him to the heart, laying him dead at her feet!

The victim of the homicide was a sober, steady man, standing high in the ranks of an influential Order, and generally much esteemed in the community. The excitement which followed may possibly be conceived, but can hardly be described. The miners poured into the town from the surrounding mines as the Highland clans formerly responded to the call of the slogan.

"Mob" is a simple word of one syllable, but that one syllable is significant of more terror in a given time than any other word in the language we speak. "War" and "Death" are monosyllables of immense import, yet they are familiar terms, and indicate events somewhat under the control of known laws; but a mob is chaos let loose—a comet without an orbit—a satellite not amenable to the universal law of attraction. It is never known where it will strike or when it will stop striking; and the innocent stand almost as much in terror of it as the guilty.

In this case, however, the mob could not mistake its object. The tragedy had been enacted in the presence of a hundred witnesses. The woman's doom was sealed in a court in which sentence and execution were convertible terms, and without space for the intervention of a reprieve. Instinctively the woman knew that her time had come. She did not need to view the gathering multitude with its turbulent air of determination, nor listen to its deep, thundering undertone. To her the atmosphere was loaded with prophetic warnings of ill-omen, and she *felt* rather than saw or heard that the knell of dissolution was sounding. But she harbored no craven spirit. Neither the philosophy of the stoic, nor the hope of the Christian, could have added to her bravery or her indifference to her fate. Unaided she mounted the rude scaffold, and with her own hands calmly adjusted the rope around her neck. This was the last of earth. Individual efforts were made to stay the execution and save the doomed woman. Lawyers hastily mounted improvised rostrums, and with energetic gesticulations poured forth torrents of eloquence in her behalf, which were unheard and unheeded.

Thus ended the first and last execution of a woman by White Men in California; and those who witnessed it will not soon forget it. A few, who believed in the necessity of capital punishment, still condemned the execution of the woman, because she was a woman; but more asserted that if woman commits the crimes of men she deserves the fate of men. In the hastening times of this age, woman is fast approaching, perhaps, the unanticipated, but still inevitable conclusion, that to the same political rights belong the same legal penalties and responsibilities, without distinction of sex. The right to make laws necessarily entails the liability to suffer the penalties of their violation; and if woman will have the former, she must accept

the latter. It may be urged that she does now suffer the same penalty for the same offense, but it is well known that it is more difficult to convict a woman than a man, and, when convicted, the sentence is generally milder in her case. This is the natural consequence in refined society, not exclusively on account of sex, but from the fact of her being divested of direct political rights, and, to that extent, thrown upon the magnanimity and chivalry of the opposite sex. It is one of the complex problems of the age, whether the proposed radical change in the political relation of the sexes would result to the advantage of either sex, if adopted.

In concluding the allusions to early days in this article, it may be hardly fitting to entirely ignore the changed relations which California now sustains to the world. Railroads and telegraphs have made this pre-eminently an age of intercommunication, and isolation is a story of the past. To the "old Californian" this radical change has been little less than stunning, and his condition of syncope has scarcely yet passed away. The more recent immigrant more readily adapts himself to the new order of things, for he perceives in it an old, familiar face. The change denotes more labor and less returns, but it opens up a future of grander commercial proportions and of superior aggregate importance. Upon this generous soil of genial clime the Orient and the Occident meet, and the probabilities of the future are beyond computation. The Star of Empire can travel westward no farther, and the work of the Pioneer is done. The foundation is laid in the last link of the complete circle of connected empires, and the attention of the world is interested to know what manner of edifice the superstructure shall be.

APOTHEGMS.

THE crowning crime of the age is thirst for temporal riches. It is not only the crime of the individual, but the nation—yea, the nations—are wallowing in the gilded and sensual rut of acquisitiveness. And the bitterness of the curse it brings is upon the lips of all people—upon the lips of those who achieve opulence by the exercise of superior greed and cunning, and upon the lips of those who suffer deprivation therefor.

In the finest natures some base threads are woven, and delicate indeed must be the consideration that is not warped by continual contact.

To find wise men is not difficult: the fools are the exceedingly rare animals.

Ministers are nearer God than other men are—or nearer the devil.

As there are many things, so the truth of many things is many-sided. Call no man a liar, therefore; for he may behold truth from sides that are opposites of your own.

Keep this thought in your heart of hearts: that God is good, and Nature beneficent. If men are miserable, it is because they deserve to be so, or because it is for their ultimate advantage.

If thy conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if it smite thee twice, it is condemnation.

Dollars are greater than men. The man who has no dollars has no men.

Look forward to thy grave, and thou wilt walk soberly.

Truth: liars' purgatory.

As men are constituted so they will be. What is not in them can not be got out. You may get an oyster from an oyster's shell, but neither by force nor persuasion a lobster or a crab.

When the millennium will come: when knowledge becomes an instrument of good, power an instrument of justice, and honesty is honored equally in precept and in practice.

Conscience is none other than God in the soul. If conscience is hushed, God has left the soul. Oh, soul! give heed to the still, small voice.

Human constancy: two fools promising to make a straight journey over a crooked road.

Worldly friendships are like coffee-grounds: the oftener they are drawn upon the weaker they grow.

Gold is but a relative good. Yet mankind exchange God, truth, and honor, which are *positive* goods, for gold!

Hope may bud under clouds, but blossoms only in sunshine.

Gild a big knave, and little honest men will worship him.

Forgiveness: a kiss of the lips to heal a stab at the heart.

Aim high; but not so high as not to be able to hit any thing.

Conceit: an ass who imagines himself to be an elephant.

In solitude is self-knowledge; in society is knowledge of others.

Who lives for himself alone, lives for a mean fellow.

There is more happiness at a distance than ever comes near.

He who would know the heights of joy must sound the depths of sorrow.

The swine are many, and the pearls few.

The man of the world says the Bible is a good book, and, to show his reverence therefor, he buries it in the coffin with his grandmother.

The simplicity that believes the stars are the innumerable ends of God's shining fingers piercing the heavens, is infinitely more blessed than the astute skepticism that believes nothing.

Those who serve you because they love you, will exact no return: those who serve you from self-interest, will exact both principal and interest.

Our sweetest hopes and strongest faiths are founded on immaterialities. God, the soul, and immortality are imperceptible objects.

Passion without principle is a two-edged sword. He who wields it gets the worst cuts.

Those who bear many crosses without crossness are stronger than Samson and wiser than Solomon.

The mortal who loves Nature and walks with her *intelligently*, sees God.

A humble duty faithfully performed is a sweet morsel forever.

Truth is the most dense, yet the most transparent, of all principles.

Let me be condemned innocent rather than acquitted guilty.

One often meets with walking dead men—ghosts of their former selves.

The gracious foresee gratuities.

Those who shun society are above it or beneath it—giants or pigmies.

Who knows himself has occasion for humility.

The differences of the wise excuse the bickerings of the ignorant.

Riches are wings with which even asses can fly.

Look up—God looks down.

Would you hold the mass of mankind in admiration, live below them; would you hold the mass in respect, live on their level; would you hold them in contempt, live above them.

Man is an enigma, with God and Heaven on one side and the Devil and Hell on the other, continually goading him to self-solution.

The difficulty of determining what is real and what is illusory is the great difficulty.

Fame is sometimes the voice of the gods, and sometimes the cackling of geese.

Mankind feed a vice with a dollar, starve a virtue with a cent, and cry, O, my beloved is Virtue!

One may sprawl, and regain his dignity; but from *crawling* there is no recovery.

Society winks at the wealthy knave and tramples on the poor knave. Society is worthy of all praise!

When troubles move near, friends move off.

From friends we learn what we should be; from enemies, what we are.

In familiar places there are no wonderful things.

When you despair of good, beware of evil.

Justice is immutable—but not human justice.

Retrospection: going back to wash in dirty water.

Sacrifice not the truth for friends: friends are for a time, truth is forever.

Who falls twice on the same spot is weak in his head as well as in his heels.

"No" is a little word, with a short sound and a long import.

Reason: human perplexity.

An adroitly oiled friend is often the sole hinge upon which success turns. The want of such a hinge resolves many a would-have-been success into a lamentable *squeak*.

To speak only in praise of humanity is to flatter one's self: to speak ill only is to slander humanity.

Old age is the verdict of life: if the old age is seemly, the life has been virtuous; if unseemly, it has been vicious.

If, as atheists affirm, Creation came by chance, what a sublime Chance it was.

Whoso sits down to the wholesale praise of any human effort gets up a liar. Perfection is God's alone.

The devil is an invention of man; sin is an invention of man: and wherever man is there are his inventions.

If the world kicks you, cry like a baby, in fond delusion that it will repentingly turn around and rock you to sleep.

The little do not always see the great.

Seek no other wisdom but God, for He is all wisdom.

Life is a succession of uncertainties, ending in one certainty—Death.

Precept: porcelain. Practice: broken china.

If the fruit is bitter, the blossom was foul.

Some great endeavors come to nothing; some little ones come to much.

Who preaches is immaterial—practicing is what mends the road.

"Truth is stranger than fiction" only because men are strangers to Truth.

Any life is a success upon which God smiles.

Happiness is blind: the wisest are those who suffer most.

Unshed tears are never wiped away.

AN ENDING.

I dreamed a dream exceeding fair—
They woke me rudely from my sleep:
I toil my task, I nothing ask—
I neither laugh nor weep.

I grow so tired from day to day,
Through hours that lag and drag and creep,
I almost wish to dream again—
To dream and sleep.

Some day my hands shall lie quite still;
Quite still my heart shall lie, in sleep:
I shall not dream, I shall not wake,
I shall not laugh nor weep!

WHAT THEY TOLD ME AT WILSON'S BAR.

THE mining season was ended in the narrow valley of one of the Sacramento's northern tributaries, as, in fact, it was throughout the whole region of "placer diggings;" for it was October of a dry year, and water had failed early in all the camps. The afternoon of a long, idle day at Wilson's Bar was drawing to a close. The medium through which the sun's hot rays reached the parched earth was one of red dust, the effect of which was that of a mellow Indian Summer haze, pleasing to the eye, if abhorred by the skin and lungs, compelled to take it in, whether brute or human. In the landscape was an incongruous mingling of beauty and deformity—the first, the work of Nature; the last, the marring of man.

To the east and to the west rose hills, whose ruggedness was softened by distance to outlines of harmonious grandeur. Scattered over the valley between them, the stately "digger," or nut-pines, grew at near intervals, singly or in groups of three or five, harmonizing by their pale gray-green with the other half-tints of earth, air, and sky. Following the course of the dried-up river was a line, more or less continuous, of the evergreen oaks, whose round, spreading tops are such a grateful relief to the eye in the immense levels of the lower Sacramento and upper San Joaquin valleys. Depending from these, hung long, venerable-looking beards of gray moss, as devoid of color as every thing else in the landscape—every thing else, except the California wild grape, which, so far from being devoid of color, was gorgeous enough in itself to lighten up the whole foreground of the picture. Growing in clumps upon the ground, it was gay as a bed of tulips. Clambering up occasional tall trees, it flaunted its crimson and party-colored foliage with true bacchanalian jollity, each leaf seeming drunk with its own red wine. There is truly nothing that grows in the Golden State more beautiful than the *Vitus Californica* in October.

That was Nature's side of the picture.

The reverse was this: the earth everywhere torn and disfigured by prospectors, whose picks had produced the effect of some huge snout of swine, applied with the industry characteristic of that animal in forbidden grounds. Rude cabins were scattered about, chiefly in the neighborhood of the stream. Rockers, sluice-boxes, and sieves strewed its borders. Along the dusty road which led to Wilson's Bar toiled heavily laden trains of freight-wagons, carrying supplies for the coming winter. At each little deviation from the general level, the eight-mule teams strained every muscle; the dust-enswathed drivers swore frantically and whipped mercilessly; the immense wagons groaned and creaked, and—the world moved on, however much the pained observer might wish to bring it to a stand-still.

A rosy sunset beyond the western mountains was casting its soft glamour over the scene—happily not without one appreciative beholder—when Bob Matheny's wagon drew up in front of the Traveler's Rest, the principal hotel of Wilson's Bar. From the commotion which ensued immediately thereupon, it would appear that Matheny was a person widely and also somewhat favorably known; such ejaculations as "Hulloa! thar's Bob Matheny," "How-dy, old feller!" and many other similar expressions of welcome greeting him on all sides, as he turned from blocking the wheels of his wagon, which else might have backed down the slight incline that led to Traveler's Rest.

At the same moment that the hand-shaking was progressing, a young woman, mounted on a handsome filly, rode up to the rude steps of the hotel and prepared to dismount; and Bob Matheny instantly broke away from his numerous friends, to lift her from the saddle, which act occasioned a sympathetic smile in that same numerous circle, and a whisper ran round it, half audible, to the effect that Bob had "bin gittin' married," "A dog-goned purty gal," "The old cock's puttin' on frills," and similar appropriate remarks, *ad infinitum.* In the meantime—the young woman disappearing within the hotel, and Matheny occupying himself firstly with the wants of his team, and lastly with his own and those of his traveling companion—gossip had busily circulated the report among the idlers of Wilson's Bar that Bob Matheny had taken to himself a young wife, who was accompanying him on his monthly trip to the mountains. This report was published with the usual verbal commentaries, legends, and annotations; as relevant and piquant as that sort of gossip usually is, and as elegant as, from the dialect of Wilson's Bar, might be expected.

Late that evening, a group of honest miners discussed the matter in the Star of Empire Saloon.

"He's the last man I'd a-suspected ov doin' sech a act," said Tom Davis—with a manly grief upon his honest countenance, as he hid the ace and right-bower under the brim of his ragged old *sombrero*, and proceeded to play the left upon the remainder of that suit—with emphasis, "the very last man!"

"It's a powerful temptation to a feller in *his* shoes," remarked the tall Kentuckian on his right. "A young gal is a mighty purty thing to look at, and takes a man's mind off from his misfortin's. You mind the verse, don't ye,

'Sorrows I divide, and joys I double?'"

"And give this world a world o' trouble," subjoined Davis' partner, with a good-natured laugh at his own wit. "It's your deal, Huxly. Look and see if all the cards are in the pack. Deuced if I don't suspect somebody's hidin' them."

"Every keerd's thar thet I hed in my hands, ef you mean *me*," said the Kentuckian, sharply.

"Waäl, I *don't* mean you. A feller may have his little joke, I suppose."

"Depends on the kind o' jokes. Here's the two missin' keerds on the floor. Now, ef you say I put 'em thar, it's a little joke I reckon I won't stand. *Sabe?*"

"Come, I'll pay for the drinks, old fel', if you'll allow me to apologize. Waiter, drinks all round. What'll you take, gentlemen?"

"Now, that's what I call blarsted 'an'-some," remarked Huxly, who was an Englishman from Australia:

> 'Friend of me soul, this goblet sip,
> 'Twill dry the starting tear:
> 'Tis not so bright as woman's lip,
> But oh, 'tis more sincere!'

Here's to ye, me hearties."

"Which brings us back to our subject," responded Davis' partner, commonly called "Gentleman Bill," as the glasses were drained and sent away. "Do you believe in curses, Kentuck?"

"B'lieve in cusses? Don't the Bible tell about cussin'? Wasn't thar an old man in the Bible—I disremember his name—that cussed one of his sons, and blessed t'other one? I reckon I *do* b'lieve in cussin'."

His interlocutor laughed softly at the statement and argument. "Did you ever know any body to be cursed in such a manner that it was plain he was under a ban of unintermitting vengeance?"

"Ef you mean did I ever know a man as was cussed, I ken say I did, onct. He was a powerful mean man—a nigger-driver, down in Tennessee. He was orful to swear, an' cruel to the Niggers, an' his wife besides. One day she died, an' left a mite of a baby; an' he was so mad, he swore he 'wouldn't bury her: the neighbors might bury her, an' the brat, too, if they liked.' As he was a-swearin' an' a-tearin' with all his might, an' a-callin' on God to cuss him ef he didn't do so an' so, all of a suddent, just as his mouth opened with a oath, he was struck speechless, an' never has spoke a word till this day!—leastways, not that ever I heerd ov."

"That is what I should call a special example of Divine wrath," said Gentleman Bill, deftly dealing the cards for a new game. "What I meant to ask, was, whether any one, yourself especially, had ever known one man to curse another man so as to bring ruin upon him, in spite of his will to resist it."

"Waäl, I've heern tell of sech things; can't say as I know such a man, without it's Bob Matheny. *He* says he's cussed; an' I reckon he *is*. Every body in Wilson's Bar has heern about that."

"Not every body, for I am still ignorant of his story. Was that why Mr. Davis objected so strongly to his marriage? I begin to be interested. Count me another game, partner. I should like to hear about Mr. Matheny."

"You may tell the story, Davis," said Kentuck, magnanimously. "I want ter chaw terbacker fur awhile, an' I can't talk an' chaw."

Tom Davis gladly took up the theme, as it gave him an opportunity to display his oratorical and rhetorical abilities, of which he was almost as proud as he was of his skill in hiding cards in his sleeves, his hat, his hair, his boots.

"Gentlemen," he began, hesitating an instant—while, attention being fixed on what he was about to say, he stocked the cards—"gentlemen, it's one of the curusest things you ever heerd in yer life. It seems thar was a woman at the bottom of it—I believe thar allers is at the bottom of every thing. Waäl, he stole another man's sun-flower—I've heerd Bob say so, hisself—an' the other feller got mad—as mad as thunder—an', when he found his gal had vamosed with Bob, he cursed him; an' his curse was this: that as long as he lived all that he did should prosper fur a little while, an' jest when he begun to enj'y it, a curse should come onto it. Ef it wor busi-

ness, when he thought he was sure of a good thing, it should fail. Ef it wor love, the woman he loved should die. Ef it wor children, they should grow up, and turn agin' him; or, if they stuck to him, the same curse should be on them: what they undertook should fail; what they loved should die."

"Did the woman he loved, die? did his children desert him?" asked the Englishman, eagerly.

"His wife died seven year arter he married her; one ov his boys was killed by his horse fallin' on him; the other got into bad company down to Red Bluffs, an', arter leadin' the old man a devil of a life for two year or more, run off, an' got taken by the lynchers—so folks said. I b'lieve he has a gal, back in the States; but his wife's folks won't let her come to Californy. They're a-eddicatin' her quite grand, an' she writes a powerful nice letter. The old man showed me one, last time he was up to the Bar. Han'some as any school-marm's ever ye saw. But Bob says he don't see what's the use: somethin's sure to happen her; somethin' allers does happen to him an' to his chillern."

"Is that why he thinks he's cursed—because 'something always happens?'" asked Gentleman Bill, indifferently.

"Sart'in; an' it's so, as sure as yer born. Nothin' never pans out long with Bob Matheny. His beginnin's is all good, an' his endin's all bad. I reckon thar never was a man to Wilson's Bar has bin cleaned eout, down to the bed-rock, as often as Matheny."

"Is he a good man?" asked the Englishman, interested.

"Never had a better man to Wilson's Bar," responded Kentuck, decidedly, as he cast his quid under the table. "He ain't a lucky feller, an' he's mighty superstitious an' the like; but I make a heap o' Bob Matheny. His luck an' his cuss don't hurt him none fur me. It's jest a notion, mebbe."

"Notion or no notion," said Davis, with a knowing leer, "he's not the man to marry a nice gal like that 'un he's got up to the Rest. Better let her be for some lucky young feller as could make her happy. Don't you say so, boys?"

While the laugh went round, the crowd that had been gradually collecting and listening to the story, began to move, and then to part, as the man so much talked of forced his way toward the group of speakers.

"Hold yer tongue, Tom Davis," said Kentuck. "Hulloa, Bob! take my hand, won't ye? I'll introduce ye to my friends. My pardner is Huxly—a tip-top feller, as you'll diskiver fur yerself. Davis' pardner is Randolph—Gentleman Bill, we call him fur short: he's so nice an' perlite. He's from yer State, too, I reckon."

"Randolphs of Booneville," said Gentleman Bill, rising and extending his hand.

Matheny, who was a mild-looking man of about fifty, with a hesitating manner and rather care-worn countenance, half concealed under a wide-brimmed, dusty black hat, instead of meeting half-way the extended hand of his friend's friend, thrust his own into his pockets and gazed fixedly at young Randolph. "Be ye Boone Randolph, or be ye his sperrit?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Neither, quite," said the young man, smiling, yet a little flushed. "I am son of Boone Randolph of Booneville, if you know who he was."

Matheny turned and hurried out of the crowd, followed by Kentuck, who wanted to have explained this singular conduct of Bob's toward his friends. As there was no witness of their conversation, its meaning can only be guessed at by another which took place two hours later, after Matheny had turned in at the Traveler's Rest. It was late, even for him, when Kentuck started for his lodgings at the other end of the long,

densely crowded street—crowded not only with buildings of wood and canvas, but choked up with monstrous freight-wagons, and their numerous horse and mule-teams, for which there was not stable-room enough in all Wilson's Bar. Stumbling along the uneven sidewalk, often touching with his feet some unhoused vagabond, Kentuck was about to mount the stairs which led to his bedroom, when some one touched him on the shoulder, and the voice of Gentleman Bill addressed him:

"I beg your pardon, Kentuck; but you've been with Matheny, haven't you? I want to know why he wouldn't shake hands. He told you, of course?"

"Waäl, I'm a friend of Bob's, ye know, Bill; an' he is mighty rough on you, sure. Better not say nothin' about it."

"That wouldn't suit me, Kentuck. I want to understand something about the matter which concerns me so evidently. Come, out with it, and I'll leave you to go to bed."

"Waäl, you heerd Tom Davis' blab this evenin'; an' you know that Bob's got the idee into his intelleck that the cuss of a sart'in man as he onct wronged is a-stickin' to him yit, an' never will let loose till he passes in his checks?"

"Who was the man?"

"Boone Randolph, of Booneville."

"My father?"

"Yaäs, yer pap. He's down powerful on your pap, that's sart'in. Sez he to me: 'Loh! that's the ornary whelp ov the devil that cussed me. Old's I am I'd like to fight him, fur the sake o' the man that I knowed onct. I feel my young blood a-risin'; he looks so mighty like Boone Randolph.' But I tole him he war a fool to talk ov fightin' yer: ye'd whip him all ter flinders."

"I wouldn't fight him, of course: he's too old for me. And then he's just married, too, isn't he? I have no wish to make that young woman a widow."

"A widow!" said Kentuck, laughing. "That girl's name is Anne Matheny; but she ain't Bob's wife—not by a long shot. Why, she's Bob's darter, as has just come out to see her old pap."

"Well, I like that. I am less than ever inclined to fight the man who owns such a daughter. I must find a way to make friends with him, even if I have to quarrel with him to do it. Good-night, Kentuck. Pleasant dreams to you."

Gentleman Bill felt more than ordinarily wide-awake, whether it was from the novel excitement of the brief encounter with Matheny or not. When Kentuck had left him he stood for some time irresolute, with no wish for rest, and no desire to go anywhere in particular. He looked up to the sky. It was murky with filmy fog-clouds and dust not yet settled to the earth. Not a star was visible in the whole arch of heaven. He looked down the street, and his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, could just faintly distinguish the outlines of the wagons that crowded it. Every sound was hushed, except the occasional movement of a restless animal, or the deep sighing of a sleeping one. Not a light was burning anywhere along the street. While gazing aimlessly into the gloom he saw, all at once, as if lighted by a flash from the sky, a sudden illumination spring up, and a column of flame stand erect over the Traveler's Rest.

Now Wilson's Bar did not boast a fire company. At some seasons of the year, had a fire broken out, there would have been a chance of its extinguishment, inflammable as were the materials of which the place was built; but just after the long, hot summer, when the river was all but dried up, and every plank in houses, fences, and sidewalks so much tinder, a fire that should get under headway would have every thing its own way. Seeing the danger, Gentleman Bill started down the street on a run, shouting, in his clarion tones, that ever-thrilling

cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" till it seemed to him he must wake the dead. But it was that hour of the night, or rather morning, when sleep is heaviest and the watchful senses off their guard. The teamsters, who slept in their wagons, were the first to be aroused; but they, seeing the peril which might come to their teams, and destruction to their property, kept by their own. The inhabitants of the dwellings awoke more slowly, and came pouring into the street only in time to see the roof of the Traveler's Rest falling in, although the lower story was not yet consumed.

Nobody knew much about the details of the scene that ensued. The current of heated air produced the usual rush of cold wind, which spread and fed the flames, until, in half an hour, all hope of saving any part of the principal street in the Bar was abandoned, and people were flying for safety to the outskirts of the town.

On a little eminence, overlooking the burning buildings, together stood Gentleman Bill and a young woman he had rescued from smoke and flame just in time to save her from suffocation. Together they looked down upon the conflagration, and together listened to the horrible medley of sounds proceeding from it.

"If I could only know that my father is safe!" was the repeated moan of Anne Matheny, as she gazed intently upon the scene of distress.

Seeing the fright and trouble in her eyes, her companion cunningly diverted her attention for one moment to the weird landscape stretching away toward the western mountains. It was the same scene she had beheld for the first time with such interest twelve hours before; but in what a different aspect! The murky heavens reflected the red glare of the flames upon every object for miles around, tinging each with a lurid gleam like nothing in Nature. The dark neutrals of the far-off mountains, the gray-green of the pines, the sere color of the parched valley, the dark dull-green of the oaks, garlanded with hoary moss, and the gay foliage of the wild grape—all came out distinctly in this furnace-glow, but with quite new effects. In the strong and strange fascination of the scene, both these young people, so singularly situated, forgot for three minutes their mutual anxiety. Longer it would be impossible to forget it.

"Do not you think I might go to look for my father now, Mr.——?"

"Randolph"—supplied that gentleman.

"Oh, thank you!—Mr. Randolph?"

"I do not see how you could, really;" and, without intending it in the least, but simply through his embarrassment, Randolph glanced hastily at her scanty dress, which thereby she blushingly understood to be his objection.

"If I could get only a blanket from father's wagon! Do you think it would be possible? Would you be running a risk to try for a blanket, do you think, Mr. Randolph? If there is any risk, please do not go; but I am so anxious—so terribly anxious."

He knew she was, and knew the reason she had for her apprehensions: so, although he mistrusted the result of his errand, he answered simply: "Certainly; I will go, if you are not afraid to be left alone. *I* shall be in no danger."

"O, thank you—thank you! You will bring me a message from my father?"

"I hope so, indeed, since you desire it so much. I think you had better sit down on this newspaper, and let me cover your shoulders with my coat."

"No, indeed. If you are going near the fire, you will need it to protect you from cinders."

But Randolph quickly divested himself of his upper garment, and laid it lightly over her shivering form; then quietly charging her to feel no alarm,

and as little anxiety as possible, strode rapidly away toward the fire. Fifteen minutes afterward he returned more slowly, with a blanket, which Anne rose up to receive.

"My father? Did you see my father?"

"I did not see him. He must have taken his horses off a little distance for safety, and you may not see him for several hours. Do not indulge in apprehensions. In the morning we shall find him: it is almost daylight now."

He pointed to a faint light along the eastern horizon; but her eyes were blinded with tears.

"It is not like my father to leave me so long—at such a time, too! He would not care for his horses, nor for any thing but me. O, can he have perished!"

She spoke as though the awful significance of her loneliness had just dawned upon her. Randolph, from whom the thought had never been absent from the moment he saw the pillar of flame shooting up over the Traveler's Rest, was startled by the suddenness of her anguish; and an expression of profound grief came over his face, noticeable even to her inattentive eyes, and which comforted her by its sympathy, even in the midst of her alarm and distress.

The day had dawned when Anne Matheny lifted her tear-swollen face from her knees, and looked upon the smoking ruins of Wilson's Bar. It was but a blackened heap of rubbish; yet somewhere in its midst, she felt assured, were buried the charred remains of her father. Each moment that he came not deepened her conviction, until at last her companion ceased his efforts to inspire hope, and accepted her belief as his own. Then, with the inconsistency of sorrow, she violently repudiated the suspicion of her father's death, and besought him piteously to seek and bring him to her side.

It was while obeying this last command that Gentleman Bill encountered Kentuck, who, after the confusion of the fire was over, was, like himself, looking for Matheny. When they had consulted together, the two returned to the place where Anne was awaiting them.

"There is one request I have to make, Kentuck: which is, that you will not inform Miss Matheny of the enmity of her father toward my father and myself. It would only distress her. Besides, I should like to befriend her, poor girl! and I could not, if she looked upon me with her father's eyes."

"No, 'tain't no use to tell her nothin' about that, sure enough. It's mighty curus, though, 'bout that fire: not another man got hurt, not a mite; and Bob Matheny dead! I'll be hanged if it ain't mighty curus. I hope *ye* won't hurt the gal, bein' yer the son of yer father."

"Hurt her! I'd——"

Gentleman Bill did not say what he would do; but Kentuck, glancing his way, caught a perfectly comprehensible expression, and muttered softly to himself:

"Waäl, if that ain't the dog-gondest, curusest sarcumstance I ever seed. Hit, the first pop! Waäl, I'm not the feller to come atween 'em, ef thet's ther notion. Far play's my rule."

To Bill, aloud, he said: "Reckon you'll hev' to let *me* be her uncle for awhile yet. Yer most too young a feller to offer to take car' of a gal like that. Bob Matheny's darter has a right to what leetle dust pans out o' Kentuck's claim. Thet's my go."

Just at this moment Anne, who had been watching for the return of her friend, seeing two figures approaching, uttered a cry of joy and ran forward to meet them. The shock of her disappointment at seeing a stranger in place of her father, caused her nearly to swoon away in Kentuck's arms.

"Neow, don't ye, honey," he said, soothingly, in his kind, Kentucky dialect. "Sho! don't ye take on. We's all got

to die, sometime or 'nother. Don't mind me: I'm yer pap's oldest friend on this coast—hev' prospected an' dug an' washed up with him sence '49; and a kinder comrade a man never hed. In course, I consider it my dooty an' privilege to see that you're took car' ov. The Bar's purty much cleaned eout—thet's so; but I'll soon hev' a cabin up somewhere; an' ye can jest run my shebang anyway ye like. Reckon I can find some nice woman to stay along with ye, fur comp'ny."

This was just the kind of talk best calculated to engage the attention of one in Anne's situation—half soothing and half suggestive—and by degrees her father's old friend succeeded in arousing her to face her loss, and the prospects of her future.

They told me at Wilson's Bar, only last October—it must have been about the anniversary of the fire—that in two or three months Anne had recovered her spirits and health so far as to essay teaching the little flock of children at the Bar, with flattering success; and that in two or three more it began to be observed that Gentleman Bill—now more commonly called Mr. Randolph, out of respect to Miss Matheny—generally happened to be in the neighborhood of the school-house about the hour of closing, in order that he might walk home with the teacher. In truth, the young people had taken to looking and sighing after each other in a way that provoked remark, and augured a wedding. As Anne insisted on completing her term of teaching, as well as on taking a little time for preparation, the wedding did not come off until the first part of September.

On this occasion—the only one of the kind Kentuck had ever had any thing to do with—the rude, but generous-hearted Kentuckian made a point of displaying his hospitality on a scale commensurate with his ideas of its importance; and the *élite* of Wilson's Bar were invited to eat, drink, and dance from dusk till dawn of that memorable day. As for the bride, she looked as lovely as it is the right and duty of all brides to look—even lovelier than the most; and the groom was the very prince of bridegrooms—so all the maiden guests declared.

On the following morning, when the young couple were to go away, Anne kissed and cried over Kentuck, her second father, in a truly gratifying fashion; and Randolph behaved very gentlemanly and kindly—as, in fact, he always did; and Kentuck put on paternal airs, blessing his children in all the honeyed epithets of a true Kentuckian.

Alas, that the legend does not end here! If the reader is of my mind, he will wish that it had. But if he is of that sanguinary sort who always insist upon seeing the grist the gods send to their slow-grinding mills, he will prefer to know the sequel. As I have already told you, it was in September they were married. On the morning they left Kentuck the weather was extremely hot, with queer little clouds hanging about the mountains. They took the road up the *cañon*, toward McGibeney's ranch—laughing and chatting, as they rode along side by side, Anne replying to every lark singing by the roadside in a voice almost as musical.

Well, if it must be told, there was a cloud-burst on the mountains about noon that day. Not four hours after they had taken leave of him, Kentuck received their poor bruised bodies at his very threshold, brought there without the interposition of human hands. Wilson's Bar will long remember that day. The fire took chiefly that which could be replaced; but the flood washed out claims, ruined aqueducts, and destroyed lives of men and brutes, carrying away with it the labors and hopes of years.

ETC.

"OPPORTUNITIES, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh." Had I only bought stock last week, I would ask no odds of any body! Exactly so! But that is just the point: the trick is, to take a thing in the very nick of time. The poet has a neater way of telling the story, where he prattles about taking the tide at its flood.

Countless lives are stranded on the treacherous quicksands of "If." If I had only that man's chance, says the malcontent, sighing with folded hands, while at that very instant a golden opportunity drifts by. If I were only rich, what a great stroke of business there would be done among the poor—but what about that discouraged neighbor, who, betwixt poverty and sickness, has resolved to escape one death at the postern-gate of another. If I had that man's eloquence, this sleepy world should be waked up for once, and human hearts should thrill with hope. Ah! but how did you answer that disheartened seeker after employment, a moment since? Pale, wan, haggard faces haunt his footsteps as they thread every avenue for work. Was there any thing of tonic cheer in the words you gave him? If so, it was sublime eloquence to a heart that needed it. Faithful in that which is least, faithful also in that which is greatest.

We stand and make mouths, like pouting children, because, forsooth, we are not in some other body's shoes; when the fact of the case is, if we only knew it, we are beleaguered with golden opportunities, exactly suited to our capabilities; and let conscious superiority but assert itself, and they will come sneaking forth from their skulking places, to wait our behests. It is criminal to fence in one's faculties and allow them no range. A languid conception of latent strength, which never expresses itself in action, is a sure indication of concealed decay. This ex-animate inertness begets *marasmus* of the heart—hope dies out, from sheer want of exercise. Nothing but the lightning-stroke of some thunderous calamity can dispel the clouds of discontent which hang over such sombre lives. If poor in pocket, there is all the more need to be rich in energy and pluck, that forth from the rattling loom of an unremitting, patient industry shall come a pattern of rare beauty and excellence. The warp and woof of every life is sent out from the invisible laboratory, labeled for each individual workman; but the design and pattern are left to individual selection, and the quality of manufacture as well. It is ignoble to charge our own short-comings upon the Fates—which is only another name for Providence. What boots it to quarrel with the material furnished? "Nature is a hierarchy, not a democracy; and as in the physical world there are suns and systems and satellites, so in the vital and intellectual there are higher and lower." Some are born to lead and command; others are as surely destined to follow and obey. To do one's work well: that is the knack.

Opportunities are running to waste everywhere, like the golden fruit of the overburdened orchard. They are not confined to parallels of latitude. In running after them, we are perpetually running away from them. Cast your eye over these mountains, ridges, and hills, which encircle us on every side. They are plethoric with wealth—mineral wealth. Cast your eye over the valleys and plains! They, too, are full of agricultural wealth. On all sides, waiting opportunities flash their visions on thinking minds, offering abundant reward for patient, active industry. All that is requisite is labor—hard labor it may be, but the chances are in favor of him whose eager hand takes hold of it. He may lay a weary head to rest each night, and dream of a bright to-morrow.

These hills hold the secrets of centuries in

store for the bold spirits who shall penetrate them with the divining-rod of discovery. Exhaustless coal-fields hold "the imprisoned sunbeam" in reserve, to warm and gladden the firesides of rejoicing homes. Vast marble-beds secrete majestic columns, on which shall be sculptured the praises of him who wrenches them from their hiding-places to their work of service and ornamentation in the stately edifice. That which is most needed to bring out and develop the boundless resources of our own section of country, is the spirit of activity, energy, and enterprise. Its fountains of wealth are inexhaustible; its natural advantages of soil and climate are unsurpassed; and now, with the vast supplemental aid which science and art afford, these mighty resources should be made to yield munificent returns. If our primitive population could come single-handed to this western El Dorado, and, in the face of all difficulties, conquer successes unexcelled in the history of our country, surely, in this age, when man is master of auxiliaries which now multiply his skill and muscle a hundred-fold, we may expect, at least, parallel results.

The trouble is, men are not satisfied with a harmonious, even-going prosperity; but are forever beating about after great shocks of sudden good fortune, which, from their very excess of nervous stimulation, only weaken and enervate. Such violent good luck has a fearful tendency to make fools of people—it superinduces softening of the brain. The surest way to gather sweetness and fragrance on life's journey is to pluck the lowliest wayside flower that peeps into view; for to wait until a *Victoria Regia* blossoms in one's pathway may be to forego all of life's beauty, aroma, and blessing.

"I HAVE found this a not unpleasing employment," says Bryant, in the preface to his translation of the *Odyssey*, "for a period of life which admonishes me that I can not many times more appear before the public in this or any other manner." There is no taint of affected or morbid sentiment in the spirit of this personal allusion; nothing but the unaffected expression of what, for lack of a better phrase, we may characterize as the ripe autumnal feeling of a mind to which the consciousness that it must soon rest from its labors brings neither painful perturbations nor even too sad a reluctance. The tone of the allusion recalls the well-known lines from "Thanatopsis," one of the poet's earliest productions:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realm of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The spirit of noble elevation that breathes in these lines, written sixty years ago, when the poet was a stripling of eighteen, just entering upon his literary career, is identical with that in which he presents to the public the latest fruit of the leisure of his ripe old age.

CONSIDERED as a curious collection of boarding-houses, San Francisco is decidedly a success. Among American cities she stands unrivaled in her varied and abundant hospitality, and her persistent effort to adapt the situation to the particular cravings of every human heart; and past finding out must those cravings be which can not here find satisfaction. Aside from our fine hotels, which offer luxury at so small a cost as to cause the frugal Eastern heart to marvel while it rejoices, there are, on every hand, in all parts of the city, boarding-houses and lodging-houses, dormitories and refectories, rooms furnished and unfurnished, with or without board. Here are restaurants, high-priced, and rich in resources of culinary excellence; unpretending restaurants, of moderate quality, with a trifle less of delicacy in their appointments, and a corresponding modulation of the price-list; restaurants for men only, where square meals of a substantial nature are served in a manner edifying to the substantial men who eat them; and, finally, restaurants where the great unwashed thankfully eat their five-cent dishes, and find them "very filling at the price." Here on our most aristocratic streets, adjoining the best private residence, and identical with it in architecture, is the first-class boarding-house. Rivaling its next neighbor in the luxury and magnificence of its appointments,

it sometimes even surpasses it in the culture and refinement of its proprietorship. From this, down tp the very meanest dwelling, the inevitable boarding-house confronts you, in every conceivable variety of phase and capacity. An equal variety of lodging-houses, or furnished rooms, is always at the service of those who delight in restaurant-living and a certain isolation of independence which can not be secured in the boarding-house. And such is the perfection and vigor of advertising, that strangers in the city, wishing to avoid even a transient experience of hotel-life, may, by reference to the advertising columns of any of our daily papers, or even by aid of the placards along the streets, find satisfactory accommodations, in two hours' time.

Canvass the city, and you will conclude that, while three-fourths of its population board, the remaining one-fourth take boarders. Now, if eating, sleeping, and existence constitute the whole of life, we may well felicitate ourselves upon the happy adjustment, which, in return for plenitude of freedom from vexatious household cares to the many, gives compensation of support to the remaining few. If the central thought of all domestic economics is the most successful simulation of luxury at the smallest cost, the most incompetent financier readily perceives in the co-operative system of the boarding-house his best refuge. But we are conscious of deeper wants, which we must satisfy, or suffer reprisals at the avenging hand of outraged Nature.

There is a melancholy significance in the fact, that to-day, when San Francisco has more than attained her majority, and her native-born children are passing into the full vigor of manhood, we still use the word *home*, as if it was synonymous with the Eastern States. The French language contains no word corresponding to our English *home;* and are not we of the Pacific Coast in danger of rendering the word obsolete, by gradually losing the idea which it embodies, giving to our children the poor substitute of a tradition, for the happy verity which developed and still conserves our own character? Let those of largest boarding-house experience say how much of true family life, beautified and beatified by reverent affection, is nurtured there, and how much of idle frivolity and vain emulation of extravagance; what incitement to a worthy life of true devotion, and what instigation to disagreement and divorce. It is just possible that there may be souls launched upon this life with a pre-natal endowment of integrity, which is mail-proof against evil influences; but the popular mind incredulously consigns such spiritual phenomena to an early tomb and posthumous immortality amid the mild fictions of Sabbath-school libraries. Sentimental opposition to the sturdy doctrine of total depravity can never intimidate our stern orthodoxy, while in a hundred practical ways we give tacit admission to the fact of its existence. A divine comprehension of the human heart inspired the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," and every human consciousness must recognize its aptness.

Boarding-house is certainly not etymologically synonymous with *temptation*, yet it covers enough of its dire significance to be fitly substituted in the petition of those who are within the circle of its attraction. Human tastes are gregarious; therefore, fashion becomes an epidemic. It would be well, if this prevailing frenzy could restrict its limitations to the more harmless matters of dress; but it rages *most* fatally in intellectual and spiritual realms, and nowhere is it more to be dreaded than in the boarding-house. Let the presiding genius be thoroughly inoculated with corrupt sentiments, and the infection will spread with surer certainty than that of small-pox. We are daily repeating Eve's fatal mistake, in our elections of evil; as if the ardor of our moral support might transform the nature of the primal sin. As the hope of greater good loses its enticement in the excitement of present desire, so principle is emasculated by an unfavoring atmosphere.

With an almost certain fatuity, the newly married find shelter in the boarding-house. Their friends board. It is fashionable to board. The joint purse is not commensurate with the joint desires, and, in the event of housekeeping, would necessitate a most unfashionable economy. They feel compelled to board, and, in the repose of perfect present satisfaction, they auspicate the future with serenest confidence. But the one retains her amiability and the other his gallantry; and, since the ante-marriage monop-

oly is no longer necessitated, the old instinct of pleasing causes divergence to new friendships temptingly at hand; and, having tasted the delicious joy of being loved, there is danger of an insatiate thirst for new homage. The fortuitous combination of abundant leisure and abundant resources of available friendship, betrays the wife into unwise intimacies among her own sex. She permits circumstances to project upon her that which her own judgment and deliberate choice would utterly reject, until infatuation leads her to accept from choice what at first seemed only a matter of expediency. She learns to give to others that confidence which now belongs to one alone. She is enticed into unwarrantable extravagance by her contact with ladies of ampler means or more advanced ideas, and in the hopeless attempt to hide the audacity of her desires, she gradually undermines the basis of a mutual confidence, by petty strategies of deceit. She learns to pass in pretty idleness, or vainer gossip, the hours which should give tribute of self-culture or of kindly charities. And if, as will most likely be the case, asperities of temper or of habit become manifest in the twain which should be one, no emollient atmosphere of privacy favors the healing. In the case of each an unwholesome selfishness is fostered, and, instead of unity, a separation of interests results. The husband finds partial refuge in the engrossment of his business, but he suffers indirectly none the less in the abatement of his respect for all womanhood, and the abasement of his best ideal. And if no fond sense of possession lure him to the quiet evening at home, who can say what stronger power shall impel him to more questionable enjoyment elsewhere?

If there exists sufficient stamina of conscience to set the murderous spirit of the boarding-house at defiance, in its more than Herodian decretals of slaughter to the Innocents, the tender life is so stimulated to an abnormal development of boarding-house ethics as to become only a pitiful libel upon childhood. The matured growth can only be an intenser edition of the parental follies. The great want of the present day is a better development of character. The girl of the period should be pitied, not blamed, for she is the natural outgrowth of given circumstances. The cynicism and absence of chivalrous respect of the men of society, find root in the same soil. We must alter the premises if we would change the result. "The life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment." The entire mystery of the boarding-house is not served up in our morning hash, and wise are they who, in the language of Henry Ward Beecher, "beware of Sodom and Gomorrah, and—boarding-houses."

Turning to the home-side of the question, we are confronted at the very threshold by the grim spectre of our household Moloch, whose tyrannous exactions transform our pleasant Paradise into the sacrificial vale. But we are not affrighted. Our salvation is the development of a character whose power shall transcend the ignorant Irish rule to which we have weakly succumbed. The patient schooling of experience will subsidize a wise discretion and artful tact, potent to adjudicate the present slipshod, indefinite relations of mistress and servant, and thus revolutionize the household.

We want homes, because we want happiness. How many women to-day are pursuing the *ignis fatuus* of their *rights*, because their hearts are unfilled! Love is the great elevator of the race. Its gracious baptism would speedily bring us the millennial days. Love is the natural sustenance of the true woman. Feed her on the husks of ambition alone, and—it matters not whether that ambition finds its end in dress, or coquetry, or a hopeless emulation of manhood—she will become a shriveled travesty of the "help-meet" which God made. To fling away ambition is a task more difficult than the casting off a useless garment; and there are fine womanly aspirations which always follow in the train of love, and which we can ill afford to lose. Only give wifehood, from its earliest inception, abundant scope for its best ambition within the home precincts, and it will seldom forsake its household gods for the worship of strange idols. The value of any thing is but the measure of its adaptation to a given end; and the possession of that power which is inseparable from superiority of womanhood is a worthy object of womanly ambition, since it must enhance the intrinsic value of its possessor. Love is expansive.

The home which concentrates it most effectively, has greatest diffusive power. That mother who is great as Napoleon estimated feminine greatness, clasps universal childhood in her maternal embrace. But give the flame no fuel, and it is easily quenched.

The occupation which housekeeping necessitates is most beneficial. The necessity of wholesome labor is a blessing to the whole race. God's punitive economy is generally medicinal. With no burden of necessity upon them, the Edenic pair speedily got into mischief, and straightway a retributive edict of toil and suffering was mercifully issued.

The beneficence of labor is so well recognized, that it is introduced as an essential part of reformatory discipline. The underlying principle is akin to that law of physics which utilizes universal space. Nature is intolerant of mental vacuity, and substitutes evil for emptiness. It is not the parasite of the boarding-house who is readiest at charitable effort; but they whose hearts and minds are kept pure by the repletion of home-interests, find most abundant leisure for obedience to the Golden Rule. There is an appropriation of other people's business which is not charity. Officiousness is always unkind, and generally selfish. Spurious martyrs to the public good rapidly multiply when the appreciative public grows lavish of canonical honors, and there are would-be guardians of Israel who exceedingly trouble our churches by their devout aspirations to monopolize religion and direct the spiritual forces. But the self-abnegation of unostentatious service to the needy comes most naturally from those who daily accustom themselves to little acts of self-denial. It is the necessity of self-abnegation which so perfects womanhood in maternity, since it gives the rarest essential of symmetry.

The most popular objection to the home is the expense which it involves. But is there not some sophistry in the argument just there? Do we acquire habits of thrift in the boarding-house? If there is truth in the popular proverb, "Seven moves are as good as a fire," we might almost as well court perennial fires, for boarders are notoriously migratory in their habits; and the times of their flight are as frequent and uncertain as those of the most precarious servant-girl. Our habits of attire give no hint of the rigid economy which oppresses us. Our uniform tendency toward good clothes expresses, in panoramic vision, an idea of universal opulence. The true economy is to secure the best and safest returns for our outlay. Would it not be wise to confiscate a portion of the wardrobe to the home-fund? We are now in danger of elevating a social standard of dress, far more pernicious than that of wealth. Social caste must always exist, but its distinctions should not be arbitrarily determined by such extraneous conditions. Let us have a natural shibboleth which shall classify kinship of sentiment, if we would avoid social chaos. The art of dress should be esthetic no less than utilitarian, but we need not make of ourselves lay-figures for the display of merchandise. It is only cowardice and vanity which require poverty to wear the garb of wealth. The infatuating bondage to dress is sapping the intellectual growth of thousands of American women, and any expenditure which necessitates economy in this direction is merciful.

We demand an affluence of home-life for the more prolific generation of characters which shall coerce universal acknowledgment of the sanctity of marriage and the worth of womanhood. The inter-dependence and complemental nature of the sexes should compel mutual respect. Women must be esteemed as well as loved. That wife who is loved only must forever despise her own impotence, but in her abasement she must also feel contempt for the man who does such infinite injustice to himself and her. Her very hold upon him is as fragile as her passing beauty, and his claim to her is but a half-forfeited legality. The common sense of mankind is a reliable assayer of human character. If talent or worth is overlooked, it is because of some corresponding deficiency into whose obscurity it is plunged. There is an excess of chivalry, which always hides a covert sneer; a habit of flattery, which reveals a heavy estimate of female vanity; a frivolity of conversation, which betrays a skepticism concerning feminine mentality. The need is, a real worth, in order to beget real respect. There is a reflex influence no less important. That man who fails to give esteem to womanhood, so stultifies himself that he is worthy of contempt. The degradation of either sex involves that of both.

We want homes for the children. A furnished house is not enough, while it lacks interpretation, though it contains marvelous combinations of luxury and beauty. The home has its personal character as truly as the individual, and the child early imbibes its *morale*. There are homes so genial in their attractive power, that they are like the central suns around which revolve numerous satellary systems; and there are homes, a sudden transit to which seems like a plunge from perennial summer to the frozen Arctic shores. There are intellectual homes, and spiritual homes, which breed mind and soul. If the Beecher family and the Wesleys had been doomed to pass their formative period in the boarding-house, the world would have sustained a heavy loss of intellect and piety. There are aristocratic homes for the perpetuation of good breeding; and happy, playful ones to fill up the measure of recreation, and preserve the equipoise. There are generous, hospitable homes, and narrow, selfish ones; homes grotesque with humor, and homes grown chronic with morbidness. There are hard, prosaic homes, and idyllic homes, full of rhythmic grace. There are divers homes, begetting each its kind—philanthropists, poets, humorists, philosophers, cynics, epicures—albeit the very establishment of a home is a bid for the better qualities. The children who are constrained to a participation of human life, come with an inalienable right to those conditions necessary to success. They need a series of home-pictures, to which, in after-years, they may always turn for inspiration. Extorting wisdom from the errors of the past generation, we lift up a plea for a better combination of home-elements for those who shall come after us; that the few, brief years of childhood may be wrested from the bitterness and taint of earth, and made the germ of something better than our own existence.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE TO-MORROW OF DEATH. By Louis Figuier. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

An important function of true criticism is to estimate and judge a literary production as nearly as possible from the writer's own stand-point—to discover the author's object, as accurately as may be, and determine how successfully he has attained that object. The true critic will conscientiously inspect the intellectual workmanship, decide in regard to the excellence and exactitude of the philosophical, psychological, or metaphysical architecture, and carefully scrutinize the ornate delicacy and finish of ornamentation—bearing in mind to measure every thing, as did the Great Architect, *after its own kind.*

It would scarcely be just to institute comparisons between *The Paradise Lost* of Milton, and *The Innocents Abroad* of Mark Twain; to compare Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, with *Ginx's Baby;* to quarrel with the moral and emotional fervor of Froude, because it does not drape itself in the graceful hexameter of Homer's heroic verse; to condemn a treatise on Systematic Theology, because it lacks the wit and *abandon* of a work of pure fiction; or to annihilate a Ruskin, because his philosophic reflections lack the fresh simplicity and lyrical spirit of a Browning.

The noted French *savant*, M. Figuier, whose *Primitive Man*, and works upon Zoology and kindred sciences have won for him an enviable distinction in the world of letters, has sounded the tocsin of alarm in the orthodox camp, by the recent publication of a weird, eccentric, and most remarkable work, bearing the dismal, funereal title of *The To-morrow of Death*. That it is a *rara avis* in literature, few will have the hardihood to deny. Draping ourselves in befitting sombre apparel, we step forth with muffled, reverent tread into the solemn recesses through which he beckons us to follow. At the very threshold of the grim-visaged sepulchre he propounds this doleful conundrum, "What is going to happen to you, and what will you be, on the to-morrow of your death?" But we have no inclination to be funny on this infestive theme. If M. Fi-

guier discovers a melancholic sort of smile playing about our jaundiced features now and then, he may thank himself for the same. We claim the reserved right to be amused at tragi-comedy, even while traveling through this vale of tears; and the antics and pranks of Hudibrastic religionists are well calculated to provoke a decent hilarity.

We find ourselves at a loss to determine whether the ingenious author has been diverting himself with a genuine scientific speculation, or a gravely sententious pasquinade. The work is best described as "a mosaic of conjectures laid on the shadows of fact—a splendid palace of sublime conceits and ethereal fancies built on dreams." Christianity has as little to fear from its fantastic fooleries as has the nursery from the capricious capers of a jack-in-a-box. The melodramatic bent of the Gallic mind is plainly discernible; the *Terre et Ciel* of Jean Reynaud is frequently suggested.

The author starts out with the ingenuous confession, that during the greater part of his life he had believed the problem of a future life to be quite beyond our mental grasp, and that it was not the part of wisdom to trouble one's mind concerning it. "But one day—one dreadful day!—a thunderbolt struck him. He lost his beloved son, on whom all the hopes and aspirations of his life were centred." Then, in the bitterness of his grief, he pondered upon the life beyond the grave. It would seem to be a repetition of the old story, of great behemoth men being led to clutch wildly at the Hereafter, by the sweet memory of little children who have been transplanted there. "It is another prophecy flung out of the innate everlastingness of a soul, whose discontent with what is, is the Divine pledge of an endless To Be." Following the natural bent of his own mind, he endeavors to elicit from the exact sciences whatever of positive evidence they can render on this point, and from such evidence he forms his system of ideas concerning the future life, and also a complete theory of Nature—a real philosophy of the universe. We are inclined to believe that coming events cast their shadows before, when, in the outset, he concedes that he may mistake for serious opinions mere dreams of the imagination, and so lose himself in the dark region through which he proposes to grope his way. But having thus found consolation in his own grief, he sympathetically offers the same sentiments of hopefulness to the many who have by the late Franco-Prussian war been similarly bereaved.

The author inveighs strongly against Materialism, asserting it is *this* that set fire to the monuments of Paris, and not petroleum. A steadfast, unflinching belief in the immortality of the soul he conceives to be indispensable to the peace and prosperity of a commonwealth, and to the advancement of civilization. Materialism, as the parent of all the evils of European society, and the plague of our day, is attacked-in-breach in this work, which may be called "Spiritualism demonstrated by Science." If, as Spiritualists assert, the great work of the twentieth century be to develop a religion of science and Nature, and if M. Figuier is the *avant-courier* who sounds the first bugle-blast, we feel no magnetic thrill of rapture at the prospect. There is, however, this soothing reflection: if *The To-morrow of Death* fail to be an antidote against Materialism, it will scarcely fail to be a timely antidote against itself.

The author now starts out bravely with a concise statement of his doctrine of the "aggregate human," which he asserts is constituted of three elements—namely, the body, a material substance; life, a vital force, and the soul, the inner sense, which he concedes to be an immortal essence. But this triple alliance of body, soul, and life he contends is discoverable, in the animal creation, only in an inferior development, and moreover in plants also, as a rudiment: the essential element in all Nature, however, is the soul. Our earth-life is a mere accident: it is like a minute in eternity, and its physical conditions are detestable. Exposed to every kind of suffering, both from defective organization of body and from the external ills which incessantly threaten it, man is, indeed, a martyr. Viewed from a moral stand-point, the conditions of human existence are equally as sad. To affirm that this earth is a vale of tears, is but to convey an incontestable truth under a poetic form. Men suffer in their affections, unsatisfied desires, aspirations, soarings of soul, being continually driven back, bruised, and broken by a multitude of resisting obsta-

cles. The few agreeable sensations are neutralized by the most cruel griefs. We nurse affections only to see the dearest objects of our love torn from us and hidden in "Death's dateless night." Hence, M. Figuier contends that this state of things can be only temporary: it is impossible that it should be a definitive one. It is but a moment of transition, an incident of life, an intermediate period, which Providence has condemned us to travel with rapid step to reach a better state. There must be a Beyond as bright and beautiful, by contrast, as the Here is dark and threatening. What is this second life, which is going to follow earthly existence? To the investigation of this question the author heroically proceeds.

The argument is, that, after death, the human soul passes into a new body, to be incarnated in another organism, and constitute a being greatly superior to man in moral power, and ranking next above the human species in the hierarchy of Nature. He would not, with Jean Reynaud, call this superior intelligence an angel, but a Superhuman Being, endowed with faculties more powerful than those which belong to humanity, and dwelling in the ethereal fluid—the planetary ether which succeeds our atmosphere, and fills all space. In this locality, which is commonly termed *heaven*, he fixes the residence of Superhuman Beings. That it is inhabited he regards as proved by the fact that the earth is a vast reservoir of life, and that water and air alike overflow with it. That our eyes are inadequate to its discovery proves nothing; for, by the aid of the microscope and magnifying glass, marvels of being are revealed. This planetary ether, composed of hydrogen gas excessively rarified, this stalwart scientist contends, is alike the heaven of Christianity, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism; and it is comforting to his scientific soul to know that science, tradition, and religion join hands in this matter.

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity"—

there will be those who will respectfully desire to differ with the impassioned and enthusiastic M. Figuier.

His next interrogatory is: Are all men alike going to become Superhuman Beings? Conscience, he insists, tells us that this can not be so. Elsewhere he describes the conscience to be simply an influence transmitted by a being who was dear to us, and of whom death has bereft us. Base persons can have no conscience, having never loved any one. Some guardian spirit is our conscience; hence, the conclusion that persons who have lost no beloved friends must be bereft of conscience. May not this theory be made to account for original sin? Adam and Eve had lost no near relatives by death, consequently could have possessed no conscience, and were not so much to blame, after all, for nibbling away at the interdicted fruit. But to return to the argument: The human soul, in order to rise into the realm of ether, must have attained an extreme degree of perfection here, must be subtile, light, purified: only at such a price can it quit the earth and soar toward heaven. The souls of bad, wicked, vile, cowardly, coarse men, weighed down by evil passions and gross appetites, are unable to rise to the heavenly altitudes, and must be forced to remain on this miserable globe. They must linger here and begin a second life, without any recollection of a former existence. This forgetfulness of the past life, this temporary annihilation, is a kind of punishment; and in this second incarnation they must begin anew their moral education. These reincarnations must be repeated until the soul, fittingly purified and freed from its earth-stains, can quit the earth at the death of the body, and soar into the heavenly hierarchy of Nature. Infants dying at a tender age have a like sad experience: their souls pass into the bodies of other children, and so begin a new life again.

M. Figuier palpably contradicts himself; as, for instance, where he affirms that not until the last epoch in the history of the Earth did man, the highest type of the living creation, appear—the crown of the visible edifice of Nature, the last round in the ladder of living creation. Yet, further on, he says, "We firmly believe that there is a transmigration of souls through the whole series of the animal classes;" and so he goes capering through zoöphytes, radiates, mollusks, vertebrates, etc., up to mammalia, from whence the soul enters the body of a man, but not to remain there, mark! unless it behaves with decorum. At the first blush, this

would seem to be substantially the Darwinian theory of development; but it differs from that in this regard: the author's hierarchy of transmigrations is based upon *spiritual* aptitudes rather than *physical* adaptability. He scouts the zoölogic scheme of Cuvier. The quadrumanes, of which the ape is a representative, are not the type next below man; they have but mediocre intelligence, when compared with the elephant, the lion, the horse, or the dog, all of which are more nearly spiritually allied to man.

And now the intrepid author strikes out into a broader field: he regards as blasphemous the idea that this world alone accomplishes its solitary task of creaturehood. He endeavors to prove, by scientific reasoning, that organized life exists in all the planets. But space forbids any thing more than a mere allusion to this marvelously vague and nebulous *olla-podrida* of inaccurate and unintelligible astronomical statements and theories. It is a sort of celestial romance, a cosmical apologue, inconsistent with known facts, and self-contradictory as well. The theory of the Plurality of Worlds is by no means a novel one. To deny this, would be to banish angels from existence altogether; still, the question, at best, is more or less speculative, and about as felicitous and profitable as that of the school-men of an earlier day, as to how many angels could dance on the point of a cambric needle.

But to come back to the soul: It goes on with its transmigrations and transmissions, repeating its lives, farther on and on in ether —the life of an arch-angel or an arch-human —until it reaches, at last, the state of pure spirit, the glory of the final heaven—the sun itself—which is nothing else than an aggregation of souls. Satisfied with this conclusion, he goes on to say: "Why may we not declare that the rays transmitted by the sun to the earth and the other planets are nothing more or less than the emanations of these souls? that these are the emissions of pure spirits living in a radiant star, that come to us and to dwellers in the other planets in the visible form of rays?" To sum up the whole argument: the solar rays give life to plants; plants transmit that germ of sensibility to animals; the soul-germs enfolded in animals develop and improve, little by little, from one animal to another, and are, at last, incarnated in a human body; a little later, the Superhuman succeeds man, and is launched into the plains of ether, there to begin the long series of transmigrations until he reaches the highest round of the spiritual ladder, where all material substance has been eliminated, and where the soul thus exalted enters the supreme home of bliss and intellectual and moral power—that is, the sun; and thus solar radiation is sustained by the continual influx of souls into the sun.

Such, in brief, is the theory of M. Figuier in this most eccentric, unphilosophical, and unsatisfactory work—we will not say dangerous, for its very absurdity renders it effete and harmless. His leading theories and arguments have been but epitomized, or atomized; and to the side-issues of which he treats, we can not so much as hint. In laying aside such a cheerless and incongruous work, it is reassuring to remember that these great mysteries of the Hereafter, though ofttimes hidden from the wise and prudent, may be revealed unto babes; enough, at least, to bring assurance, repose, and peace.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY. By W. D. Howells, author of "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeys," etc. With illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Those who have read the delightful papers with the above title, which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the last year, will very gladly welcome their re-appearance in their rich envelope of saffron and gold, and those who have not will find here some of the most delicious contributions to modern literature. Mr. Howells long ago won a reputation as a most genial writer, by his earlier volumes suggested by his sojourn in Italy. These later are fully worthy his former name as a writer, and, while of a different character from those earlier ones, insure for him a place as one of the most delightful and genial humorists of this country.

The volume purports to be a work of the imagination, and as you go with the wedding journeyers from place to place, encountering the pleasant and the unpleasant things of a wedding tour, you seem to get so near the personality of the author, that you will cer-

tainly say that it either is, or it is not, a work of the imagination. The perfect pictures that he draws of what travelers daily experience, the easily recognized photographs of peculiar human nature, the delicate touches of human feeling, the exquisite differences that newly married people are humanly susceptible of, suggest that somehow this must be a story founded upon fact—which conclusion you may stick to, because it is a broad one, even if you should fear else that your curiosity is getting itself in a position to be reproved. At any rate, you may console yourself with the thought that your curiosity was only a tribute to the reality of his sketches.

Basil and Isabel March, after a broken engagement, have married, and, some weeks afterward, start upon their wedding journey, having a horror of being looked upon as a bridal pair. They live in Boston, which they feel of itself is something of credit to them. Even at a hotel in what they esteem an enchanted city, the unusual courtesy paid them can not be explained to their mind, till Basil conjectures that "it has been discovered by the register that we are from Boston, and we are merely meeting the reverence, affection, and homage which the name everywhere commands." They leave home by the night train for New York, and encounter, in that city, what, once experienced, makes some impression on the mind — a hot day in New York — the description of which makes one parched in the mouth and heated in the blood.

Their journey is up the Hudson, across New York, lingering at the Genesee Falls, and thence to Niagara, and Canada-ward, and home. Any extracts we might make would give little sense of the exquisite flavor of the whole, and our readers will find content only in actual perusal of the volume. It is a pleasant book when you are tired, and when you are not; and, while it will entertain your hour of leisure, it will assert its worth even in your busier moments.

ALL OVER OREGON AND WASHINGTON: Observations on the Country, etc. By Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor. San Francisco: John H. Carmany & Co. 1872.

Mrs. Victor's work, as the title indicates, is a comprehensive account of the most northwestern portion of the United States territory below the forty-ninth parallel. As a literary achievement it makes no pretensions, the author evidently having for a motive a real desire to convey to the public the greatest amount of information in the least space in which it could be given without being too prosily statistical. The descriptive parts are easily, almost carelessly written, yet contain some striking word-pictures of the remarkable scenery of Oregon and Washington. The chapters on "Fisheries," "Forests and Lumbering," "Among the Mountains," and "Geological Formation of Oregon," are interesting and instructive alike to the general reader and the man of business. The table of contents shows a varied range of subjects, the familiar handling of which proves the author to be intimately acquainted with her theme, if not also somewhat in love with it. Some bits of local history, scattered through the descriptive parts, must have a peculiar charm for the early settlers of the country, who will be pleased to find their early traditions on record. All that portion of the book which refers to lands, soils, climate, and resources is apparently written with knowledge and care; and we can not help thinking that Mrs. Victor has done the Eastern public, as well as our own, a service by the publication of this book.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. van Laun. New York: Holt & Williams.

The second and last volume of this invaluable work has just been issued. In a former notice of the first volume we gave a somewhat comprehensive delineation of the plan of the author, in his application of the scientific method to literature. It was briefly this: Given a literature, philosophy, art, or group of arts, what is the moral condition which produced it, and what the conditions of race, surroundings, and epoch best fitted to produce this moral condition?

To the preliminary study of these three great forces which determine the force and character of a literature, the conscientious author first devotes himself. On these general principles, as a foundation, he rears his stately superstructure. In pursuance of this plan, he proceeds to contrast the Latin and Saxon

genius—carefully discriminating between the strong German imagination, and the reasoning spirit in which ideas once gotten are developed in a regular order. Thence he sweeps on through the Norman invasion, hinting at the psychological form of French genius, with its clearness, grace, delicacy, refinement, and cynicism. After the long impotence of Norman literature, and a fruitless Saxon age, a Chaucer was begotten, who, by his genius, education, and life, was enabled to interpret, and in some measure meet, the demands of his time.

Passing on, M. Taine touches upon the elements of the Reformation, and leads forth into the Elizabethan period; which, following through to the Restoration, he is pleased to term the "Renaissance"—the Pagan Renaissance comprising the earlier period, the Christian, the latter. The Theatre, chiefly represented by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, he designates as the English Renaissance. This mode of classification and generalization is both ingenious and serviceable, enabling the general reader to better interpret the character of the movement contemplated as a whole. In the Christian Renaissance, he shows how the religious sentiment penetrates literature. Keen controversy demanded a more direct and exact mode of expression. Revealing the tyranny of ecclesiastical courts, portraying the triumph and enthusiasm of the Puritans, he sets forth the life, spirit, and work of Bunyan, the combative energy, stoicism, and virtue of Milton, thus bringing us forward to the Classic Age, with its Butler, Dryden, Sir William Temple, Edmund Waller, Sir John Denham, and Sheridan, with which the first volume closes.

The second volume, still pursuing the Classic period, opens with Dryden, whom the author ungenerously persists in comparing with Shakspeare—much to the disadvantage of the former, as a matter of course. Dryden is discoursing to an audience which is hesitating between two forms of thought, fed by two opposite civilizations—an age that is bidding farewell to solitary imagination and invention, and leaping forward to reason and discursive thought. Dryden may be properly regarded as the inductor to this age of English reason—unwillingly, it would seem, from his own concession, as he terms it "the stage to which my genius never much inclined me."

M. Taine proceeds to show how the moral and political revolutions of the seventeenth century advanced side by side. He sketches the development of moral philosophy, and the theory of personal right accepted and applied. The vehemence and brilliancy of parliamentary eloquence are illustrated by Lord Chatham, Junius, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Burke, who, unfettered, hurl themselves onward without caution or restraint, and who "speak as if they fought."

In the vast transformation which occupies the eighteenth century, Addison and Swift are carefully analyzed, as furnishing the best clew to the interior of that civilization. The circumstances which begot the romance and novel literature of that century are minutely portrayed. The author says, "The sap of human thought, abandoning the old dried-up branches, flowed into the unseen boughs, which it suddenly made to grow and turn green, and the fruits which it produced bear witness at once to the surrounding temperature and the native stock." M. Taine is both persistent and felicitous in thus tracing the bearings of the age and social surroundings upon literature. De Foe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, with their distinctive characteristics; Sterne, with his eccentricity, sensibility, and excessive study of human particularities, and Ben Jonson, the *soi-disant* literary dictator, are made to illustrate the habit of English novelists. The Classic Age of poetry is but meagrely traced and unfolded. He finds in Pope the centre of Classic Art: descriptive and oratorical talent unite in him. Gray, Beattie, Watts, Shenstone, Smart, and others of that school are treated rather cavalierly, and well scolded because they did not shake off their classical drapery and dare to be natural. Thomson is regarded as "all things by turns, and nothing long;" at one moment he is eulogized for the magnificence of his genuine descriptive poetry; at the next he is anathematized for his sentimental vapidities and his pastoral billing and cooing.

On the eve of the nineteenth century the great modern revolution began in Europe. At this point the human mind seemed to turn on its hinges—a new literature sprang up.

Robert Burns, the plowman, full of the yearnings of genius, and rebelling against the world, was the first embodiment and exponent of this new spirit. Forty years in advance of his age, it is left for Cowper to step in and carry forward the revolution of the modern style, where "the mind, outstripping the known rules of rhetoric and eloquence, penetrates into profound psychology, and no longer employs words except to mark emotions."

And now appears the English Romantic school, with Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth as its representative leaders. Leaping over all classical culture, they find their models in the Renaissance and the Middle Age. They propose to replace studied phrases and lofty vocabulary with natural tones and plebeian words; and in this confusion of labors two great ideas are distinguished — the first producing historical poetry, especially manifest in Southey and Walter Scott; the second, philosophical poetry, apparent in Wordsworth and Shelley. Byron is regarded by M. Taine as the greatest and most English of all artists; from him alone, he contends, can be gleaned more truths of his country and of his age, than from all the rest together: hence he is made to illustrate the ideas and productions of Modern Life. *Don Juan* he regards as his great masterpiece, and styles it a satire on the abuses of society, rather than a eulogy of vice. Nearly fifty pages are devoted to this frenzied fanatic of literature, full of internal tempests, and "avalanches of ideas which found issue only in writing."

Book Fifth, on "Modern Authors," closes this authentic and comprehensive *History of English Literature*. It is mainly devoted to Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Stuart Mill, and Tennyson. The translator thinks it due to M. Taine to remind the reader that this book was written while Dickens, Thackeray, and Macaulay were still alive. It is the sequel to the entire history — "written on another plan, because the subject is different. The present period," he adds, "is not yet completed, and the ideas which govern it are in process of formation — that is, in the rough. We can not, therefore, as yet, systematically arrange them. Our conclusions can not be other than incomplete, so long as the facts which suggest them are unfinished."

As we have before hinted, the work has none of the characteristics of a cyclopedia of literature. It might properly be termed A Philosophy of the History of English Literature, evincing the most patient and critical examination, large and accurate apprehension, keen analytical sense, marvelous capacity for classifying and arranging facts, scientific skill and ingenuity in tracking phenomena, wisdom and aptitude in the introduction and development of new ideas and sentiments. It is a work which no library can afford to disdain. Regarding the omission of many illustrious names in literature, the author says: "I have selected from contemporary English writers the most original minds, the most consistent, and the most contrasted: they may be regarded as specimens, representing the common features, the opposite tendencies, and, consequently, the general direction of the public mind. They are only specimens. By the side of Macaulay and Carlyle, we have historians like Hallam, Buckle, and Grote; by the side of Dickens, novel writers like Bulwer, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, and many more; by the side of Tennyson, poets like Elizabeth Browning; by the side of Stuart Mill, philosophers like Hamilton, Bain, and Herbert Spencer. I pass over the vast number of men of talent who write anonymously in reviews, and who, like soldiers in an army, display at times more clearly than their generals the faculties and inclinations of their time and their country."

What Freeman is doing for the science of the philosophy of history, in laborious investigation in regard to the origin, causes, progress, and conditions of development, Taine is doing, still more grandly, for literature; and this powerful engine of a new method, though still incomplete and somewhat unsatisfactory, is a mute prophecy of marvelous things to come.

HOW WILL IT END? A romance. By J. C. Heywood, author of "Herodias," "Antonius," "Salome," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

We believe that the name of J. C. Heywood, the author of this singular romance, is

one heretofore entirely unknown among the readers of the Pacific Coast. The works, of which upon the title-page of this volume he is named as the author, are not, as one might conjecture, romances, but, as we learn from the advertising sheets at its end, a trilogy of dramatic poems. And, though unknown to us, if we may trust the critical notices there appended, he has come to be already in literature not merely somewhat, but much. *Herodias* has been esteemed as "a really original drama, brimful of heroic poetry, and altogether as much above the dead-level of the age as an aboriginal growth of the wilderness is above the wild flowers, violets, and snow-drops that encumber their roots." *Antonius*, it has been said, "is a grand poem, and a noble drama, full of strength and simplicity." *Salome* has been held as "superior in dramatic intensity to the preceding poems; while, taken together, they form a work of great power and originality." We believe none of these volumes have ever been upon the shelves of our bookstores, and, while we are loath to think they are much above our ordinary standard, or our appreciation, we feel certain they are different from the ordinary poetical provender which it has thus far been our fortune to be favored with.

Yet, after such apparently eminent success in a high walk of literature, Mr. Heywood, endowed possibly with also the restlessness of genius, essays a walk in pastures entirely new to him. And, though it may appear to his friends to give evidence of some ambition, if he has not met with such success as he would like, he may certainly take such consolation as there may be in the consciousness which misery often has of having many bed-fellows. It is frequent that men venture in many kinds of literature before they meet, though they finally do meet, with success. And it is becoming also common enough to find men who have gained golden opinions in their peculiar fields, but who, believing greater things of their capacities, walk outside of the road wherein they have found success, only to regret their over self-faith. Successful ministers, and poets, and essayists frequently fail to know that no man's genius is universal till they have made victims of themselves in their trial to be great as somebody they are not. Macaulay, great as a historical writer, showed only the talent of a versifier, not the genius of a poet; and Scott rhymed out his talent till the first *Waverley* revealed to himself his own peculiar strength. While the world admires the historical genius of Mr. Motley, there are few who know he ever, in his earlier days, wrote a novel. Mr. N. P. Willis, once a great favorite among American writers, failed as a novelist; Bayard Taylor has not yet, we believe, ever attempted his second work of fiction; and Mr. Beecher's sermons are universally admired much more than *Norwood*, even among his peculiar people.

For some reason, persons who are capable of any work of the imagination, do, in their weak moments, become ambitious to demonstrate their facility in writing fiction, and their ambition gets no check until they fail, and the sad truth comes home to them that it is something besides the mere fact of telling something that is strange, or not true, that makes a successful novelist. And so, if Mr. Heywood, at any time, becomes aware, that, though he may have and deserve success as a dramatic poet, yet that he has not and thus far does not deserve success as a romancer, he will, in a quiet and philosophical moment, recall more instances than we have here cited of men who thought they could, who tried and found they really could not.

Running through this volume, we are not sure that we have found any other object than simply the usual one of writing a good story. But before we get through it we hesitate with a troubling thought. We know, of course, that not much of it is founded on fact; and we begin soon to wonder what kind of novels, if any at all, Mr. Heywood has been accustomed to read. The scheme, development, and final result seem particularly crude and veally. The revelations of its early chapters are startling. We have not gone far before we are told of two seductions; three men in pursuit are killed; Mr. Allerton's horse is fatally wounded; Cicero's mortal course is run; the villain of the piece threatens to murder his victim; and Clementine dies sadly. The story is harrowing; every body, for many chapters, is kept in a state of anxious and sorrowful excitement, and the grand resultant is, that all the lovers

whom fate had so unkindly held apart come together again in a halo of sweet light; brother and sister, separated by an ill-fated misknowledge, are brought to each other's smiles again, and every thing seems to be apparently satisfactory and happy. But Mr. Heywood feels restless in not having sufficiently punished the villain of his fiction by having married him perforce to a very plain and disagreeable old maid—*dénouement* sufficient and satisfactory, one would think. But, in the very closing chapters, he introduces another party of like bad morals and unpleasant tendencies, and they quietly leave the scenes where all is joy and the serenest satisfaction, and go out and slay each other. When found, they "each bore tooth-marks inflicted by his antagonist, and the Honorable Schisterlow Brasstinkle's left hand still held the throat of his opponent in a death-grip, while his right yet grasped a heavy steel pen, which he was in the habit of carrying, now blunted and broken. In the right hand of the Honorable Pestyfog Clappergong a murderous knife was clutched." Slow music by the band!

At the immature age of eleven or twelve, we remember to have read certain novels having paper covers in blue and yellow. The incidents detailed were often exceedingly harrowing, the whole narration put us into a state of the greatest excitement, and, while there was often much murder and terrible calamity, yet they were always visited upon parties who really deserved such fate, and the result of the story was always very satisfactory, though we believe we always closed the book with sighs and many deep-drawn breaths. And we felt some angry disappointment when forbidden by persons who had a right so to do, and who were older than we, to read any more of those—we think they called them blood-and-thunder—books. And we frankly confess, that, until our perusal of this volume of Mr. Heywood's, we have never read another such book. Can it be that Mr. Heywood has overlooked the great masters of fiction in his perusal of literature, and instead has looked over those works which startled the lamp-lit hours of our youth? Or did he sit down to write immediately after attending the sensational play of "After Dark," or "Under the Gaslight?" Or is it that he has a deep moral purpose in view, and that this is his first attempt—to be followed by others—to rescue the novel of the startling catastrophe, narrow escape, and happy, though entirely expected *dénouement*, from its ancient reputation and ill standing? Who can tell? And—*how will it end?*

THE COMPREHENSIVE SPEAKER. By H. T. Coates, A. B. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

This volume is the third of a series, of which the preceding volumes are entitled, respectively, *The Young America Speaker*, and *The American Popular Speaker*. It is designed for schools, academies, and lyceums; that is, for pupils well along in the course of their training. It contains nine pages of introduction—on "Expression and Gesture"—and concludes with fifteen pages of explanatory notes. The selections cover 630 pages, and are classified into seven parts in prose, six parts in poetry, and one part of dramatic pieces. Some of these selections were in use in our childhood and youth, and some of them are very recent, fresh, and novel. Perhaps one-fourth of the selections are from speeches delivered since we can remember. We can almost wish we were again among the lads for whom there is here so much of wonder and fascination.

Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FOR EVERY ISSUE OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

MARRIAGES.

Male.	Female.	Where.	When.
Adams, A. E	V. M. Cox	Bridgeport	Mar. 5.
Adams, Ira W	Mary A. Cromwell	Petaluma	25.
Avy, Eugene	Albina Long	San Francisco	2.
Becker, Julius	Elise M. F. Bock	San Francisco	7.
Bell, John S	Kate M. Den	Santa Barbara	13.
Bentley, S. A	Harriet Griffith	Sacramento	6.
Bettis, John	Ada. E. Calloway	Longworth	20.
Biber, George	B. Winckelmann	San Francisco	25.
Bigelow, Marcus J.	Clara J. Parlin	Brownsville	13.
Blackman, M. J	Sarah H. Meyers	San Francisco	31.
Bonnlan, Thos. C.	C. T. Meeker	Valley Ford	7.
Bradford, Wm. B	Jennie Maguire	Sacramento	4.
Branstetter, W. J.	S. A. Williams	Sacramento Co	6.
Brown, Asmus	Anna Jensen	San Francisco	25.
Busse, Julius	Christine Adams	Virginia, Nev	3.
Cain, Thomas	A. Lautenslager	Auburn	25.
Card, Frank	Maggie Henderson	San Francisco	25.
Caughey, Wm	Mary A. Gilmore	Bodega	12.
Cohen, William	Fanny Heydecker	Oakland	26.
Coleman, Owen	Chris. McArthur	San Francisco	13.
Crane, G. B	Fran. J. Grayson	San Jose	17.
Davidsen, A. T	S. J. Fry	Santa Rosa	19.
Der[illegible], Charles W.	Mollie A. Minshall	San Jose	31.
Drury, Fred. S	Christina Brown	San Francisco	5.
Easton, George	Emily I. Dimon	San Francisco	13.
Fisher, Herman C.	Annie C. Stein	San Francisco	10.
Goodson, John	Julia Ingraham	Woodland	17.
Gordon, Chas. W.	Alice L. Fulton	San Francisco	12.
Graham, Robt. J	Francis J. Cording	San Francisco	5.
Grant, John, Jr	Matilda Crooks	San Francisco	4.
Gray, Chas. H	Jose. D. Hunter	Woodland	17.
Gregg, S. G	Carrie A. Moore	Independence	—.
Hambly, Philip	Eliz. A. Bennetts	Amador City	14.
Hamel, Charles	Mary Long	Salinas City	19.
Hamilton, A	Josephine A. Lyon	Santa Barbara	13.
Hanson, Charles	Louise Wherley	Portland, Or	2.
Harris, H	Cerrey Louis	San Francisco	24.
Henry, J. H	Sallie Long	Foster Bar	12.
Herman, Adam	S. V. Farnsworth	San Jose	10.
Hill, H. D	Tryphena C. Hall	Downieville	4.
Hinde, G. B	Sarah A. James	Carson Valley, N	25.
Hossack, Alfred	M. M. Henderson	San Francisco	—.
Howard, Lucas R.	Amanda Herrick	Colusa	26.
Huber, H. A	Maggie J. Delaney	San Francisco	17.
Hunken, J. H. C	M. A. Hinrichsen	San Francisco	10.
Jacobsen, Hans R.	Cecilie K. Pihl	San Francisco	10.
Johnson, Levi	Cath. Campbell	Auburn	20.
Johnston, W. D	Lizzie Ellis	San Francisco	19.
Kerr, William	Mary Hutchinson	San Francisco	21.
Kilgore, Felix G	Marg't D. Conway	Weaverville	18.
King, W. T	Sarah A. Barnes	Washington	20.
Klayes, Fred	Chloe Collins	Davisville	24.
Klesow, John	W. Panhorst	San Francisco	23.
Knight, Sam. L	Mary L. Andrews	Lancha Plana	Mar. 18.
Koch, Franz	Anna A. Lenz	San Francisco	24.
Lambert, Chris	Matilda Schmidt	San Francisco	14.
Lee, Samuel	Lizzie Brown	Indian Valley	14.
Loewel, Alexander	Clara Coblenz	San Francisco	3.
Loffgren, John	Adle Hansson	San Francisco	14.
Maessen, Wm	Margaret Schenk	San Francisco	10.
Mann, Wm. E	Floris A. Freels	Pajaro	20.
Marquardt, John	Sophia Boesch	San Francisco	15.
Marsh, James C	Mary A. Riley	Folsom	14.
Matheny, D. B	Mary Bohall	Red Bluff	26.
McAbee, John	Charlotte York	Anderson Valley	7.
Mead, Gaylord K	Lora Teed	Santa Cruz	7.
Mer[illegible]l, B. F	Eva Waldron	San Francisco	14.
Merr[illegible]l, Peter	Clarinda M. Hall	Snelling	3.
Miller, Willson S	Magdalena Salazar	San Francisco	23.
Morton, Geo. W	Emma L. Day	Quincy	5.
Moss, Francis W	Emma L. Briggs	Stockton	14.
Munger, Albert M.	Abby A. K. Collins	Portland, Or	3.
Murawsky, Julian	Bertha Nathan	San Francisco	3.
Neal, Charles S	A. L. Goldsmith	San Francisco	21.
Nelson, Thomas	Annie Eicher	Stockton	4.
Noland, Edgar A	Mary T. Walton	Summerville	—.
Odell, John A	Rosalia A. Berry	Folsom	21.
Owsley, Wm	Marian Balzley	San Jose	17.
Palmer, J. C	Melissa Owsley	Ukiah	7.
Peck, W. E	Mary J. White	Ophir, Nev	6.
Prentice, Geo. L	Ellen O. Howe	Sacramento	6.
Querel, Alexander	Louisa Marx	Mokelumne Hill	10.
Sabines, John I	Laura L. Perkins	San Buenaventura	1.
Sanders, Henry L.	Hannah E. Snyder	Wyandotte	—.
Schanke, Ludwig	Christ. Torgerson	San Francisco	17.
Shulderman, P	H. Delschneider	Portland, Or	1.
Stiles, A. J	Mary A. Jennings	Nevada City	4.
Stoutenboro', C. F	Ellen Walrath	San Francisco	19.
Susenbeth, J. C	Virginia C. Freet	San Francisco	28.
Taber, Abiel C	Mag. B. Lumsden	San Francisco	27.
Tence, Charles	Alina Lamarche	San Francisco	2.
Ten Eyck, H. B	A. C. Jessup	San Francisco	26.
Thomas, David L.	Leonora J. Affleck	San Francisco	9.
Thompson, Jas	Jane Hampson	San Francisco	17.
Throp, John	Margaret Shaw	Elko, Nev	17.
Tredwick, John	Ellen Jeffry	Grass Valley	14.
Vandermark, Fer.	Virg. M. Waldron	San Francisco	14.
Vassar, Nich. S	Marg. E. Ewbanks	Dry Creek	10.
Voss, Carsten	Char. Schlichting	San Francisco	3.
Weil, Meyer	Caroline Straus	San Francisco	10.
White, Oscar W	Annie A. Hopkins	San Francisco	21.
Whiteside, Jas. H.	Hattie R. Fairfield	Sacramento	11.
Whitwell, Wm	Susan A. Dennison	San Francisco	13.
Wilbur, Amos H	Elmira J. Paine	Sutter County	10.
Wiltse, Wm	Emma A. Crocker	Placerville	10.
Woodworth, D	Ade. W. Barthelow	San Francisco	21.

DEATHS.

Name.	Where.	When.	Age. y.	m.	d.
Abbott, Andrew J	San Francisco	Mar. 30.	42	—	—.
Abbott, Belle V	San Francisco	27.	27	7	—.
Adair, Richard T	Bear Valley	18.	—	2	28.
Adickes, Friedrich	San Pablo Bay	13.	32	11	5.
Affleck, T. B	San Francisco	4	75	—	—.
Allen, Edward	Marysville	7.	39	—	—.
Allen, W. H	San Francisco	17.	1	6	13.
Amis, Elizabeth	Oakland	23.	—	—	—.
Armer, Mary	San Francisco	19.	54	—	—.
Ashton, Margaret L	San Francisco	29.	2	—	—.
Avery, Charles H	Oakland	24.	30	—	—.
Baggs, Montgomery M.	San Francisco	29.	72	—	—.
Barker, Abner H	San Francisco	14.	53	—	—.
Bassett, Edwin S	Lincoln	19.	28	11	—.
Bearing, Margaret J	San Francisco	3.	36	—	—.
Beihn, Elizabeth	Folsom	1.	28	—	18.
Blanchard, Dennis S	San Francisco	25.	—	—	1.
Blote, J. H	Oakland	4.	50	—	—.
Blyth, Henry	San Francisco	29.	49	—	—.
Bodkin, Robert J	San Francisco	11.	—	9	10
Bowman, Elisha J	Sacramento	29.	51	6	15.
Bowman, Wm. A	San Jose	5	19	—	—.
Boyd, Geo. W	San Francisco	8.	—	4	5.
Brett, Thomas	San Francisco	27.	42	—	—.
Britt, Johanna	San Francisco	29.	30	—	—.
Brotherton, F. H	Modesta	5.	45	—	—.
Brown, Obadiah	Sesma	1.	38	—	—.
Buckley, Mary	San Francisco	1.	42	—	—.
Buckman, Geo. A	San Francisco	22.	36	—	—.
Burckhardt, Ch	San Francisco	21.	44	—	—.
Bush, William	Stockton	18.	56	4	—.
Butler, Julia	Aurora, Nev	12.	32	—	—.
Butler, William	San Francisco	Mar. 13.	40	—	—.
Butts, Sarah	Altaville	7.	25	—	—.
Byrne, Henry H	San Francisco	1.	50	—	—.
Caine, Joseph	San Francisco	9.	29	—	—.
Cardoza, Joseph	Sacramento	27.	21	10	—.
Case, Gila	San Bernardino	2.	—	—	—.
Ceroghino, Louis	San Francisco	7.	1	4	10.
Chappell, Susannah	Santa Cruz	1.	16	—	—.
Clark, Charles T	San Francisco	24.	—	9	14.
Clayton, Joel	Clayton	10.	58	—	—.
Cohn, Julia	San Francisco	20.	29	—	—.
Cohn, Nathan	Marysville	11.	19	—	—.
Cole, William	Dibble's Creek	8.	42	..	—.
Condon, John B	Marysville	2.	46	6	—.
Connell, Charles L	San Francisco	12	—	10	11.
Connell, Margaret	San Francisco	10.	31	—	—.
Cooper, Wm. E	Portland, Or	4.	43	—	—.
Coyle, Edward H	Sacramento	2.	42	—	—.
Cregalow, Peter	Orr's Station	5.	40	—	—.
Crow, Annie	San Francisco	28.	26	—	—.
Crowell, Mary	Stockton	19.	43	4	—.
Curley, Catherine	San Francisco	20.	—	—	1.
Daly, Edward D	San Francisco	21.	—	4	7.
Darwin, Mary C	San Francisco	2.	29	—	—.
Davenport, Birchie	White R.V., Nev	12.	14	—	—.
Davidson, L	Elko, Nev	11.	46	—	—.
Day, Laura E	Stockton	21.	16	—	—.
Devoe, James, Jr	San Francisco	10.	40	—	—.
Dickman, Marie	Virginia, Nev	1.	36	—	—.
Diess, John	San Francisco	22.	22	6	..
Dolan, James	San Francisco	22.	42	—	—.
Dougherty, Michael	Benicia	4.	55	—	—.

DEATHS.—*Continued.*

Name.	Where.	When.	Age. y. m. d.
Doyle, Cornelius	San Francisco	Mar. 30	1 —
Driscoll, Laura	San Francisco	16	1 3 —
Dugan, Edward T	San Francisco	10	— 8 10
Dunphy, Carrie V	San Francisco	29	21 1 7
Easly, Pleasant	San Jose	16	56 — —
Eaton, John F	San Jose	7	36 — —
Emmons, Polly	Brighton	24	54 — —
Endean, John	San Francisco	17	56 — —
Faulkner, Ellen	San Francisco	11	44 10 —
Fender, Lavina F	Millville	16	25 — —
Ferriss, Decodia	Sacramento	13	45 — —
Figuera, Louis, Jr	San Francisco	5	25 1 3
Flynn, Thomas	San Francisco	19	34 — —
Fordham, Frederick	Shasta	4	72 — —
Frazer, J. S	Portland, Or	3	54 — —
Fredericks, Geo. H	San Francisco	16	48 — —
Furstenthal, Raphael	San Francisco	8	— 8 —
Galagin, John J	San Francisco	25	1 1 2
Gibbons, Isabella	San Francisco	12	— — —
Gilchrist, Mary	San Francisco	18	40 — —
Gillis, Ada T	San Francisco	20	— 6 17
Glover, Mary A	San Francisco	1	2 — 25
Goepp, Amalie T	San Francisco	25	27 4 —
Gorman, Ann J	San Francisco	28	2 1 14
Gray, James	Virginia, Nev	6	52 — —
Green, Ella R	Oakland	3	2 6 27
Greig, L. B	South San Fran'o	2	45 — —
Grennan, James F	San Francisco	3	— 1 7
Griebel, August	San Francisco	15	35 — —
Gross, E. S	San Francisco	31	64 — —
Guerin, James M	San Francisco	4	24 — —
Haas, Isadore	Pioneer Station	15	47 — —
Hall, Henry T	Washington	3	1 6 4
Harper, Alfred N	Brown's Valley	16	19 — —
Haskell, Frank H	San Francisco	3	— 2 3
Hathaway, James	Snelling	5	66 — —
Hawkins, Sallie	Colfax	4	21 3 —
Hemmenway, Wm. P	San Francisco	20	43 1 2
Hendley, Frank E	San Francisco	14	10 4 —
Henry, John	Sacramento	11	28 — —
Hoffman, Ettie	Santa Cruz	20	1 — 3
Hopkins, Charles R	San Andreas	6	62 — —
Horan, Margaret	Allison Ranch	21	35 — —
Huff, S. W	Yolo County	10	42 1 1
Hughes, Mary E	Chile Gulch	3	14 11 —
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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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STUDIES OF WESTERN MANNERS AND CIVILIZATION;
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With such other additions as may tend to the higher development of the Social, Literary, Material and Moral Resources of the West.

The increased emigration to California consequent upon the completion of the Pacific Railroad, renders a magazine honestly devoted to these special topics, a necessity to the immigrant, and Western traveler.

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VOL. 8. No. 6.

THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JUNE, 1872.

SAN FRANCISCO:
JOHN H. CARMANY & CO., PUBLISHERS,
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117, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York,
Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

JOHN H. CARMANY & CO., PRINTERS, SAN FRANCISCO.

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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 8.—JUNE, 1872.—No. 6.

SHEEP-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

AFTER the arrival of the Spanish missionaries in California, they found that one of the first steps toward civilizing the natives was to clothe them. With that sagacity which characterized most of their business operations, they saw that the raw material for clothing could more profitably and economically be obtained from sheep than by raising flax or cotton. Sheep-raising was, then, at once entered into by the missionaries; and on such a large scale as enabled them to clothe the Indians in a comfortable, if not in a fashionable, manner.

The extent of sheep husbandry conducted by the Fathers may be realized, when it is stated, that, at the Missions between San Diego and San Francisco, there were, in 1825—when they were in the greatest state of prosperity—an aggregate of 1,003,970 sheep, exclusive of those owned by the *rancheros*—which were, perhaps, as numerous. Soon after the Missions were secularized, and the Indians had to take care of themselves. The Fathers, henceforth, paid little attention to their flocks; the Indians were unwilling to engage in any industrial pursuit, and unable to do so with profit: consequently, the decay of sheep-farming became as rapid as its growth. So low did this neglect reduce the flocks, that in 1831 the number of sheep at all of the Missions was estimated to be only about 150,000.

For several years after the settlement of California by the citizens of the United States, the opinion prevailed that wool-growing in this State would be an unprofitable undertaking. It was generally believed that in hot climates the wool rapidly deteriorated, becoming not only small in quantity, but also of very poor quality. This belief was confirmed by the appearance of the native sheep. These, brought to the State from Mexico, were originally of such an inferior stock, or through carelessness in breeding had become so deteriorated, as to be of little value for either wool or mutton. They are described as being, in "size, form, constitutional vigor, and disposi-

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tion, the perfection of all that is undesirable; while their fleece rarely exceeded two and one-half pounds of coarse, uneven, kempty wool, suited only to the very lowest class of fabrics." The only recommendation these sheep possessed was their prodigious fecundity, the ewes generally bearing twins, sometimes triplets, and sometimes as many as six or seven at a birth. To the small trace of this blood to be still found in many California flocks may, to some extent, be attributed the fact that, generally speaking, sheep are more prolific here than in many other places.

In the years 1852 and 1853, a great many sheep were driven across the plains, from the Western States, to California. They were for mutton, and sold here at prices ranging generally between $7 and $16 each. Mutton, however, did not long maintain these prices. The immense number of sheep raised in the State, and the continued introduction of large flocks from the States and Territories east of California, very shortly brought the stock of mutton-sheep up to the demand of the butcher, and threatened, at no distant day, to reduce the prices below the cost of production. Many of those engaged in the sheep business had foresight enough to anticipate this; and, concluding that the soil and climate of California were favorable to the growth of a superior, as well as an inferior, description of sheep, set about introducing sheep that would be valuable for their wool as well as for their mutton. Spanish merinos were introduced from the Eastern States, and also from Australia, and sold at extreme prices. In less than a half-dozen years, every flock had an infusion of improved blood. Under the new impetus, wool-growing made such gigantic strides as soon cast the operations of the missionaries into the shade. A glance at the following table will show how rapid and steady has been the increase in the production of wool since 1854. California produced:

Year.	*Lbs. of wool.*	*Year.*	*Lbs. of wool.*
In 1854........	175,000	In 1863........	6,857,109
1855........	360,000	1864........	7,236,514
1856........	600,000	1865........	6,445,070
1857........	1,100,000	1866........	6,546,750
1858........	1,428,350	1867........	8,628,186
1859........	2,378,250	1868........	12,920,761
1860........	3,260,000	1869........	15,409,171
1861........	4,600,000	1870........	19,472,666
1862........	5,530,000	1871........	22,181,1[illegible]

With one exception, it will be seen that this increase has been uninterrupted. The great drought of 1864 caused the wool clip of 1865 to be smaller than that of the preceding year. Notwithstanding an occasional step backward, on account of severe droughts, the increase in the production of wool in California compares favorably with that of other countries. In Australia, the wool clip increased from 53,000,000 pounds in 1859, to 158,000,000 pounds in 1869—equal to an average increase of twenty per cent. per year; while in California, it has, in that time, increased from 2,378,250 pounds to 15,409,171 pounds—or an increase of about fifty-five per cent. yearly. Wool-growing already occupies a leading position among California pursuits, the value of last year's clip amounting to $6,072,275.

Notwithstanding the immense strides that sheep husbandry has made in this State, yet all the advantages of California in this respect may be summed up in few words—namely, mild winters and cheap feed. The latter is fast disappearing before the march of the immigrant; and we can only expect, as well as hope, that before many years elapse an acre of grass will be as valuable here as in the older States. While grass can be so cheaply obtained, at present, sheep-raising will be a remunerative business, even though conducted—as it has been in many instances—by men wholly unacquainted with every thing connected with the pursuit. When wool-growers have to pay as much for the feed

of a sheep as is paid in some of the more thickly settled States, none but those who understand the business will find it a profitable undertaking; and they must carry on their business in a more systematic manner than is done at present, and then expect only ordinary profit: not to realize—as has often been hitherto the case—a fortune in a few years.

Many of the wealthiest men in California made most of their money by sheep-raising; and at starting had not perhaps money enough to buy a thousand sheep. But they drove their flocks on Government land, where feed cost nothing; looked after them themselves, and very soon doubled their original stock. So profitable was the business, under these circumstances, that one of the most experienced sheep-raisers in the State says, that even after he had to employ shepherds, he, for many years, made four per cent. per month on the money invested in sheep. Even to-day, a man who looks after his own flock, can, if he be fortunate enough to find grass without having to pay too exorbitant a price for it, very soon grow rich enough to employ shepherds and extend his operations.

Sheep are herded in California in flocks of all sizes up to two thousand. Ewes are seldom herded in flocks larger than twelve or fifteen hundred. The principal breed in this State is the Spanish merino—not full-blooded, but crosses between the merino and what was called the native sheep. The latter were of no particular breed. In the earlier settlement of the Eastern States, various immigrants brought different stocks of sheep, which gradually became intermixed. In those days but little attention was paid to their breeding, and it soon became impossible to trace the pedigree of any particular sheep: so that, for want of a better name, they came to be called the native sheep. Flocks, of course, are of all degrees, from the pure-bred merino, down to the sheep that has only the slightest infusion of improved blood. The sheep are shorn twice a year—generally in March or April, and in September or October. Merino sheep yield about six pounds of wool yearly—wethers perhaps more, ewes less. In addition to a shepherd, some extra men are needed at the lambing season. For a flock of fifteen hundred, two extra hands would be required for three or four weeks. Merinos, generally speaking, do not breed until they are two years old, and from eighty to ninety per cent. is considered the average yearly increase. Shearing costs six cents per head and board to the shearer. Taking all the incidental expenses, shearing will cost nine cents per head. Many persons—beginners, who have only small flocks—are destitute of many of the conveniences required in shearing. They drive their sheep to the yard of some person better prepared for the work; and their shearing, with all the expenses connected with it, costs them ten cents for each sheep. After being cut off, the wool is put loosely into sacks, and consigned to the brokers in San Francisco, who sell it on the owners' account. It is sent by the buyers to the wool-packers, who grade it, press it into bales of 550 pounds each, and then it is ready for transportation to the East, where most of it is sent.

Shepherds get $25 per month and board. They generally have to cook for themselves, and are supplied with flour, beans, potatoes, tea, coffee, and sugar. A shepherd usually lives in his hut by himself. Meat is sent him sometimes from the house of his employer; but more commonly he kills a sheep, and, if there are other shepherds in the neighborhood, divides it with them. The whole expense of a shepherd yearly, counting the cost of sending him rations, and the wear and tear of his

house, may be set down at $450. His board alone would cost about $80 or $100 annually.

At the present time, nothing in connection with sheep is as variable as the prices paid for feeding them in California. Since the whole State contains 120,947,840 acres, only about five millions of which are fenced, it is easy to believe that the subsistence of a very large portion of the sheep costs their owners nothing at all. On the other hand, sheep are fed, in some instances, on land worth $60 an acre—though, perhaps, in its improved condition, an acre of this land will not feed more than three sheep. Under these circumstances, I can do nothing better than to mention prices that have been paid in particular cases. In Los Angeles, until recently—and perhaps still—sheep were fed for one cent each per month. This price, however, could now be met only in exceptional cases. In Monterey County, a gentleman paid, last year, $40 per month for the grass for a thousand sheep. These were mostly Cotswolds, fifty per cent. larger than merinos, and of course they would eat more. Another gentleman paid, in Los Angeles County, last year, $4,000 for the grass of seventeen thousand sheep, or about 24 cents for each sheep yearly; another gentleman, in the same county, paid, last year, $400 per month for the grass of fifteen thousand sheep, or 32 cents per year for each sheep. One of the largest sheep-owners of Los Angeles County values his land at $10 per acre; and says that an acre of it will feed a sheep. In this case, putting money at only ten per cent. interest, the grass of his sheep would cost $1 annually.

The price of wool, like that of all other commodities, has been subject to considerable fluctuation. The following table exhibits the minimum and maximum prices of both spring and fall clips during the last eight years:

Year.	*Spring clip.* *Cts. per lb.*	*Fall and lamb.* *Cts. per lb.*
1864	20 to 24	16 to 19
1865	16 to 23	16 to 20
1866	16 to 22	14 to 16½
1867	14 to 22	10 to 14
1868	16 to 19½	13 to 19½
1869	17½ to 21½	12 to 15
1870	17½ to 21	13 to 19
1871	25 to 33	21 to 32½

The price of wool in 1867 was quite low, and the business of wool-growing was then considered so unprofitable that many millions of sheep were slaughtered throughout the United States merely for their tallow. The new tariff on wool coming then into operation, gave the producers of American wool a great advantage over importers. At the present time, for the purpose of collecting duty, imported wools are divided into three classes: first, merino, or having a mixture of merino blood; second, Cotswolds, Leicesters, and similar breeds; third, carpet wools. Upon wool of the first and second classes, valued at the port whence it was shipped under thirty-two cents per pound, there is a duty of ten cents per pound, and, in addition, eleven per cent. *ad valorem* duty. If the value of these wools exceeds thirty-two cents per pound at the port whence last shipped, the duty is twelve cents per pound, and, in addition, ten per cent. *ad valorem*. On carpet wools the duty is small. This is for dirty wool; if washed, the duty is double. Thus it will be seen, that, in order to compete with United States wool-growers, foreign wool-growers must produce wool thirteen to eighteen cents per pound cheaper than we do here. To this must be added the cost of transportation, which, in many instances, is more than Californians have to pay for sending their wool to the Eastern market.

Most of the California wool is sent East by rail, but some is still sent by way of Panama, and some around Cape Horn. The rate of freight by rail is 2½ cents per pound; by Panama, 2 cents;

by Cape Horn, 1 to 1½ cents. As those who send their wool *via* Panama and Cape Horn have to insure it or take dangerous risks, and as they are also longer out of their money than if they sent by rail, the opening of the overland railroad has, on the whole, benefited the wool-growers. Eastern buyers now come more frequently to San Francisco, thus creating more competition than formerly existed. They can also supply a sudden demand more readily by sending to California than by sending to South America, Africa, or Australia; while, before the opening of the railroad, California was almost as far from market as any of these. The price of combing and delaine staples in San Francisco for the year 1871 may be set down at thirty-six cents per pound. Three-fourths of the merino wool of this State averages, as classified at the East, as half-blood merino. The average price for spring wool in San Francisco was thirty cents, and for fall, twenty-seven cents. The staple, on the whole, was rather a poor one, being short and tender, on account of the scarcity of feed that resulted from the droughts of 1869–70 and 1870–71.

In estimating the expenses and profits arising from a flock of sheep, if we take the present price of grass, we must also take the present price of wool. In the following table, I shall consider $10 worth of land sufficient to feed one sheep the whole year. This, as has been stated, is the value that some of the most experienced sheep-raisers in the State place on land capable of carrying a sheep to the acre. The interest on this would amount to $1 or $1.50 yearly, but this is a price scarcely ever paid for the grazing of a sheep. Perhaps one-third of it would be nearer to the mark. I shall then suppose that the sheep-raiser, as is the case with many of them, owns his land, and on this basis estimate the expenses and receipts arising from a flock of two thousand wethers.

Two thousand acres of land, purchased at $10 per acre, come to $20,000, and two thousand wethers, at $3 each, $6,000; making a total of $26,000 for sheep and land. Now for the yearly expenses and receipts:

Wages and board to shepherd, yearly	$450
Taxes, six cents on each sheep	120
Dressing, to prevent scab, five cents each	100
Loss, say five per cent	300
Shearing, nine cents each time—eighteen cents yearly	360
Transporting wool to San Francisco, at $6 per ton	42
Commission to broker for selling, 2½ per cent.	100
Yearly taxes on land	200
Total yearly expense	$1,672
Yearly receipts, fourteen thousand pounds of wool, at 28½ cents per pound	3,990

Net receipts, $2,318, or about 8½ per cent. on the $26,000 originally invested.

The $200 tax on the land is thus estimated: The Assessor's valuation is usually about forty per cent. of the real value of the land; and the tax is about 2½ per cent. on the Assessor's valuation. This would give a tax of $200 yearly on $20,000 worth of land. The quantity of wool is estimated at seven pounds to each sheep, which is about a fair average for a good flock of wethers. Ewes would not give so much wool; they would be more expensive in the way of herding; but as they would have lambs, they would bring their owners much more profit than wethers. The net receipts shown above are perhaps too high, as there would be other expenses that can not be calculated with any degree of exactness. The wool-grower may, if he has many flocks, have to employ an overseer; and his taxes, as well as the wages of his shepherd, will have to be paid before he receives the price of his wool; so that he has to pay interest on more than the $26,000 first laid out. A poor man, who looks after his own flock, and buys grass or feeds his sheep on Government land, will do considerably better. The wages he would have to pay to a shepherd, and the yearly taxes he would have to pay

on the land if he owned it, would buy grass enough for his flock; so that he would make as much yearly out of his $6,000 as the rich man would out of $26,000. Many, of course, will think that a business that brings only eight per cent. on the money invested should not be undertaken in California. But there are other sources from which the man that buys land on which to pasture his sheep derives profit. The value of the land itself increases rapidly. Two-thirds of the wool produced in the State comes from ten counties; and if the value of the real estate in these counties for the year 1867 be compared with its value in 1871, as given below, it will be seen that he who bought land there four or five years ago invested his money well, even though the land had lain idle ever since:

	1867.	1871.
Los Angeles	$1,142,830	$4,377,292
Monterey	559,548	2,114,184
Colusa	958,271	2,000,000
Tulare	500,737	1,545,418
Stanislaus	560,852	1,814,057
Santa Barbara	404,476	2,063,735
Kern	340,641	856,000
Tehama	439,874	964,836
Calaveras	721,641	310,446
Fresno	182,621	1,785,761

In three of these counties—Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and Tulare—the improvements are included with the valuation for 1871. In one only—Calaveras, a mining county—has the value decreased. All things considered, perhaps the profit arising from money invested in purchasing land and sheep to graze on it is nearer forty than eight per cent. annually. Indeed, some of the shrewdest land speculators in the State often buy land and afterward let it for farming purposes for six or seven per cent. of the purchase money. They expect an increase in the value of the land sufficient to pay them high interest. If farm-land, the soil of which is constantly growing poorer, through an improper system of cultivation, increases in value, we may the more reasonably expect an advance in the price of grazing-land, the soil of which is constantly improving.

Besides the merino, we have, in California, a large number of Cotswolds, Leicesters, and other varieties of coarse-wooled sheep. Breeders differ as to which variety is most suitable. The merino does better in large flocks, and is better adapted to travel long distances in search of food than perhaps any other variety. In many parts of the State, it takes several acres to feed one sheep; hence, flocks have to roam a considerable distance in search of food, and in such places merinos usually get the preference. Cotswolds begin to breed when only a year old, and are considered better nurses than merinos. Their wool, too, is at the present time (April 15th) much more valuable, being worth thirty-six cents per pound in San Francisco, while merino is worth only twenty-eight or thirty cents. They attain a great size, often weighing three hundred pounds or better. They are very prolific, generally, when in small flocks, rearing 120 to 150 lambs to every hundred sheep. About 12,000,000 pounds of Cotswold and other combing wools are every year imported into the United States. Until that amount is raised in this country, combing wool will probably maintain its high price, as it is not produced to any extent in Australia or South America, where wool can be raised cheaply. A gentleman, for whose veracity I can vouch, tells me that he expects to sell about $24 worth of wool in one year from a Cotswold sheep and her progeny. The ewe herself gives about thirteen pounds of wool annually. On the 14th of March, 1871, she gave birth to three lambs, all of which she reared without any assistance. The three lambs were shorn in September, yielding respectively ten, nine and a half, and seven pounds of wool. When a year old they were shorn again, and they gave as much wool

as at the first clipping. This, together with the ewe's fleece, would amount to sixty-six pounds, which, at thirty-six cents per pound, would be worth $23.76.

As a wool-growing State, California labors under numerous disadvantages, many of which, however, can be partially, if not wholly, removed. The great heat alone, so prevalent in the valleys of the interior, would cause the wool to deteriorate in quality. This is the case in other hot countries as well as this, and fresh blood has constantly to be imported to counteract the results arising from an unsuitable climate. Any one who has seen a flock of sheep on the hot, arid plains of the San Joaquin, can not fail to observe how much they suffer from the heat. Instead of comfortably lying down and ruminating, as they do in colder climates, they huddle together in small bands, each sheep trying to obtain shelter from the scorching sun by putting its head under the belly of its neighbor. A few trees set out in their pasture would afford them an agreeable shade, and pay the planter in other respects for the labor he incurs. But we need not expect any improvements of this kind while sheep are kept in such large flocks, or while grass can be obtained at present prices.

The progeny of pure-bred imported sheep will not yield so valuable a description of wool in California as the parents did. This does not result from the hot climate alone. Dust and burrs getting into the wool, and a scarcity of feed, are also answerable for some of it. Whenever the sheep becomes poor or suffers for food, the wool becomes weak, and no amount of good feeding afterward will remove the tender spot thus produced. At some seasons, there is a superabundance of food in California, but no effort is made to husband any of it against times of scarcity. In consequence of this want of thrift, California wool is short, and, in parts of the fibre, weak. Instead of having a staple two or three inches long, being clipped twice yearly, it is only an inch or an inch and a half. Most wool-buyers condemn the habit of shearing twice. The wool-growers say that it enables them to keep their sheep in a more healthy condition. When the sheep are shorn twice a year, the owners say they can cure scab more easily, and there is less difficulty in removing burrs. Be this as it may, the custom is not at all common in other countries. Many of those engaged in sheep-farming began with very little money; if they borrowed any, they had to pay high interest, and the ability to realize something from their flocks six months earlier than they could otherwise, induced many of them to shear twice.

It remains with the farmer to make wool-growing a remunerative business in the future, when feed can not be so cheaply obtained as it is at present. In many parts of the Eastern States, it costs the farmers $2 or $3 to feed each sheep yearly, and yet they make it pay. They have few advantages which the California farmer can not have; and, in addition, we have here milder winters and a climate in which sheep are, notwithstanding the great heat, very healthy. But in the East they have better breeds, keep them in small flocks, and take care that they have an abundance of food at all seasons, and shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The California farmer burns as much straw annually as would keep several hundred sheep in good condition when grass can not be obtained. Several kinds of weeds that cattle will not touch are greedily eaten by sheep, and in this manner they help to keep the land clean. Turned in on a field of wheat in the spring, a flock of sheep will cause it to tiller better, and thus materially increase the yield. This plan is followed by farmers in every country; and I have known where farmers in California, who had no sheep of their own,

knowing the advantages arising from this proceeding, borrowed sheep for this purpose from their neighbors. By keeping a few sheep, the farmer could supply his table with fresh mutton, instead of living the greater part of the year on salt pork, as he does at present.

But greater than all these is another consideration, which will compel the farmer, sooner or later, to keep more live stock on his land. The soil, when cultivated any length of time, according to the system in vogue at present in California, loses its productiveness to such an extent that it scarcely pays the cost of seed and labor. The fertility of the soil can only be restored by either fallowing or manuring, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the latter should have the preference. Fallowing renders it necessary that the soil should lie a whole year in an unproductive condition, and is seldom resorted to where agriculture has reached its greatest perfection.

As a rule, the average California farmer has only the most indefinite ideas with regard to the comparative advantages of growing grain-crops on his land, and raising green crops and feeding them to sheep or cows. When he finds that his land will not pay for cultivation, he may open his eyes to the advantages of a system something different to what he now follows. Fifty acres cropped with hay, potatoes, or marigold, which are fed to a flock of sheep on the ground, may not bring as much money as the same fifty acres cropped with wheat, which is sold; but there are instances, and by no means few, where the increased fertility of the soil, arising from the crop being consumed on it, would cause the crop of the succeeding year to be double what it would be if the land had received no such treatment.

That the farmer must keep more live stock and consume more of his crops on the ground there can be no doubt, but there may be some as to whether cows or sheep are best for this purpose. This will depend in a great measure on the number of sheep that can be kept on the feed sufficient for one cow. It is variously estimated from five to ten. Thär, a celebrated German writer on agriculture, gives the latter number. A farmer in this State, who keeps a hundred sheep, tells me that they do not eat more grass than ten cows would; but, in addition, they derive some of their sustenance from plants that cows will not touch; and also from plants, such as wild mustard, that are eaten by cows, but which give an unpleasant taste to butter. He says, three hundred sheep bring him $400 yearly; yet they are only old culls, that he bought from a large sheep-owner in his neighborhood. Of these sheep, eighty-seven were ewes, and raised 120 lambs, while, in a large flock, they would not raise above half that number. Most farmers, however, would conclude that six sheep will eat as much as one cow. Even at this rate, when we deduct the expense of milking the cow and making butter from the gross price of her produce, perhaps the net receipts will not be greater than those obtained from sheep. Besides, the market for butter is, under the present aspect of affairs, more likely to be glutted than that for wool.

It is generally laid down by agricultural writers and experimentalists that a sheep will eat of good hay three per cent. of her live weight daily. Let us suppose the live weight of a sheep to be about 120 pounds. One of them, at this rate, would eat 3.6 pounds of hay daily, or 1,314 pounds a year. Unpressed hay is sold (and can be sold at a profit, too) in many parts of California for $5 per ton. An ordinary ewe and her lamb would, at the rate mentioned, live a year on a ton of hay. It would not be too much to expect that the wool of both at the end of the year would be worth $3, and the lamb, without the fleece, $2; so that it would be as profitable to feed the hay to

the sheep as to sell it, without taking into consideration the manure that would be obtained, and with which California farmers can not always dispense. But this is only the crudest way of looking at the question. Doubtless it would be better to feed some of the hay to the sheep without cutting it at all—to let them eat it while growing. Or it may be cheaper to turn them out to grass during a portion of the year, and feed them with hay only when grass is too scarce. Besides, sheep so treated should give, not $1.50 worth of wool, but from $2 to $3 worth, as given under similar treatment in the East.

Again: a sheep that weighs 120 pounds, will, if moderately fat, give sixty per cent. of her live weight, or seventy-two pounds, of mutton. If the farmer buys this from the butcher, it will cost him $8 or $10. The true way for the farmer to look at this question, is, whether it pays better to sell all his agricultural produce and buy meat from the butcher, or to consume more hay and roots on his farm, and raise his own beef and mutton. Root crops, such as beets, potatoes, and marigolds, are excellent feed for sheep; and, in many parts of the State, the yield of these crops to the acre is immense. I have seen many statements of the results obtained in the Eastern States, England, France, and Germany, by feeding sheep with roots, hay, or straw, and grain. The quantity of each article consumed, as well as the quantity of mutton produced, was mentioned; and I find that by reducing all to California prices, most of the results would pay here. The farmer must remember that the difference between harvesting and sending to market fifteen sacks of wheat to the acre and twenty-five sacks to the acre would not amount to more than $3; while the difference in receipts would amount to $15 or $20. In many instances, the yield of his farm has fallen down to two-thirds of what it was at first; but, by keeping more live stock and following a different system of cropping, his land could be restored to its original fertility. In calculating the profits of a small flock of sheep, his basis should be, not sheep as they are in California, but as they would be under judicious management.

We import wool from Australia to be used on this coast, and at a cost, I understand from one of the importers, of forty or forty-five cents per pound. Notwithstanding the quantity of wool produced here, this has to be done, on account of the shortness of California wool. Farmers here should certainly be able to produce any kind of wool to be obtained from Australia. With their inclosed fields, which could easily be freed from burrs, the wool would be cleaner, and there would not be so much occasion to shear every six months. Among other advantages that the farmer has, his land being fenced, his sheep will not cost much in the way of herding. Neither will they come into contact with other flocks; and, being once free from scab—the greatest scourge to which sheep are subject—they are not apt to become again infected.

WHAT WAS IT?

UNTIL the breaking out of the war, I lived with my widowed mother and a younger sister, in the dull little city of New London. I worked hard at my profession during the day, and at night drove out to the old homestead, situated on one of the breezy hills in the rear of the town, overlooking Long Island Sound. We lived quietly, undisturbed by any unusual experiences, contented in each other, and never dreamed of the brewing storm which was soon to waken us from our dull routine and drowsy existence. The crash came, and with it away went books and papers, and I started for the seat of war. Every soldier might write a book full of personal experiences: of weary, anxious nights on picket—of long, tiresome marches—of jolly evenings round camp-fires—of battle-fields, red with the blood and heart-breaking with the groans of wounded and dying heroes; but all these, interesting as they might be, have nothing to do with my mystery.

In 1864 a part of my regiment was stationed at Jacksonville, Florida—a pretty town, on a magnificent river. Here, after much hard fighting, little rest, and no recreation, we enjoyed ourselves like boys during vacation. These halcyon days were darkened somewhat by the illness of my old classmate and present comrade, Charlie Le Mar, my sister's affianced husband. Though debilitated, he would not forego active service, and spoke cheerfully of a *reconnaissance* he intended to make, up the St. John's River, in the gun-boat *Maple Leaf*. The expedition started on a bright March morning; and, going to the wharf to see the boys off, I was surprised to find Bob Severance among the officers in command of the troops. Bob was from old New London—a good fellow, but with a drop of Indian blood in his veins, I sometimes thought, as I looked at his swarthy skin, straight, coal-black hair, and high cheek-bones, and remembered the pertinacity of his hatred toward a poor little chap who had done him a childish injury when we were all boys together. He had been a devoted admirer of my sister, but she cared nothing for him; and although never quite sure that he forgave her her refusal, he always remembered me with his old affection, and I was very glad to meet him. The hour for starting having arrived, Le Mar waved his crutch cheerfully by way of farewell, and the boat steamed away from the wharf.

Five days later came the news that, on her return-trip, the *Maple Leaf* had been blown up by a torpedo, some fifteen miles up the river. "Seven men," said the messenger, "including Le Mar, had gone down with the wreck; and the survivors would soon be in Jacksonville."

I met Severance twice after the sad termination of the *reconnaissance*. The first time, I congratulated him on his escape, and asked for an account of the disaster, which he gave hurriedly, and with the hesitation apparent in one communicating sad news. The second time, he came to bid me good-by, having effected an exchange into a regiment stationed in the Shenandoah Valley, where the heaviest fighting was then being done.

The months passed by quickly, and brought us to the winter of 1867. My mother was dead, Bessie's health very much impaired, and I had been laid one side with an old-fashioned attack of

rheumatism. After due consultation, we concluded to spend the remainder of the winter in Florida; and ten days after, we were plowing through the sandy streets of Jacksonville. Since my last visit, the town had become literally Yankeeized, and showed its regeneracy by an air of bustling activity and prosperity very unlike its former life and that of most Southern cities. After a few weeks' residence in Jacksonville, we accepted a kind and pressing invitation to visit Mr. Burt's cotton plantation, a few miles up the river. An hour's sail on the *Dictator*, commanded by a jolly Captain, of blockade notoriety, brought us within sight of the beautiful grove of Spanish oaks which surrounded Burt's house. Our friend, accompanied by the usual crowd of black toddlers in tow-shirts, met us at the wharf; and, led by them, we proceeded to the house, which was large, rambling, and dilapidated, but in its day was considered quite palatial. There was nothing beautiful about the place, save the trees—grand old oaks, whose branches waved countless pennons of long, gray moss. Recalling old-time memories and relating our later experiences—for Burt, too, had seen hard service in the army—found us hardly ready at midnight to be lulled to sleep by the not unmusical croaking of frogs down in the swale, accompanied by an occasional dull boom, boom, of an alligator. Upon reaching the river, early the following morning, the first thing that attracted my attention was a tall, black, singularly shaped object, rising out of the water, perhaps a mile and a half from the shore.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The wreck of the *Maple Leaf*," answered Burt; "blown up by the Rebs, in '64."

Surprised and not a little confused, I hurriedly told him the circumstances of my sister's sad affliction, and requested him to make no allusion to the steamer in her presence. It was strange, too, that I had not once thought of our proximity to the wreck; but I did not suppose that any evidence of that terrible business had been left. There were the massive iron beams—stern and uncompromising as the face of Justice—utterly refusing to fall and be buried in the black waters, though furious winds and waves had lashed them unrelentingly for so long a time. There they remain to this day, to be seen by the thousands who annually pass up and down that beautiful river.

Later in the day, when Bessie walked down to the bluff, I was prepared to answer the question she asked the moment her eyes fell upon the strange object in the river: "It was merely a sunken steamer: these Southern rivers are full of dangerous snags, you know."

The days slipped away quietly and pleasantly. Under the pine-trees, we drank in health with their pungent fragrance; we luxuriated upon oranges and berries, and idly floated up and down the great river, watching the sunsets. And when the full, white moon appeared over the dark belt of trees in the east, we shot out from the reedy shores of the solemn river into the silvery path it left upon the water, and drifted on—and on—dreamily happy, with no sound to break the sweet silence of the moment, save the faint ripple of the water under our bow, or the splash of distant oars far down the river; and then, home again, to sleep soundly, until the echo of the horn at sunrise should break in upon our rest.

One day our host left us to the tender mercies of old Aunt Winner and her tribe of colored satellites. With my marine-glass and a copy of Tennyson, we strolled down to the bluff, with the determination of enjoying the day to the utmost. Having arranged ourselves comfortably, I opened my book, and, of course, turned to the fittest poem for

such a day and such a place, and read aloud:

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the lotus, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and——"

"What's that?" asked Bessie, suddenly.

"What's what?"

"I thought I heard some one calling."

"Joe, probably, shouting to his mule," I answered; and, with this quick dismissal of the matter, returned to my book:

"But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long, bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the emerald-colored water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine."

"There it is again, Phil."

"Bessie," said I, "you are certainly nervous this morning; but I hope you will not make that an excuse for foolishly imagining that the cawing of a crow, or the howling of a darkey over in the cotton-field, is a cry of distress. Be quiet, and let's enjoy our laziness."

"But I *did* hear some one distinctly call for help."

"Nonsense."

"Well, just listen a moment, and perhaps you will be convinced."

So I put down the book, and stooped in sensuous delight over the dreamy lusciousness of the day and the scenery. I looked through half-closed lids out upon the sapphire waters of the beautiful Welaka. So we waited: Bessie all alert for the expected cry; I drowsily nodding away the moments, so completely imbued with the spirit of lotus-land that I quite forgot what we were waiting for, and languidly imagined that the quiet happiness of the moment would never be disturbed. The river was so quietly beautiful, the air so full of fragrance, the whole scene so altogether lovely, that from my soul I felt that—

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil:
There is no joy but calm."

Suddenly, across the sparkling river, came a prolonged cry—half a shout, half a sigh. All my dreaminess fled in an instant.

"Well," said Bessie, "are you satisfied?"

"Quite so; but what can it be?"

We listened for its repetition, and again the sound floated over to us—a cry so full of horror and despair that we both shuddered as though a sudden chill had overtaken us.

"Some one is drowning," said Bessie. Seizing the glass and resting it against the log, I looked out upon the river—*this* time with wide-open eyes, taking in every speck that danced upon its ripples. There was not a breath of wind; we had not seen a single sail that morning. How was it possible that any disaster could have overtaken a boat?—and yet the cry certainly came from the river. Slowly I turned the glass up the river until it came in range with the old wreck. There were the great black beams—silent sentinels over the graves of the martyred dead—but I could see nothing else, and pointed the glass farther up the river. Just then another cry—this time of direst agony. Bessie clutched my arm with cold, trembling hands; and, quickly bringing the glass back so that the wreck was again in range, I thought—yes, was sure—that I detected some strange object, and a moment's careful observation convinced me that it was a man clinging for his life to the iron beams.

"Quick, Bessie, call Joe, while I get the boat." And before I could reach the wharf, she was half across the field, and back again by the time I was ready to start, closely followed by Joe, whose eyes almost started from their sockets with fright at this sudden call to assist in saving a drowning man. Bessie took the rudder, while Joe and I settled ourselves for a hard row. We were a full mile and a half from the sunken steamer, and when perhaps half the distance had been passed over, I turned my head and could distinctly see the upper part of the man's body. His face was turned toward us, and again the cry rang in our ears; he had evidently caught sight of us, and was calling us to hasten. Bessie sprang to her feet, while Joe and I made the boat fairly leap over the little, curling wavelets. We were almost there.

"Phil"—whispered Bessie—"Phil, there's not a boat in sight, and the man appears to be tied to the wreck."

A terrible suggestion flashed over me: was it possible that some fiend had made this man fast to the wreck, and left him to die? The thought was too horrible to be harbored for an instant; but it put new life into my weary arms, and in a moment more our boat touched the wreck. Again that fearful moan! The rudder dropped from Bessie's trembling hands, and, with a face white as death itself, she sank to the bottom of the boat. Throwing down my oar, I turned, and there—apparently lashed to the iron beams, with his arms stretched out like the arms of a cross—was Robert Severance, his sallow face ghastly with the hue of death, his black hair dripping and tangled with bits of strange seaweed, his eyes lurid with a demoniac fire, and his lips writhing with agony as he attempted to utter the words, "'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'" For a moment I was dumb and helpless with terror; then, springing to the side of the boat, I reached over to draw him in. While doing so, I was conscious of a vague wonder at the absence of ropes, or any other medium by which he could be kept in that position; but the wonder was forgotten in an instant, for, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder, a shudder seemed to pass through the wreck, causing the beams to rock and the water beneath us to tremble, and the man slipped from my grasp, sliding down into the green water, while with horror-stricken faces we gazed over the side of the boat, seeing only the ever-widening circles that dotted the surface of the river. We took up our oars: no word was spoken, but, with scared faces and nerveless hands, we slowly found our way home. The noon was as sweet and pure as the morning had been: the sun shone as brightly, and the river danced and sparkled as brilliantly as ever; but a great horror had fallen upon us, and we thought only of the dead man out there, who, after so many years, had gone in this mysterious way to join his comrades.

Five months later, I received the following letter from the hands of Captain Willis Martin, of the whale-ship *General Jackson*, who had carried it with him all that time before having an opportunity to deliver it. In answer to my questions, Captain Martin made this statement: Severance had shipped with him as a common seaman, but upon the death of the Third Mate he was promoted to that position, filling it to the satisfaction of all concerned. He was quiet and reserved, seldom speaking except to issue orders, and never touching a drop of liquor. On account of his unsocial disposition he was hardly a favorite with the officers or men, though all respected him. The sailors considered him "queer," or "cracked." Captain Martin knew nothing of his history, and could only add, that, on the 28th of March, 1867, while homeward-bound, they encountered a severe storm. On the evening of that day Severance hand-

ed a sealed packet to the Captain, carefully reading over to him the address, and desiring, in case of his death occurring at any time before reaching home, that he would deliver it to me in person. This the Captain promised to do; and supposing it to be merely one of Severance's queer freaks, thought no more about the matter. The next morning about ten o'clock there was a cry of "Man overboard;" and, although every effort was made to save him, it was, of course, impossible. The huge waves tossed him hither and thither for a moment, and then, with one despairing cry, he went down. The lost man was the Third Mate, Robert Severance. The Captain could not say whether it was an accident or a case of suicide. No one had seen the man fall—nothing was known of the disaster until the bitter cry of distress was borne to them above the rush and roar of the storm. This was the Captain's statement in brief. I wish to call special attention to his mention of certain dates. It will be remembered the *Maple Leaf* was lost on the evening of March 29th, 1864; also, that just three years to a day from that time, on March 29th, 1867, Bessie and I had that terrible experience over the old wreck in the St. John's River; and again, the date of the letter I am about to give shows that it was written by Severance on the evening of March 28th, 1867, his death occurring the next day, March 29th—facts which are corroborated by Captain Martin. These facts may, or may not, be mere coincidences. However they may be considered by the incredulous, they certainly should receive the serious attention of those who attempt to explain the mystery.

ROBERT SEVERANCE'S LETTER.

On Board Ship General Jackson,
March 28th, 1867.

PHILIP:—To-night I am strong, and the hot blood pulsates as regularly as when you and I played on the old wharves at home, but, in spite of all this, I am a dying man, and, as such, I pray you to read these few lines, the last I shall ever write. You do not know of the summons I have received; you have not seen the ghastly eyes that have followed me for three weary years, nor that dreadful hand beckoning me down to despair. I am dying, and I thank God for this assurance; for it will be easier to receive the full damnation I deserve than to be followed by *his* face for years to come—peering at me from the inky skies, or gleaming up from the shuddering sea. I would rather my secret should sink with me into the sea, but I am forced to tell it, and the confession of my crime to *you* fills to the brim my cup of earthly punishment and woe. I have loved you as a brother—better than most brothers love each other—and I know that I must destroy whatever of love or respect you may have felt for me. Henceforth you are to know me as a cowardly, sneaking, red-handed murderer. Associating as neighbors, classmates, and companions in arms, you know my whole history up to the fatal day. You know I loved your sister, but you could not know the depth of that love. She was your *sister*—and my *life*. But I need not dwell upon this. I was refused; Le Mar was accepted. In those few words are summed up a life-time of misery and crime, and an eternity—of what? I shall soon know. When the war broke out, I was glad for the opportunity to rush into its excitement, and try to forget the past. When we met in Jacksonville, in 1864, I did not wish you to know that even a scar remained of the old wound. You remember, I had been ordered to the command of Company B., which was sent up the river on a scouting expedition. Was it fate, that, when I stepped upon the deck of the *Maple Leaf*, I should see, for the first time in years, Charles Le Mar, the affianced husband of the woman I loved? He commanded

the gun-boat, and, although weak from an attack of fever, and with a crutch under his right arm, he limped forward and greeted me with that grand courtesy for which he was so well known. The very sight of him set my blood on fire—made me mad with jealous rage—but I crushed it back, and merely repelled his friendly advances with an icy civility. I saw but little of him during the trip. His fever increased, his wound became very painful, and, after the first day or two, he remained in his state-room. We were successful in our expedition, reaching Palatka without accident, although our progress was necessarily slow, because of our slight knowledge of the channel, and the reports we had heard before starting to the effect that numbers of torpedoes had been placed in the river for the benefit of enterprising Yankees moving in that direction. Having accomplished the object of our *reconnaissance*, we started to return. The perfect loveliness of the day made such an impression upon me, that, if I were to live a thousand years, the memory of it would never fade away. My pain was forgotten; I was happy—peacefully, thoroughly happy. Night swooped down upon us suddenly, as it always does in Florida, and through the darkness there was wafted to us a stray breath from the salt sea; the stars quivered in the dark dome above, and twinkled in the water beneath us.

Eight bells struck, and I went below. Hardly had I reached my state-room, when, above the steady thump, thump of the machinery there was heard a slight noise, as though we had grated against some obstacle; this was instantly followed by a heavy explosion. The bow of the steamer was lifted out of the water, quickly falling back again, amid the crashing of timbers, the hiss of escaping steam, and, above all, the cries and groans of the wounded. Half stunned, I managed to rise from the floor upon which I had been violently thrown, and tried to stagger through the mass of *débris* by which I was surrounded. I heard the boats lowered, the shouts of officers, and the men rushing on deck to escape from the fast-settling steamer. Just then I heard Le Mar's weak, tremulous voice faintly calling for help. Why did I hesitate? I had but to open the door upon which my unsteady hand rested; I could easily save him. Pushing open the door, I saw him sitting upright in his berth, vainly trying to steady himself against the lurching of the boat as she settled still lower. "Ah, Severance, I thought I had been deserted; quick, give me a lift, old fellow." Give him a lift! I could as easily have called together the bits of wood already floating down the river and made of them a sound boat again, as to have given *him* a lift. All the hatred and maddening jealousy I had ever felt for the man were concentrated at that moment, and boiled and seethed in my heart and brain until I was conscious only of a devilish desire that he might die, there and then—ay, that he *should* die.

I no longer saw a sick brother pleading with me for his life: I saw only the man I hated—the man who had stolen the love that should have been mine. I heard the voices of the men above asking if all were in the boats; felt the water creeping around my knees; saw Le Mar's eyes gleaming with horror as he struggled from his berth and shouted, "For God's sake, help me, Severance; you can not mean to let me die." "You lie," I shrieked; "you shall die—die, like a rat, in your hole"—and with a curse on my lips, I sprang forward and struck a blow that knocked him senseless. In another second I was on deck, followed by the fast-rising water. The last boat was twenty feet away from the steamer's side, but I leaped into the river and attempted to swim to it, and almost at the same moment the *Maple*

Leaf gave a final lurch and settled swiftly to her resting-place. I was picked up, nearly exhausted; and there, by the solemn light of the stars, we counted our number, and found that seven were missing—six men and one officer. "Poor Le Mar!" they said; "any one could have been better spared than he;" and honest hands clasped mine, and voices tremulous with emotion thanked me—his murderer—for having risked my own life in the vain attempt to save his.

You know very little of my life after I left Jacksonville. I went to my regiment, and fought like a demon—winning distinction, which I did not want, and courting death, which I could not win. So it has been for three awful years. Waking or sleeping, it is all the same to me. I have heard his voice, pleading, and have struck the blow anew every hour since that fatal night. I have plunged into every dissipation, but could not find forgetfulness; I have tried to find consolation in religious teachings, but, wherever I have been, I have heard only, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." I have tried solitude, and the fires of hell in my heart have burned still hotter. Finally, I shipped for a long sea-voyage, hoping—and yet how well I knew that the hope was in vain!—that an entire change of scene and manner of life might bring with it some peace. And now that I am so far away, I feel an intense longing for the sight of a familiar face—the sound of a voice from home—the pressure of a friendly hand. Can you imagine a *murderer* ready to cry like a child from sheer homesickness? I could do so now, and all the more bitterly because I know that I have forever done with all that is innocent, and pure, and homelike. *He* has spoken to me out of the ragged clouds and from the slimy depths of the sea; *he* whispers to me at night, and those dead eyes and pale hands call for vengeance. The end has come. Philip, farewell!

My story is finished. The mystery must always remain a mystery, unless some one can tell me what it was that Bessie, Joe, and myself saw on the wreck in Florida, the same morning that Severance was drowned, thousands of miles away. What did we hear—a human voice or the echoing cry of a lost spirit? What did I touch, with this strong right-hand—the shoulder of a living man—a man who looked into my eyes, and spoke familiar words? Or will it be maintained that the senses of touch, of sight, and of hearing were alike deceived, and that we were simply the victims of a delusion? WHAT WAS IT?

KODIAK AND SOUTHERN ALASKA.

KODIAK—or the Great Island, as the natives call it—is about seventy miles long and fifty wide, and is separated from the main-land by the Straits of Chelikoff. St. Paul, or Fort Kodiak, the principal harbor, is on the south-east shore, in north latitude 58° 33′, and longitude 150° west from Greenwich. The mountains crossing the central portion, from north-east to southwest, are covered with perpetual snow; foot-hills, high and precipitous, cover the remainder; and nowhere on the island can any great extent of level land be seen. Surrounding Kodiak are numerous smaller islands, many of which are nothing but immense bowlders, elevated above the water. Of these Afoknak and Wood Island are the largest, and are inhabited by a few hundred people. The navigation is extremely dangerous. The tides, which sometimes rise to the height of thirty feet, rush with great velocity and irresistible force through the numerous narrow channels, creating "tide rips," which the sailors dread. The south face of Kodiak is exposed to the swell of the Pacific, unresisted for thousands of miles; and, during the storms that frequently rage, the thunder of the surf can be heard far inland.

The day after we left Cook's Inlet we came in sight of Kodiak, and late in the afternoon entered the harbor of St. Paul. Overlooking the village was a high peak, covered with green moss. To the south lay Wood Island, full of picturesque beauty—the houses of the Sitka Ice Company nestling among a grove of evergreens. The steamer entered a channel between two high, precipitous, rocky bluffs not more than twenty rods apart, but the water was deep, and the hills of Blisky Island sheltered the harbor from the southerly winds. On the Kodiak side a battery of old iron guns, brought from Russia a hundred years ago, guarded the channel. Apparently the village was deserted; the inhabitants having gathered on the vessels in the harbor, the wharf, and the bluff, to watch the arrival of the Kenai soldiers, as they called Battery F. A short distance from the bank we saw the village church with its chime of bells, the houses of the natives, the military head-quarters, and, near the edge of the cliff, the white tents of the guard and a battery of brass field guns, commanding the channel.

The town is situated at the foot of a high mountain toward the east, and toward the west the harbor opens into a bay about ten miles wide. The stratum on which the town is built is a hard shale, twisted and bent by the upheaval of the earth in a remarkable manner. About one mile from the post the mountain has been split from top to bottom by some great convulsion of Nature. The village consists of about one hundred one-story houses, built of hewn logs, braced with iron bars, and anchored to the earth to resist the winds and earthquakes. They are small, and covered with several feet of sand. The better class of houses have double windows, with dried moss between, to keep out the winds. The rooms are heated by large furnaces of brick or iron, but have no provision for ventilation. A small creek runs through the village, dammed in two places by causeways, forming two small ponds, from which the people obtain water. On a small eminence stood the hospital—a large building of logs—and in the ward we found several men

who had been injured by the explosion of an old Russian cannon, fired on Independence day by some patriotic soldiers. Near the foot of the mountain the quarters of the battery had been erected, on three sides of the parade-ground.

Early next morning, we set out to make the ascent of the mountain. At its foot, near a spring of clear water, we found an ancient grave-yard. A few of the graves were marked with Russian crosses; others were covered with large slabs of slate, laid flat, according to the Moravian custom, bearing inscriptions in Russian. One moss-covered stone bore the name of a Russian who died A.D. 1800. The mountain is steep, but not difficult to ascend. After several hours' hard toil, we reached the summit. At our feet lay the town, so near that it seemed as if a stone, thrown with moderate force, would fall into the street. Looking over Blisky Island, we saw the roadstead opening into the Pacific; to the left, Wood Island, with its bright-green foliage; farther out in the sea, the low, sandy islands, called Long and Squirrel; and, beyond all, the ocean, reflecting the silver sunlight from its myriad waves. To the west, lay the level land of English River, covered with a dense forest, and still farther to the west, the low hills were piled in terraces, one above another, until they reached the snow-line, when, rising abruptly, they became impassable mountains, enveloped in perpetual snow. Inland, no trace of tree or shrub could be seen, except in a few small valleys near the coast. Half-way down the mountain-side, on a little plateau, were two small lakes, their outlet falling over the rocks many hundred feet into the ravine below, forming a beautiful cascade; and the stream that runs through the village has its origin in a chain of small lakes nestling in the mountains. In the latter part of September, when these lakes were frozen, while skating, we frequently saw the startled trout darting in all directions under the transparent ice. Every hill in sight showed barren rocks, and every valley, by its deep, rank green, showed the presence of peat-bogs.

Wood Island, the depot of the Sitka Ice Company, is low, and covered with a dense growth of fir. From the centre of the island a small stream runs toward the coast, which has been dammed in several places, forming large ponds of pure, clear water. The ice is cut in the usual manner, and stored for the San Francisco market. The ice-houses are large and well built, and are said to have capacity for ten thousand tons. The company own a number of vessels, and employ during the winter from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, who receive about twenty cents per diem, their food, and a drink of black rum. During the summer, the men are employed in hunting furs and fishing, and the women assist in cleaning and packing cod-fish. A large village of Aleuts, of the same tribe as those on Kodiak, is located near the company's head-quarters. Their houses are not so well built as those of their neighbors, being merely large holes in the ground, covered with a roof of timber. The church, recently erected by the company, has a bell, and is crowded with natives every Sunday. At noon, when the bell strikes, the workmen, all warmly clad in European costume, flock from all quarters for their ration of *wadka*, or black rum. A large iron kettle, with a shallow saucer chained to the edge, is brought out of the house and placed in front of the door. As each name is called, the owner steps forward, and, taking off his cap, makes a low bow, fills the saucer to the brim, and literally throws the rum down his throat, and so quickly that not a drop falls to the ground. Replacing his cap, after making a second bow, he walks off, bearing on his countenance a smile expressive of full satisfaction. In a few

moments, the kettle, which holds about five gallons, is empty, and a second kettle is brought to complete the ceremony. These men are small of stature, strongly built, and bow-legged from their cramped position while occupying the *bydârks* (canoes).

It was the custom of the Russian Fur Company to provide all the able-bodied men in the neighborhood of their posts with food, ammunition, and stores for four months and dispatch them every spring to hunt the sea-otter. Before starting, they receive the blessing of the priest, and are sprinkled with water and perfumed with incense. Having selected an island or some place on the main-land convenient to the haunts of the otter, they build huts of drift-wood, and make their provisions secure. The expedition is then divided into parties, having from twenty to thirty *bydarks*, under one leader, and each is assigned its hunting-ground. When near a place where they expect to find the otter, the canoes are drawn up in line, and, a signal being given, they paddle slowly forward, every man on the alert. The hunters are armed with long spears, the bone head set so loosely into the shaft that it easily pulls out. It is joined to the shaft by a long line of whale-sinew, the whole spear being kept from sinking by a large bladder. Each hunter is also provided with a board sling, having a groove to fit the end of the spear, and a hole in which the thumb is placed. The spear is then placed in the groove, and thrown from the right shoulder to a great distance. When the otter is found, the canoes surround him, keeping him, if possible, in the centre of a circle. When alarmed, the animal dives, but soon comes to the surface, to find his enemies on all sides. He dives again, and generally rises near one of the canoes. The hunter, with his spear poised, throws the moment the animal comes to the surface. Should he succeed in wounding the animal, it belongs to him, notwithstanding twenty spears may aid in killing it. While the hunters are absent, a party remains on land, preparing the pelts for market. The expedition is generally absent four months, and returns laden with valuable furs.

The news that the hunters are returning soon spreads, and every one in the village runs to the bluff to see them enter the harbor. The head of the column pulls around the point of Blisky Island, keeping time to an Indian boat-song. There are several hundred *bydarks* and large skin-boats. The hunters are clad in skin-coats, and their bronzed faces, from constant exposure, give them a hardy, warlike look. Their spears lie alongside, lashed to their canoes, and in the bow of each are two images of the fur-seal carved from walrus-tusk—talismans to bring good fortune. The harbor is covered with boats, and there is no sound heard but the splash of the paddles and the low monotone of the boat-song. During the following week, the village is full of strangers. There may be seen hunters from Afoknak and the neighboring islands, many showing traces of White blood; tall and fair-featured men from the main-land, with black hair and eyes, and aquiline noses; scowling Koloshians from the village near Kodiak—savages held in check by numbers, but always ready to fight; Aleuts, with small heads and almond-shaped eyes, betraying their Mongolian origin, but become stronger in frame and more hardy since their immigration to these islands: all these are laying in their stores for the winter, and selling the furs they have caught.

For many years, the Russian Fur Company paid for their furs with hexagonal pieces of sole-leather, stamped as being worth a certain number of *copecks*, or roubles. These they received from the natives in return for tea, fish, and black flour, on which they principal-

ly subsist. During the visit of Prince Maxentoff, the leather scrip was redeemed with American silver coin.

The two islands—St. Paul and St. George—separated but a short distance, are frequented by the fur-seals in great numbers during the summer months, for the purpose of rearing their young. Their number during the season of 1868 was variously estimated at from 500,000 to 1,000,000. During the period that Alaska was under the control of the Russian company, the fur-seals of these islands was their main source of revenue. With the foresight for which this company was distinguished, they studied the habits of these animals, and were careful to kill only those of a certain age and in such numbers that the rookeries (as they are called) should not be exterminated. They found that 75,000 was the maximum number they could kill with safety; and this they were obliged to do, by driving them inland, where the natives speared them with as little noise as possible, so that the rest of the herd would not hear their cries. They found that the seal would not return to a place where any blood of one of their kind was to be found. It was, therefore, necessary that the regulations should be strictly enforced, or the seals would desert the island. The skins were then salted and the oil expressed, the natives receiving twenty cents for each seal killed and salted. At the transfer of the country to the United States, a company from San Francisco succeeded the Russian company, getting possession of their vessels, store-houses, and, in fact, every thing that the United States did not occupy. This company naturally desired the control of the fur-trade of St. Paul and St. George islands, and sent their agents to kill and ship pelts, as their predecessors had done. During the summer, however, several vessels from San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands arrived, belonging to other merchants, who, believing they had the right, sent their crews ashore and began also to kill the seals. The successors of the Russian company claimed the exclusive right to the islands, and believed that the seals would soon be driven away, should the indiscriminate slaughter continue. The natives sided with the Fur Company, and, being stronger in numbers, caused the other traders to abandon the islands. Meanwhile, Congress had passed a law forbidding the killing of any fur-bearing animals in the waters of the Territory, and the cutter *Wayanda* was sent to cruise near the islands and prevent all vessels from landing. The object of the law was to prevent the extinction of the seal, through the rivalry of traders, until, their habits being known, proper laws regulating the trade could be enforced. The natives of St. Paul and St. George were excepted from the operation of the law, and were permitted to kill a certain number of seals, thought to be sufficient to provide them with stores and fuel during the winter. Congress then passed a law leasing the islands to the highest bidder, and the Alaska Fur Company were successful in obtaining the lease. In addition to the yearly amount paid, the Government retains a royalty *per capita* on each seal, and a small sum on each gallon of oil. Many complaints were made by the defeated competitors of the monopoly the lease gives the Alaska Fur Company, but the whole question is one of such difficulty that it would be impossible to satisfy all fur-traders. If the islands were open to the rivalry of all traders, one season would exterminate the seals, or at least drive them from the islands, never to return. The Government could not engage in the trade itself, and it has been claimed that the only course left was to lease the islands to a company who would protect the seals. One plan, however, that has many features to commend it, was overlooked. The natives,

who have a natural right, should be permitted to kill seals under proper restrictions, such as the Russians found best adapted for preserving the animals. The Government should prohibit all traders from killing the seals, but allow them to trade directly with the natives. A rate *per capita* could be placed on the pelts, as now, and, from the competition, Government would derive a greater revenue than at present, the natives would be benefited, and no one company would ever be able to control the fur-market throughout the world.

Besides the trade in fur-seals and sea-otters, many foxes, bears, ermines, martens, and land-otters are taken in Alaska every year. The trading schooners touch at different points in Cook's Inlet and the Alaska peninsula, as well as at the islands, and no doubt carry away many cargoes of pelts; but the navigation, owing to the frequent fogs and gales, and the great number of strong tidal currents, is extremely dangerous; and many vessels have been lost on this bleak and desolate coast. The Alaska Fur Company have trading-posts all over the country, and keep them well supplied with such goods as the natives like best, and carry on an extensive trade. The control of the seal islands gives them, practically, the control of all Alaska.

Important as the fur-trade of Alaska is, the fisheries among the islands are destined to have a greater influence on the future of the Territory. On the banks among the Aleutian Islands, codfish are almost as inexhaustible as on the Banks of Newfoundland; and at Kodiak and the neighboring islands they are taken in large numbers, and sent to the San Francisco market. Many vessels are already engaged in the trade, which is increasing in importance every year. The rivers swarm with salmon during the proper season, and sometimes their number is so great that they drive each other ashore in their eagerness to get up-stream. The natives dry the salmon in the sun, or smoke it, and use it as their staple article of food. Near the archipelago about Sitka, where the Koloshians live, halibut, weighing from three hundred to five hundred pounds, are frequently taken, and are unsurpassed in flavor. Mussels and clams abound among all the islands; and at Kodiak and the shores of Cook's Inlet, pearl-oysters are occasionally found. Crabs become enormously large, in a few instances measuring from four to six feet across.

Many different accounts have been written of the character of the timber of Alaska. Mr. Seward, who traveled as far north as Sitka, speaks of the cedar about that place as being well adapted for ship-building. Forests extend along the strip of land between the British Possessions and the sea for many miles; and probably the cedar surpasses in durability all other kinds of timber. But it is a misnomer to call this Alaska. Alaska proper lies to the north of latitude 59°. Along the southern coast it is possible to find a few groves of fir and cedar that can be used for building purposes; but they are few, and require seasoning for a long time. These groves can be found only in the few valleys where they are sheltered from the winds. Wherever this is not the case, the timber is stunted in its growth and bent by the winds. With a few exceptions, it may be said of the timber of Alaska, that it is worthless. The mountains are barren, and will not support the smallest shrub. The Aleutian Islands and St. Paul and St. George are totally destitute of timber, and the natives rely on drift-wood for fuel. Mines of gold and silver and coal have been placed among the resources of Alaska; and it would be indeed strange if a country of such vast extent as this, with its numerous mountain chains, did not contain many minerals of great value, and in paying quanti-

ties; but the probability is that they will remain there for many generations to come. Traces of gold and silver have been found on the island of Kodiak and at Upper Kenai, and on the Stakeen River, near Sitka. Native copper is found in large quantity at Copper River, or Nugack. On the shore of Kenai Harbor is a large bed of lignite; and at Lower Kenai the Russians mined coal for years, but with no very profitable result. Anthracite has been found on Queen Charlotte's Island, but has never been examined sufficiently to justify an opinion as to its extent. Thus far, neither gold nor silver has been found in sufficient quantity to induce any one to immigrate to Alaska; and the same may be said of coal. The climate is very unfavorable for mining, being extremely severe in winter, and wet in summer: so that it would be impossible, even in the most favorable locality, to prosecute mining more than one or two months during the year.

The severity of the climate and lack of soil will prevent the pursuit of agriculture. Potatoes have been raised successfully on Afoknak Island, and probably will grow on those parts of the coast that are bathed by the Japan Current, when sheltered by hills from the north winds. Many species of grass are found in the peat-bogs, growing to a great height; and cranberries are as fine in flavor and appearance as any in market. The mountains are rocks, and the valleys, instead of soil, are covered with peat-bogs. Neither on Kodiak nor the main-land did we see soil of any great extent: it was alternately rocks and peat, except on the sea-shore.

The people on Kodiak and the Aleutian Islands are of Mongolian origin. Their features, complexion, and habits are similar to those of the Asiatic coast. The language varies slightly on the different islands; and we learned that the people of Atoo, the most westerly of the Aleutian Islands, had communication with the Corrile Islands, of the Asiatic coast, by means of their *bydarks*, and could converse with each other, their dialects being similar. The Aleuts, although far from warlike, are hardy hunters, capable of great endurance. The sea is their home; and kneeling in their *bydarks*, clad in a shirt of bear-entrails — sewed so as to be waterproof, and covering the hatch of the canoe, making it impervious — they will paddle about in a sea where no other boat can live.

It is to be greatly regretted that the moral condition of this people has not been improved by the transfer of their country to the United States. The Russian company, during their administration, had despotic powers; and, although their main object undoubtedly was to make money, they provided both for the physical and moral wants of the community. The Russian Government maintained a church establishment at all the trading posts. Many of the log-church edifices were in the form of a cross, and were provided with chimes of bells. The result has been, that the Indians are extremely religious. In every hut, no matter how poor and squalid, is the picture of a saint, with candles burning before it. In traveling westward, the early colonists lost one day: so that their Sabbath comes on Saturday. During Lent, they fast for forty days, and attend church constantly. On Good Friday, they have services in commemoration of the death and burial of Christ, which they attend in crowds. At ten o'clock on the evening before Easter, the village churches are crowded. The choirs sing in alternate verses, and the people respond with great earnestness. At midnight, cannon are fired and rockets and other pyrotechnics light the sky. The bells are rung, and, preceded by the priest in his robes, the crowd passes around the church, through the snow,

in long procession, three times, the women dressed in white, and every one bearing a lighted taper. They then re-enter the church, carrying a bier, and sing, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen indeed!" After a long celebration, the priest blesses each member of his flock, and kisses his cheek and forehead. All who have enmity against their neighbors forgive them; and men, women, and children pass around the church, hugging and kissing each other, saying, "Christ is risen!" During the following week, the natives visit among themselves, and eat and drink, and enjoy the holiday, dancing and singing.

The Russian Government also established schools, where the children were taught; but these have been totally neglected since the country became American. The Fur Company was formerly careful of the health of the natives, and erected public bath-houses, obliging every native, under severe penalties, to cleanse himself once a week. Being now under free institutions, no one has power to compel the natives to wash themselves. Nowhere are Indians so peaceful and honest as among the Aleutian Islands and the south coast of Alaska. A White Man can travel anywhere in the country, outside of the Koloshian tribe, in perfect security. The Russians and better class of natives have left the country, the Fur Company furnishing them with passage to Europe, and very few descendants of the old colonists remain.

The natives are now free from the restraints of a despotic government, and are learning to rule themselves; but their condition has not been improved by the change. As they had no voice in the matter, and as neither despotic Russia nor free America thought their interests of any importance in the transfer, it seems to matter little to any one, that, from partial civilization, they are now slowly, but surely, sinking back to barbarism.

THE NETHERLAND METTRAY:

HOW THEY DISPOSE OF DANGEROUS JUVENILES IN HOLLAND.

THERE was living in Amsterdam, Holland, a few years ago, an elderly gentleman, whose name was Willem Hendrick Suringar. He may be living there still, but of this the writer is not informed. It was only during the visit of a single week made from London to that quaint old Netherlands' capital of dikes and windmills, bridges and canals, that the acquaintance with Mr. Suringar was formed. He was certainly a man of mark—perhaps better known throughout the length and breadth of the Low Countries than any other citizen of Amsterdam. At least, his name was as familiar as a household word. Vater Suringar, as he was affectionately called, every body knew about. He was a tallish old gentleman, stooping somewhat as he walked along the streets, slightly halting in his gait, particularly neat in his antique style of dress, and receiving with a smile from nearly every one who met him a more respectful salutation than would usually be accorded even to the burgomaster. By the laboring classes he seemed to be held in uncommon reverence. The leather-aproned drayman, as he skillfully guided his tandem team through the narrow and crowded streets; the canal laborers, as they were swinging bales and hogsheads on the ponderous cranes from warehouses to docks, and from docks to gondolas;

heavily ladened porters, boatmen, trundlers of carts and barrows, fish-women with their shrill cries, and even the "old clothes" Jew, stopped for a moment to give a passing word of respect to the best-known philanthropist in the city. Inheriting wealth and commanding an independent position in society, Mr. Suringar had devoted his long life to the study of pauperism and efforts to stem its terribly increasing flood. It was in his middle age that he first heard of the French "Mettray," and resolved to see it. In 1845, at the age of fifty-six, he visited that colony, and was so struck with what he witnessed that he resolved not to leave a stone unturned till a similar establishment blessed the indigent youth of his own country. He repeated that visit in 1847, and, having acquainted himself with the details and workings of the institution, gave an account of it at a public meeting in Amsterdam. He closed his address with these words, "Let only some kind-hearted friends go hand in hand with me, and we shall be certain ere long to have a 'Mettray' in Holland."

At this time, both Amsterdam and Rotterdam swarmed with vagabond families. The results of the long succession of wars in Europe a generation before were still deplorably apparent; vast were the numbers of those whose grandfathers had found their death on the battle-field or under the snows of Russia. A young generation of thieves, pickpockets, and swindlers had sprung up. Back streets, lanes, and closes were full of poverty and crime. Public roads were unsafe; country farm-houses needed a guard of soldiers; garroters infested the streets of the towns at night, and adepts at robbery were ready for plunder in every business-place by day. What was to be done to stem the current of this pernicious flood nobody could tell. Countless sums in the shape of alms were every day thrown out, in order to dam it up, but they only served to swell it to a deluge. It had become clear to those who had studied the pauper question, and to no one clearer than to Mr. Suringar, that mere alms-giving was the worst of all remedies. It came to be understood that the evil lodged not in the pockets, but in the hearts, of these wretched people, and that the lesson of the great Master, taught eighteen centuries ago—"*Make the tree good and its fruit will be good*"—must be learned before any real benefit would be accomplished.

In many places in Holland, the church deacons, when canvassing from house to house, collecting charities, send a boy ahead, who rings a bell and cries, "They are coming with the box." No Dutchman ever intentionally violates a custom. Mr. Suringar had his plans all formed, but he felt it necessary to send out a forerunner. A printed leaf, therefore, was spread over the whole country. Its translation is, word for word, as follows:

"I humbly request each of my fellow-countrymen to favor me with the gift of two florins. I only ask it for once. For this sum each subscriber will receive an excellent book, from which much may be learned. It treats of an institution in France for children who have neglected themselves, or are neglected by others. The establishment is founded at Mettray. I wish such an institution to be founded in the Netherlands. Whoever signs his name to this paper, does a good work.—W. H. S."

This was the first step taken toward forming "The Netherland Mettray." If the reader will now go with me, by rail, to the pretty country town of Zutphen, situated on the banks of the river Ijessel, in one of the most fertile and charming districts of Guilderland, he will see what has been accomplished, mainly by the efforts of one man, within less than a quarter of a century. Zutphen will be

remembered as a place made famous by the exploits of English cavaliers in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was here that Sir Philip Sidney lost his life in defense of religion and liberty, and where Edward Stanley took a bastion when all seemed to be lost. Passing through the Nieuwstad's gate, we cross a long, wooden bridge with red painted balustrades, leading to a cluster of earthen bulwarks and sconces, through which an indifferently paved street winds up to the beautiful turnpike-road leading to the town of Deventer. The pretty avenue of Lombardy poplars, which line this road on both sides, and the lovely landscape which opens and spreads itself before him as he ascends the hill, will repay the visitor the toil of a two-miles' walk. As he reaches the last penny inn, where, in old times, the country people, when driving their fat beeves to market, used to take their parting-glass of ale, he will notice a guide-board with the inscription, "Netherland Mettray." It directs the traveler into a sandy country-road, from which he may escape into a private walk through fields and meadows leading toward Rijsselt, formerly the estate of a nobleman, now an agricultural colony for indigent boys.

What first strikes a stranger are the order, neatness, and cleanliness which characterize the grounds, buildings, and occupants. The place, when I saw it, looked like a paradise, notwithstanding that autumnal storms had deprived it of all its summer beauties. Having passed through the iron gate which forms the chief entrance to the colony, you find yourself in a spacious garden, tastefully laid out, behind which, at some little distance, the principal building lifts up its ornate two-storied front. One part of this building is the dwelling-house of the Director; the other contains offices, committee-rooms, reading-hall, and library. To the right and left are small tenements, whose white-plastered walls and cleanly door-steps contrast pleasingly with the verdure of the grass and the yellow hue of the soil. These are the lodging-places of the boys. At a short distance from the gate is a model farm-house, and farther on a chapel. Most of these buildings were erected by such of the boys as had been trained as carpenters and masons.

In inspecting the interior, each house is found to be simple, commodious, and characteristically clean; and each contains a spacious dwelling-room, a smaller washing-room, a closet for the "Family Father," and a dormitory. The meals are prepared in a general kitchen, from which they are distributed, each family having its meals by itself. Laundry, workshops, school-house, and kitchen are in the rear. A deep moat, relic of the ancient baronial fosse that surrounded the estate in the Middle Ages, separates the nursery from the kitchen-garden. The latter terminates in an ornamented cemetery, where the colony buries its dead.

Here were between seven and eight hundred boys, appropriately dressed as farmers, gardeners, laborers, and mechanics—at work in their respective employments—orderly, obedient, and happy—who had recently disgraced the streets of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, by their filthy looks, indecent habits, and impudent behavior. With the exception of a few knavish faces, the whole company appeared to be an assembly of intelligent and respectable lads. Their manly bearing and orderly movements showed the care bestowed upon their physical education. Their training is partly military. The sound of the bugle calls them from their beds, to their meals, to the workshops, fields, gardens, and home. Three times a day there is a general review. Under the drill-master, the ranks are formed. Each boy is examined from top to toe. The slightest fault in movement or attitude is rebuked. Those whose clothes

are untidy are sent away. Then the word of command rings through the yard, and the files march off to their respective labors.

The moral training is equally severe. An oath or vulgar word, an act of dishonesty or show of meanness, deception, or quarrelsomeness, is put down by the *esprit de corps* encouraged by the teachers among the boys themselves. The "House Father" in each family is assisted by one of the boys, called "Elder Brother." This is not a title of age, but of rank. The boy who is promoted to be "Elder Brother" has marked himself out by his good conduct and kind character. He is chosen by the boys of the family. It is a matter of constitutional polity, giving them their rights in their own sphere. It is a point of honor with each family to uphold the authority of its "Elder Brother." He is exempt from control, may leave the building at his option, attends church wherever he pleases, and, so long as he shows himself capable of self-control and sensible of his duties, retains his place and power.

The boys admitted at the colony must not be under nine nor above fourteen years. They must be healthy, and strong enough for field-work. A pupil may at any time be taken away by his guardians, or be sent away by the Directors. The life of the colony is thus based upon the principle of mutual agreement. The boys have no thought that they are there for punishment. The one idea that obtains is that of welfare. United in families of fourteen members, each house becomes a home. Their day begins at five. After having washed and dressed, they make their beds. Then each takes his place beside his iron bedstead, while the "Family Father" holds an inspection. They kneel, and a prayer is offered. Down-stairs is prepared the breakfast; it is taken under cheerful talk; and each boy goes to the workshop, garden, or field. At dinner and supper they meet again. During the evening they are unrestrained, playing games in pleasant weather, and listening to stories, read or told, in foul.

A means of education on which much stress is laid, is the "Sentence System." A short sentence, a proverb, or a single word even, according to the theory of this educational plan, often produces a beneficial effect upon a child's character. "A good proverb, remembered in time, is a safe guide," is a Dutch saying. All over the walls, mantel-pieces, doors, and windows of the various buildings, there are accordingly inscribed sentences like these:

"Though the fire of bad company do not burn, it will blacken you!"

"Care for the minutes, and the years will care for themselves!"

"A poor man: he who has nothing but money!"

Sometimes the sentences are in rhyme, and may be thus translated:

"Weed ye your ground: I keep mine clear:
Thus vicious weeds will disappear."

"A frugal mouth and active hand
Buy other people's house and land."

In the general Prayer-room there are inscribed again texts from Scripture like these. Over the desk, for example, hangs a placard with the words:

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

"Let us come boldly to the throne of grace!"

"Whether we eat or drink, let us do all to the glory of God!"

Whenever a boy makes himself notorious by his bad behavior, a sentence is applied. Thus, a new-comer being discovered speaking foul words, the sentence, "It is better to be dumb than to use the mouth for filthy talk," was given him, which he read aloud to the school during eight mornings, at prayers.

At the colony, every kind of bodily punishment is prohibited. Mechanical

preventives are the utmost that are ever tried. Two boys, as an instance, played at marbles during work hours. At afternoon they came up to join the laboring boys, but were refused. A dozen marbles were given them, and they were ordered to play during the rest of the day. They entreated for work, but it was denied. Their fondness for marbles was cured.

Again, two boys shammed sickness, and had their breakfasts brought from the kitchen, against rules. It was reported to the Director. They happened to be draughtsmen. Two cups and saucers were, therefore, brought from the dining-room, and they were requested to employ themselves during the day in copying these objects. When night came, they handed in their work, saying, "We understand you, sir: it shall never happen again."

Three boys stole away to a neighboring farm, plucked some cherries, and broke a branch off the tree. No sooner was this reported, than some of the boys said to the three, "This is wrong to us; it gives Mettray a bad name: eight days will be required to make up our minds." These boys were thereupon left alone. Nobody talked, shook hands, or said "Good-morning" to them. This proved unbearable. Before the eight days had elapsed, they went to the Director, and said: "Sir, we are wrong; we have done a great evil: pardon us. One of us has a little money: we will go to the farmer and pay the damage."

Thus the colony represents a commonwealth. Free private life is controlled by general public opinion. Mutual esteem is encouraged. The result is, that the very boys who took such pleasure a few months before, in the streets of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, in vexing, beating, and fighting each other, entertain gentle feelings and observe courteous manners toward each other.

The separation into families is said to produce a spirit of clannishness. A Mettray boy, it is said, is always recognized, from certain clannish peculiarities. He is known in the world, from his narrow ideas. This there is an endeavor to avoid by introducing elements of universalism into the system: the putting down rivalry between the families, and treating all as one during school and working hours. Still, a shade of one-sidedness is probably true of the body, as compared with society at large. The same thing occurs in every household, the head of which has brains. Children well trained are stamped with peculiar marks, which they carry through life.

Sunday at Mettray is kept as a day of devotion, rest, and recreation. The forenoon is spent in church. From one to two, a singing-class; from two to four, walks in the fields or quiet occupations in the school-room; from four to five, committing hymns to memory; and from thence, the boys read, play, or amuse themselves at their pleasure.

It is gratifying to observe the conscientious care with which the pupils who have finished their education are dismissed. The day of their departure is one of grave solemnity. It is commenced with divine service. Kneeling around the Director, the graduates are committed in prayer to God's paternal care. Presents are distributed, embraces given, and the teachers guide the parting ones to the gate. They then go to their respective situations, carefully selected for them, often accompanied by a Director. Nor is the boy then forgotten. He is regularly written to, often visited, and always welcomed back to spend his holidays. It is no wonder that the Mettray boys are sought after in Holland by masters of every kind of trade.

A word more: Desertions from the colony are rare. From the beginning, not two dozen boys have ever run away; and every one of these returned, after

their hot heads were cooled. One day, two boys were found missing; but their absence lasted over a single night only. Upon leaving, they had torn the inscription from their caps, and altered their dress. Yet, soiled and ruffled as their twenty-four hours' vagabondage had made them, they returned of their own accord. But their comrades refused to receive them. They were left alone, like outcasts. At length, after a sufficient time of trial, they were pardoned. Their rags were exchanged for a new dress. They were solemnly re-introduced to the whole band, in the school-house, and the boys together, hand in hand, promised henceforth to consider the truancy forgiven and forgotten.

EVER PRESENT.

The sun of yesterday is set—
  Forever set to Time and me;
Yet of its warmth, and of its light,
  Something I feel and something see.

The flower of yesterday is not—
  Its faded leaves are scattered wide;
Yet of its perfume do I breathe,
  Still does its beauty stir my pride.

The friend of yesterday is dead—
  On yonder hill his grave doth lie;
Yet there are moments when I feel
  His presence, as of old, draw nigh.

A part of what has been remains;
  The essences of what is gone
Are ever present to my sense:
  Though left, I am not left forlorn.

In thought, in feeling, and in love,
  Things do not perish, though they pass;
The form is shattered to the eye,
  But only broken is the glass.

Sun, friend, and flower have each become
  A part of my immortal part;
They are not lost, but evermore
  Shine, live, and bloom within my heart.

IT OCCURRED AT TUCSON.

WELL, perhaps it isn't much of a place, after you get there, though harder to describe than many a town of fifty times its size and importance. But it is the capital of Arizona, and a fair representation of the whole Territory. Could you be lifted from the midst of civilization, and "let down" in Tucson overnight, you would know at once what the rest of Arizona is.

How like a *fata morgana* it looks when you first see it in this enchanted atmosphere: the intensely blue sky overhead, the plain about it covered with sparse grass and fantastic cactus, that hide the sand and make the earth look verdant; the low, white dome and the picturesque buildings clustering about it; the *adobe* garden-walls, with arched gateways, sometimes whitened, sometimes left in their native mud-color, toned down by age and the glare of the sun; a tall *mesquite*-tree or a group of cotton-woods striving heavenward from among the *adobe* houses; Saddle Mountain, with its ever-changing tints and its strong lights and shades in the far distance, and Sugar-loaf or Sentinel Hill to the immediate left. On the plain between town and the Sugar-loaf, the ruins of what, in any other country, I should pronounce to have been a monastery, lift themselves from the fresh, dewy green—venerable, gray, and stately—some wild vine creeping stealthily in at the frameless window, and out again at the roofless top.

Having purposely avoided a close inspection of this spot, for fear of being compelled to see that the ruins were only coarse mud-walls, standing in a wilderness of hideous sand and clay, flecked with stiff bunch-grass, the contemplation of it, with my mind's eye, is one of the pleasures of memory to me, even at this day. Could I have avoided passing through the streets of Tucson, perhaps I could think of it, too, as a charming and delightful place. There are gardens down on our left, as we come in from this side, that "blossom as the rose," and are overshadowed by just such beautiful, waving trees as we see in among the houses yonder; and, from these "indications," we are justified in supposing that we will find *parterres* of flowers in the gardens surrounded by those high walls. But we have forgotten to take into account that a stream of water flows along those fields; that gardens don't flourish here without water, and that water in the town can only be had by digging deep down into the hard ground.

The *élite* of the Spanish population pride themselves on their gardens—flower-beds in the inclosed court-yards; flower-beds raised some three or four feet from the ground and walled around with stones—but if the flowers that grow on these elevations are "few and far between," they make up in color and fragrance what they lack in numbers. The court-yard is usually flagged, like the best room in the house, and the whole is kept cool and fresh by continual sprinkling and irrigating. This, however, is correct only of a very few houses; the average Mexican, even though his family consist of twenty head, lives in a single dark *adobe* room, without window or fire-place—the hard, dry, yellow clay within a continuation of the hard, dry, yellow clay without—not divided even by a jealous door. In summer, the family live inside the house,

rolling around on the bare floor, or the straw matting spread in one corner—careful not to venture into the sun that bakes the barren ground by their *casa* harder and harder every day. In winter, the day is passed on the outside, the different members of the family shifting their position with the sun—huddling together, flat on the ground, with their backs against the wall that is warmest from its rays. What they do for a living, I don't know: could they harvest nectar and ambrosia, instead of wine and bread, from the land surrounding their miserable houses, they could not be induced to till it; and, as for trade or handicraft, they have never flourished in Tucson. The only thing that swarthy, black-eyed lad there will ever learn, is to lasso his starved *bronco*, or shoulder his lockless gun, and start out with the pack-train, just loading for Sonora, in front of the largest store in town. If he returns from there without losing his scalp, he will never rest till the last *paso* has been spent with his *compadres*, at the *baila*, or the new American bar and billiard-saloon at the corner. Nor will he begrudge his sister, or any other lass to whom he is attached, the many-colored shawl in the show-window of the American dry-goods store at the other corner; and, should any thing be left then, he will conscientiously devote it toward promoting the bull-fight that is to come off next Sunday.

"Miserable people, a miserable place, and a miserable life!" came from between the set, white teeth of a little personage at the window of a house lying on something of an eminence, in the "fashionable" quarter of the town, as she absently gazed on the fields, bright and alive with the stir and the sun of this pleasant July afternoon.

The fact of the house having windows, and the windows being set with glass, marks it as one of the "aristocratic" houses, though the man who built it, only two years ago, had come empty-handed and broken in heart and spirit, from scenes of desolation and wretchedness in the Southern States. If ever a man buried hope, ambition, and life-energy with the Lost Cause, that man was Oray Granville. Even before the Rebellion broke out, he had lost his all through the North (as he reasoned); for all that life seemed worth living for, was the woman he had loved. A wealthy Northern man had led to the altar the queenly form which to him had been an embodiment of all that is graceful and divine. The form, life, and soul seemed to have fled from the eyes into which he had gazed just once after the binding words had been spoken.

When the war broke out, he was among the first in the field; and, though fighting for what he deemed his rights, he asked, at the end of each bloody affray—as did St. Arnaud at the Crimea—"And is there no bullet for me?" And after each such day did the look he had caught from those sad, black orbs settle down deeper into the shadows of his own gray eyes. Returning to the home of his youth once more, before starting out on his dangerous journey over the plains to Arizona—where he was to join an older brother—he found domiciled at his father's house his cousin, a young girl of eighteen.

In Miss Jenny's eyes, the vague rumor that Cousin Ray had been "crossed in love" lent an additional charm to his handsome presence and the melancholy, half-reserved air that made him almost unapproachable. Though there was apparently little in common between the world-weary, disappointed man and the little elfish creature that looked so joyfully out upon the world with her light-blue eyes, he unconsciously fell under the influence of her restless, but most cheerful spirit. Not that her temper was always sunny and even—far from it: but too often her eyes would flash fire,

and the quivering flanks of the fine-chiseled nose distend and almost flatten in the hot, flushed face. Just so her Cousin Ray's nostrils were wont to spread when angered or excited—only that his face would grow white and more marble-like than usual.

On what ground these two spirits met, I can not say; but when Oray Granville finally left his Southern home, it was in company with his wife, Mrs. Jenny. Nor can I recount, at length, how love worked wonders, and the petted, white-fingered little lady learned to take thought for the morrow and the comfort of her lord and master; and though often flying into one of her sudden fits of passion, when a batch of "sad" bread was the reward for all her pains and patience, or a burn on her wrist or fingers, she never once breathed a word of regret at having come with her husband. Her husband never attempted to subdue her temper or soothe her ruffled feelings; but if, when worn out with the day's toil (of which he bore his honest share), she crept up beside him, he had most always a kind word for her; or, if more chary of words than usual, a soft pressure of the little hand that had stolen into his, told her that her affection was felt and appreciated.

Shortly after their arrival in Tucson, he was prostrated by the horrible fever which this place has in store for most strangers. The *petite* frame of the wife resisted the enemy to whom the stalwart man was forced to yield; and with untiring devotion she watched by him through the long days and the lonely nights. He needed sleep, the doctor said; and she crept about like a little mouse. But, hanging over him, and listening to his low, irregular breathing, such a terror would seize her, that, bending close to his ear, she would plead, "Ray—Cousin Ray—are you alive? Speak to me, please." Then the heavy eyes would open for a moment, and she remain quiet, till her fears got the better of her judgment again. But never a look of reproach came into the weary eyes, and never a word from the white lips, though his life had nearly been a forfeit to her loving, but impatient spirit.

Nor did she once fly into a passion during the long days of his convalescence; but when he had quite recovered, she proved that she had not left her temper behind her in the South, where he, according to her accusation, had left his tongue. There were days in which he seemed to live only in a dream, so silent were his lips; but the office which had been bestowed upon him, almost against his will, was ably and faithfully filled—though a bend of the head or a single terse sentence was given, where other men would have deemed volumes of speech necessary. It was no wonder that his wife flew into a rage, when, as sometimes happened, she had recounted to him the troubles and trials of the day—which were not few—and found, at the end of an hour's harangue, that he had neither heard nor understood a word of what she had said, but seemed to waken from a trance at the little pettish shake she gave his arm. Then she would accuse him of not loving her, bewail her sad lot, and vow to grow silent and unloving like himself. After a season of storming on her part, and utter silence on his, she would creep back to her old place beside him, to find her kiss returned, and any cunningly devised question, calculated and shaped toward reconciliation, answered by him, kindly and calmly as ever.

One afternoon, while Cousin Ray sat in his office—silent, preoccupied, and moody as usual—the din and confusion of an extensive dog-fight disturbed his reveries. A cloud of dust and dogs rolled up to the office-door, and the next moment the Attorney of the Territory stood in the street, a club in one hand and a "rock" in the other. A

few well-aimed blows soon freed "the under-dog in the fight" from his half-dozen assailants; and with a half-sneaking, half-confident air, the little ugly thing—part cur, part *coyote*, with a slight tinge of sheep-dog—followed his deliverer to the office. When evening came, the dog shyly, but persistently, followed his newly elected master home; and Mrs. Jenny, after first bitterly railing both at her husband and the dog, proceeded to set supper before them with equal care and conscientiousness. Next morning she found occasion to anathematize Arizona in general and Tucson in particular; and, her eye falling on the new acquisition, she instantly attacked him.

"Get away with you! Of all things in creation you're the ugliest, and *your* name should be Tucson, too."

And Tucson it was, from that day out. The dog soon learned to understand Mrs. Jenny as his master did, only he could not be brought to endure her bursts of temper with the same gentlemanly calmness. His meals were as well and regularly provided as though he had a well-founded claim to the best of treatment; and of an evening, when Cousin Ray was absent, he was left at home, and admitted to the sitting-room, where a small piece of Mrs. Jenny's dress-skirt was tacitly admitted to be his privilege during his master's absence. But only during his absence: as soon as his footstep was heard approaching from the street, Mrs. Jenny seemed suddenly to discover the dog's proximity, and with a threatening "You get out!" the dress-skirt was quickly withdrawn, while Tucson, made wise by experience, would spring to a safe distance, and there flash defiance at her, with his white teeth and his glittering black eyes.

Last night, however, the edge of the dress-skirt had been carefully gathered up from the floor, and Tucson, on growling his dissatisfaction, had been turned into the cold, open hall, where he met his master with a little whine when he came home, late, and more moody and buried in thought than ever. Nevertheless, he stooped to pat the dog's shaggy head, before entering the room, with a half-drawn sigh. Mrs. Jenny had well merited the reproach she always flung at her husband, this night, so silently and noiselessly she moved around the room. Cousin Ray cast on her just one look—that said more than all the words she had spoken for years; but she did not heed it, and, with another sigh, at the remembrance of the letter signed "Margaret," which she had found in his pocket that morning, he sought the couch where neither sleep nor peace came to the two. Early the next morning he had gone to the office, but returned before noon, and mounted his stout *bronco*, being accompanied by a small number of Americans and an old Mexican guide.

It was not the first time Mrs. Jenny had helped equip and furnish a cavalcade of this kind, for a prospecting or mining expedition; and, unbidden, she brought out her husband's warmest wraps and her best stores from the larder. For a moment her cheeks blanched, as, from a few chance words she caught, she was led to believe that the object of the journey was the finding of the firmly-believed-in Jesuit, or Hidden Silver-mine. But her husband volunteered no explanation; and she would show him, for once, that she could refrain from asking questions. As he approached and bent over her to bid her good-by, the fatal white envelope that had so angered her yesterday, again gleamed from an inside pocket; and, hastily drawing back, she spoke sharply in answer to his cordial words:

"You need *never* come back to me with that letter in your pocket. Never—never!"

And, passing in through the hall-door,

she saw Tucson quenching his thirst eagerly, as preparing for a long run, at his basin on the floor. Quick as thought she had caught him up in her arms, and, carrying him to the door, she flung him with all her force against Cortez, who was just moving off, with his master on his back.

"Go along with your master, you ugly brute. *I* never want to see you again—never, never!" and the heavy door closed with a loud bang.

Then she went back to her household duties, never heeding that the sun had reached the meridian, and never pausing till material and strength together were thoroughly exhausted. At last, after obstinately brushing down the curls that would as obstinately spring up again, she drew near to the window. She never knew how long she stood there; but when the women by the *acequia*, in the tree-bordered field, away down from the house, packed the linen they had made a pretense of washing all day, into their large, round baskets to carry home for the night, Mrs. Jenny—uttering her verdict on the people and the place—turned sharply on her heel, and opened the box containing her out-door garments. Her hat was soon tied on, and a heavy shawl thrown over her arm, to guard against the cool of the night that might overtake her. Pleasantly returning the greeting that all who met her offered, she went unmolested on her way till she reached the last huts of the Papagoes—who burrow here, half underground, at a respectable distance from the better class of Mexicans. From the door of a stray *adobe*, that looked like an advance-post of rude civilization among these wicker-huts, a female voice, in the musical language that the roughest of these Mexicans use, called after her:

"Holy Virgin, *señora*, are you not afraid of the Apaches?"

But, like the youth who bore "the banner with the strange device," she passed on, heedless and silent, to all appearances, but saying, within her stubborn little heart, "Indians or no Indians, *I'm* going to Cousin Will's."

In less than an hour's time, the barking of dogs fell on her ear, and, though no trace of fence, orchard, or barn could be seen, she knew that in and beyond that grove of *mesquite*-trees lay Cousin Will's possessions—counted one of the finest farms in the Territory. Directly she turned from the road into an open space, where a low, solid *adobe*-house and two or three dilapidated *jacales* represented a comfortable farm-house and extensive out-buildings, to the right of which a large field of waving corn stretched downward to the river. Back of the house blossomed a little garden, the scarlet geranium covering almost the whole wall; from the garden the ground fell abruptly to the water, where a clump of willows and cotton-woods shaded a large, cool spring. But the most surprising feature of this Arizona scene was a spring-house, which, though built of *adobe*, looked just as natural, and held just as rich, sweet milk as any spring-house found in the Western States.

Mrs. Jenny, however, had no time to advance to this spot, even had such been her intention. The barking of the dogs had called a dozen or two of swarthy little Cupids from the *jacales* and other resorts of the *peones*, who, with a simultaneous shout, had rushed in a body to the house of the master, announcing the coming of the unexpected visitor. Cousin Will and his wife—one of those grand, black-eyed women, with the bearing of a princess, whom we find among the old Spanish families—met the sister-in-law long before she reached the house. Cousin Will's wife greeted her sister-in-law cordially as "Juana;" while Mrs. Jenny held to the more formal "Doña Inez," which she had never yet dropped—perhaps on account of a fancied likeness between her and Margaret, of whom

she had secretly begged a most minute description from one of the younger brothers in her uncle's house, at home.

"Why did Brother Ray let you come out here alone?" asked the older brother, almost indignantly.

Doña Inez, who understood English, smiled a good-humored, but expressive smile; noticing which, Mrs. Jenny supplemented, without the least resentment: "And, besides, he wasn't at home to try. He started out this morning with Blake, and Goodwin, and old Pedrillo."

"To look for the Hidden Mine of the Padres? Oh, the foolish, foolish boy! Had I known how determined he was to go, I should not have left him last night. Will he never stop dreaming and chasing after shadows?"

Cousin Will was full twenty years his brother's senior; and it was, perhaps, the recollection of the almost fatherly love he had always shown for the younger brother that made Mrs. Jenny suddenly, when Doña Inez had left the room, fling her hat on the floor, herself on the lounge, and give way to the tears that had gathered in her heart all day. Cousin Will knew her too well to offer a single word of comfort or consolation; but when her convulsive sobs had ceased at last, he told her, in answer to her quick, impatient questions, all he knew of the letter, its contents and consequences.

In the old archives of Tucson, to which Ray, by virtue of his office, had access, he thought he had found sufficient proof of the existence of the old silver ledge, and sufficiently clear advices of its location, to warrant him in making a search for it. Fully aware of the many dangers to which any party he might organize for that purpose would be exposed, he had long hesitated—hesitated, too, partly on account of his wife's violent opposition, and partly because there were few, whom he would select, willing to go with him, where hundreds had already perished, from the Indian's arrow and the want of food and water. Three days ago, the letter from Margaret had found its way to him. She was not long for this world, she said, and, poor and in distress—abandoned by her husband, who had been beggared by the war—she pleaded that Ray should care for the two children she must leave to the cold charity of strangers, if she died.

"What will you do about it?" his brother had asked. And then Ray had unfolded to him what the brother called one of his day-dreams. He would find the mine, load Jenny with the treasures its discovery would bring, and send her back to the States, to find Margaret, or the children (if she were dead), while he remained behind to develop and finally dispose of the mine, before joining his wife. He knew what Jenny had undergone in this country, for his sake; he knew how well she loved him, and he trusted that, with her noble instincts, she would aid him in carrying out his projects in regard to Margaret and her children—neither of whom he ever intended to see.

Since she had once given way to softer feelings, Jenny's better self arose against the hard, cruel spirit that had prompted her to turn from all of Ray's attempts at kindly explanation. Bitterly she regretted the harsh words she had uttered when her eyes first fell on that miserable letter; and, like serpent's fangs, the words she had called after him on parting, struck again and again into her own bleeding heart. Restlessly she tossed on her bed all night—the first to discover the approach of a band of Apaches, from the uneasy stamping and the frightened wickering of the mules—she was the only one who insisted that Tucson's bark could be heard among the gang of *coyotes* that made night hideous with their howls. With the first gleam of the coming day she was up; and, in spite of all her brother-in-law could say,

in spite of the suspicious foot-prints that marked the ground in the neighborhood of the mule-*corral*, she started for home, alone and unprotected, as she had come the night before.

The gorgeous sunrise had no charm for her; unheeding, her eye passed ovér the landscape, that was like the smile of a fair, false woman—soft and alluring to the eye—a bright mask only, veiling death and destruction from those who were blinded by it. When near the town, a small, ragged-looking object came ambling swiftly toward her.

"What—Tucson?" and then, apostrophizing the dog, who crouched in the sand at her feet with a pitiful whine: "You mean little deserter! Couldn't you hold out as long as your master? And I know your master has not come back yet." Nor *had* he—though she entered the house with an insane hope that she might meet the grave eyes peering out from the gloom of the darkened hall. After another sharp reprimand, she prepared Tucson's breakfast from a part of her own; and then flew into a passion and drove the dog from the house, because, instead of tasting a mouthful, he insisted on dragging her to the door by the dress-skirt, and barking and howling in turn, when she refused to come.

Later in the morning, when she had occasion to go "down town" for something, she recounted how the dog had shrunk from the fatigues of the prospecting-trip, and had returned to his comfortable quarters at home. "But I drove him from the house; and I guess he has gone to overtake his master now—I don't see him around any more."

He *had* gone to overtake his master—but not alone. The dog's strange bearing had excited suspicion—here, where people are always on the alert for danger and evil of all kinds. Before the sun was well up, a little band of well-armed citizens were on the trail that Oray Granville and his friends had traveled but the day before.

Well for Jenny that her eye never caught the meaning of the looks thrown on her as she passed through the straggling streets back to her own home; well for her that the soft-voiced *señoras*, who came to her in the dusk of the evening, could check the word of sympathy that rose from the heart to the lip. Ah me!

And in Jenny's voice there was a new tone; a new light was in her eye, and—a new greeting in her heart for Cousin Ray. If he would only come soon! Of course, he could not return for a day or two; perhaps not for a week; but when he did come——

"Petra," said Jenny, "you must play me Oray's favorite air to-night"—and she hastened to the corner where the harp of the girl, who was a pet of Mrs. Jenny's, and Ray's, too, was generally kept.

"No, *señora*—no; not this night," remonstrated the girl. "The wind howls so dismally—and there is no moon in the sky; and then, you know, I can not sing."

Petra was whimsical, and what she said was true: the wind passed with a low, sobbing sound through the bare, wide hall, and swept up to the door, where it shook the lock as with living fingers.

Mrs. Jenny drew back the curtain and laughed.

"In our country, people don't like to own that they're moon-struck; but you are right—the night is black as ink, and—why—there is quite a company coming up the hill toward us, with lights and torches. Going to the Governor's house, probably; but who can they be?"

"We can slip out of the back-door, directly, and look over to the house: then the men can not say that we have undue curiosity," suggested Anita, desperately; and Mrs. Jenny dropped the curtain.

Petra's blanched face drooped low, over a book she had snatched up from the table; and Anita's hands were clasped in a silent prayer to the Holy Virgin. But the train came nearer, and—"Hark! they stop here—at this door—it is Ray—Cousin Ray!" And Jenny was on the threshold—where half a dozen gloomy, earnest faces met her gaze.

There was a horse there, too—stamping, with a half-frightened motion, and a low, shivering neigh; and as she sprang forward with a shriek—a terrified question rising unconsciously to her lips—a dog flew at her with an angry howl, tearing at her garments, and making frantic efforts to prevent her touching the motionless form on the back of the horse.

To Jenny's ear the dog's wild yells spoke terribly plain her own cruel "Never—never—never!" but among the men there was a hasty murmur that the beast had gone mad, from running so long without food and water. There was a flash and a sharp report—Tucson's career had come to a close. And Jenny lay fainting in the arms of the sobbing women.

AN AMERICAN ART:

THE ELECTROTYPE.—ITS APPLICATION TO PRINTING PURPOSES.

IN the year 1839, the fact that copper could be deposited as a reguline metal, by galvanic electricity, from a solution of sulphate of copper, was discovered simultaneously, and without the knowledge of each other, by M. Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, Russia, and Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, England. This discovery was followed by more popular notice than that of any other in this century, excepting, perhaps, the wonderful discoveries of M. Daguerre. The latter should be, however, classed more as an invention, while the former was purely an accidental discovery.

It was soon found that not only copper, but also silver, gold, zinc, and almost all the metals, could, with more or less facility, be precipitated from their solutions by the same agency. But copper and silver have been found to be the metals worked with the least difficulty, and their adaptation to the purposes of the arts gives them the greatest prominence. Silver was soon used for coating baser metals, and the business of manufacturing plated wares early became a large and lucrative one, both in Europe and America. It is curious that among Mr. Spencer's earliest experiments was one of which type-founders have taken advantage, and, to this day, use it as a means of fraud upon each other. In one of his first articles announcing his discovery, he stated "that if he took a type used by the printer and attached it to one pole of a galvanic battery, the copper would be precipitated upon it, and when of sufficient thickness, it could be taken off and be used as a matrix with which to cast new type." This is practiced by all type-founders. Whatever expense an enterprising type-founder may incur to cut steel punches for new styles, as soon as his neighbor can get possession of a cast, he can, and does, by means of the electrotype, reproduce the same at a fraction of the original cost.

For years after the discovery the sale of small galvanic batteries for experimental purposes was enormous. Newspapers teemed with notices of inventions, indicating the variety of purposes to which it could be applied. One enthusiastic inventor applied for a patent for

coppering ships' bottoms. Out of the innumerable purposes to which the new discovery has been applied, and which has been wrought by patient perseverance, none is of more importance than that of its application to the purposes of the wood-engraver and printer.

Wood-engravings for the illustration of books and newspapers are cut upon box-wood. After a century of experiments since the revival of wood-engraving by Bewick, no wood or any other substance has been found to possess the combined excellences of box-wood. Being without grain, it yields with the same freedom whichever way the graver moves. But the tree is of small growth, seldom more than nine inches in diameter. When large cuts are wanted, these small pieces are either glued or screwed together, with nice joints. Wood is porous, subject to absorptions of moisture, which causes it to swell, or shrink upon evaporation. Engravers were, therefore, frequently tantalized by their warping or cracking after great time and labor had been spent upon them; the cracking frequently happening simply by passing from a warm to a cold room, or after being on the press and in process of printing. Hence, when the electrotype was discovered, the attention of wood-engravers was immediately directed to it as a means of reproducing their labors in a more permanent shape.

About the year 1842 or 1843, Mr. J. A. Adams, at that time the best wood-engraver in New York, was engaged upon the wood-cuts of what was afterward known as "Harper's Bible," of which he was the projector and half-owner, and from which he realized a sufficient sum to retire from active life. Mr. Adams succeeded in making electrotypes from many of those engravings, and they were used in the printing of that work. His success was but partial, and was generally done at the expense of the wood-cut. He precipitated copper directly upon the wood-block and used the deposited copper as a matrix, upon which he precipitated the copper again to produce the true electrotype. This process was altogether too tedious for general use. It was not until 1847, that Mr. Daniel Davis, of Boston, first adopted the method now in use to reproduce the wood-engraving in copper; and, although he never made a business of it, he pointed out the way. To him belongs the credit of first taking a mold of the wood-cut by pressing it into beeswax. Mr. Davis was at this time about retiring from the business of manufacturing philosophical implements, from which he had amassed a comfortable independence, and encouraged a workman in his employ—Mr. J. Wilcox—to engage in the new art of duplicating wood-cuts by the electrotype process. Being a superior mechanic and an intelligent man, Mr. Wilcox succeeded so well that he soon started a shop for himself; and to him belongs the credit of being the first to make a separate and independent business of electrotyping for printing purposes.

Being, however, naturally of a secretive disposition and an unusually jealous temperament, he confined himself to what he could accomplish with his own hands, assisted only by one or more members of his family. No person was allowed to see the inside of his room, and even his original instructor—Mr. Davis—was debarred from seeing the improvements which naturally came from constant practice, and to the success of which he had so greatly contributed. Mr. Davis, however, gave his information freely to others, and, among them, the writer of this article availed himself of his experience. Looking back to the time when I first commenced my efforts at electrotyping—altogether unfitted for the undertaking, by experience as a mechanic, or in the study of electricity or chemistry—I wonder now at the audac-

ity which impelled me to the undertaking. The strong impulses of youth, and ignorance of the rough road to be traveled, started me on the journey. With a small Smee Battery, purchased of Mr. Davis, I commenced the first experiments. I did not neglect to read all that I could find upon the subject. I purchased Smee's work upon "Electro-Metallurgy"—to this day the standard work upon the subject. To illustrate my ignorance of chemistry at that time, I will give one anecdote. Mr. Davis had told me to pour the melted bees-wax into a shallow metal pan, and when cold to press the wood-cut into the wax, then brush over with plumbago and attach a wire with which to connect it with one pole of the battery. The first thing that came to hand in which to pour the wax was a lid of a tin-can. I poured the wax, took the impression with a common vise, and placed it in the copper solution. The next morning, instead of finding the deposit of copper on the wax mold, I found the wax at the bottom of the vessel, and the tin lid of the can completely eaten up by the copper solution. So much for ignorance of chemistry. I now set out to obtain all the information I could about electricity and chemistry. I made the acquaintance of practical chemists, and received much valuable information from them. At this time I was indebted to the late Theodore Parker, for the use of what books I needed, in the valuable library of the Boston Athenæum. Working as a compositor in the Boston Stereotype Foundry, all my leisure hours were employed in study and experiments. And it is extraordinary what progress can be made when studying to accomplish a set purpose. In about six months the first electrotype was produced that would pass the critical eye of the expert. My employers now offered me the use of a loft over the composing-room, and gave me a copying-press with which to take the molds. That was soon found, after breaking several times, to be too weak, and a press was built expressly for the purpose. The difficulties had, however, only commenced. Wood-cuts could be reproduced at this time, with considerable difficulty, in three or four days, but they were perfect *fac-similes*. I was doing as well as my predecessor. Being a printer, I could handle type, and had this advantage. We now commenced to make plates from pages of type.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various improvements which were made, from time to time, to shorten the process and render the work more perfect. Years of struggle followed, but each one exhibited progress. After qualifying a successor, I accepted an offer to undertake the electrotyping of the pages of a pictorial weekly paper in New York, published by P. T. Barnum and Beach. The field for such a paper was then scarcely ripe in America; designers, engravers, and printers for the production of illustrated newspapers had not yet attained that specially acquired excellence: so that, after expending large sums, Mr. Barnum was reluctantly obliged to relinquish the work and consider it a failure, though a few years after it was successfully renewed by Frank Leslie and the Harpers.

In 1853 a great improvement in the construction of the Smee Battery was effected. Mr. Adams, whose interest in electrotyping had never ceased, suggested certain improvements, for the purpose of making them more constant. Acting upon his suggestions, I had a battery made, which, from its constancy in action and the long time it will last without charge, has proved to be the *desideratum*. It is now used in every electrotype establishment in America and Europe. In 1856, Mr. Bonner having increased the circulation of his *Ledger* to one hundred thousand copies, the electrotype was brought into use to dupli-

cate these pages entire. Three years later his circulation had increased to upward of half a million copies per week, making it necessary to cast five sets of plates, to be worked upon ten different cylinder-presses, working night and day. The demands upon the electrotype had now increased to such an extent that labor-saving machinery was used to dress the plates and saw them, and even to do the black-leading of the wax molds. In 1858, about ten years after the first undertaking, the new art had attained such perfection that it was universally used for the duplication of wood-cuts, which, as soon as engraved, were placed in the electrotyper's hands, to be put in the permanent shape of metal. All books and periodicals, of which large editions were to be printed, were electrotyped. Years before, the enterprising forethought of the Harper Brothers had adopted it in all their publications, to the exclusion of the old stereotype process.

Applications for machinery and workmen were so numerous, that, in order to disseminate information and instruct workmen, the writer furnished a series of articles for a publication called *The Printer*, issued in New York, in 1858-9, giving the minutest details of the process, illustrated with engravings of every machine and tool used.

From the commencement, men of science had exhibited a great interest in the practical working of the new industry, and their visits were of almost daily occurrence. It was always a great pleasure to explain to them the practical working of the art, and in return much valuable information was obtained. The acquaintance of men distinguished in various branches of science and art was made, and some have ripened into warm friendship. Among them, I must mention that of Mr. Joseph Dixon, a man well known throughout New England as a scientist and inventor, of the true New England type. He had spent the greater part of an active life in the improvement of various valuable discoveries. When I became acquainted with him, he had a large establishment in New Jersey for the manufacture of black-lead crucibles, and had achieved great financial success. His crucibles had attained such a reputation, that they were used in the mints of the United States, England, and France. Near his factory he had erected a substantial residence, attached to which was a chemical laboratory and a workshop. Here the old gentleman was happiest when he could find a sympathizing friend, to whom he could explain his numerous inventions, and tell his stories of by-gone days. In appearance, very tall and spare, with a high forehead, wearing spectacles — which, when speaking, were pushed up above the eyes—and a white neck-cloth around his long neck, he had much the appearance of an old-school clergyman; but conversation soon dispelled the illusion. I can not refrain from repeating one of the anecdotes he told of himself, especially as it was afterward verified by Mr. Alexander Everett, a chemist, and nephew of Edward Everett, to whom the latter had related it, substantially as given to me:

About forty years ago, Mr. Dixon invented a process, which is now called zincography. He could take a bank-note or a written letter, and, by transferring it to the smooth surface of a zinc-plate, would bite out the lines with acid, and in a short time reproduce a *fac-simile* of the original. The invention attracted considerable attention at the time, and he invited several celebrated men of New England to witness it—among them Edward Everett. They came, and in their presence he illustrated the invention. Before they left, they indited a letter, signed with their names, and within an hour Mr. Dixon gave them several *fac-similes* of their letter, pro-

duced by his process. Many years after, when Mr. Everett was Minister to England, the process was announced there as new; but there were two claimants to the discovery. The rivalry for the merit of the invention was carried before the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences, and much discussion ensued. At one of their meetings while this discovery was under discussion, Mr. Everett, who was an honorary member, rose in his seat, and silenced the English claimants by urging it as an American invention, and presenting the proof, in the shape of the identical letter which had been produced, many years before, in his presence, by Mr. Dixon.

Another anecdote which Mr. Dixon told of his early attempts at zincographic printing is worth relating. He undertook to counterfeit a bank-note. Forty years ago a bank-note was a very crude affair. Printed upon coarse paper, with common black ink, and engraved—with a very poor design—upon copper, it would present no obstacles to the expert counterfeiter of the present day. Not so then. It was probably almost as difficult to counterfeit, at that time, as the wonderfully elaborate and artistic greenback is at the present day. Dixon transferred the engraving on to the zinc-plate, and, having selected a similar quality of paper, produced a *fac-simile* of the bank-note, with the fidelity of which he was so elated that he thought the bank officers could not distinguish the original from the counterfeit. This occurred in Boston. Starting off to State Street, he presented himself at the bank, and inquired for the President, a noted solid-man of his time. Being introduced, he showed his two pieces of printed paper, and asked which was the original, and which the counterfeit. The bank officer politely asked him to be seated; and enthusiastically Dixon pointed out the extreme accuracy of his duplicate, and enlarged upon the importance of his invention. The solid-man listened attentively, but presently excused himself, and stepped out of the room for a few seconds. On his return, he patiently listened to further explanations of the enthusiastic inventor. Soon an addition to the company was made, in the shape of a Constable, when the bank officer—whose horror at the sight of a counterfeit of his bank-note entirely obscured his admiration of the art that had produced it—rising from his seat, informed the astonished inventor that the plate from which this counterfeit had been produced must be immediately delivered up; that counterfeiting was a state-prison offense, and that he had committed a great crime; and, unless he was prepared to comply, the Constable must do his duty. In vain the inventor explained that he had made the counterfeit to show him that the present style of printing bank-notes would not be secure, when his invention was published; that he was not a counterfeiter for the purpose of defrauding. But the man of genuine notes was inexorable; and, to prevent the misfortune of being sent through the streets to the common jail, Dixon was obliged to go with them to his house, and deliver up the disputed piece of zinc. After a lecture upon the sin of counterfeiting, the bank officer departed. As he was leaving, the anger of the irate inventor broke forth in this exclamation: "You d—— fool! Do you suppose I can't make another?"

In 1855 Mr. Cassell, one of the most enterprising of London publishers, while on a visit to America, found the new art a complete success, it being then unknown in England. With his usual enterprise, he purchased the necessary machinery, and, with a few pages of written instructions (presented to him by me), he returned home. In 1863 I made a short visit to London, and, among others, called upon him. He had transferred the apparatus to a Frenchman, named

Morell. I found the latter occupying a building, in a central location, expressly built for the purpose, and carrying on a large business. On my expressing a wish to see his establishment, he kindly consented; "but," said he, "first, I wish to show you something here;" and opening his desk, he produced a volume of *The Printer*, published in New York five years before, and containing the articles and illustrations on electrotyping previously mentioned. "You will see," said the candid Frenchman, "that your book has been well used"—as, indeed, it did show, for the marks of his black-leaded fingers had considerably disfigured the whiteness of the edges. "And when I show you around my shop, you will see that I have followed your instructions in every thing." I found this to be the case. He appeared to be anxious for my approval, and I could not do otherwise than give it, for he had as complete an establishment as I had ever seen—not so large as some in New York, but in neatness and thoroughness of detail I think he surpasses us. He stated that he had a partner in Paris, who carried on a similar establishment, and that the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Paris had considered it of sufficient importance to be mentioned in their deliberations.

To the candor of the good Frenchman I was indebted for one of the pleasantest sensations of my life. It was no small gratification that the labors of myself and associates had been recognized in the leading cities of the old world, and that the electrotype, as applied to printing purposes, was known there as an American art.

A VANISHED HOPE.

Sweet with the scents of the summer,
White with the dew and the sun,
Wee as the robes of the fairies,
She folded them one by one.

Royally fair was the raiment,
Though none but herself might see
How the heart with the hand had labored,
For the Prince who was yet to be!

Into those tiny garments
Was more than of needle wrought—
Hours of loving fancies,
Beautiful flights of thought.

By lane and road were burning,
In splendor of crimson dyes,
Maple, and elm, and sumac,
Shaming the sunset skies.

She smiled from her chamber-window:
"Ah, fade, bright leaves!" she said,
"For I'll be glad with my baby,
When all the leaves are dead!"

Cold is the heaven above her,
Cloudy and dark the day,
As she looks again in sorrow
That is slow to pass away.

Useless the treasures of linen,
And the cobweb-frosts of lace;
Her babe on mother's bosom
Found briefest resting-place.

All night she hears the north wind,
She feels the rain and the snow;
Whenever they fall on her darling,
Over her heart they go.

Sleep hath no fetter to bind her,
Ever its spell will break;
At the dream of a touch like a rose-leaf,
The grief returns to ache.

Comfort her not with the angels,
Since—changing her day to night—
Some pitiless angel carried
Her first-born out of her sight!

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. III.

ON the lower Klamath, from Weitspeck down, and along the coast for about twenty miles, live the Eurocs, the largest tribe in northern California. They have no name for their tribe, the designation "Euroc" (down the river) being applied to them by their more inventive neighbors, the Cahrocs, for conveniency. They have names only for separate villages, as Weitspeck, Unuh Mrh, Requa, etc. Living nearer the coast, the Eurocs are several shades darker than the Cahrocs, and their *physique* is less noble, their foreheads being lower and their chins more protruding. Unlike the Sacramento River Indians, both they and the Cahrocs do not walk pigeon-toed, but plant their feet nearly as broadly as Americans. They have much the same customs as their up-river neighbors, but an entirely different language, though the two tribes very generally learn each other's tongues; and two of them will sit and patter gossip for hours, each using his own speech. A White Man listening may understand the one well, but never a syllable of the other. The Euroc is notable for its gutturalness, and there are words and syllables which contain no perceptible vowel sounds, as *mrpr*, "nose;" *chlec chlh*, "earth;" *wrh yenex*, "child," etc. A Welshman told me he had detected in the language the peculiar Welsh sound of "ll," which is quite inexpressible in English. In conversation they terminate many words with a kind of aspiration, which is imperfectly indicated by the letter "h"—a sort of catching of the sound, immediately followed by a letting out of the residue of breath with a quick little grunt. This makes their speech harsh and halting; the voice often comes to a dead stop in the middle of a sentence. The language seems to have had a monosyllabic origin; and, indeed, they pronounce many dissyllables as if they were two monosyllables.

As among the Cahrocs, the Chief has no authority beyond his own village, and even there his functions are principally advisory. Like the Pretor of ancient Rome, he can proclaim *do*, *dico*, but he can scarcely add the rest, *addico*. He can state the law or the custom and the facts, and he can give his opinion, but he can hardly pronounce judgment. The office is not hereditary; the headman, or captain, is generally one of the oldest, and always one of the astutest, men of the village.

Their houses—and the following descriptions will serve also for the Cahrocs—are sometimes constructed on the level earth, but oftener they excavate a round cellar, four or five feet deep and twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. Over this they build a square cabin of split poles or puncheons, planted erect in the ground, and covered with a flattish, two-sided, puncheon roof. They eat in the cellar (it is only a pit, and is not covered except by the roof), squatting in a circle around a fire, but sleep on the bank above, next to the walls of the cabin. For a door they take a puncheon about four feet wide, set it up at one corner of the cabin, and, with infinite scraping of flints and elk-horns, pierce a round hole through it, barely large enough to admit the passage of an Indian on all-fours. The cabin, being built entirely of wood, and not thatched, accounts partly for the keen, smooth eyes of the Klamath tribes,

compared with the odious, purblind optics often seen in the thatched wigwams farther south. A space in front of the cabin is kept clean-swept, and is frequently paved with cobbles, with a large one placed each side of the door-hole; and on this pavement the squaws sit, spinning no end of tattle while they weave their baskets. Though they have not the American's all-day industry, both these Klamath tribes are job-thrifty, and contrive to have a considerable sum of money by them. For instance, the trading-post at Klamath Bluffs alone sold, in 1871, over $3,000 worth of merchandise, though there were only about six miners among its customers. Here is a significant item: the proprietor said he sold over seven hundred pounds of soap annually to the Eurocs alone. I often peeped into their cabins, and seldom failed to see there wheaten bread, coffee, matches, bacon, and a very considerable wardrobe hanging in the smoky attic. They are more generally dressed in complete civilized suits, and more generally ride on horseback, than any others, except the Mission Indians.

How do they get the money to procure these things? They mine a little, drive pack-trains a good deal, transport goods and passengers on the river, make and sell canoes, whipsaw lumber for the miners, fetch and carry about the mining-camps, go over to Scott Valley and hire themselves out on the farms in the summer, etc. A painter connected with a party of mining surveyors who passed through that region one time sought to employ some of the Euroc squaws as models; but, libidinous and avaricious as they are, he could not prevail on a single one to sit for him for a less sum than $10. These Indians are enterprising: they push out from their native valley. You shall find them in Crescent City, Trinidad, and Arcata, working in the saw-mills, on the Hoopa Reservation, etc., though they always wish to be carried home to the banks of the Klamath to be buried. When we consider that they have learned all these things merely by imitation, it is no little to their credit.

These smoke-blackened hamlets are thick along the Klamath, and reminded me constantly of the villages in the canton of Valais, only the Indian cabins have only one story. On this account, the Euroc dwelling is more like the *chalet*. And they are every whit as clean, as comfortable, and as substantial as those very *sennhütten* wherein is manufactured the world-famous Emmenthaler cheese, for I have been inside of both, and know whereof I affirm. And yet, when I saw these swarthy Eurocs creeping on all-fours out of their round door-holes, or sticking their shock-pates up through the hatchway of the sweat-house, just on a level with the earth, I thought of black bears oftener than any thing else.

From willow-twigs or pine-roots they weave large round mats for holding acorn-flour; various-sized, squash-shaped, flattish baskets, water-tight—deep, conical ones, each of about a bushel capacity, to be lugged on their backs; and others, to be used at pleasure as drinking-cups or skull-caps (for the squaws only, as the men wear nothing on their heads), in which latter capacity they fit neatly. They ornament their baskets with some ingenuity, by weaving in black-colored roots in squares, diamonds, or zigzag lines; but they never attempt the curve (which seems to mark the transition from barbaric to civilized art) or the imitation of any object in Nature. In carrying her baby or a quantity of acorns, the squaw fills the deep, conical basket, and suspends it on her back by a strap which passes loosely around it and athwart her forehead. She leans far forward, and so relieves her neck; but I have seen the braves carry heavy burdens for miles, walking quite erect, though they

showed they were not accustomed to the drudgery, by clasping their hands behind their heads to ease their necks of the terrible strain.

As the redwood grows only along the lower Klamath, the Eurocs have a monopoly of making canoes, and they sell many to the Cahrocs. A canoe on the Klamath is not pointed like the Chippewa canoe, but the width at either end is equal to the tree's diameter. On the great bar across the mouth of the river, and all along the coast for eighty miles, there are tens of thousands of mighty redwoods hove up on the strand, having been either floated down by the rivers or grubbed down by the never-resting surf. Hence the Indians are not obliged to fell any trees, and have only to burn them into suitable lengths. In making the canoe, they spread pitch on whatever place they wish to reduce, and when it has burned deep enough, they clap on a piece of raw bark and extinguish the fire. By this means they round them out with wonderful symmetry and elegance, leaving the sides and ends very thin, and as smooth as if they had been sand-papered. At the stern they burn and polish out a neat little bracket, which serves as a seat for the boatman. They spend an infinity of puddering on these canoes, two Indians sometimes working on one five or six months — burning, scraping, polishing with soapstones, etc. When completed, they are sold for various money, ranging from $10 to $30, or even more.

Yet we give here two instances showing the carefulness and foresight of the Eurocs in bread-and-butter concerns. When they are not using these canoes, they turn them bottom-side up on the moist sand and bream them, or haul them up into the dampest and shadiest coves, or, at the least, cover them thickly with leaves and brush-wood, to prevent the thin ends from sun-cracking. When they do become thus cracked, they bore holes through with a deer's-horn, and bind the ends together with withes, twisting the same tight with sticks — a kind of rude tourniquet — which closes up the cracks better than calking would.

The other instance is a device they have for preserving their arrows. To make a quiver, they take a marten's or raccoon's skin, turn it wrong-side out, sew it up, and suspend it by a string passed over the shoulder, while the striped tail gayly flutters in the breeze. In the animal's head they stuff a quantity of grass or moss, as a cushion for the arrow-heads to rest in, which prevents them from being broken. The one capital charge usually leveled against savages is that they are shiftless, but these things are not shiftless.

In catching salmon they employ principally nets, woven of fine roots or grass, which are stretched across eddies in the Klamath—always with the mouth downstream. Where there is not a natural eddy, they sometimes create one by throwing out a rude wing-dam. They select eddies, because it is there the salmon congregate to rest themselves. At the head of the eddy they erect fishing-booths over the water, by planting slender poles in the bottom of the river, and lashing others over them, in a light and artistic framework, with a floor a few feet above the water, and regular rafters overhead, on which brushwood is placed for a screen against the sun and moon. In one of these really picturesque booths an Indian sleeps at night, with a string leading up from the net to his fingers: so that when a salmon begins to flounce in it he is awakened. Sometimes the string is attached to an ingenious rattle-trap of sticks or bones (or a bell, nowadays), which will chink or clatter, and answer the same purpose. They also spear salmon from these booths with a fish-gig, furnished with movable barbs, which, after entering the fish,

spread open and prevent the withdrawal of the instrument. Another mode they sometimes employ, is, to stand on a large bowlder in the main current, where the salmon and the little skeggers shoot in to rest in the eddy when ascending the stream, whereupon they scoop them up in dip-nets. Again, they construct a weir of willow-stakes nearly across the stream at the shallows, leaving only a narrow chute, wherein is set a funnel-shaped trap of splints, with a funnel-shaped entrance at the large end. The salmon easily shoots into this, but can not return. By all these methods they capture an enormous quantity of fish: William McGarvey says he has often seen a ton of dried salmon hanging in the smoky attic of a cabin.

There are two runs of salmon in the Klamath: one in the spring and one in the autumn, of which the former is the better, the fish being then smaller and sweeter. The Whites along the river compel the Indians to open their weirs a certain number of days a week, during the spring run, that they may participate in the catch.

It is easy to see that these fish-dams, if made impassable, may breed contention between the villages along the river, for if a village adopt a greedy policy, their neighbors above will descend in wrath, and there will be a bloody riot, unless the dam is opened. I have often thought that the numerous village feuds, and the extremely democratic and centrifugal tendencies of the Eurocs, may be largely accounted for by this system of fishing and the consequent bickering. The Cahrocs depend principally upon hunting, and in that there is room for all and small chance of collision: hence, there is a moderate amount of solidarity in the tribe, while the Eurocs are so little homogeneous, that, as we have seen, they have no one name for themselves.

On lagoons and shallow reaches of the river they have a way of trapping wild ducks, which is ingenious. They sprinkle huckleberries or *salal*-berries on the bottom, then stretch a coarse net a few inches under the surface of the water. Seeing the tempting decoy, the ducks dive for it, thrust their heads through the meshes of the net, and the feathers prevent their return. Thus they are drowned, and remain quiet, with their tails elevated: so that others are not frightened, and an abundant catch sometimes rewards the trapper.

Along the coast they engage largely in smelt-fishing. The fisherman takes two long, slender poles, which he frames together with a cross-piece in the shape of the letter A, and across this he stretches a net with small meshes, bagging down considerably. This net he connects by a throat with a long bag-net floating in the water behind him, and then, provided with a strong staff, he wades out up to his middle. When an unusually heavy billow surges in, he plants his staff firmly on the bottom, ducks his head forward, and allows it to boom over him. After each wave, he dips with his net and hoists it up, whereupon the smelts slide down to the point and through the throat into the bag-net. When the latter contains a bushel or so, he goes ashore and empties it into his squaw's hamper. About sunset appears to be the most favorable time for smelt-fishing; and at this time the great bar across the mouth of the Klamath presents a lively and interesting spectacle. Sometimes many scores of swarthy heads may be seen bobbing in the surf, like so many sea-lions. The squaws hurry to and fro across the bar, bowing themselves under their great conical hampers, carrying the smelts back to the canoes in the river, while the pappooses caper around stark-naked, whoop, throw up their heels, and playfully insinuate pebbles into each other's ears. After the great copper globe of the sun burns into the ocean, *bivouac*-fires spring

up along the sand, among the enormous redwood drift-logs, and families hover around them to roast the evening repast. The squaws bustle about the fires, while the weary smelt-fishermen, in their nude and savage strength, are grouped together, squatting or leaning about, with their smooth, dark, clean-molded limbs in statuesque attitudes of repose. Dozens of canoes, laden with bushels of the little silver-fishes, shove off and move silently away up the darkling river. The village of Requa, perched on the shoulder of the bluff, amid the lush, cool ferns, swashing in the soft sea-breeze, tinkles with the happy cackle of brown babies, tumbling on their heads with the puppies; and the fires within the cabins gleam through the round door-holes like so many full-orbed moons heaving out of the breast of the mountain.

Smelt being small, the squaws dry them whole, by laying them awhile on wooden kilns, with interstices to allow the smoke to rise up freely, and then finishing the process in the sun. They eat them uncooked, with sauce of *salal*-berries, new-plucked. They are not to say lickerish, from a civilized point of view, but undoubtedly wholesome. Let an Indian be journeying anywhither, and you shall always find in his baskets some bars of this silver bullion, or flakes of rich, orange-colored salmon.

As might be surmised, from their respective circumstances, the Cahrocs are respectable Nimrods, while the Eurocs are chicken-hearted in the wood, but deft and daring on the wave. They pretend that when they go into the forest, devils shaped like bears shoot arrows at them, which travel straight until they are about to impinge on them, when they suddenly swerve aside. Of their cowardice in this regard I had ocular demonstration, when clambering with three Euroc guides around coast headlands; when, to my surprise, I climbed where they dared not follow. They stood looking and calling at me, with much genuine concern; but when the loose stones under me commenced crumbling and rolling down, they rushed "from under," like frightened sheep. On the other hand, I could not but admire the dash and coolness of Salmon Billy, whom a bold soldier-boy and myself employed to take us down the river in his canoe. When we were thumping down the rapids, where the water curled its green lips around the canoe as if it would swallow it bodily, until it was nearly a third full of water, Billy stood up in the stern, with his long linen coat-tails flowing behind him, and his eyes glinted with savage joy, while he bowsed away hearty, first on this side, then on that, until we shot down at race-horse speed. He got a trifle nervous at times, which we could always tell by his commencing to whistle under his breath; and in the roughest rapids he would get to whistling very fast; but his stroke was never steadier than then. In a pinch like this, he would bawl out to us to trim the canoe, or to sit still, with an imperiousness that amused me greatly.

I must also relate a little incident, showing the exceeding cunning of this same Salmon Billy. One day I was toiling down the trail along the Klamath, in an execrable drizzle of rain, which, together with the maze of cattle-trails, obscured the path and led me on many a wild-goose chase. At every village the Indians would swarm out, and offer me their canoes, at an extortionate price; but it was only three or four miles to the Klamath Bluffs trading-post, and I determined to push on, since their canoes afforded no protection against the shower. I soon discovered that, whenever I left a village, an Indian would dash down the bank, leap into his canoe, shoot swiftly down the river, and put the next one below on the alert, lest I should pass them unperceived. So it continued for some time; and each village—they were

often less than a quarter of a mile apart —lowered the price a little, though still charging about three times too much. At last, I came to fresh tracks, which had evidently been made by American boots, and I followed them joyfully; but they soon led me into a thick jungle, dripping with rain, where I speedily lost the way, and got saturated from head to foot. In a perfect desperation, I floundered out somehow and got down on the river-bank, determined to employ the first passing canoe, at whatever cost. In a few minutes, who, of all men in the world, should come paddling tranquilly around the bend but Salmon Billy!

It is necessary here to go back and mention that Billy had taken note of me in his village, and, instead of going down to warn his neighbors, had studied his own advantage, shot down ahead, bowled his canoe ashore, made the tracks on purpose to decoy me into the jungle, then regained his canoe by a roundabout way, and dashed out of my sight. From his covert he saw me come down on the bank, quite beat out and in a most bedraggled condition; so presently he hove in sight, paddling leisurely around the bend, with the most unconscious and casual air in the world. In a moment a suspicion of foul play flashed upon me, but there was no other way for it. So I gave a shout at him, but he looked the other way. I whooped at him again, with a certain elevation of voice. He narrowly scrutinized a woodpecker flying overhead, then fastened his gaze earnestly upon a frog singing on a bowlder ashore. He couldn't hear me, the rascal! until I bawled at him three times. I paid him his price without a word. The next day he took me down to the mouth of the river, and when I spoke to him about the tracks Billy's face remained as calm as a cucumber, but he suddenly forgot all his stock of English, and could understand never a word more.

Filthy though they are, the Eurocs do not neglect the morning bath. On the coast, I have seen the smooth-skinned, pudgy, shock-pated braves, on a leaden, foggy morning, crawl on all-fours out of their wretched huts, which were cobbled up of drift-wood, take off the narrow breech-cloths which were their only coverings, and dip up the chilly brine over them with their double-hands, letting it trickle all down their swarthy bodies in a manner that made me shiver. The young squaws, notwithstanding their almost total lack of virtue, are quite modest in sea-bathing—fully as modest as the female bathers at Brighton. They are also sufficiently modest elsewhere in outward deportment.

As among the Cahrocs, marriage is illegal unless preceded by the payment of money; but 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.

Divorce is very easily accomplished, at the will of the husband, the only indispensable formality being that he must receive back from his father-in-law the money which he paid for his spouse. For this reason, 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 nowadays, and the old Indians prefer that in exchange for their daughters. Besides that, if one paid American money for his wife, his father-in-law would squander it (the old generation dislike the White Man's money, but hoard up shell-money like true misers), and thus, in case of divorce, he could not recover his gold and silver.

The Eurocs are rather a more lively and less austere race than the Cahrocs,

and observe more dances. They celebrate the birth of a child with a dance. There is a dance called *oomay likee*, in which both sexes participate; but it is not a proper subject of description, being worse than the *can-can*. Then there is the vernal Salmon Dance, which is something different from the formal and solemn ceremonial of the Cahrocs. We can well imagine with what great joy the villagers engage in this, when—after a dreary and desolate winter of rain, during which the wolf has been hardly kept away from their doors, and the house-father has gone down many and many a time to peer into the Klamath, if perchance he might see the black-backed, finny rovers shooting through the water, but in vain, and has then turned on his heel and cursed with bitter cursing the White Man (the *waugeh*), who muddies the water so he can no longer see to spear his necessary meat—when, at last, as the ferns are greening on the mountain-side and the birds of spring are singing, the joyful cry resounds through the village, "*Maypoot, maypoot!*" (The salmon, the salmon!). They are coming at last! Then, hand joined in hand, they caper in a circle around the fire, or, separated in couples, a brave and a squaw together, they cut such antics as would make the monkeys envious.

Like the Cahrocs, they believe old squaws can, by witchcraft, prevent the salmon from ascending the river, and in former times they not unfrequently slew with butcherly murder the unfortunate hag so suspected. Let those who remember the horrors of the Salem persecutions cast the condemnatory stone, if they will. To the Euroc, salmon is all-in-all. They even have a pole erected at the mouth of the Klamath to show them the way in—a tall pole on the sand-bar—ornamented with a smallish and rather pretty cross, with two streamers fluttering from it.

The one solitary attempt at ornamental wood-carving that I have seen in California was among the Eurocs, and was evidently connected in some manner with the salmon-fishery. It was a figure something like one of the ancient Roman *termini*—a satyr's or devil's bust, but fashioned in profile from a puncheon about three inches thick. It was extremely rude, the nose and chin being sharp-pointed, and the head flattish; the arms rigidly straight, and extending down at a little distance from the body; and on the rump a curving, diabolical tail about three feet long. It was arrayed in a United States regulation coat, with the arms loosely thrust into the sleeves, the body stuffed with grass, and the tail sticking out between the flaps. Perched on a short pole, on a lofty, fern-grown hill at the mouth of the Klamath, it stood looking out over the ocean with a comically lugubrious expression. No Indian would explain its purport, but it was evidently made with some such intent as that above indicated—a kind of shabby St. Anthony preaching a silent sermon to the fishes.

They trim up trees for sweat-house fuel in the same curious way as the Cahrocs; and I have seen hundreds of trees thus docked, to represent a man's head and outstretched arms. The Eurocs say they are intended merely as guides to the squaws, to direct them to the villages when they have been out in the mountains. But this is only one of those pretenses, those mystifications, which they are so fond of making, and they have a deeper significance.

They also have a curious custom of dropping twigs and boughs at the junctions of trails, which sometimes accumulate in heaps several feet high, like wood-rats' nests. Every Indian who passes deposits a twig on the pile, but without observing any method that a White Man can discover. No one will explain this custom, either, but they laugh the matter off when broached,

though they probably observe it, like so many other things, merely "for luck."

In saluting each other, the Eurocs say *aiyuquoi* (friendship), without any further ceremony. With slight variations, this expression prevails among several tribes of north-western California, who speak entirely different languages.

They bury the dead in a recumbent posture, and observe about the same usages of mourning as the Cahrocs. After a death, they keep a fire burning certain nights in the vicinity of the grave. They hold and believe—at least, the "Big Indians" do—that the spirits of the departed are compelled to cross an extremely attenuated greased pole, which bridges over the chasm of the "Debatable Land," and that they require the fire to light them on their darksome journey. A righteous soul traverses the pole quicker than a wicked one: hence they regulate the number of nights for burning a light according to the character for goodness or the opposite which the deceased possessed in this world. If this greased pole were perpendicular, like the *mât de cocagne* in the frolics of the Champs Élysées, I should account this an Indian parallel to the Teutonic myth of Jack and the Bean-stalk. But they appear to think it is horizontal, leading over, bridgewise, to the Happy Western Land beyond the ocean, which gives it more resemblance to the Mohammedan fable of Al Sirat.

They fully believe in the transmigration of souls: that they return to earth as birds, squirrels, rabbits, or other feeble animals, liable to be harried and devoured. It is more especially the wicked who are subject to this misfortune, as a punishment.

A word as to the size of the Euroc tribe. Henry Ormond, chief clerk of the Hoopa Reservation, told me that, in 1870, he descended the lower Klamath, from Weitspeck down, in a canoe —forty miles—and carefully enumerated all the Indians living along its banks. He found the number to be 2,700, which would be at the rate of 67½ inhabitants to the square mile, along the river. This does not include the Eurocs living immediately along the coast, nor those scattered in Arcata, Trinidad, the reservation, etc. It must be borne in mind that there are no wild oats growing along the Klamath, and few acorns; and that the Eurocs are timid and infrequent hunters. Furthermore, before the Whites had come among them—bringing their corruptions and their maladies—the Indians were probably twice as numerous as now, or at the rate of 135 to the riparian square mile. Probably there are 2,000 miles of streams in California, which, before the miners muddied the waters, were capable of yielding salmon in nearly equal abundance with the Klamath, and which, with the addition of the wild oats and acorns on their banks, would have maintained a population as dense as that above mentioned. At this rate, there would have been 270,000 living on the salmon-streams alone, to say nothing of the great multitudes who dwelt on the interior plains, around the lakes, in the beautiful and fertile coast valleys, and along the ocean-coast. As to the enormous numbers of salmon which ascended these rivers, before the miners roiled the current, there can be no doubt. Here, one veteran pioneer says, he has seen many an Indian wigwam containing a ton of dried salmon; another, that he could have walked across the stream and stepped every step on a dead salmon; another, that he has seen them so crowded in the deep and quiet reaches of the river that he could not thrust down a spear without transfixing one or more. From what I have seen myself on the upper Sacramento, three hundred miles from the Pacific, I can believe them all. Hence, the computation above ventured does not seem to be exaggerated.

A EUROC'S REVENGE.

A certain Euroc went down to the sea-coast with his family, and in one of his hunting excursions he quarreled with a man of his tribe, and shot him unto death. The brother of the murdered man, in accordance with the custom of the tribe, demanded a ransom, or blood-money. He asked $60; but he finally offered to compromise the matter upon the receipt of $10 in hand paid. The slayer refused to pay him any thing whatever; and after a fierce wrangle, he gathered his family about him, and returned to his home near Klamath Bluffs, saying nothing to any one about the circumstance.

Soon afterward, the owner of the Klamath Bluffs trading-post observed a strange Indian prowling about the vicinity in a manner that excited his curiosity. He was always alone, and was always fetching quick, stealthy glances around him; and was never separated one moment from his bow and quiver; and was never visible during daylight hours, coming to the post only after night-fall. The Indians always dawdle around a frontier store in large numbers by day; but soon after the evening dusk comes on, they all disappear in their cabins; and it was only when they were all away that this strange Indian would enter, cautiously, and glancing quickly around, to see that no other Indian was present. Then he would go up to the counter, set down his bow within easy clutching distance, and purchase the smallest quantity of crackers the trader would sell, and occasionally, also, as much more of tobacco, matches, or some other trifling article. After a few half-whispered words, he would slink quietly out, and be seen no more until the following evening. He never missed an evening, but always made his appearance in the same manner, went through the same maneuvres, and always bought a half-pound of crackers—never over a pound. The merchant grew uneasy; but he had learned by bitter experience the folly of meddling in Indian feuds, and he said nothing—only watched. Month after month passed away, and still this inscrutable Indian continued to come every evening, slipped softly into the store, carefully closed the door behind him, made his little purchases, and then went away. He grew gaunt and haggard, and on his drawn cheeks he could now hardly force a smile as he greeted the trader; but not one word did he breathe of his secret purpose.

He was the avenger of his murdered brother, waiting and watching for the life which he had sworn by his god to offer to the horrid Oomah. Night after night he was lying beside a certain brook, where he awaited the slayer. Week after week, month after month, passed on, until five moons had waxed and waned; the shrilling rains, and the frosts, and the snows of winter came and went, and beat upon his shriveled body; the moaning winds shook his unshortened locks, and whistled through his rotting blanket; the great fern-slopes of the mountains faded from green to golden, to wine-color, to russet, to tawny, buried their ugliness under the winding-sheet of the snow, then lived again in the tender green of spring—and still his wasting eyes glared out through the thicket, and still the victim came not.

But, at last, one morning in the soft, early spring, at daybreak, he beholds him for whom he is waiting. He comes down a winding pathway, and descends into the brook to bathe. He lays off his girdle on a ferny bank. He stands erect and supple, stretches up his smooth, brown arms above his head, and all his body quivers with the delight of a fresh, morning air-bath. Sitting in his blanket, the avenger of blood peers through his leafy screen. A moment ago he was shivering with cold; but all his tremor is suddenly stilled. His stiffened fin-

gers grow suddenly lithe, as they grip the arrow. In his eyes, late so faded and rayless, is now the glitter of ferocious hate. Without moving his eyes a moment from the foe, he softly couches the arrow. All the strength wasted through months is now in his arms again. There is no wavering in his aim. The sweet hope of revenge has steadied it to deadly certainty. Twangs the bow and slips the arrow, smooth and swift, through the limber air. The blood-guilty one is smitten low. He lies still beside the brook. The long vigil is ended; and savage justice has its rounded dues.

PATTY DREE, SCHOOLMARM.

PATTY stood on the platform at the depot, the solitary passenger dropped from the cars as they went rattling by: nobody came to meet her. School-director Penny was taking a quiet game of euchre at Wilson's Saloon; Whapsy was "'tendin' a burryen," for he was also coroner and undertaker, and Sharp was dead-drunk at his office in the village. It was a sultry September afternoon, toward the commencement of the autumn term; and the young teacher, endowed with a second-grade certificate, and a good degree of pluck, had traveled 140 miles to her destination. The yellow dust lay on the unplanked sidewalk like a sift of Indian-meal, and the parched leaves threw their skeleton shadows over it, hopeless of moisture; the very air seemed to come in palpitating gasps over the inhospitable-looking brown hills, and a wretched sense of inactivity pervaded, benumbing alike to soul and body.

Patty roused herself from its influence. "Is there no conveyance into the village?" queried she of the lantern-jawed man, who stood watching her small trunk with an air of appropriation.

"Oh, yes'm—a 'bus." The instincts of proprietorship in this ark of refuge awoke in his soul at once. "Here, you, heft up this yere trunk; now, git to Bunkum, and tell 'em the new schoolmarm's come." This was addressed to an overgrown boy, whose dust-covered feet suggested buckskin boots.

"You bet, I ain't a-goin' there," was the instant rejoinder, accompanied with a twirl of his thumb to his nose.

Jehu looked at Patty, and said, with a chuckle: "He's one o' your schol-lars. His folks raises garding-sass fur the hull neighborhood, an' he peddles it raound."

Patty smiled. She began to think sass was cheap in Blue-nose Cañon. But she felt like crying.

"Lots more out o' the same bale," said the driver, encouraged to loquacity by the smile. "You'll be a chiperer schoolmarm then we've had yet, ef you ken git along with them young varmints. We've tried men, an' we've tried gals—married women an' old maids. But they hain't none on 'em conquered, specially the boys. They're a towerin' set; and the gals ain't much better. Ef you've ever broke a colt, you'll know how 'tis yourself."

A faint, little "Ah, indeed!" checked further remark. The coach—a sepulchral-looking concern, driven at a hearse-like pace and smelling like a coffin—contained besides herself two other passengers. One of them volunteered the observation that "this here team was fetched across the plains in '49, and was just as good as new yet." The other, she mentally characterized in one word, "Pike," as the driver, shutting the door, to keep out the stifling dust, said: "Them's the store-keeper an' the ditch

superintendent. Gents, make your manners to the lady."

"Pleasant day, miss," ventured Pike.

"Warm, tho'," the store-keeper supplemented.

"Going to the hotel?" queried the first.

"Wilson's is the best," chimed in the other.

"Fleas at Wilson's, and—and bugs." Pike brought this out with a triumphant intonation which made the vexed little teacher crawl all over, and convinced her he had an interest in the opposition hotel.

"That's nothin'," said Cheep, the store-keeper; "have 'em at the Doctor's, too, an' you'll allow she's a housekeeper."

An animated discussion ensued between the two regarding the Doctor's wife, to which Patty listened in silence.

The hotel was soon reached. It was a dingy monstrosity, which, for economy's sake, had been whitewashed at an earlier day, and now was shedding its skin in crisp little flakes, which, falling, left bare spots here and there, and exposed a sick-looking front, suggestive of an eruptive disease. Over the doorway hung a tattered wreath, which had been used as a decoration during the preceding Christmas; but which now brought the unpleasant idea to Patty of the holidays having scabbed over, the dry circlet being saved to vaccinate the next season of festivity. The windows were occupied by women and children, attracted by the arrival of the "great forty-niner"—the name bestowed by its proud owner upon the 'bus, and painted in glaring letters upon its side.

A group of men, with hands in their pockets, lounged round the entrance, with an air of nothing-to-do-ness not at all calculated to impress a stranger with the advantages of Blue-nose Cañon as a place of business. Patty had the satisfaction of hearing Cheep inform one of them that "you'd find that 'un a stuck-upper; see if you didn't."

"Turned up her nose at both of us," added Pike.

"There ain't much of it to turn up," said Bob Ludlow—a six-foot loafer, lounging out of the hotel bar-room, and joining the group.

How hot, and irritated, and uncomfortable Patty felt. Outwardly she was serene; as the landlord—a one-eyed man, with a bald head and salmon-colored whiskers—advanced to meet her, and, with a crushing grasp, shook her little hand till it ached; and, with his eye kept single to the main chance, gushed over with a boisterous "You 'uns is welcome: hope you're peart and hearty, marm."

Ushering her up a long flight of stairs, at the head of which stood a dingy table filled with candlesticks, yet smirched with the guttering tallow of the preceding evening, he said, with an energetic glee, quite in contrast with the lassitude of the loungers below-stairs: "Hed a party last night, an' the boys ain't got all cleaned up yit. It was a buster, you bet—sheet an' pillow-case. Didn't never 'tend one of 'em, did yer? Kinder windin'-sheety they are; but lots of fun. Here's the parlor. Second or third-floor room, miss?"

"Either," replied Patty. "I am particular about the room being airy and clean only."

"As if they wern't *all* that, in *my* house," observed he, with stunning emphasis on the personal pronoun.

It was a very small room, at the end of a long entry on the second floor, permeated with dining-room smells, the predominating odor at present being that of cod-fish balls. Patty distinctly heard the sizzle of their frying. "I never can endure this," thought she; "and that man with one eye is dreadful. Its expression is diabolical. But, oh dear! I wonder where we ''uns' will find water in this inland Sahara?" She looked

round for a bell-pull. That convenience was lacking; but a small hand-bell stood on a table, which served for wash-stand, also. Patty rang it repeatedly, before a twelve-year-old boy announced himself by opening the door, without knocking. Momentary astonishment at the intrusion gave way to indignation, as he said:

"Look a-here, stranger! don't you be ringin' that bell fur me all the time. I ken jist tell you, it won't fetch me. I don't git 'nuf salary here to come at every body's beck an' call."

"Where is the bath-house?" peremptorily demanded Patty.

"Hain't got none. There's foot-tubs, an' wash-bowls, an' pitchers o' water. The tank's just down to the foot o' them stairs, an' you're welcome to help yourself. Towels is served at 4 P.M.: there's yourn a hangin' on that hook." And the imp shut the door, and went down-stairs, whistling—

"Not for *Joseph*, if he knows it—
Not for Jo!"

"Of all the impudence I ever heard!" soliloquized Patty. "That little wretch must belong to the sass-peddling family. Wonder how many more of them there are? Well, I *must* succeed here; and 'conquering those varmints' will be a tall feather in my cap. Besides, the excitement of the conflict will be worth something. And then—there's mother. A State certificate and the prospective principalship of a good city school will make her so comfortable—dear, darling mother! I wonder what she is doing now?" and Patty took from her bosom a little golden locket, and gazed at and kissed *mother's* image, with a sigh of regret and remembrance.

Before she had completed her toilet, the Doctor's wife was announced; and "Just let me come right up where you are," was followed by her unceremonious entry into the chamber. The young girl blushed with vexation: this intrusion upon her personal reticence, Patty felt to be ill-bred and presuming; and she encountered the keen and inquisitive glance of Mrs. Randal with a dignity bordering on *hauteur*. The little woman was not at all confused by it.

"Raythe taken aback, air you, Sister Dree, by not bein' quite ready to see me? But it's no matter. You needn't apologize. *I* don't mind—just go on with your dressin', and I'll look over these things in your trunk. We haven't had the fall fashions up here yet, and it will be quite a treat."

Patty regarded her with open-eyed astonishment, as she deliberately proceeded to unfold her best dress, carefully laid on the top of those more worn.

"Now that's right pretty," said she, shaking it out. "Ruffles seem to be going out—I see you've got this made with folds. The material's nice, too. How much was it a yard? More'n four bits, I reckon. 'Tain't much worth while to bring good clothes up here this time o' year, when the dust is so deep. Who made it for you? We haven't got a first-class dress-maker here; and she'll be glad of the chance to see your things. If I may be so bold, what do they charge for such a dress in 'Frisco?"

The voluble visitor took breath, waiting a reply to her questions, meanwhile running her hand down to the bottom of the trunk, and bringing up a photograph in a morocco case. "Ah! who is here? Have we a beau down to the Bay?" she playfully said, with a sinister wink of her wicked gray eyes, proceeding to unclasp the case.

Patty sprang, and snatched it from her. "Pardon me, madam! You take liberties."

Fatal error! The poor child did not know that to avoid the odium of "stuck-up," she must lay bare to prying eyes the whole of her worldly effects. She did not know that she would be "talked about," if she was supposed to have even the likeness of a young man who

was not an acknowledged lover. "And of course it was her beau," said Mrs. Randal, expatiating on the indignity of having been requested to wait in the parlor till the minx had finished dressing, when she would be ready to receive calls.

"Such hoity-toity high and mightinesses from a schoolmarm!" said exasperated Mrs. Randal, relating the incidents of her visit at the sewing-circle, that evening.

"She'll be clearly unpopular—that's what she will," chimed in Sister Silverthorn.

"I hear she's been tuk to Driscol's to board—a great come-down for Mrs. Driscol, for she's one of your high-flyers, too."

"I'm just dying to see that organdy," said Mrs. Newton—the acknowledged leader of fashion in the village—"for I want patterns; and I'm bound to see how her dresses are trimmed."

"She hasn't got many, I can tell you, then," retorted Sister Randal, with a sneer.

The entrance of Mrs. Driscol prevented further remark, for she was one of the women whose presence repressed gossip, and whose subjects of conversation never degenerated into ungenerous personalities.

Perhaps some excuse was to be made for Mrs. Randal, in the fact that she was an early Californian. There is an assumption about certain of this class which is simply ridiculous. They appropriate whole towns as family lots, because in early times they were the first-comers. They pry into the history of each subsequent arrival with the pertinacity of relationship, and with not a tithe of the forbearance exercised toward those of kindred blood. They remember with accuracy the time that Mrs. Crœsus, now rolling in money, took in washing. They were intimately acquainted with the Honorable Member of the Legislature from "our county" when he was unblessed with a second shirt. They can give the records of families who came over the plains, or across the Isthmus, in '49, now affluent, who had then precious little to do with. They will regale you with experiences of their own, incident to all pioneer civilization, with the relish and gusto of individual appropriativeness of all the hardships encountered on the Pacific Slope—that being the wholesale term for every little mining-town in the country. The Pacific Slope is hurled at every stranger who comes, as if it was a chunk of solid gold. All its fruits are apples from the gardens of Hesperides. Its honey is sweeter than that of Mount Hybla. The native wines of the Pacific Slope, sir, are fit fermentations for the gods; and its grain-crops will store the granaries of the world. The crystals of California outvie in splendor the diamonds of Golconda, and the bark of the Big Trees has been heard all over creation. The golden waters of Shiloah's river are not to be compared to the muddy depths of the Sacramento, and the "narrow" gauge leading to the pearl gates of the Eternal City is a mere myth to the wonderful realities of the iron highway termination on the Pacific Slope. "Let me tell you, sir," Mrs. Silverthorn's husband was wont to say, "that God put the finishin' touch on this yere great plan o' creation o' His'n when He made Californy. Ef ever you're favored to git to Yose-*mite* and the Geysers, you'll find the stupendiousness of the fust only equaled by the brileanest of the t'other. We don't lack for nothin', 'thout it's calamus-root; an', as for fires, why, we've Phœnixed-out o' three o' them an' made lye o' the ashes. Tell yer, stranger, this yere's a great country."

There is another class, not simply dealing in laughable rhodomontade, but given to the drearier and darker task of resuscitating from the buried past errors

which have been emended, sins which have been repented of. They will hoard up secrets and spring them at inopportune seasons upon those who have, in all sincerity, long since eschewed the short-comings of those lawless days. They will hint of peccadillos indulged in quite at variance with the staid respectability of husbands and fathers of families. They will hunt up preposterous accusations, and poison with wicked menace those who have well-nigh lived down the results of some sudden temptation. If success has crowned hard years of toil and struggle, they are ungenerous in their memory of the parsimony which poverty compelled, and sneer at the exhibition of refined tastes and higher culture, either ignorant or forgetful of the fact that it is impossible to indulge esthetic longings in the midst of scant pecuniary resources; and so Mrs. Randal, feeling herself snubbed by Miss Patty Dree, was hard on the young teacher. A touch of gall was added to her bitterness, also, from the fact that she had—after many years of small speculations and rigid stinginess—with a fatal blunder worthy of a man, invested her savings in wild-cat stocks, and lost; since when she seemed harder and sharper than ever.

The sewing-circle had been vapid of late; but this evening Patty's ears must have burned, if she had not, in happy unconsciousness, been resting her weariness in Mrs. Driscol's neat, little spare room, where, between the lavender-scented sheets, she reposed—a perfect picture, with her pretty, plump arms and swelling bosom half hidden by the auburn hair tressed over them, and her eyes closed in serene sleep: a healthful and lovely image of rest.

Doctor Randal—whose specialty was kindness to strangers, kept in perpetual check, however, by the old woman, as he irreverently called his wife—stopped on his way down town, a few mornings after, to leave the school-house key with Miss Dree, in order that she might make some re-arrangement in chairs and benches, preparatory to its opening, taking occasion to present a few luscious pears and a pretty bouquet, which Patty received with smiles and blushes.

"I don't know how you will succeed," he said. "There has always been trouble in our district. The boys, especially, are unruly. I am not on the committee this year, but shall be glad to offer you any assistance. My library is quite at your disposal." Said library consisted of a dictionary, two cook books, some Methodist hymn-books, and several bound volumes of "The Ladies' Repository."

"Has the school a library?" questioned Patty, at the same time thanking him cordially.

Whapsy was announced before Doctor Randal answered. "How do, Doc.? How air you, Miss Dree?—queer name, that o' yourn. Reckon you'll change it one o' these days. Our teachers most always gits married. I told Sharp he oughter a-gone and met you. But Sharp ain't strong: he was a-lyin' down; had a sun-stroke or suthin'—leastways, he warn't very well. I hain't fetched no flowers, like Randal, there. He's got a garden, an' ken do them things. But here's somethin' 'll come handy"—and he handed her a bundle of thin *manzanita* branches, knotty and uneven. "You'd better put one o' them in soak for Hazen Sims. He's the worst boy in this town; you can't manage him, nohow. Why, the last teacher we had licked him about every day."

"The unfeeling brute!" said Patty, with kindling eye and flushed cheeks. "Keep your switches, Mr. Whapsy. *I* shall never use them on one of the children."

Whapsy burst into a coarse laugh.

"That's a good one," said he. "Children! why, Hazen Sims and half a dozen more o' them boys is a'most grown men."

"Then certainly I should not attempt to whip them."

"Well, not exactly, mebbe; but jist crack their knuckles, or hit 'em a rap on the ears."

Patty, utterly disgusted, and wondering whether the other directors were as illiterate and unfeeling, was about asking to be excused, when a bang at the door was followed by the entrance of the imp of the hotel, carrying her forgotten satchel. "Gosh! but ain't the fellows at Barnum's had fun over them curls," he exclaimed, as he swung the bag toward her. "I jist snatched 'em an' run, an' I want two bits fur my trouble. Here they be," he added, holding Patty's unfortunate "front locks," which had been nicely crimped in San Francisco, in his hand; "but you don't git 'em, you bet, till you fork over."

A sense of the ludicrous overcame the rising temper of the new teacher, and she burst into a tremulous laugh just verging on tears.

"Take that for your impudence;" and Whapsy's heavy palm rang in red heat on the brown cheek of the boy, who retreated in haste, screaming: "You darned old Methodist corpse-washer! I'll git even with you yet; see if I don't."

Down to the hotel he started forthwith, the tingling smart on his cheek adding to the rage in his heart. He met Ned Burris, a shock-headed youngster, ripe for any mischief, and Swan Peak, a weak-eyed and weaker-brained scamp, whose thievish propensities had gained him the title of "Magpie," in the village.

"Look a-here, fellows! I'll tell you what—that darned old schoolmarm's a regular stunner; an' ef we git the whip-hand o' her, it's time we begun. I've bin slapped fur her a'ready, an' blame ef I'm goin' to put up with lickens from any of 'em."

"Why, did she cuff yer?" questioned Ned. "Seems to me, she's too small to fight like that."

"No, *she* didn't, you bet! but old Jim Whapsy, he pitched inter me, jist fur takin' her satchel back, an' wantin' two bits. Wish I'd kep' her old curls."

The boys meant mischief. They intended to try the very soul of the new teacher with insubordination; and when, on the following Monday, school opened, and she came smiling in, her tidy white wrapper knotted with a pretty blue ribbon, and a sweet-brier rose shedding its fragrance over those very curls, there was an ominous lull—the forerunner of a storm.

Patty was keenly intuitive: she felt the moral atmosphere charged with electricity, and knew that she must strike first, or all would be lost. She advanced with dignity to the raised platform, where, standing at the teacher's desk, her eyes could command the whole school. It was a large room, overcrowded with pupils. Hard work for one woman to manage, with uncommon executive ability; laborious drudgery for the novitiate, unused to the duties and responsibilities of teaching. How is it that our country schools are so illy regulated? Do the members of the Board of Education bestow their attention on schools within the city limits only, that they ignore the pressing needs of those in the outlying counties all over the State? How is it that men like Whapsy and Penny, ignorant of even rudimentary education, are intrusted with the oversight of teachers, and are considered competent to criticise their methods, when they have not the first idea of elementary instruction?

Patty Dree had those peculiarly expressive gray eyes which could overwhelm one with shame at a glance of reproof, or melt into that gracious and generous forgiveness of offenses which

made one her friend for life. But she withheld either, and fronted the rising insubordination with steady determination, holding it in check for a season. Then the storm broke. Spit-balls were hurled from desk to desk; rulers played tattoo on slates; wet sponges were flung from one to another; feet were scraped on the floor, and shrill whistling mingled its treble with the dying-chicken agonies of the infernal squeedunk.

"Boys!"—the voice was commanding, the intonation liquid and sweet—"if you please, I will commence school by telling you a story."

Those rude natures were prepared for threats — entreaties — commands; but they were taken unawares by this gracious efflorescence of good humor.

"The young gentlemen will please be seated; the young ladies will close their books."

Young ladies and gentlemen! It was a new era in Blue-nose Cañon, when they were addressed by such respectful titles. Young varmints — barbarians — hoydens—were familiar enough to them. But never before had a teacher, in the best of times, called them any thing but boys and girls; more frequently, clodhoppers and dunces.

And such a story! It bore no direct reference; but every child there knew it for a sermon of reproof—knew it for a shaming of ignorance and cowardice—knew it for a triumphant vindication of a teacher's authority, and an earnest appeal to the manliness and honor of pupils. And when it was finished, and Patty said, "We will now commence a review of studies, that I may class you properly," all indications of rebellion had disappeared; and the morning's work went quietly on, till the noon-bell allowed freedom for comment, and time to renew hostilities: for the unsubdued element of mischief still preponderated—Hazen Sims leading the malcontents, and the other boys clustering about in knots, discussing the situation. Even the smallest children in school seemed aware that something out of the daily routine was going on; for they forsook their play-houses under the trees, eschewed their bits of broken china, and wedged themselves into any little open spaces left in the various closely clustering groups scattered over the playground, in the old-time fashion of little pitchers with very large ears.

"Ned Burris says Hazen Sims is goin' to bust up this school," said little Tony Belcher, a chub-fisted youngster, whose unpleasant sniffle seemed to have been contagious, as several little girls in the vicinity of his bench were likewise afflicted. Molly, Katy, and Nelly Babcock, a trio of triplets, having twin brothers, eagerly caught at the information, and communicated it to others, with a preliminary "If you won't never tell, I'll tell you something," till it seemed to be generally understood "something was up."

Ray Berton, a quiet, slim boy, stood apart, and remarked to one or other passing by, that he thought that was a beautiful story Miss Dree had read them; and how kind she had been not to notice their rudeness. A few of the girls listened, but the majority sought the condescending notice of Sims, and, without any active participation as yet, were ready for allegiance to him.

"*She* needn't think she's goin' to come it over us boys with her old stories," said he. "I shan't obey her, fur one: she ain't nothin' but a school-girl herself."

The uproar of the morning seeming not to have had any effect on Miss Dree, it was resolved that the first act of downright disobedience was to be inaugurated by Sims; "and then, if she's goin' to hit us over the head, like Miss Grimes did, I, for one, won't stand it—who says they will?" Not a word from any one: the girls were all afraid Sims would take

vengeance on their brothers, and the smaller children stood in awe of his overpowering strength.

Unwise Whapsy! Aaron's rod blossomed not more speedily than that bundle of *manzanita* twigs. It had been caught sight of by the boy at the hotel; and he had heard "the boys"—as all grown loafers are called in country towns—laughing and making game, and punning on switches, in a mysterious way, till his young soul was fired with the glory of a strategic movement against the enemy; and he had taken Sims in as an ally, well knowing he would, by inherent force of character, assume leadership.

One gentle female teacher had flogged the children unmercifully, and had even called in Whapsy to inflict corporal punishment on the larger boys. It was under her *régime* the school had obtained its unenviable reputation. She had been followed by a succession of schoolmarms, incapable and exasperating, and less tolerant to the pupils than the overbearing male tormentors they had experienced. Ignorance and discontent had ripened; and a new schoolmarm was the signal for open defiance.

The bell rang. The pupils trooped in, hot, flushed, and dusty. Patty had sprinkled the room with fresh water, and hung a few bright blossoms over maps and pictures. The green shutters were drawn together, excluding the glaring sunlight and shading and cooling the room. The subdued light seemed to add to the subduing influence of her own quiet dignity. Nothing occurred of a disorderly character until after the two-o'clock signal for the dismissal of the primary pupils. It seemed hard to ruffle the sweet demeanor of the young girl, who was so courteous and polite, or to break in upon the order which seemed to evolve itself from her skillful arrangement of classes and lessons.

The boy from the hotel whispered to Swan Peak, "Guess Hazen's gin out a-kickin' up a rumpus; an' I wouldn't keer, only I'd like to see old Whapsy paid fur that slap he gin me."

"I say, Swany, air you on Hazen's side?"

"I hain't on nobody's side. I go fur plunder. Ef there's any to be had, me an' Ned's in; otherwise, I'm not."

The hour-hand had reached *three*, on the dial of the Yankee clock hanging over the desk. Its audible tick was distinctly heard in the intervals of examinations, as, one by one, the names of the pupils were written in their order. The first class alone remained to be questioned; and Miss Dree, with an apprehensive sense of its hitherto unmanageable character, had left it till the last. Hazen Sims was the head boy, for, with unconquerable energy, he maintained the first place in every department of study, as well as in every conceivable plan of mischief. He was born to be a leader, either for good or evil; and Miss Dree felt that to-day might possibly be the turning-point in his life. She had heard much of him which she wished she had not, for she liked him, in spite of his defiant manner; and all that had been said of him revealed no mean or sordid trait. Of his private life, nobody seemed to know much. The death of his mother had left him the sole care of one little sister; and many a boy bore a black eye for teasing little Susie, many another was in high favor with this despotic Mogul for sundry kindnesses bestowed on the little three-year-old toddler—left, for safe-keeping, with an old colored woman during the boy's absence at school. Aunt Rachel stood up resolutely for Hazen. "Call him the wust boy in town?" she said, indignantly. "Ef he *is*, honey, he's ben made so by bein' the wust treated. His pore mammy could tell o' many a meal did without by that yere chile, all on account o' her an' Susie. An' when my ole man tuk sick wid the rheumatis, that cretur jist toted ev-

ery pail o' water an' stick o' wood fur me in the rainy season. I hope to massy, that gal won't go to take his character on hearsay. I tell yer, honey, that Whapsy used to be a overseer when I lived down in Georgy, an' he jist hankers to flog Massa Hazen. Don't you b'lieve nothin' he says 'bout him."

It is probable no more trouble would have fallen to the lot of Miss Dree, in her management, than is usual in ungraded and mixed schools, but for the interference of Whapsy, who had all the vigilance, but none of the skill, of a detective. By some means, he had received an intimation that the boys were going to make Blue-nose Cañon too hot to hold another woman teacher; and he resolved to be present at to-day's examination, in order to strike terror into the souls of the children, who cordially detested him. His peculiar forte of exposing their weaknesses before strangers, had won for him various *sobriquets* of ridicule and contempt. "Spy Whapsy," "Old Pap Whapsy," and the like, had finally merged into "Deady Whapsy," in allusion to his business, which he pursued with no more sympathy or sense of feeling than the "defuncts"—as he always called them—for whom he performed the last offices.

"First class for examination." The boys and girls, about equal in number, filed past the teacher, and took their places, watched by the cruel eyes of Whapsy, who held a small rattan threateningly in his hand. Instead of commencing at the head, Patty selected the middle boy of the class to answer the first question in algebra, passing thence downward with a difficult sum in equations, which she felt well assured the three remaining boys could not solve; and hoping the pride of success would ward off any intention there might be on the part of Sims to show contempt of her authority.

But he was not to be thus foiled. He meant to measure his strength with that of Miss Dree. She was only a girl, anyhow—younger by a whole year than her refractory pupil; and Penny and Whapsy might go to grass, settin' up girls over him.

"Master Sims will answer the question," said Patty, repeating it, slowly and distinctly.

For a moment the boy wavered; a bright flush of gratified pride shot across his face at the respectful manner of the young teacher. But the boys expected fun, and the girls were ready to titter, and he knew the fate of a braggart; besides, he really wanted to test the authority of the new schoolmarm.

While he deliberated, his opportunity was lost.

"Pass it," fell from Patty's lips; and the next boy—a lusty, young butcher, with a fist like a sledge-hammer—went up head.

"You'd no right to pass it; I knew it," Sims said.

"You must retrieve your mistake by replying more promptly next time," was the gentle rejoinder.

"Darn if I will. You let him cheat."

"Master Sims will take his seat, please." Patty knew now the crisis had come. The sooner it was over the better.

A defiant "I won't," impetuously uttered, hissed through the room, and hurt poor Patty like a shot.

But the attention of the school was riveted on Whapsy, as he sprang toward the belligerent boy, and, without warning, hit him a sharp cut with the rattan over the face. Blood spurted from his lips on the dainty dress of the teacher, who lifted her hands before him in an attitude both of appeal and defense.

"Do not strike him, Mr. Whapsy. I can manage my own school."

But both antagonists were swayed by fierce passion. The hot blood of uncontrolled boyhood opposed itself to a

temper which years of indulgence had rendered fearful. Whapsy was but an enraged animal. He threw away his lithe switch, and, with a double-fist of iron, beat the boy, and baffled his returning blows, till Miss Dree, in an agony of fear and feeling, threw her arms about Hazen, and shouted "Murder!" at the top of her voice.

"Help—help him, boys! every one of you. I command it. He will be killed"—as a blow, aimed over her head, hit Sims on the temple and felled him to the ground. The purple rage of Whapsy knew no bounds. He hated the boy, and would have kicked him dead; but the older boys had responded to the teacher's call, and resolutely held him back.

Doctor Randal, who happened to be removing an old stove from an empty house in the vicinity of the school, with a view of appropriation, heard Patty's scream, and the uproar, and hurried in. As he entered, the teacher stood over the prostrate form of the boy like a Pythoness of Fate, and, pointing to Whapsy, in a voice totally unlike her usually sweet tones, said, "Arrest that murderer!"

"He beat Sims. He's killed Hazen; he's fetched blood. Hazen didn't do nothin', did he, Miss Dree?" The girls crying; the boys eager to vindicate Sims. Frightened at his pale face and death-like insensibility, Patty ran for water: "Oh, Doctor! *do* something for the poor boy; don't let that man escape."

"No'm—no'm;" and the great boys clustered round the wretch, and held him as in a vise, while the boy from the hotel ran for an officer.

That day was never forgotten in Blue-nose Cañon. They will tell you yet of the slowly returning consciousness of Sims, and his first question of "Where's little Susie?" They will tell you of the long days of helpless fever, and the untiring watch of the gentle little teacher's mother, who came all the way from San Francisco to nurse him. The whole town rang with the affair, and, before night, parents from the neighboring villages came pouring in, who had heard the details from their own boys and girls, intensifying the excitement. Tar and feathers, and lynching, were freely spoken of, as none too good for the miscreant; and only Miss Dree's persuasions to the contrary saved him. He was given an hour to leave the place, on the one condition of never returning. The horrible proposition of nailing him up in one of his own coffins and burying him alive, emanated from the little "sass" peddler. The idea was put into execution, so far as carrying him to the cars in this ghastly style. A mock funeral procession followed, with caricatures of the "great defunct," in various phases of his career as trustee and committee-man. Tooting-horns, tin-pans, and squeedunks blended their discordance with the unearthly moanings of the attending crowd, and the dismal jubilee ended by dumping the detested Whapsy, box and all, into the baggage-car, with derisive epithets, shouts, and simulated tears. The Blue-nose, on the great rock-face overhanging the *cañon*, seemed to sniffle in sympathy. Before the cars were an hour on their way, the village subsided into its accustomed monotone.

For many days thereafter, Sims was an invalid. But with the cooling rains of the bright November days, his strength revived, and, leaving little Susie to the tender care of Mrs. Dree, he sought a wider sphere of activity—educating himself with the proceeds of his own labor, and, from time to time, sending small remittances for this little darling of his heart.

The school progressed. Disorderly and unmanageable as it had been, listless and incapable as the pupils had seemed heretofore, they were electrified

into new life under the wise and firm control of this remarkable little Patty Dree.

"The best model school we have in our mountains, I assure you, sir," said Mr. Silverthorn. "Why, sir, you jest oughter a-seen that gal a-wieldin' them boys an' gals 'thout no cor*p*oreal punishment. Tell yer what: there ain't nowheres, 'cept on the Pacific Slope, sich institutions o' larnin' as our public schools. Yes, sir'ee; they jest cram them young 'uns chock full o' every thing—cypherin', the main stan'-by. An' ez fur grammer: there's Quackenboss, an' every child's bound to be either a quack or a boss on verbs an' adjectives, pronouns, an' all them kind o' things. We've got a boy down to 'Frisco, graduated here, 'll be President yit. Maybe you hain't never met him in that village He's named Sims—old man Sims' boy, as was left a orphan by his mar, though, poor woman! she couldn't help it. He's in the bank now—the trustedest, and honoredest, and exemplaryest young man you'll see anywhere. Sister Randal, she was down to the Bay 'tother day, an' she met him. He was a-lookin' so spry, she wouldn't never a-knowed him. An' he's goin' to be married, too! Maybe don't know the party? No. Well, puttin' this an' that together, an' Mrs. Driscol a-keepin' so close about what tuk Mrs. Dree an' little Susie down to the Bay, Sister Randal's jist ferreted it all out; an' who do you think is a-goin' to be the bride? Can't guess? Well, sir, 'twon't be long afore Patty Dree, schoolmarm, 'ill be Mrs. Hazen Sims; an' a likelier couple you won't find on the Pacific Slope."

PAVY'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

FOR the first time, we have a North Polar Expedition starting from the Golden Gate, and by a route hitherto unexplored—an expedition as unique in its conception as it is brilliant in its prospects—the most heroic and daring of all the numerous attempts to penetrate to that unknown region, to which the eyes of our best sea-worthies have been turned for over three centuries. Honor has given its spur, glory has proffered its incentive, and science has aided with its advantages; but in vain have all united in the effort to cross that icy barrier which surrounds the Pole itself: obstacles insurmountable by the most daring and persistent resolve have baffled the enterprising explorer, and a distance of 440 miles still separates the Arctic navigator from the goal of his ambition. We are accustomed to vaunt our advancements in science, our improvements in art; but our much-lauded knowledge fails us before the barriers imposed by Nature, and now, in 1872, we are as far from reaching the North Pole as was Parry, in 1827—nay, farther, for since that time no one has succeeded in reaching so high a point as that gained by the illustrious English voyager. Kane and Morton penetrated to 81°; Koldemeyer, Von Otter, Weyprecht, Bessel, etc., to a similar latitude; Hayes almost to 82°; but all have had to turn back, alike repelled by the obstacles which beset them. The routes by Spitzbergen, by Nova Zembla, by Wellington Channel, by Smith Sound, have all been tried: this summer will see renewed enterprises by three of these avenues, and another by the way of Behring Strait—a route so difficult that hitherto it has daunted all expeditions, but now one is found "whom danger doth but dare."

Monsieur Octave Pavy, for three years the secretary and associate of the la-

mented Gustave Lambert, has thrown himself into the breach left by the sad death of the French explorer, and from his own resources equipped an expedition, which started from San Francisco in May, 1872. Accompanied by five others, he has taken passage in a ship chartered for the occasion, visiting Petropaulovski or other Siberian settlements, where he will take on board the requisite number of dogs for sledge purposes, with the necessary dried salmon for food and the reindeer skins for clothing, and his entire equipment be completed so as to enter Behring Strait by August 1st. Observations for depth, temperature, and currents will be continued through and across the strait, and the earliest opportunity taken of having his party and stores deposited on Kellett Land.* If such misfortune should arise that the ice hindered the landing, it is M. Pavy's intention to be put on shore either in the neighborhood of Cape Jakan, or perchance on Herald Island. When on Kellett Land, with his dogs and all his supplies, the ship will return to San Francisco. A fortnight or so will be spent in hunting game and obtaining such stock of fresh meat as the land or sea may afford, and at the same time the equipment will be set in order for a journey across the new continent. As there will be over ten thousand pounds of material to carry, and as the entire winter is to be spent in transportation, an advance of but four miles per day is calculated on: thus permitting of a double journey each day, only half the weight being forwarded at a time. Expecting to traverse the length of Kellett Land by March, and to find the open Polar Sea bathing its northern shores, M. Pavy will launch his raft, and proceed due north toward the Pole. Having reached this point, a return to civilization by way of Smith Sound will offer the best advantages; and less difficulty is apprehended from the Pole to Cape Union or Cape Independence than during the previous part of the voyage. Once at either of these capes, the *ice-foot* will furnish a good pathway down to the Esquimaux of Etah, or, at any rate, Port Foulke, where game is abundant. During all this time, the supply of provisions will be amply sufficient, as the raft-journey is based upon a freight of six thousand pounds: this would give at least two years' food after reaching the northern shores of Smith Sound. Arrangements will be made so that the adventurous explorers can be brought home either from Etah or Cape York.

The *matériel* of the expedition is as novel as the route. M. Pavy, although not himself an Arctic explorer, has for years given the subject his deepest consideration, and few of those who have personally encountered the hardships of Arctic work are more conversant with the efforts already made, the causes of partial success in some, and failure in others. A student-geographer and annotator of Arctic facts, he brings to his present enterprise a *physique* inured to Alpine work; a personal magnetism which evoked the wondrous success of the Black Guerrillas in the late Franco-German war; a knowledge of navigation obtained personally on the high seas; a scientific training acquired in the University of Paris—all cemented together by a *volonté* which quails not before the dangers of a Polar winter, and an ardor not to be cooled by the rigors of an Arctic climate. He is literally pervaded with the one idea, and willing to hazard all in Arctic research. While his enthusiasm is so great, and his hopes most sanguine, he has still well calculated the cost, and, in so far as in him lies, will be prepared for all

* This land, first seen and laid down by Captain Kellett, of the English Navy, was named after its discoverer, and has so been marked on the charts. Its *re-discovery* by Captain Long and others gives no title to re-naming: Kellett Land has the priority over Wrangell Land.

emergencies. No ordinary obstacles will move him from his purpose; and with an honest endeavor to advance the interests of science does he turn his face Poleward.

Captain Mikes, of *Nonpareil* fame, accompanies M. Pavy, and in no other hands could the navigation of the raft be so safe. His voyage across the Atlantic is an earnest of his undaunted pluck. Fertile of genius, and of indomitable energy, he will be an invaluable aid in this dangerous enterprise. Dr. Chismore, from California, also joins the expedition; and his experience in Alaska, while in the United States Army, and with the Western Union Extension Telegraph, will be of considerable service. He has already been into the Arctic Ocean—so that he is not altogether new to the ice—and his whole heart is in the work. One of the remaining members of the expedition is a noted hunter on the plains; the other two are good whalemen.

The character of the expedition will not permit of any elaborate experiments or series of observations; but all available opportunities will be seized for meteorological readings and recording the magnetic constants, while particular attention will be directed to geographical positions and currents.

The raft is made of four hollow India-rubber cylinders, twenty-five feet in length, upon which, when lashed together, can be placed a deck, with all the equipments of a boat. The raft itself will weigh about one thousand pounds, and is capable of carrying a dead weight of ten thousand pounds. While crossing the Atlantic in the *Nonpareil*, Captain Mikes met with very rough weather; but his apparently frail bark stood the test well, in the heaviest sea riding safely on the surface of the waves, and even bulwarks were unnecessary. Boats made of India rubber have, for many years, been used in the Arctic expeditions; but the Halkett boat has only been employed for crossing cracks in the ice and narrow lanes of water: it is yet to be proved how well the raft will serve M. Pavy's purpose. Its lightness and portability are much in its favor, for no whaleboat could be carried by so small a party. As it is, forty or fifty dogs will be required to transport the material.

A careful compilation of the scientific *data* afforded by previous Arctic observers, and a close study of the currents which move in those regions, have led M. Pavy synthetically to announce a theory, which he hopes to confirm by his present expedition. The tendency of all northerly currents to trend to the east, and the westerly set of southerly currents, being admitted, the question of the course of the Kuro Siwo, after emerging from Behring Strait, is open to conjecture and discussion. Arctic explorers do not tell us of any normal strong set to the east round Point Barrow; but, on the contrary, represent a steady current as setting strongly westward and northward past Cape Jakan. Whence does the anomaly arise? True, a partial set to the northward, past Herald Island, is spoken of; but the main body of water which flows round East Cape takes a north-westerly direction. The only available explanation, M. Pavy thinks, is to be found in the presence of a large continent, which presents a barrier to the normal eastward course of the Black Stream. The observations of Sir Robert M'Clure, at Banks' Land—comparing the condition of the ice near the north-west extremity with that of the remaining western coast of the island—can only be explained by the presence of land to the westward, which acts as a barrier to the heavy Polar pack, and directs the course of that icy current east, through Banks' Strait, toward Lancaster Sound. M. Pavy argues that this land must be continuous with that which is known to exist off the north-eastern

coast of Siberia — Kellett Land — a continuity demanded by the absence of any known currents setting from the north in the space between Point Barrow and Banks' Strait. That the western coast of this land conforms almost to the parallel of longitude upon which its southwest cape is placed, he believes is supported by the observations of Wrangell and Hedenström, who found the Polynia, which so effectually barred their progress, farther to the north the more westerly their attempts were made. He also conjectures that this new land extends very considerably to the north — at least to the parallel of 80°, if not, perchance, to 85° — as the drift-wood which is supplied by the Siberian rivers is found on the Spitzbergen, Jan Mayen, and east Greenland coasts, and not on the northern shores of the Parry Islands and the regions lying north of Smith Sound. The lower the latitude given to the northern extremity of this land, the more quickly would the warm current revert to its normal course — namely, to the eastward. Very little drift-wood, of any description, has been noticed on the Parry Islands, and that not of the Siberian type. M. Pavy's theory supposes that this continent will, and does, act as a guide to the western branch of the Kuro Siwo, and that the Gulf Stream of the Pacific afterward will be found to cross the Polar space, and ultimately assist in forming the Arctic stream, which passes south, along the eastern coast of Greenland, as far as Cape Farewell, where it sinks below the western, or Davis Strait, branch of the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic.

The principle of compensation prevails all through Nature; and wherever we find a warm surface-current, there also may we expect a deep cold counter-current, and *vice versa*, below the temperature of 39° 2′ Fahrenheit. Not only a southern cold current along the east coast of Greenland is allowed by hydrographers, but also a deep-sea current passing under the Gulf Stream itself. A conjecture is also entertained that somewhat similar relations occur in Davis Strait and Baffin Bay. About the parallel of 45° west, the Gulf Stream gives off a western branch which proceeds northward toward Davis Strait, and at Cape Farewell meets with the cold east Greenland stream, which it conquers, the Polar current there submerging and continuing its course to the south-west, "by the secret pathways of the sea," but leaving its freight of floating ice upon the surface. This west Greenland current has been traced almost as far north as Disco Island, when, having been cooled down to the maximum density point of water—39° 2′ Fahrenheit—it in turn yields to the Baffin Bay cold current, and sinks beneath it. Absolute observations as to its subsequent course have not been made, but as icebergs have been seen plowing their way northward through the pack-ice of Melville Bay, it may reasonably be conjectured that they owe their progress to the continuation of this stream. In March, at the depth of 120 fathoms, I found the temperature to be 34° 5′ Fahrenheit, showing its presence in 69° latitude, 59° longitude. By the time it reaches the latitude of Cape Alexander, it will most likely have cooled down sufficiently below the maximum density point as again to come to the surface, and form the northerly current, described by Inglefield, Kane, and Hayes. We may, with reason, suppose that the greater portion of this submerged current passes under the main body of the Baffin Bay stream, through Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, and their northern and north-western outlets, and re-appear at the surface, after the necessary loss of heat and density. A similar submergence must also occur with the Kuro Siwo branch, for the hydrothermic law is absolute. The point at which this will take place is open to

conjecture, but it is not at all unlikely that it may be at a latitude not far from 80°, if Kellett Land terminate at this point. I fear pack-ice will be found to extend along its shore, presenting great obstacles to M. Pavy's explorations. I conjecture that this pack forms a part of the great circumpolar belt which has hitherto barred all penetration to the Pole, and from which loose floes descend through Behring Strait in late autumn and winter. It may also be the source of the great Polar ice-stream which flows out of Lancaster Sound.

It will be thus seen that I do not take the Polynia found by Hedenström, Tartaranow, and Wrangell to be the true open Polar Sea, but simply a bight formed by the warm waters of the Black Stream, somewhat analogous to the deep indentation observed between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and that the so-called open Polar Sea will not be encountered in this region probably south of the parallel of 80°. So long ago as 1852, Petermann expressed the opinion that this Polynia was an extension of the Gulf Stream which had passed to the eastward round the north of Nova Zembla; but, with the greatest deference to this high authority, and in the absence of thermometric observations, I may question the capability of the Gulf Stream retaining the requisite heat for so long a distance; besides, all known soundings on the edge of the Polynia give a depth under twenty-five fathoms, while more than two hundred fathoms have been obtained between the coast of Spitzbergen and the Scandinavian peninsula. If the Polynia be caused by the Pacific stream, the continent of Kellett Land may be found, perchance, more to the westward than is conjectured by M. Pavy. The Polynia of the Russian Arctic explorers was seen about the middle or latter end of March, O. S.; and, as the northerly current through Behring Strait has begun to make at that time, I regard *it* as the cause of the open water. Now, the width of the strait is about forty miles, while the space between the north-eastern coast of New Siberia and M. Pavy's estimate of Kellett Land is about 250 to 300 miles. The depth being equal or nearly so, I can scarcely conjecture that the warm stream can so expand, fan-like, as to occupy all this intervening sea, if it do exist; and the argument of M. Pavy for the western limit of the new continent reverts upon himself. It appears to me, therefore, that Kellett Land, or some off-lying land, must extend to within fifty miles or so of the island of New Siberia. Of course, the mere existence of such land will present more or less of a breadth of ice which will hang along its shore, but the mean width of the Kuro Siwo branch can not much exceed that of Behring Strait.

It has been argued by M. Pavy that the presence of no drift-wood of Siberian origin upon the northern shores of the Parry group and north of Smith Sound, will be accounted for by the prolongation of Kellett Land to a high north latitude; but I imagine that the amount of wood carried upon the surface of the warm branch will be but limited, compared to that afforded by the large rivers of Siberia, which small amount even would be stopped, when the warm stream meets with the belt of ice I have spoken of, as forming here the edge of the Polar basin, while that from the Lena, Yenisei, and Obi enters the main Polar stream which heads off the Gulf Stream, and ultimately becomes the east Greenland current. This seems to me to be a more satisfactory way in which to account for the absence of all Siberian drift upon the shores of the Parry Islands.

I have hitherto refrained from speaking of that small portion of the Kuro Siwo, which, passing through Behring Strait, is known to stream northward beyond Herald Island. If the new continent here formed a *cul de sac*, I take it

that such current would not obtain; on the contrary, its presence seems to me as probably indicating an opening to the north. That the channel is but a limited or contracted strait is also likely, from the fact that the major part of the Behring Strait stream trends off to the westward, and only the smaller portion passes north. That Kellett Land is not continuous to the eastward as far as the conjectured land off Banks' Land might be urged from analogy, no such extent of continent being elsewhere known in the Arctic, all land being of but limited proportion and appearing as islands; it may also be argued, from the necessity of channels to the north, to act as outlets to the water poured into the Arctic Sea from the rivers of the American continent: one thousand miles of longitudinal width is unparalleled in the Arctic Ocean. These are, however, matters of conjecture, and are only now referred to as bearing upon M. Pavy's theory.

The successful passage across the Atlantic of a raft similar to that to be used by M. Pavy, does not necessarily augur a like success in the Polar Sea. A boat may safely encounter the storms of the ocean, yet not live an hour in a sea encumbered with ice. M. Pavy is perfectly aware of this, but supposes that he will not meet with such opposition in his passage from the place where he launches his craft to the Capes Union or Independence. In other words, he conjectures that the open water, seen first by Morton and subsequently by Hayes, is continuous across the Pole itself to the northern extremity of Kellett Land, and that its surface will not be found covered with any great extent of ice other than mere fragmentary floes. This latter idea is based upon the theory that a large sea surface without land will not freeze over, the innate movements of the water itself being sufficient to hinder congelation. This theory, I think, is not borne out by facts. The entire surface of Baffin Bay, for instance, with an average breadth of 250 miles, in the winter time is entirely frozen over: by entirely, I do not mean continuously, for the floe is more or less broken up, small lanes and fissures making their appearance at all times, through the action of the wind, current, and tides, more especially at full and new moon; but, practically speaking, it may safely be stated that the whole surface of Baffin Bay is frozen over in the winter, the ice moving to the southward by the force of the current and prevailing wind. As this large body of ice works south, the rear is augmented from the northward, pouring through Lancaster and Smith sounds. As this motion is continuous, it follows that we must look to the Polar basin as the final source for this hourly augmentation, that being the ultimate space from which such ice could come. Similar reasoning will obtain as to the icy current flowing to the southward through Behring Strait in the late fall and winter, and to the east Greenland current, which all the year bears a stream of ice southward. From these arguments I presume it may safely be conjectured that large masses of ice will be found in the Polar basin, quite sufficient to impede the progress of M. Pavy's raft, and necessitating portages across their surface. These will be all the more likely met with, in case that basin has islands dotted over its surface, for I hardly think we can venture to assert that so great an area will be found completely devoid of land, putting aside all question of the latitudes to which Greenland, Grinnell Land, and Kellett Land may extend.

When M. Pavy encounters the Polar Sea, he purposes casting loose his dogs, or, at best, retaining only one team, which will take passage on the raft — a force too insignificant to transport so great a weight across a wide field of ice. True, he proposes making a *reconnaissance* with a portion of his party, ere

he cut his dogs loose; but still, the ice may oppose itself after a successful run of over a hundred miles in his boat, and, with the Pole almost in sight, may upset all his arrangements. I fear that this element of failure has not properly entered into M. Pavy's calculations, and that he will find the ice as great an impediment as open water will be to Hall. The one is well prepared for navigating an ocean, with but limited appliances against encountering ice; the other, relying mainly upon his sledges, with but a canvas pontoon-boat to traverse large open spaces of water. The chances are, however, more favorable for the former than the latter, for a canvas boat can not live in such a sea as may at any time get up in the Polar basin, while M. Pavy may overcome ice obstacles by passing round them.

There doubtless will be many who will sneer at the craziness—as they will term it—of such an expedition, or laugh at the fool-hardiness of this enterprise. Practical men—so called—who deem aught but money-making and self-aggrandizement as the acme of foolishness, who look upon the worship of the "almighty dollar" as the main aim of life—to such the crusaders will seem lunatics, the martyrs as demented; but, thank heaven! the old race of heroes is not dead: there are still to be found those who will battle in a good cause—men, who live not for themselves, but for mankind, willing to spend their talents and energies for the public weal. I have, in a previous paper, had occasion to remark on the great advantages to science which would result from a successful exploration of the unknown regions lying near the Pole. There is work for many expeditions; and time, money, and men would well be sacrificed in subserving the public good. Would that more men were filled with the zeal and spirit which actuate M. Pavy; that scientific exploration were more popular; that work for the commonwealth of mankind were more prosecuted. To that Providence who scorns not the feeblest effort which is pure in His sight do we commit this undertaking. Our most heartfelt good wishes go with M. Pavy.

WOVEN THREADS ON GOODNESS.

繼善篇

"THE MIRROR OF THE MIND," the first chapter of which is given below, is a book in very common use among the Chinese. It is a collection of aphorisms and proverbs, gathered from a great variety of sources. The number of books quoted from is over fifty; there are also quotations from ephemeral works, such as the essays and discourses of kings, officers, and scholars; likewise, a great many popular sayings and proverbs, the source and authorship of which are unknown. Many of the books from which quotations are taken are not now extant. When or by whom "The Mirror of the Mind" was compiled we are unable, at the present time, to ascertain. Striking sentiments, originally prepared for mottoes to be hung upon the walls or over the doors of offices and dwellings, were snatched from oblivion and preserved in this book, to be handed down through a long succession of generations. The reader will be struck with the remarkable similarity of many of the sentiments here recorded to what he has read in the Bible; while the peculiarities of thought and expression point at once to its an-

cient and Oriental origin. A manual like this, in almost universal use, constantly quoted in conversation, and handed down from father to son through many ages, could not fail to have a powerful influence in molding the character of a people; and to this little work, China is doubtless greatly indebted for what we find there of industry, economy, good morals, and polite manners.

Confucius said, The doer of good, heaven will reward with blessings; the doer of what is not good, heaven will reward with calamities.

The *Shäng Shú* ("The Official Books") say, Do good, and there shall descend a hundred felicities; practice what is not good, and there shall descend upon you a hundred misfortunes.

Sü Shin Ung (*Sü*, the venerable and godlike) said, Gather good (be constantly practicing what is good), and you shall meet with good; gather evil (pile up your evil deeds), and you shall meet with evil. Carefully investigate, and you will find that heaven commits no mistakes. (Heaven will reward good deeds, and punish evil.)

Good has good recompense; evil has evil recompense: if, as yet, there is no recompense, then the time for it has not arrived. During all the life, practice good, and heaven will add happiness; but if one is heedless or obstinate, he will receive calamities and misfortunes.

All good and bad will, in the end, receive its merited reward: fly high, or run far, still will it be difficult to escape.

The external deportment and the concealed thought—the false and the true of men—each one knows for himself; then why any further ask the reasons for the happiness or the calamities which are experienced? Good and bad, at last, will surely receive their respective rewards: whether the reward come early or come late, still it will come.

During your leisure time, examine and correct the affairs of your whole life; in retirement and silence, examine and correct your daily conduct, always maintaining a single heart and walking in a straight path; then, certainly, heaven and earth will not defraud you (will not withhold the reward).

The *Yih* (the *Yih King*, "The Book of Changes") says, The family which accumulates good (which abounds in virtuous deeds) will certainly have an overplus of good fortune; the family which accumulates that which is not good (which abounds in deeds which are not virtuous) will certainly have an overplus of disasters.

Chau Lieh, of the Former Han Dynasty (from B.C. 202 to A.D. 221), commanded his son, saying, Do not consider that an evil thing, because it is small, may therefore be done; neither consider that because a certain good thing is insignificant, it may therefore not be done.

The Master Chwang (Chwang Chau, who lived in the times of the Feudal States, between 300 and 225 B.C.), said, If during one day one does not meditate on good, then every kind of evil will of itself spring up together in the heart.

The teacher Chin, whose title was *Sí Shán*, said, Select what is good, and firmly hold it; and daily, with unwearied diligence, incline your ear to listen to good words: then into the Three Evils (Bad Words, Bad Thoughts, and Bad Actions) you will not fall. A person having virtuous desires, heaven will surely know it.

In the time of the *Tsin Kwoh* (the Feudal States), there was this proverb, To do good, is like climbing up an ascent; pursuing evil, is like rushing downward to ruin.

Tai Kung (of the Chau Dynasty, from 1122 to 249 B.C.) said, Good deeds you must covet; evil deeds you must not delight in.

Observe what is good, like one thirsting; hear what is evil, like one deaf

be good and do good, with the greatest delight; regard doctrine as of the utmost importance.

Ma Yuen (a generalissimo), of the After Han Dynasty, said, Having done good all one's life, yet is not the good sufficient; but having done evil even for one day, the evil is superabundant.

The *Yih King* ("Book of Changes") says, Speak good words, then all around for a thousand *li* there will be a response (men will hear and respect your words); speak words which are not good, then all around for a thousand *li* there will be disregard (you will have no influence).

Only keep the heart right within, and you will not need to inquire about the road before you (that is, you will have no occasion to consult omens and fortune-tellers). If only you are able to do according to your duty and station, there will be no occasion to inquire about the future. If you desire a prosperous future, avoid doing that which would spoil your future.

Sz Ma Wan, a Duke, in his "Family Instructions," said: Gather gold to leave to children and grandchildren, yet it is not certain that children and grandchildren will enjoy it. Gather books to hand down to posterity, yet it is not certain that your posterity will study them. This (above mentioned) is not like storing up virtuous deeds done in secret, whereby, for a long time to come, you will secure prosperity to children and to children's children.

If the heart be good and the destiny also good, then glory and prosperity will early arise. If the heart be good and the destiny (the horoscope or fates) not good, yet all your life will you be warm and full (you will not want for food or clothing). If the destiny be good, but the heart not good, it will be difficult to guarantee the future. If both the destiny and the heart are bad, then poverty and distress lie straight along on all the road, even down to old age.

The *King Hang Luh* ("The Record of Illustrious Deeds") says: By transmitting (one's own example of) loyalty and filial piety to children and grandchildren, prosperity will abound unto them; by transmitting (the example of) cunning and magical arts to posterity, they will all go to destruction. He who with humility receives and gives (he who conducts with humility and modesty in the reciprocal duties of social life) will become great; he who with virtue cultivates and guards himself will become good.

Let a man confer benefits and righteousness in abundance, and in what place throughout his whole life will he not meet with the same?

Hatred and revenge do not indulge, lest upon the road in some dangerous place you meet with the same, where it may be difficult to turn and escape.

The Master Chwang said: I must do good to him who does good to me; I must also do good to him who injures me. If I have not done evil to others, will others be able to do evil to me?

Lau Tsz (the founder of the Rationalists) said: Good men are the masters of those who are not good. The bad are dependent on the good.

What is pliable will overcome what is unyielding; the weak may overcome the strong: therefore, the tongue, being pliable, may endure; while the teeth, being hard, may be broken.

Tai Kung said: The person of a kind and loving disposition may have a long life, while the person of a cruel and injurious temper will be cut off. (Corresponding with the Scripture which reads, "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.")

Lau Tsz said: The superior man is good like unto water. Dam it up and it becomes a hill; throw it up and it overleaps your forehead. It may be made square or round, bending to suit the

form (the form of vessel into which it is poured). So the superior man can be pliable, and yet not weak; he can be strong, and yet not obstinate. Thus is he of the nature of water.

Under heaven there is nothing more pliable and weak than water. Thus we say that the pliable and weak overcome the strong and obstinate.

"The Record of Illustrious Deeds" says: Of those who form plans to store up wealth for children, nine out of ten have their plans defeated.

Those who do a good turn for others will themselves afterward receive favors.

Regard other men's advantage as you regard your own advantage. (Be as desirous for the prosperity of other people as you are for your own prosperity.)

Daily perform benefits, and continually will it cultivate a benevolent heart.

According to your utmost ability, and in every place, practice that which is for the benefit of others.

The thousand books and ten thousand documents (Chinese books and documents of all sorts) set forth filial piety and righteousness as of the first importance, and between man and man the performance of favors is put first.

Tai Shang (another name for Lau Tsz), in the book called *Kan Ying Pin*, said: Calamities and blessings have no door (no particular and necessary entering-place), but man himself invites them. Reward and punishment follow good and evil, as the shadow follows the form. Therefore, if a man's heart meditate good thoughts and purposes, though the good deeds are not yet performed, nevertheless a propitious divinity will follow him; or if the heart meditate evil, though the evil is not yet performed, nevertheless an evil spirit will follow him.

That person who has done evil and afterward repents and reforms, will for a long time meet with good fortune. Thus we say that the curse is turned to a blessing.

The Holy Ruler of the Eastern Peak* condescendingly taught that heaven and earth have nothing secret. (They are no respecters of persons.) The gods always scrutinize, and not on account of sacrifices do they bestow blessings, and not for the omission of the rites do they send down calamities. (A bad man will not be rewarded, though he sacrifices; nor will a good man be punished, though circumstances may interfere with his sacrificing.)

All men having power and influence, yet can they not trust to it to the last.

Having happiness, they may not enjoy it always; nor may they always despise the poor.

These three kinds are what heaven constantly revolves as in a circle, and the beginning returns again. (People change places. The rich become poor, the poor rich. The happy become miserable, the miserable happy.) Therefore, for every day that you practice good, although the blessing has not yet arrived, the calamity will necessarily depart to a distance; and for every day's practice of evil, though the calamities have not yet come, yet the blessings necessarily take their departure.

The door of good is like the grass in a spring garden: we do not perceive its growth, but daily it increases. The man who practices evil is like a grindstone: we do not see it diminish, yet daily is it worn away.

Injuring others to benefit one's self is a practice which ought especially to be abstained from.

The smallest favor is often of great service to others; but one mite of evil exhort men not to commit: then will food and clothing follow their cause, and necessarily will you have happiness.

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* One of China's five remarkable mountains, of which one occupies the centre, and one at each of the four cardinal points of the compass, and each had its temple. The Eastern Peak is Tai Shan in the Shan Tung Province.

Therefore, why calculate your destiny, why ask the diviners? (Do good and heaven will provide for you, as a matter of course.)

He who deceives others will meet with calamities; he who forgives others will receive favors. Heaven's net is very large (therefore do not expect to avoid the consequences of your conduct): the recompense is quick. Carefully listen to my words, and the gods will respect you, and the devils will submit to you.

The teacher Shau Kang Tzeih said: Men of the highest order will be good without education; those of medium abilities, when taught, become good; but those of the inferior order, though taught, still they remain not good. Those who are good without education, if they are not sages, then what are they? Those who, being taught, become good, if they are not philosophers, then what are they? Those who, being taught, still remain not good, if they are not fools, then what are they? Thus you perceive that the good may be termed the fortunate; those not good may be termed the unfortunate.

The fortunate (the good) do not allow their eyes to look upon improper objects, nor their ears to hear improper sounds, nor their mouth to speak improper words, nor their feet to tread in improper paths. With unrighteous persons they will not associate, nor will they receive things which are improper to be received. They will seek the company of the wise and virtuous as one is attracted toward the fragrant epidendrum, and they will avoid evil persons as one dreads the serpent and scorpion. If one should say that such as these are not fortunate men, then do not believe them.

The unfortunate (the bad) indulge in deceitful and perverse conversation; moving or at rest, they are sly and dangerous. They love profit and are adepts in iniquity; they covet licentious pleasures, and delight in the calamities of others; they dislike the gentle and good as though they were enemies. To transgress the laws and disobey the officers is to them like eating and drinking.

Small faults injure the body and ruin the nature: great sins overthrow ancestors and cut off posterity. (The consequences of small sins may be visited only upon the sinner himself, while graver crimes involve ancestors by damaging their memory, and, the posterity being cut off, the ancestral offerings will cease.) If one says, "Do not call such persons unfortunate," then I will not believe him.

The traditions say: The fortunate (the good) man does good, but the day does not suffice (the day is not long enough to accomplish all the good he desires to do); the bad man practices evil, neither does the day suffice for him.

Do ye desire to be of the fortunate class, or do ye desire to be of the unfortunate class?

The *Tsü Shû* says, The kingdom of Tsü * is destitute of precious stones and metals, but virtue supplies the place of the precious stones and metals.

Confucius said: I regard goodness as a thing not yet attained. I regard that which is not good as when I have occasion to try hot water (very shy and careful). I regard philosophers as equals (that is, I would make them companions, and endeavor to equal them): looking upon those who are not wise, I turn inward and examine myself.

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*Tsu, a feudal state in the Chau Dynasty, from B.C. 1122 to B.C. 249, now a part of Hunan and Hupeh provinces.

A PARABLE OF NATURE.

The parables of Nature run
From the glow-worm to the sun;
There is no land, there is no speech
Nor language, but her voices teach
Therein a truth to every one;
And multitudinous tongues confess
The marvel of her fruitfulness.

I know an answer, unaware,
Given a disbeliever's prayer—
Who hastens now his joy to tell.

The valley springs had ceased to flow;
For many days no water fell
From out the desert of the sky.
Thirsting, I cried to the Most High—
With fiery thirst I cried to heaven:
"Unto the Prophet it was given,
When leading forth his erring flock,
To smite upon the dusty rock—
That smitten, sweated living streams.
Alas! no staff prophetic brings
My stumbling feet to hidden springs!"

With that I turned: a few faint gleams
Of amber sunshine seemed to place
A golden ladder out of space.
I followed to its radiant base,
And lo! a tabernacle set
Within a mossy minaret.

It was a simple woodland shrine,
With walls of bark and rails of vine.
A thousand bees with drowsy drone—
Their golden image all complete—
Suddenly sounded a retreat,
And left me with their treasure sweet.

When the last belted bee had flown,
Each golden-girdled pillager
His song of triumph did prefer,
Leaving me in the wood alone.
I ran and seized the luscious spoil;
My thirst was quenched; the bounteous hoard
With deft and cautious hand was stored
In the scented hollow of my gourd.

THE OMENS.

"MR. DIMLER will not be home before night."

"Can you inform me where he is to be found?"

"Most likely out to the Redwoods. He goes out there a good deal, and when he goes there he generally stays all day."

"The Redwoods? Is that the name of a family he visits?"

"Bless you, sir! No. Mr. Dimler never visits nowhere. He likes mostly to be alone—that is, in the day-time. The Redwoods is the name of a forest of redwood-trees, ten miles or so out of town."

"So he loves to be alone in the day-time, but is more sociably disposed at night, as I understand you?"

"That isn't exactly it, neither; but, you see, being rather poorly in health, he always has me to sleep in the little room off his, with the door open and a light burning, so as to be handy, in case of any thing happening. As to sociability, there isn't much of that about him, day nor night. I've never seen him so much as smile, let alone laugh, since I've been on the place."

"Has he any family, or any one who resides with him?"

"No, sir; he lives here all by himself. There's no one else about the place but me. He won't have any woman here; and I can manage all the cooking and housework that's necessary. With his ways, it isn't much."

I had come three thousand miles to meet Abel Dimler, and on a strange errand. The farther from the habitations of men that the meeting could take place, the better.

"I have never seen a redwood forest," I said, "except at a distance. If I can get a conveyance in the village, I think I will drive out there. Besides, I might meet Mr. Dimler."

Notwithstanding the gloomy preoccupation inseparable from the thought of the long-anticipated meeting with Abel Dimler, I could not be wholly insensible to the picturesque beauty of the scenery, continually changing in its character, and confronting me with a fresh surprise at every turn of the road. At length, issuing from the last of a succession of rugged gorges, it debouched upon a broad plain dotted with occasional groups of fine trees, and richly embroidered with spring flowers, among which, most conspicuous and most profuse of all, the California poppy gave the flaming splendor of its orange and golden red to set off the cool verdure of the springing grasses. Here the advanced outposts of the great forest came in sight. First, a solitary sentinel reared his titan form beside the road, dwarfing all contiguous objects. Then came detached groups of skirmishers, in threes and fives. The dark mass in the distance, lying against the western horizon, I knew must be the main body; and choosing, without hesitation, the fork of the road that led in that direction, I touched my hesitating mustang with the spur, and galloped toward it.

A redwood forest has a more pronounced and striking individuality of character than any collection of forest-trees that I have ever seen. To enter it is like descending into a sunless cavern. It was a bright, clear morning; but when I had passed between the mighty boles of the outer line of trees, I shivered—not so much from a physical

sense of cold, as a perception of the atmosphere of gloom which we are naturally inclined to associate with it. On every side towered the great trunks, as straight and symmetrical as so many chiseled obelisks. Bare and branchless as marble pillars, they sprang up to an immense height, where their tops, uniting in one dark, compact mass, almost excluded the light of day. The stream, which for the last half-mile of the approach had tinkled merrily along beside the road in sociable companionship, laughing in the sunshine, no sooner entered these dim forest-aisles than it was all at once transformed to a very Lethe. Its babbling flow was hushed to a solemn murmur; its bright, flashing tide took on an inky hue, and crept along in the vaulted gloom with the sluggish decorum of a funeral procession.

I had penetrated this majestic temple of Nature perhaps to the distance of a quarter of a mile, when I saw a man sitting beside the brook, a few yards from the trail. Hearing my approach he turned his face toward me; and at the first glance I had of it I knew that this was Abel Dimler, and that the mission which had brought me so far was an idle one. At a little distance, the woodman's axe had done execution upon several of the titans of the forest, and, through the opening thus made in the embowered arch above, the light fell unimpeded upon the spot where he sat. The countenance which it revealed to me was one that exorcised from my mind every thought of vengeance. It was indescribably piteous in its expression, and the weak features—especially the wistful eyes—had an appealing look, like that of a lost child, too wearied with its vain wanderings for further plaint, and now utterly despairing of succor. How I knew that this forlorn creature was Abel Dimler, is one of those puzzles for which our psychology has not yet furnished any sufficient key. Certainly he exhibited not a trait in common with the photograph which my sister had sent with the letter announcing her intended marriage. That was a bright, youthful face, framed in masses of dark, wavy hair—a face full of sensibility and enthusiasm, which might be that of a poet not unconscious of his genius, and not ill-satisfied either with himself or the world. This face was humble almost to abjectness, and showed no trace of conceit or self-satisfaction. The hair was thin and gray, the eyes hollow and mournful. Every thing about the man, even to his poor, attenuated, fluttering fingers, seemed pathetically eloquent of suffering and helplessness. I had looked to find some gay, defiant reprobate; and here was a broken creature, who seemed as if every moment of his existence were but the prolongation of a term of penance.

He returned my salutation courteously enough; but when, having dismounted and secured my horse, I seated myself at a little distance from him and made some overtures to conversation, he confined himself to brief, though not uncivil replies, and at length took refuge in a book which he drew from his pocket.

I did not interrupt him, but sat with my head partly turned toward him, so that I could contemplate his worn face and dejected figure without the appearance of observing him too curiously. And could this indeed be the man of whom my sister had made a hero and almost a god? I wondered that even her romantic imagination could have invested so feeble a being with all high and puissant attributes. Yet is it not what every woman of poetic sensibility does for the man she passionately loves?

How long I sat brooding over poor Gertrude's mournful story I know not; but when I came out of my abstraction and again looked toward my companion, I saw that he had dropped his book and stood eying me with such a gaze as one

might turn upon some frightful apparition.

"Who are you," he demanded, in a hollow voice, "that come to seek me in the forest, and intrude yourself upon my seclusion? Your appearance is that of one who should not be unacquainted with the laws of courtesy; yet you chose to stop at the very spot which I had appropriated; and after I had distinctly, though civilly, indicated that I was averse to conversation, and wished to be alone, you took your place almost by my side, and subjected me to the annoyance of your fixed and persistent regard. Your conduct can only be excused on the ground that you have some business with me, which is scarcely possible."

"Nevertheless, it is true," I replied. "I have business with you, of such moment that I have made a journey across the continent to meet you. I am John Weldon, the only brother of Gertrude, your deceased wife."

For an instant he stood without moving or uttering a sound, with his eyes riveted on my face; then his limbs relaxed, and with a low moan he sank prone upon the ground.

I did not disturb him, and some minutes passed before he stirred. Then, lifting his head from the ground, he said:

"You have come as the avenger of your sister; you have come to kill me. Thank God for that! To say that my life is a burden to me, is a poor phrase. It has become a constant horror. Nothing but the lingering remnant of a dastardly superstition has long prevented me from putting a period to my unutterable misery."

"Abel Dimler," I answered, "whatever feeling or purpose dangerous to you may have been in my mind when I set out on my mission, has vanished. The work of retribution has been fearfully done, and I will not undertake to hasten the hand of the Almighty. My errand is accomplished. To-morrow, or on the next day, I shall set out on my return; but, before I go, I would learn from your own lips what strange form of outrage, what new refinement of cruelty it was that could drive such a woman as Gertrude Weldon to self-destruction."

He uttered an appalling cry. Then, springing suddenly to his feet, he approached me with an air that had in it something of menace.

"Oh, I perceive that you are no common inquisitor. You are crafty in torture. The pangs that kill are too merciful. You will not take my life, but I must be compelled to agonize through the details of that fearful story."

"It is my right to know what it was that forced my sister to an act so utterly abhorrent to her gentle nature. Remember, that we were the only children of our house; that we grew up together, and were such friends as brothers and sisters seldom are. All that I now have left of her is a remembrance. Until I know the whole of her lamentable history, I feel as if I were shut out from some part of her life, and the communion between us were broken."

"And do you dare," cried Dimler, in a voice that was almost a shriek, "to come to me with this monstrous pretension of stepping between a husband and his wife? What is a brother's claim, or a brother's love, to mine? It is true, I killed her; but she now understands all, and has forgiven all. Could her spirit speak, she would proclaim that I am still loved. Gertrude would be the first to rebuke your arrogance in putting forward your claim as brother to rank with mine as husband."

Before I could reply, he resumed, in a calmer tone: "But, after all, it is right that you should know the secret of her death, which has hitherto been locked up in a single breast. Besides, when you know all, you may feel tempted to

change your resolve, and become my executioner. Have you a weapon? If not, here is one, the muzzle of which was but an hour ago at my forehead, when my hand was stayed by a ghostly scruple." As he spoke, he took a pistol from his pocket and cast it upon the ground beside me.

"Your dread of jeopardy to your soul," I could not refrain from replying, "to be incurred by taking your own life, would seem to prove that the affection you have so loudly vaunted is not of the kind that aspires to share the fate of its object for time and eternity."

It was a cruel sneer; but it produced an effect that I had been far from anticipating.

"Fool and dupe!" he exclaimed; "you do not guess the truth. But you shall hear it; and then, if you still hesitate to give me the release I long for, even I shall dare to despise you. Listen: do you not know that it was suspected that I—I, her husband—had administered poison to Gertrude? But do not interrupt me. It is a fact that suspicion fell on me; and I acknowledge the evidence was strong against me. But my defense was complete and unanswerable. Yet I shrunk from resorting to it. I withheld until the last the evidence I possessed that my wife died by her own hand. I should not have been driven to that pass. The hypothesis that I could have taken her life was simply monstrous. We had been married but two years, and our mutual devotion was a proverb with all who knew us. We had never had a disagreement.

"It was the old woman who attended her in the illness that terminated so fatally who set the hideous rumor afloat. She said that *I* administered all the medicines; that she saw me on the evening of the death give her a table-spoonful of some liquid from a certain vial. The effects were such that the hag's suspicions were aroused, and she seized an opportunity to conceal the vial with the remainder of its contents, which were found, upon examination, to be a deadly poison. You perceive that the case against me was sufficiently strong to justify me in resorting, however reluctantly, to the most conclusive proof of my innocence in my possession. It was only at this crisis, when a disgraceful trial and the peril of an ignominious death stared me in the face, that I produced the letter in which Gertrude declared, in effect, that she had herself substituted a poison for the medicine I had given her—for so her dying declaration was construed in connection with the testimony of the old woman. Look at this paper, and say whether or not it is your sister's hand."

He took from his breast-pocket an envelope, and from that a folded paper, soiled from much handling. Having carefully spread it open on his knee, he handed it to me. The writing was undoubtedly Gertrude's. It ran thus:

"DEAREST ABEL:—When you read these lines I shall have passed away from earth. I have taken poison, and leave this declaration in order that, should the fact be discovered, no suspicion of blame may rest on any one. You will keep this paper a secret, unless it should become necessary to use it for the protection of some one accused of causing my death. Remember that I love you even in dying, and that, unless there are changes that can not be anticipated by us in the state to which I go, I shall always love you in your true self. Farewell, in the hope * * *

"GERTRUDE DIMLER."

The first half of the note was written in clear, well-formed characters, which no one familiar with my sister's hand could mistake. The remainder was less distinct, and the two concluding lines were a scrawl that could only be deciphered with difficulty. After the word "Hope," came a straggling line that wavered down to the right-hand corner of the paper, and looked like an imperfect flourish. The signature was in irregular letters, some of them crowded together, and others far apart, as if written in the dark; the strokes were heavy,

as if made with a determined effort. Probably the poor, dying girl exerted the last remnant of her failing strength in forming the characters.

"Well," said Dimler, "you have read the letter: are you satisfied as to the manner of your sister's death?"

"I am satisfied that there lurks some mystery behind to account for the act. She was a girl of sound and wholesome mind, with no taint of morbidness. It remains for you to explain how life was made so unendurable to her that she was urged to self-destruction."

"Be patient, and all shall be explained. But you must bear with me if I am a little discursive. It is a strange story I have to tell, and I must tell it in my own fashion. Besides, this is the first time it has ever passed my lips, and it will be the last. On such an occasion, one may be indulged. It was in the first week of April that we were married. After our wedding-trip, which included Calistoga, the White Sulphur Springs, and the Geysers, we took possession of the little residence I had prepared in the village through which you passed on your way to this place. When the first of May came round, we arranged to spend the day by ourselves among the redwoods. On this very spot we sat down to take our luncheon. The deep sepulchral gloom of the place—yonder trees had not then been cut down to let in the light—had seemed to awe Gertrude, and induce a graver mood than was usual with her in those days. All her thoughts tended to serious or painful subjects. The brook filled the air with the pensive melody of its complainings; the wind sighed softly among the boughs of the giant cedars, and she said they were singing of the unrest and sadness of life and the evanescence of mortal things.

"At length she began to speak of death, of separation. 'Oh, darling!' she cried, with her arms about my neck, 'could we but be taken together, how sweet it would be! It is not death, but the thought that one of us must be left to wander here alone, that appalls me.'

"It was in vain that I strove to dissolve the morbid spell that oppressed her: every thing seemed to conspire against my success. I had brought a volume of Tennyson with me, and I began reading to her. By mere accident, I selected 'The Miller's Daughter.' It was not until I had commenced the third stanza that it occurred to me how unfortunate was that selection with a view to my purpose. It was then too late to stop, and I had to read on:

> ——'Give me one kiss:
> My own sweet Alice, we must die.
> There's somewhat in this world amiss
> Must be unriddled by and by:
> There's somewhat flows to us in life,
> But more is taken quite away.
> Pray, Alice—pray, my darling wife,
> That we may die the self-same day.'

'Oh, I *do* pray it,' she cried, hysterically, 'and I believe that God will grant my prayer.' When I had finished the reading, we crossed the stream yonder where the bridge is; then it was spanned by a single log of no great diameter. At first she would not risk crossing it. I rallied her on her cowardice, and reproached her laughingly with her unwillingness to share so slight a peril with me. Soon she was laughing, too, and, refusing my assistance, darted across the slender support, losing her balance just as she had almost gained the farther bank, but with no more serious consequence than a light fall and one wet foot. After that every trace of sadness vanished until on our return, two hours later, from rambling in the forest, we again reached this spot. Here we sat down once more to finish our luncheon before starting for home. Some verses in a newspaper in which a box of sardines was wrapped caught Gertrude's eye, and she commenced reading them aloud. They were entitled 'The Omen,' and told how a wedded pair, strolling along the

sea-shore at sunset, fell into the same melancholy vein of speculation to which her own thoughts had been so strongly drawn in the morning. As an omen as to which shall earliest receive the summons of death, the lover proposes to launch two shells upon the waves, and see which shall be the first to sink. One of the stanzas still lingers in my memory:

> 'Two scallop shells arrest my eye,
> With these I will the omens try.
> Conjoined they grew beneath the sea,
> Paired, and complete, and one, as we.
> That, white and fair, is thine alone;
> This, brown and rugged, is my own.
> I launch them thus upon the tide;
> Which first shall sink, let Fate decide.'

"'We, too, will try the omens,' cried Gertrude, with a certain serious playfulness, as she threw down the paper. She plucked two blossoms from a bouquet of wild flowers which I had gathered for her, and, having chosen one to represent each of us, cast them together into the brook at our feet. For a few yards they floated on side by side, but as they approached yonder turn, mine lingered behind, and, as the current bore them around the point, hers was the first to pass out of our sight.

"'Oh,' she exclaimed, with a shudder, 'I had arranged it otherwise. It is the survivor who will have the bitter burden to bear, and I had resigned myself to bear it, knowing that it would not be for long.' I saw that her eyes were wet; and this time all my efforts to bring her back to her natural joyous frame, utterly failed. During all the long homeward drive she struggled in vain to assume the semblance of cheerfulness. This incident made a profound impression on my mind. It showed me what an agony of grief was in store for her in case she survived me."

As Dimler uttered this last sentence, a frightful suspicion which had not heretofore entered my mind suggested itself. I was about to speak, when, with a gesture deprecating interruption, he resumed:

"Let me finish my story. After that, say and do what you will. It was a year and a half after this that my business difficulties with my partner, which Gertrude mentioned in her letters, commenced. The excitement of the contest that ensued, and which resulted in the loss of all my property, shattered my nerves, and reduced me to such a condition that at times I could obtain no sleep for days together, except under the influence of drugs. About a month before Gertrude's death, the doctors admonished me that I was threatened with cerebral apoplexy, or paralysis of the brain. I have dabbled a little in medicine, as I have at one time or another in pretty nearly every branch of science. I procured the most eminent authorities, and commenced reading up the diseases of the nerves and brain for myself. I found that my symptoms were far more alarming than had been represented, and that I was liable, from day to day, to sudden death. At the time when Gertrude was taken ill, I had several distinct warnings of approaching dissolution, and the conviction that my hour was at hand became fixed in my mind. Regularly at night my brain grew unnaturally active, and sleep fled my pillow. Normal and healthy repose became impossible. I had either to resort to opiates, or to pass nights of feverish unrest and nightmare terrors. In the former case, I knew that I was liable to die in my sleep, as so many thousands have done, under the insidious influence of powders and potions designed to compel the rest that outraged Nature denies. In the latter case, the torment was insufferable and the peril scarcely less, though different in kind. At this time, I never retired at night without the feeling that the danger of dying before morning was imminent. I made every arrangement for my death, which I felt

certain must take place within a period of eight or ten days. Gertrude, knowing nothing of the fatal significance of my symptoms, deplored my nervousness, as she called it. When at length I opened the subject to her, as gently as I could, she was so terribly affected by the first hint that my life was in peril, that I was obliged to recede from my intention of telling her the truth, and fall back upon the plan of keeping her in ignorance. The night before her death, my case assumed such a character as to indicate very clearly that the final crisis was at hand. I had been taking drugs for several nights back, being obliged to increase the dose steadily, in order to produce the desired effect; and, seeing how that must inevitably end, I now resolved to discard them and accept the consequences. I retired at twelve o'clock, though not feeling the slightest disposition to sleep. Hour after hour passed away, and my mind grew continually more active. It was not until the first glimmer of day stole in at the window that I closed my eyes. I was weary, but not with the sweet weariness that heralds sleep. My brain was throbbing as if it would burst: it burned as if on fire, and strange thrills and quiverings ran through it which I knew were the harbingers of paralysis; and I also knew that paralysis, when it attacks that delicate organ, proves instantly fatal. At about eight o'clock, I dropped off into a doze, from which I soon awoke with nervous twitchings of the limbs; then I fell into another, with the same result in a more aggravated form, and so on until near noon. Now, I could easily have slept, but it would have been a deep and dangerous lethargy. I combated this tardy somnolency that came to betray the citadel of life, and, shaking off the spell, rose and dressed for what I most firmly believed was to be my last day on earth. Bear this in mind, John Weldon, that when I rose that morning I considered myself a doomed man, upon whom the light of another sun would never dawn."

I told him that I would bear that, together with all else that he had said, in mind so long as I lived; and he resumed:

"With this conviction on my mind, resting there as a thing no longer problematical, but fixed and certain, it seemed to me to be my clear duty at all hazards to reveal the truth to Gertrude, and do whatever could be done to reconcile her to what was inevitable; for I knew very well that if the blow should come upon her in her present condition, without preparation, it would prove fatal. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I seated myself at her bedside, and, taking her hand in mine, entered upon the terrible task I had imposed upon myself. But I had scarcely approached the subject so far as to give an intimation of my meaning, when she became hysterical, and manifested such symptoms of excitement, that I was again compelled to desist. I soon afterward retired to the library in a state of mind bordering upon insanity. There I thought over the fearful situation in which we were placed for several hours. By night-fall, I had come to a resolution. Can you guess what it was?"

I declined to guess, and he went on:

"I remembered the day in the Redwoods, our trial of the omens, and how Gertrude had been affected then. Her willingness to accept the position of survivor showed her estimate of the weight of agony and despair belonging to it. I reflected on the pitiable condition of a woman left suddenly alone in a strange land, without any provision for her support. I knew that she would suffer ten thousand times less in dying than in looking upon my face when my eyes should be closed forever, and my ears deaf to her dear voice. I resolved to spare her this. Her prayer had been that we might pass away together, and

I determined that such should be the case. I was to die that night, and she should precede me by a few hours. My story is told. Do you understand it, or must I make it plainer still?"

It was plain enough. I sat gazing at him in speechless horror and amazement, for his look was triumphant.

"Yes," he continued, "I thank God I saved her from the loneliness and misery that I have endured. Do not imagine that my wretchedness springs from remorse. I am cast down into the depths because I am cheated so long by that juggler, Death, of the rest he so faithfully promised me."

"And that paper?"

"I knew nothing of it until all was over. It was found clasped in her hand beneath the coverlet, when they came to prepare her for the grave. It was about an hour before midnight, when I saw that the deadly drug was doing its work —that it was benumbing her faculties, and sealing up her senses—I told her all. I told her what certain warnings I had received, and that I had given her the friendly potion, that we might not be severed in death. She did not seem to understand me at first; but when she did, she made a great effort to rouse herself, and asked for her writing-desk. When I had placed it on the bed before her, she sat up without help, and begged me to go into the next room until she called. 'I am not nearly so ill as you think,' she said. 'See how easily I can sit up!' Then she kissed me, and repeated her request. I passed into the adjoining room, and remained there some ten minutes, when, hearing no summons, I became uneasy. The nurse now passed through the room where I sat waiting, and entered the bedroom. I followed her, and found Gertrude in a profound sleep, from which we could not wake her. She must have just finished the writing, when she found herself unable longer to struggle against the influence of the drug. I called upon her to speak to me, if it were only a single word. But it was too late: she never spoke again."

He ceased, and bowed his head upon his hands. I could see the tears trickle through his thin fingers, while his frame was shaken by a storm of sobs. The bitter words I was about to speak died upon my lips, and, for a space, we sat there in silence, broken only by the moans of the poor lunatic beside me, and the low murmurs of the forest. As I listened to the sad monotone of the brook, and the long, dreary *susurrus* of the breeze in the gently swaying tree-tops, their voices seemed to blend in a plaintive strain that interpreted itself to my ear as a dirge for the sweet young life so untimely quenched, and the wealth of squandered affection that had met with so cruel a requital. It mourned over the perishing hopes and vain aspirations that fret the little lives of men, yet had in it breathings that awakened a tender pain and an infinite longing. Here, too, had my poor Gertrude sat, and heard the same sorrowful song, with its old, old burden of the mystery and unrest of mortal existence.

"Abel Dimler," I said at length, rousing myself from my gloomy reverie, "I will not judge you, though I can not forgive. I leave you to the judgment of God."

There was no answer; and I turned to see if he had fled. But it was not so. He was still sitting in nearly the same attitude in which I had last seen him, but his hands had fallen from his face, and his head rested against the trunk of the tree beside him. His eyes were closed, and his countenance wore the expression of one sleeping peacefully, after great weariness. I laid my hand upon his forehead. It was cold. Abel Dimler had gone to judgment.

ETC.

THOUGH the early green pea and the perennial strawberry have become an old story with us, and Eastern visitors have almost ceased to gush over our "Italian clime," where,

> "Overhead the arching vault springs clear,
> Sunlit and cloudless, for one-half the year,"

there seems, just now, in a more serious and significant way, to be a general revival of interest on the other side of the continent in matters relating to California and the region lying west of the Sierras. At least, such is the natural inference from the unusual amount of attention recently bestowed upon Pacific Coast themes, scenery, and interests, by the leading magazines and other periodical publications at the East. *Harper's Monthly* is publishing a series of illustrated articles on California, by Nordhoff; *Scribner's* is describing and illustrating Pacific Coast subjects, besides publishing numerous Western sketches, the best of which are furnished by Noah Brooks, one of our contributors. The importance which the *Atlantic* attaches to these subjects is shown by the fact that that magazine has, during the last year, incurred extraordinary expense in endeavoring to make a special feature of them. *Lippincott's*, not to be behind its contemporaries, has given variety to its miscellaneous department by introducing with a liberal hand slight sketches and character-etchings, by Mulford and others, whose only distinctive merit is their full local coloring of the Pacific Coast. The Eastern newspapers are industriously working the same lead in a more utilitarian spirit, furnishing solid information on practical matters and material interests connected with our side of the continent. All this would seem to indicate pretty clearly that there is a pronounced demand on the part of the public for whom these literary purveyors cater, for the kind of reading which they take so much pains to furnish; for they are altogether too sagacious and experienced to provide so liberally a species of food not highly relished by their patrons. There is no doubt that *Harper's* has done much to make the world acquainted with the natural features of this Western region, more especially those that partake of the character of the sublime or the picturesque, and are, therefore, peculiarly adapted for successful illustration; but, if our modesty were so excessive as to induce us to waive our own claims to be considered, *par excellence*, the exponent of the Great West, and to depreciate our efforts to promote its development, the wide recognition of our services in that direction by the press, and the manner in which our special articles on Pacific Coast themes are constantly reproduced, both at the East and abroad, would rebuke our diffidence, and relegate THE OVERLAND to its rightful position.

SUB ROSA.

If a secret in your breast,
Unconfessed, I have guessed,
Let it be!
How I guessed it? Ah! Who knows?
We'll suppose that this rose
Told it me.

Roses, mind you, understand.
Brush your hand: they command
Every thought;
Just a tear within your eye,
Or a sigh: they know why—
Do they not?

And they gossip, leaf and bloom,
And perfume; we'll presume
This let fall—
Yet it looks so very pure
And demure—I'm not sure,
After all!

You had guarded it so well!
Who could tell what befell
Unawares;
And 'twas very wrong, no doubt,
To find out thus about
Your affairs.

For the flower is guiltless, dear!
Never fear, though it hear
All that's said:
'Tis that dearer rose I seek,
That in your cheek, as I speak,
Blossoms red!

I. D. C.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES, in the *Fortnightly Review*, expresses his surprise that Dickens should have observed man as closely as he evidently did, and yet failed to be impressed with the fact "that man is, in the words of Montaigne, *un être ondoyant et diverse.*" Mr. Lewes adds that "the critic is distressed to observe the substitution of mechanisms for minds, of puppets for characters." Again, says Mr. Lewes: "His (Dickens') peculiarity is not the incorrectness of the drawing (of character), but the vividness of the imagination, which, while rendering that incorrectness insensible to him, also renders it potent with multitudes of his fellow-men. For although his weakness comes from excess in one direction, the force which is in excess must not be overlooked; and it is overlooked or undervalued by critics, who, with what I have called the bias of opposition, insist only on the weakness." Throughout the paper from which we have quoted, the essayist assumes that it is the business of the novelist to portray *real* characters—characters that shall act and talk as individual men act and talk in real life; and he declares Lady Dedlock, Mr. Dick, Micawber, Carker, and others of the creations of Dickens' imagination, "monstrous failures," because they are not real in this narrow sense. In so doing, he either ignores entirely the old contest between the realistic and idealistic schools of art, or undertakes to settle it by a *dictum*. The question is a much broader one than Mr. Lewes seems to imagine. It concerns poetry and painting no less than prose fiction. It is a question that lies at the foundation of all art, and the position taken by our essayist involves the doctrine that art is simply imitation. Aristotle distinctly laid down this doctrine—at least, so far as poetry is concerned—two thousand years ago, and there has ever since been a critical school that has maintained that doctrine, and an artistic school that has practiced upon it. Bacon, in a very noble and eloquent passage, asserts the opposing doctrine, declaring, in substance (we have not the volume at hand, and do not undertake to give the exact language), that, whereas the mind of man is constituted with the capacity for conceiving more beautiful scenes and more complete and heroic characters than any that exist, it is, therefore, the province of the artist to idealize what he depicts, and not to limit himself to faithful imitation. The poet or the painter may, according to the principles of this school, shed upon his scene, if he possess the necessary creative genius, "the light that never was on land or sea." He may select and combine from all the images furnished in the visible world and the world of action and experience, and, so to speak, correct Nature by herself. He may portray *types* of character instead of *individuals*, and the type may be true in the highest sense, though not real in the literal sense. Now, the characters of Dickens which are pronounced "monstrous failures," are undoubtedly such as never had an individual existence. They are not faithful portraits of particular men and women. They are something far more artistic, and their creation required powers of a nobler order than will suffice for portraitures of the Crabbe and Hogarth school. They are "monstrous failures," in the same sense, and no other, in which Falstaff, Pistol, Othello, Lear, and Richard, Prospero, Ariel, Caliban, Puck, Jacques, and Petruchio are such. Dugald Dalgetty, Caleb Osbaldistone, Richard Moniplies, Andrew Fairservice, are only true as types, not as individual portraits—and they are all the better for it. Of all Shakspeare's or Scott's more notable characters, we doubt if one can be found that is a "natural character," in the narrow, realistic sense. The truth of these characters in a higher sense—and also of most of Dickens' characters—is proven by the fact that they have established themselves in the minds and memories of men as no fictitious characters produced by the "faithful imitation" school ever have.

WE have received from the New York *Christian Union* a pair of beautiful chromos, descriptive of a lovely child under the conditions of being "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." Chromos of like excellence are gratuitously presented to subscribers of the journal named.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. By George MacDonald. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

New and advanced thought requires long reasoning and maturing. It must ripen slowly. There are great, grand souls that occupy the Pisgah's top of spiritual and mental vision, and it would seem that there are often revealed to them "unspeakable things, which it is not lawful for man to utter." There are disquisitions upon metaphysical subtilties, which are conceived and developed in an atmosphere more buoyant and translucent than that which surrounds this lower earth: they proceed from an altitude far above the ordinary avenues of this work-day life. There are those who fix upon eternal verities a clear, steady, and divining gaze, and so catch marvelous glints of the expansive To Be, even while halting in the more substantial Now Is. And the soul that has these wondrous visions, and conceives more grandly than others, may not expect to be always understood, for "words can have no more meaning than is in the soul of the listener."

These thoughts have been suggested by a perusal of the subtile psychological studies presented in the volume before us. Mr. MacDonald possesses a rare endowment of mind and heart. His eye is ever turned within, to the analysis of hidden thought and feeling. He delights in soul-painting. Human motives and passions are allowed free play, to thus work out their inevitable results—not always satisfactory, it is true; but with Mr. MacDonald, as with most gifted souls, it is not all of life to live. This tangled web of human career is but the reverse side of the pattern which we call life; the tapestry finished, the beauty and design will then be most clearly revealed.

It is not our purpose to hint at the plot of the story—if, indeed, it can lay claim to a well-defined plot. We see in it an unique and ornamental trellis-work, over and through which he has deftly intertwined his grand but mystical theories of human hopes and yearnings. He has the noblest conceptions of his art. There is much of theological discussion, much of dreamy, spiritual mystery, much of shadowy portraiture of the border-land, much of highly wrought sentimentality. But it is all the strong reaching of a pure soul after half-revealed, half-concealed truth.

An exacting orthodoxy has severely censured Mr. MacDonald for his apparent leaning toward Universalism, in his musings over the death of the suicide, Charley Osborne: "I have never been able to hope for much for Charley in this world; for something was out of joint with him, and only in the region of the unknown was I to look for the setting right of it. Nor had many weeks passed before I was fully aware of relief when I remembered that he was dead. And whenever the thought arose that God might have given him a fairer chance in this world, I was able to reflect that apparently God does not care for this world save as a part of the whole. I had yet to discover that He could have given him a fairer chance."

The theory here enunciated is substantially that which is shadowed forth by the catholic-hearted rector of St. James Chapel—Stopford A. Brook—who says: "That which has been done in God is done forever: and man—every soul of man—*must* become in fact what they now are by right. And though no thought may count the years, yet all humanity shall at last be made coincident with that ideal of it which exists in God in Christ." Or, as we find a kindred idea, still more forcibly expressed by Carpenter, in his *Here and Beyond*, "If our eyes were open, we should see that this oval globe is but an egg, and that what we call time is but the incubation of eternity, and that what we call mystery is but the motherliness and patient brooding of celestial love."

Mr. MacDonald's marked individuality of style and expression, as well as his mental and spiritual aptitudes, are manifest in all his works, to a greater or less degree. It is the veritable *me* which is constantly asserting itself. In *Robert Falconer*, *Alec Forbes*, and even in that matchless child's book, *At the Back of the North Wind*, there are the same passionate revealings of an inner experience, an inspirational life.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in her inimitable writings, speaks the same sort of language—perhaps a little less fluently. We see hints of it, also, in the works of Miss Muloch, Miss Evans, and Everett Hale, and many other writers of note. They all give credence to the thought that it is quite possible that, after all, the real may be the imaginary and the imaginary may be the real—at least, to a great extent. Such writings may be, at present, more or less nebulous, but, by and by, they will sparkle as if washed in dew.

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS. By James T. Fields. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

We are all of us quite virtuous in theory, but quite lax in practice. We frown upon what we call the weaknesses of our neighbors, but tax not ourselves, though we practice the same. We none of us like gossip in theory; but we all of us listen to it in real life, and are exceedingly glad to gather bits of it in different localities and carry home our treasures and detail them. But when one sits down systematically to talk gossip, we hold up our hands before our faces, though at the same time, you will notice, we most of us open a little wider than usual our ears. And mere gossip—the amiably told tales concerning our neighbors and friends, the trifling stories of unimportant incidents in others' present lives, the little carelessly observed jottings of character, and personal manners, and methods of our acquaintances—is not, of itself, very harmful. It is only when those little unamiabilities, such as spite, and envy, and malice, and uncharitableness, get mixed into the tales about the people we talk about, that the real offense comes, and it is quite time that we closed our ears and refused a place on our shelves to the volume that contains it.

It is this natural and universal desire to know all the little personal incidents of our friends and acquaintances, and the assurance that the gossip will be free from the unpleasant vices, that makes this volume of Mr. Fields especially welcome, and invites and retains our interest from the beginning to the end of the volume. We do not pretend to say the book is perfect, for even people who live in Boston do have their occasional imperfections, we presume; but it is full of pleasant reading, and we can afford to pardon an infrequent personal weakness. Mr. Fields will once in a while remind you that he, the author, is the party allowed the privilege of acquaintanceship, and possible friendship, with the subjects of his gossip; but there are perhaps not enough of these reminders to excite any particular emotions of wrath. You can scarcely write of your personal reminiscences without a suggestion of egotism, and this volume has as few lapses of that kind probably as is possible to weak human nature.

Those who read the *Atlantic Monthly* during the last year, had an opportunity of reading much of this volume, in the papers entitled "Our Whispering Gallery." Mr. Fields has here recorded the reminiscences of what he enjoyed in the intercourse of which he was first a partaker through his position as one of the firm of the large publishing-house in Boston. In that peculiar relation of publisher, he was brought into near relations with Dickens, and Hawthorne, and Thackeray, as authors; and through his own culture and literary attainments, and warm sympathies, was perhaps brought into still nearer relations with them afterward as men. That he is a man of some personal attractions, has, by this volume, proven to be much to our gain, for we are, through these reminiscences, brought again into the personal presence of these genial authors, of whose personal presence—in books, at any rate—we seem never to get quite enough.

It is something to have known, with some degree of intimacy, these wonderful fellows that write books, and in some mysterious way get hold of your impersonal friendship, and make demands upon your time that are always answered, and make you laugh, and make you wonder, and make you weep, and excite your

personal curiosity, and make you read their books over and over again, and wait impatiently for them to write another, and then suddenly pass away, leaving behind half-told stories that no one else in the world can finish, or unpublished tales that you wonder should have been so long withheld from you; and who, having passed away, leave behind them so much that will make you sure to keep their memories green. And you can not help wishing that every one who has ever had the privilege of intimacy with such men—who were almost always wise or witty, or both—could tell, and would tell, what they knew of them that the rest of the world doesn't know. But we have to remember that it is not given to every one to make a pleasant book; and from the evident and tangible proofs that occasionally get upon our shelves, we are perhaps glad that others, that we know not of, never try. We will take these few pleasant books, and read them, and be thankful. Mr. Fields' book is one of these; and would only be pleasanter than it is, if, somehow, he could have remembered more and told more than he has.

The volume opens with a few pages concerning Pope, whose portrait, from life, by Richardson, the author is so fortunate as to possess. Besides his personal experiences with Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Dickens, he devotes a few pages to his memories of Wordsworth, whom he was able to meet some twenty-five years ago. The last part of the book is taken up with a notice of Mary Russell Mitford, and her letters to Mr. Fields—never before published—and which will prove full of interest to all who have ever taken an interest in the author of *Our Village*. The whole volume is interspersed with the pleasantest anecdotes and gossip of those popular authors, but we can cite here only one, and that one concerning Mr. Thackeray, which we believe will be read not without a smile by either the lovers of American oysters or of that genial man. He had just arrived in Boston, on a frosty November evening, from England, and went directly to the Tremont House:

"I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London, he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvelous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We apologized—although we had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table—for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously, with fork upraised; then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, 'How shall I do it?' I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen (rejecting a large one, 'because,' he said, 'it resembled the High Priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off'), and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him, to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped, 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.'"

POEMS. By William Allen Butler. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

In the inscription of this volume of poems to his friend, Evert A. Duychinck, the author says: "Knowing as you do, that, so far from cultivating poetry as an art, or authorship as a pursuit, I have diverted my pen from the strict routine of professional labor only at rare intervals, or by way of mental recreation, you will take my volume as it is: a collection of verses prompted by occasional impulses to exhibit, as faithfully as I could, objects or ideas for whose effective representation poetry seemed to be the fittest vehicle, whether the motive was narrative, sentiment, or satire." The standard of judgment thus suggested by Mr. Butler, is one which may fairly be invoked in behalf of amateur literary performances when they appear, as did "Nothing to Wear," and "Two Millions," in the shape of single brochures; but when a writer gathers such pieces into a volume, and offers them to the public in a permanent form, he can not legitimately ask that they shall be criticised with reference to any other or more indulgent standard than is applied to the productions of professional authors—that is, upon

their intrinsic and absolute literary merits. Judged by this standard, Mr. Butler's poems are not entitled to any high rank in contemporary literature. Many of them are graceful compositions, and several of them are exceedingly clever. They evince much taste and culture, and considerable poetic feeling, but nowhere either poetic power or distinctive poetic genius. "Nothing to Wear," the best known and most popular piece in the volume, owes its wide celebrity more to the happy and timely thought that suggested the theme than to any extraordinary talent which it exhibits. Like "The Heathen Chinee," and numerous other great successes in verse, it is to be regarded rather as a lucky hit than a literary masterpiece. Given the subject, and there are hundreds of accomplished versifiers in the United States who are quite equal to the production of either. The translations from Uhland are finely executed, with the exception of "The Minstrel's Curse," which gives no adequate idea of either the beauty or the power of the original. We may add, that, of the original poems, that on Uhland, which introduces the translations, is the most finished. The measure is exquisitely graceful and musical; but the reader will have no difficulty in understanding from whom both the movement and the music are borrowed, after glancing at the opening stanzas:

> "It is the poet Uhland from whose wreathings
> Of rarest harmony I here repeat,
> In lower tones and less melodious breathings,
> Some simple strains where truth and passion meet.
>
> His is the poetry of sweet expression,
> Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong;
> Where gentlest thoughts and words in soft procession
> Move to the even measures of his song."

FIRESIDE SCIENCE: A Series of Popular Scientific Essays upon subjects connected with Every-day Life. By James R. Nichols, A. M., M. D. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

The writer of these interesting essays is the editor of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, wherein most of them have appeared. He has called the collection by the title of *Fireside Science*, because they are brief essays upon many interesting topics with all of which Science has something to do, and which he has endeavored to make most attractive for fireside reading, avoiding labored discussions upon abstruse scientific questions, and aiming to make pleasing and attractive to many readers papers upon topics concerning which all intelligent people wish to be somewhat informed. And that he has met with the fullest success every reader who takes up the volume will speedily learn.. His topics are the topics of every-day life, and he treats them with great intelligence and good sense, avoiding abstruse phrasing and unpleasant technicalities; and, instead of wearying his readers with too prolonged discussions upon themes with which he is plainly very familiar, he too often brings his essay to a close, leaving you in regretful mood that he has not continued and given you more facts to remember, of which he has apparently not nearly exhausted himself.

And his themes are as varied as the topics of daily life, and touch the interests of people in almost every human sphere. "The Origin and Nature of Springs" may not, at first thought, seem to interest any one but geologic or other highly scientific people, until you read somewhat of the scientific origin of springs, which will certainly interest you, and you come to find him illustrating his theme with talk of Saratoga and the Congress springs; where they start from and how they get anywhere, percolating through different geologic strata and coming to the surface impregnated with wonderful constituents, in a way that brings health to the invalid and defies the chemical science of the doctors. And you will get a hint or two about warm springs. "In the province of Auvergne," writes the author, "in France, there is a small town — Eaux Chaudes — in which all the houses are warmed during the winter months by hot spring-water conducted through them in pipes." And so he weaves into his essays facts which interest every body to know. To be sure, the Doctor does not make the facts, but then nobody does, though it is his happy faculty to have acquired these with his scientific knowledge, and his still happier faculty that he can tell them and make them impart an interest to his discussion of every-day themes.

In the author's essay upon the "Chemistry

of a Hen's-egg," the innocent reader will hit upon new little facts of which he was probably before not more than half conscious, while the imperturbable smoker will read and confess the truth of narcotic poison which is told in the essay upon the "Chemistry of a Cigar," and will confess its possible deleteriousness between the whiffs of smoke. Wearers of chignons will plead the antiquity and power of fashion as apology for their own present thralldom in the matter of human hair, though they will proclaim that not now, as in old Rome, do professional hair-dressers, at exorbitant prices, "form the hair into fanciful devices, such as harps, diadems, wreaths, emblems of public temples and conquered cities," though we might suspect it is only because such hair-dressing accomplishment is among the lost arts.

But there is perhaps no topic discussed of more real interest than that of the application of chemistry to agriculture. It is a theme which the author discusses with evident zest; and, though it is one which the California farmer, surveying his new and unexhausted fields, may pass by without notice, it is the topic of all, which, in a few years, will be studied by the intelligent successor of the present farmer—lazy, thriftless, unintelligent, and wasteful. Some of the other themes touched upon here are the chemistry of a lump of sugar, something about the clothing we wear, the best kind of water-pipes to convey water to our dwellings, the skin and bathing, diamonds and diamond-cutting, quicksilver, air-furnaces, infectious germs and the food of plants—each and all treated with intelligence, and having their peculiar value.

As a whole, this volume will reward any one's spare hours, telling him often, in a pleasant way, many facts which he has not known before, or reminding him of scientific trifles which are really not trifles at all, but which are always so easy to forget, and frequently so valuable to remember.

THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. New York: Adams, Victor & Co.

In the volume before us, the author attacks social sins and popular vices with hands ungloved. There are pitiable and ignominious revelations; odious *exposés* of the varied intrigues, both in politics and business; sharp dissection of the selfishness of *soi-disant* patriots, and the petty littleness of great men; vivid depicting of enormous oppressions and cruel wrongs among the laboring classes, and suggestive hints as to the mode of living rationally and humanly. In his preface, the author tells us that the book "is a buoy swung over the rocks," and "if it shall keep ship, bark, fore-and-aft schooner, or hermaphrodite brig from driving on a lee-shore, all's well."

The style hints of a frolicsome and sprightly fancy; the author rises in contemptuous superiority to mere clerical stateliness and solemnity. He evidently has something to say, and he says it without the faintest suspicion of decorous inanity. He goes crashing through all delicate expediencies into the very heart of things, dealing sledge-hammer blows right and left. He peers into the dark crannies of society with a sharp, cat-like instinct. You put aside the book, and, in contemplating the dubious aspect of affairs, you unwittingly take up the refrain, "Temptation without and corruption within." We can not see that the book deserves the sharp criticism that has been hurled at it. The donning of the cloth does not presuppose the affectation of gloom, funereal sombreness, or stupidity. No vocation can rightfully divorce a man from his individuality. The simple possession of a gift carries along with it the prophecy for its use. To try to be somebody else, is to make a travesty of two individuals. We, therefore, put in a special plea in Mr. Talmage's behalf, that he shall be permitted to tell things in his own way, with none to molest or make him afraid, if such a thing were possible.

As a specimen of his style, we quote from "Pictures in the Stock Gallery," which has a peculiar local significance just at present: "At my entrance upon this discussion, I must deplore the indiscriminate terms of condemnation employed by many well-meaning persons in regard to stock operations. The business of the stock-broker is just as legitimate and necessary as that of a dealer in clothes, groceries, or hardware; and a man may be as pure-minded and holy a Christian

at the Board of Brokers as in a prayer-meeting. The broker is, in the sight of God, as much entitled to his commissions as any hard-working mechanic is entitled to his day's wages. Any man has as much right to make money by the going up of stocks as by the going up of sugar, rice, or tea. The inevitable board-book that the operator carries in his hand may be as pure as the clothing-merchant's ledger. It is the work of the brokers to facilitate business; to make transfer of investment; to watch and report the tides of business; to assist the merchant in lawful enterprises.

"Because there are men in this department of business, sharp, deceitful, and totally iniquitous, you have no right to denounce the entire class. Importers, shoe-dealers, lumbermen, do not want to be held responsible for the moral deficits of their comrades in business. Neither have you a right to excoriate those who are conscientiously operating through the channels spoken of. If they take a risk, so do all business men. The merchant who buys silk at $5 per yard takes his chances; he expects it to go up to $6; it may fall to $4. If a man, by straightforward operations in stocks, meets with disaster and fails, he deserves sympathy just as much as he who sold spices or calicoes, and, through some miscalculation, is struck down bankrupt.

"We have no right to impose restrictions upon this class of men that we impose upon no other. What right have you to denounce the operation 'buyer ten days,' or 'buyer twenty days,' when you take a house 'buyer three hundred and sixty-five days?' Perhaps the entire payment is to be made at the end of the year, when you do not know but that, by that time, you will be penniless. Give all men their due, if you would hold beneficent influence over them. Do not be too rough in pulling out the weeds, lest you uproot also the marigolds and verbenas. In the Board of Brokers there are some of the most conscientious, upright, Christian men of our cities—men who would scorn a lie, or a subterfuge. Indeed, there are men in these boards who might, in some respects, teach a lesson of morality to other commercial circles.

"I will not deny that there are special temptations connected with this business even when carried on legitimately. So there are dangers to the engineer on a railroad. He does not know what night he may dash into the coal-train. But engines must be run, and stocks must be sold. A nervous, excitable man ought to be very slow to undertake either the engine or the Stock Exchange.

* * * * * *

"But while there is a legitimate sphere for the broker and operator, there are transactions every day undertaken in our cities that can only be characterized as superb outrage and villainy; and there are members of Christian churches who have been guilty of speculations that, in the last day, will blanch their cheek, and thunder them down to everlasting companionship with the lowest gamblers that ever pitched pennies for a drink.

"It is not necessary that I should draw the difficult line between honorable and dishonorable speculation. God has drawn it through every man's conscience. The broker guilty of 'cornering' as well knows that he is sinning against God and man as though the flame of Mount Sinai singed his eyebrows. He hears that a brother broker has sold 'short,' and immediately goes about with a wise look, saying, 'Erie is going down—Erie is going down; prepare for it.' Immediately the people begin to sell; he buys up the stock, monopolizes the whole affair, drags down the man who sold short, makes largely, pockets the gain, and thanks the Lord for great prosperity in business. You call it 'cornering.' I call it gambling, theft, highway robbery, villainy accursed."

This is but a single "touch of his quality." There is in the book much of the ridiculous and the burlesque, without being fluently shallow, or painfully commonplace and dull.

GAUDEAMUS! Humorous Poems. Translated from the German of Joseph Victor Scheffel and others. By Charles G. Leland. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Leland has rendered a notable service to all English-speaking lovers of genuine mirth and jollity, by his successful attempt to translate Scheffel's droll and entirely peculiar songs and ballads, which have generally been regarded, even by the most intrepid versifi-

ers, as almost untranslatable. With the exception perhaps of Bayard Taylor, whose translation of *Faust* is the most remarkable success in its line that has been recently achieved, we doubt whether there is any other literary man in America who could have rendered such oddities as "The Tazzelworm," "The Ichthyosaurus," etc., with the felicity that characterizes most of these translations. Scheffel is at present the most popular of German poets—that is, among his own countrymen. In his *Gaudeamus* ("Let us be jolly"), he has founded an entirely new and original school of humorous poetry, which has had hosts of admirers, and not a few imitators, of late years, in Germany. The following, though not among the author's best efforts, is highly characteristic of his style, and gives a good idea of his burlesque-scientific attempts:

"THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

The rushes are strangely rustling,
The ocean uncannily gleams,
As, with tears in his eyes down-gushing,
An Ichthyosaurus swims.

He bewails the frightful corruption
Of his age, for an awful tone
Has lately been noticed by many
In the Lias formation shown.

The Plesiosaurus the elder
Goes roaring about on a spree;
The Pterodactylus even
Comes flying as drunk as can be.

The Iguanodon, the blackguard,
Deserves to be publicly hissed,
Since he lately, in open daylight,
The Ichthyosaurus kissed.

The end of the world is coming;
Things can't go on long in this way;
The Lias formation can't stand it—
Is all that I've got to say.

So the Ichthyosaurus went walking
His chalks, in an angry mood,
The last of his sighs extinguished
In the roar and the rush of the flood.

And all of the piggish Saurians
Died, too, on that dreadful day;
There were too many chalks against them,
And, of course, they'd the devil to pay."

THE SCIENCE OF BEAUTY. By John Bascom. New York and Chicago: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

This work might properly be termed a text-book upon Æsthetics. It is arranged in the form of lectures, under different heads, suggesting the probability of their having been delivered before the students of Williams College, by Professor Bascom. It is a reprint from a former edition, corrected and enlarged. It is a compact treatise, combining in a systematic form those facts and principles which constitute the department of taste. Its purpose is to furnish an insight into the aims and resources of art, thus begetting a thorough discrimination and appreciation of the same.

We hail with grateful delight any systematized effort to bring mankind into intimate fellowship with the Beautiful; thus revealing the possibility of securing as direct and potent a command over the domain of Beauty as over that of Utility. We are not sufficiently domesticated in the principality of Beauty, and dare not even dream of asserting our hereditary rights therein. Aristotle's theory of ethics, divested of philosophical technicalities, was briefly this: experience teaches that man's proper function and highest happiness are found in the pursuit of excellence. As this grave old philosopher treated human nature as a whole, his scheme comprehended all excellence—æsthetic as well as ethic. A proper knowledge of, and familiarity with, the æsthetic, would dignify and beautify homely toil. New-formed tastes would spend themselves in an ever-growing desire after perfectibility, finish, exactitude, and excellence of design and workmanship.

Professor Bascom in his work enumerates the motives for the cultivation of taste. Art, he contends, prepares the way for moral culture. Having discussed beauty as a quality, he proceeds to show how taste may be cultivated through knowledge, purity, imagination, and fancy, and treats also of the principles controlling its manifestation. He says: "Beauty is not, therefore, itself a direct end, but springs up perpetually in the path of benevolent thought, as it pursues other ends. It is an additional reward of well-doing—the flower and the fragrance of the fruit-bearing tree. Like the satisfaction of virtue, it is not the direct object of the act from which it springs, but its inevitable and most pleasing reward." Just as when one performs an act of disinterested kindness, a strange and tender exaltation follows in its wake—as it

were, a kind of special revelation seeking to interpret to human hearts the divinity and immortality of love.

After a careful consideration of the principles which guide taste, he directs attention to some things which are calculated to mislead it. Among these he refers to dress, which, while calling for the action of taste, has chiefly fallen under the dominion of fashion, with whose edicts taste has very little to do. Fashion he defines as "a systematized pursuit of novelty," and hence the more striking the novelty the more effective the movement, and "extravagance succeeds extravagance, often resting its success on its very violation of taste."

The last six lectures are full of practical suggestion. They are devoted to the fine arts — namely, landscape-gardening, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. In determining the relative rank of these arts, he considers the powers demanded and exercised by them in the artist; the scope and variety of their means; and the fullness of their presentations to the mind. So judged, he classes them as above mentioned, commencing with gardening and rising in the scale to poetry, the queen of arts. His hints on architecture foreshadow the prophesied "good time coming," when art, no longer a mere adjunct, will actually root and intertwine itself in the common industries and general science, flashing its surprises and entrancements on the path of both, at every step of their progress.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This, we are informed, is one, and in order of reading the first, of a trilology, the other two being, successively, *The Golden Legend*, and *The New England Tragedies*, heretofore published. In its manner of opening it reminds us much of *The Golden Legend*. In its methods and form, it is that of a dramatic poem. After what Mr. Longfellow calls the introitus — a rhythmic dialogue between the prophet Habakkuk and the angel — which is in noways remarkable — the drama opens with John the Baptist, who speaks:

"Repent! repent! repent!
For the kingdom of God is at hand.
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be
As the waters cover the sea
And encircle the continent!"

He asserts the coming of the Christ, and in answer to the Priest's question, if he be the Christ, says:

"Priest of Jerusalem,
In meekness and humbleness,
I deny not, I confess
I am not the Christ!"

The second scene shows us Lucifer upon Mount Quarantania, in the company of Christ, tempting the Master in like phrase with that made most familiar to us in the Scriptures:

"Wherefore dost thou in penitential fasting
Waste and consume the beauty of thy youth?
Ah, if thou be in truth
The Son of the Unnamed, the Everlasting,
Command these stones beneath thy feet to be
Changed into bread for thee!

CHRISTUS.

'Tis written: Man shall not live by bread alone,
But by each word that from God's mouth proceedeth!"

Lucifer tempts him further in vain, and then assails him with the ancient promise:

"From far-off Lebanon, with cedars crested,
To where the waters of the Asphalt Lake
On its white pebbles break,
And the vast desert, silent, sand-invested,
These kingdoms all are mine, and thine shall be,
If thou wilt worship me!

CHRISTUS.

Get thee behind me, Satan! thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God: Him only shalt thou serve!"

The next scene opens at the marriage in Cana, the musicians singing and the bridegroom responding—all in the spirit and with almost verbal savor of the Songs of Solomon; and that persuasive miracle then is wrought, leaving on one of the by-standers the impression that finds utterance:

"Fate or foreseeing, or whatever name
Men call it, matters not: what is to be
Hath been fore-written in the thought divine
From the beginning. None can hide from it,
But it will find him out; nor run from it,
But it o'ertaketh him! The Lord hath said it."

And following from scene to scene, we find the story of Christ told, sometimes in the dialogues of others, but with himself in almost every place: now in the corn-fields, recognizing Nathanael, "an Israelite in whom

there is no guile," and rebuking the Pharisees; then reading in the synagogue and asserting himself among the Priests; now on the Sea of Galilee, causing that marvelous draught of fishes; now bidding the unclean spirit to come out of the demoniac of Gadara; now raising the sick child, and then a guest at the house of Simon, the Pharisee. Here close the scenes of the first Passover. The whole drama passes over the time of three Passovers, each of which is subdivided, so that we pass from miracle to miracle, from scene to scene, of Christ's short tragedy, till we come past the betrayal and the three crosses, the two Marys in the garden, and the final words of Christ to Peter and John.

If we are to criticise this volume at all, it would seem as if we must do it according to some new or different standard than that by which we would test the excellence of a poetical tragedy. We feel more as if somehow some one is to suggest to us that, as we read this, we are in a different and perhaps higher atmosphere than that of mere poetry; that we are, or ought to be, in the calmer elevation of the religious sentiments; and if we run along seeking only gems of poetry, trying to find the old elegance and wealth of beauty which our earlier trust has always found in Longfellow, we will not only do him a great wrong, but we shall convict ourselves of living on a too low plane, with incapacities for the ideal religious life. If we listen to such suggestions, our unliked duty of discriminating criticism must be at an end. It is certain, that he who seeks for the old flavor, and the images of beauty alone, throughout this volume, will be disappointed. Christ is the great central figure; and yet here, in his utterances, where most would expect most, all will find least; for the poet, or perhaps rather, in this trial, the religious sentimentalist, does not, in the least, idealize the Master; and when he speaks, in place of any thought from the poet's brain, we have only the phrasing of the Evangelists, elided or syllabled only to complete the measure of the blank verse. And almost nowhere, save in two separate scenes, do we find any thing that might not have been measured and put together by any anonymous author, who, doing so, would either have won the derision, or, better, deserved the silence of the reviewers.

In the first Passover, there is a scene at the Tower of Magdala, where Mary Magdalene pours out her plaint, of great tenderness and pathos:

"Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,
I sit here in this lonely tower, and look
Upon the lake below me, and the hills
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision
All my past life unroll itself before me,
Merchants of Tyre and Princes of Damascus,
And pass, and disappear, and are no more;
But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,
Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust.
I loathe them, and the very memory of them
Is unto me, as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanutha!

* * * * * * * * * *

I look upon these things thick-set with pearls,
And emerald, and amethyst, and jasper,
And they are burning coals upon my flesh!
This serpent on my wrist becomes alive!
Away, thou viper! and away, ye garlands,
Whose odors bring the swift remembrance back
Of the unhallowed revels in these chambers!"

And in the third Passover, Judas Iscariot, alone, bursts out, in the depths of sorrow and despair:

"Lost! lost! forever lost! I have betrayed
The innocent blood! O God! if thou art love,
Why didst thou leave me naked to the tempter?
Why didst thou not commission thy swift lightning
To strike me dead? or why did I not perish
With those by Herod slain, the innocent children
Who went with playthings in their little hands
Into the darkness of the other world,
As if to bed? Or wherefore was I born,
If thou in thy foreknowledge didst perceive
All that I am, and all that I must be?
I know I am not generous, am not gentle
Like other men; but I have tried to be,
And I have failed. I thought by following Him,
I should grow like him; but the unclean spirit
That from my childhood up hath tortured me
Hath been too cunning and too strong for me.
Am I to blame for this? Am I to blame
Because I can not love and ne'er have known
The love of woman or the love of children?
It is a curse and a fatality,
A mark, that hath been set upon my forehead,
That none shall slay me, for it were a mercy
That I were dead, or never had been born.

Too late! too late! I shall not see him more
Among the living. That sweet, patient face
Will never more rebuke me, nor those lips
Repeat the words: One of you shall betray me!
It stung me into madness. How I loved,
Yet hated him! But in the other world!
I will be there before him, and will wait
Until he comes, and fall down on my knees
And kiss his feet, imploring pardon, pardon!"

ROUGHING IT. By Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens). With Illustrations. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company.

This is a goodly volume, of nearly six hundred pages; and if mirth is indeed one of the best of medicines, as we have somewhere read—we think in *Hall's Journal of Health*, an unimpeachable authority—*Roughing It* should have a place in every sick-room, and be the invalid's cherished companion. In taking Mr. Clemens' jokes, however, for hygienic purposes, it behooves the patient to exercise great caution in regard to the strength of the dose, if we may judge of the power of the medicine from its effects upon a hungry camel, which once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, made an experiment upon the author's overcoat as an article of diet. The overcoat was left lying upon the ground while the travelers were pitching their tents, and the camel, having contemplated it for awhile with a critical eye, seemed to come to the conclusion that it must be a new edible. But we will let the author tell the story, in his own inimitable way:

"He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes, in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted any thing as good as an overcoat before, in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next, he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment, that it was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was rather heavy on his stomach, and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up until it loosened his teeth."

However, it was not our author's jokes, powerful as were their effects, but one of his statements of facts—one of the mildest and gentlest, he declares, that he ever laid before a trusting public—that proved fatal to the sensitive animal, and caused him to "fall over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and die a death of indescribable agony."

This species of humor is certainly grotesque, and hardily extravagant. But it is also genuine, and thoroughly enjoyable. In the same vein, and finer still, is the sketch of the *coyote*, his appearance and characteristics, in which the writer has managed (as he often does) to convey an accurate and graphic picture, while apparently indulging—or rather rioting—in the drollest and most fantastic exaggeration. The episode of Mrs. Beazely and her son, or the Erickson and Greeley correspondence, which has been extensively reproduced in the newspapers, though based upon a well-worn theme, is set in such a quaint, half-pathetic frame-work of narrative as makes it quite fresh and ineffably comic. On almost every page of the volume this vein of broad, robust humor crops out. It is not fine and pensive, like Irving's. It is not artificial, or based upon any literary model, and does not depend for its effect upon elaboration or word-cobbling. Its specific character is its spontaneity and naturalness, together with an underlying element of sturdy honesty and rugged sense, antagonistic to sentimentality and shams. The fun with which the volume overflows more copiously than any previous book of the author's, is not mere fun. It constantly does the work of satire, though in a spirit more genial than that of most satirists; and constantly evinces keen insight and shrewd observation. The preface contains a facetious apology for the circumstance that the book embodies a good deal of information, especially concerning the rise, growth, and culmination of the silver-mining fever in Nevada. The apology is scarcely needed, for though the twenty-odd chapters which deal with that remarkable episode do, in fact, contain a vast amount of information, it is served up in such a style that the reader absorbs it without effort, and becomes unconsciously instructed, while dreaming only of entertainment—as students at German universities are said to become learned in metaphysics, not by much "poring over miserable books," but by loquacious discussions, in hours of recreation, over their lager and meerschaums.

As Irving stands, without dispute, at the head of American classic humorists, so the precedence in the unclassical school must be conceded to Mark Twain. About him there is nothing classic, bookish, or conventional, any more than there is about a buffalo or a

grizzly. His genius is characterized by the breadth, and ruggedness, and audacity of the West; and, wherever he was born, or wherever he may abide, the Great West claims him as her intellectual offspring. Artemus Ward, Doesticks, and Orpheus C. Kerr, who have been the favorite purveyors of mirth for the Eastern people, were timid navigators, who hugged the shore of plausibility, and would have trembled at the thought of launching out into the mid-ocean of wild, preposterous invention and sublime exaggeration, as Mark Twain does, in such episodes as Bemis' buffalo adventure, and "Riding the Avalanche," where, after picturing the unfortunate tourist as "riding into eternity on the back of a raging and tossing avalanche," he concludes with the remark, "This is all very well, but let us not be carried away by excitement, but ask calmly, how does this person feel about it in his cooler moments next day, with six or seven thousand feet of snow on the top of him?"

It would be a great misapprehension, however, to conceive of *Roughing It* as merely a book of grotesque humor and rollicking fun. It abounds in fresh descriptions of natural scenery, some of which, especially in the overland stage-ride, are remarkably graphic and vigorous. The writer's talent for clear, impressive narrative, too, is illustrated in the chapters devoted to the terrible story of the desperado, Slade, which has as intense an interest as any thing in the wildest sensational novel of the day.

Of the three hundred wood-cuts that illustrate the volume we can say nothing complimentary, from an artistic point of view. But some of them are spirited, and many of them suggestive. Crude as they are in design, and coarse in execution, they have afforded us much amusement; and the majority of readers would, we are sure, regret to dispense with them.

POEMS. By Celia Thaxter. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

There is a strong, original quality in these poems, which, with the undertone of sadness that pervades them all, gives them a more marked character of individuality than can be claimed for most of the volumes of verse—and the number is unusually large—that have been issued from the American press since the beginning of the year. The sea, in its various moods and aspects, but chiefly in those suggestive of its resistless, remorseless power, is Mrs. Thaxter's constant theme. "The Wreck of the Pocahontas," "Minute Guns," "Seaward," and, indeed, half the pieces in the volume, read as if they had their inspiration in mournful recollections or experiences associated with the terrors of storm and shipwreck. The perception of the tragic element in human life, and the acceptance of it—though not in the fatalistic spirit—give a character of gloom to the entire volume. There is not a single strain of gayety, nor even of human cheerfulness, from beginning to end; and, were it not for the equable strength that is felt in the saddest lines, we should be inclined to pronounce many of the pieces morbid. Yet, in reality, such a charge would be unjust, unless the clear recognition of the darker side of human life, and a sense of its utter inadequacy to satisfy the higher aspirations, are proofs of morbidness. "The Wreck of the Pocahontas" is the best poem in the volume; and the next best, perhaps, is "The Spaniards' Graves at the Isle of Shoals."

Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FOR EVERY ISSUE OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

MARRIAGES.

Male.	Female.	Where.	When.	Male.	Female.	Where.	When.
Aaron, Joseph	Rebecca Fisher	San Francisco	Mar. 31.	Krumb, Friedrich	Christine Schriek	Stockton	Apr. 14.
Adams, John	Mary A. Bush	Mendocino Co	Apr. 14.	Kutner, Adolph	Caroline Rosenthal	San Francisco	18.
Adler, Adolph	Lena Wentzel	Moke'ne Hill	21.	Lambrecht, Henry	Christina Ridder	Suisun	8.
Allen, Isaac C	Maria E. Beckley	Sacra'to Co	18.	Lauzon, E	Sarah A. Dunn	Virginia, Nev.	10.
Alvarez, Frank Q	Mary Jager	Gilroy	7.	Lewis, Charles A	Ida M. Reshore	Sacramento	24.
Angle, John D	Hanorah Loney	Colfax	14.	Lippitt, Phil	Betsy Brown	San Francisco	7.
Bagley, John W	Sarah Duffy	San Francisco	22.	Look, Prince H	Mary E. Brawley	Castroville	Mar. 31.
Barnes, St. Clair	Mrs. Curry	Pioche, Nev	14.	Luttrell, Samuel J	Lillie Bird	Fort Jones	Apr. 25.
Barsotti, Virgilis	Nellie Banden	San Francisco	6.	Mack, S. A	Sarah A. Rickey	Antelope Val	Mar. 14.
Beede, Henry F	Nellie McNulty	Bl'k Diamond	14.	Mannion, John	Mary A. Murphy	San Francisco	Apr. 12.
Bicknell, Chas. F	A. G. Roberts	Carson, Nev	10.	Mann, James	Augusta Darge	Colusa	22.
Bishop, S	R. M. Harris	Carson, Nev	4.	Marley, L. H	Ellen Carter	Dry Creek	7.
Biven, Edwin J	Mary W. Menking	San Francisco	4.	McBride, William	Clara A. Meyers	Stockton	10.
Blay, Peter, Jr	Hope H. McKisson	Rich Gulch	Mar. 25.	McCrea, Samuel	Eliza A. Sleeman	Grass Valley	3.
Bloom, Andrew C	Ellen Vannatta	Yolo County	Apr. 15.	McDougall, J. H	Lizzie Bardin	Salinas City	Mar. 26.
Boland, Patrick	Sarah E. Bell	San Francisco	17.	McGrath, J	Mary A. Duffy	Petaluma	Apr. 19.
Bolden, J. F	Matilda Coffee	Visalia	18.	McLaine, L	Sarah E. Ives	Volcano	16.
Bronson, Wm. H. C	Lizzie Folsom	Suisun	8.	McPhun, Wm., Sr	Sarah McDonald	San Francisco	3.
Brown, E. E	Candice Pickett	Red Bluff	9.	Merritt, Joseph	Annie E. Phillips	Monterey	28.
Brown, Joseph	Anna Florencia	San Francisco	29.	Minister, Levering	Annie Moran	Marysville	4.
Burnett, M. M	Floretta Churchill	Hollister	20.	Mitchell, John	Ann Peirce	Iowa Hill	6.
Bush, Claus	Elizabeth Pabst	Sacramento	23.	Morris, S	Dora Wood	San Francisco	9.
Bush, George W	Ellen Goodwin	Virginia, Nev.	2.	Mussey, N. D	Mary J. Drake	Reno, Nev	7.
Calderwood, Jas. E	Mary J. Foster	Lake City	Mar. 14.	Noble, Edwin B	Mattie W. Holbrook	Stockton	16.
Campbell, Thomas	Annie M. Heaken	Virginia, Nev.	Apr. 6.	Nolan, E	Kate McKitrick	Visalia	8.
Cantrel, Robert J	Jane Rodgers	Healdsburg	11.	Nuttall, Charles A	Rachel Holt	Folsom	30.
Cazneau, W. L	Erselia Morante	San Francisco	18.	Ottman, Louis	Mary Thistle	Healdsburg	13.
Condit, Ira M	Samantha D. Knox	Sacramento	2.	Parramore, J. W	Georgia Dunnegan	Knight's Lan	—.
Cosbie, William	Charlotte M. Dugan	San Francisco	11.	Peyton, Harry	Genevra Johns	Colusa	8.
Cunningham, T. W	Alice Alban	Ukiah	2.	Plank, Asa H	Sophia Beardsley	Colfax	11.
Day, Augustus H	Bessie Rawlings	Dayton, Nev	4.	Pratt, W. H	Jennie B. Grabner	Virginia, Nev	19.
Day, George M	Flora A. Colby	Santa Cruz	23.	Pumphrey, Milton G	Helen Palmer	San Francisco	14.
Deming, Joseph G	Mary A. Dwyer	San Francisco	11.	Putnam, A. A	Mary Beegan	Carson, Nev	7.
Dickson, Thomas	Agnes Hymes	Vallejo	Mar. 31.	Rice, George H	Mary L. Teague	Redwood City	11.
Dorris, Cornelius	Emily L. Salmon	San Francisco	Apr. 10.	Ringgenberg, Albert	Rebecca Cox	San Francisco	7.
Doty, Julius G	Lucy M. Roberts	Hollister	Mar. 27.	Roberts, Horatio C	Agnes Watson	San Rafael	14.
Dougherty, Geo. C	L. J. Bunselmeier	Rock Creek	29.	Rochfort, Michael J	Dora Dagle	San Francisco	7.
Downey, W. A	Mary E. Boren	S. Bernardino	24.	Rodden, Hugh	Mattie A. Blakeslee	Rodden's Ra'h	1.
Dunbar, John	Marg'et Pennington	S. L. Obispo	21.	Rogers, J. A	Mary A. Conaty	Grass Valley	17.
Dunning, E. C	Kate Wright	Woodland	Apr. 23.	Rombach, Adrian	Emily Scharr	San Francisco	Mar. 28.
Faulkner, Charles	Mary M. Tilden	Chico	3.	Rosborough, Wm	Jessie Ross	Red Bluff	Apr. 11.
Francis, Andrew	Isabella Florindez	Sutterville	4.	Ryan, John	Josephine F. Kelly	San Francisco	Mar. 24.
Freeman, John	Hannah M. Prebble	San Mateo	28.	Ryan, Richard	Mrs. Irish	Grass Valley	Apr. 7.
Freiberger, Fred	Catherine Walters	Marysville	Mar. 30.	Sagues, Fernando	Maria Julian	Napa	7.
Freund, Isaac	Bertha Strauss	San Francisco	Apr. 21.	Scott, John F. P	Lucy J. H. Bearde	Salinas	9.
Forbis, J. W	Mary Fields	Snelling	16.	Scott, Thomas W	Mollie B. Morton	San Francisco	26.
Fox, W. H	Hettie A. Shepherd	Ione City	8.	Sievers, F. W. A	Mary Bambauar	Stockton	21.
Funkhouse, A. C.	Julia W. Reed	Virginia, Nev	23.	Simon, G	G. Fige	San Francisco	14.
Garvey, David	Kate Hollin	San Francisco	9.	Smith, Joseph F	Rose C. Kidd	Virginia, Nev.	4.
Gottsh, Claus	Katrina Schmidt	El Dorado	3.	Soray, John	Sarah McKisson	San Andreas	3.
Griggs, W. F	Lucretia Bell	Sacramento	13.	Soule, Frank, Jr	Ella E. Bacon	Oakland	2.
Gross, Eugene A	Fannie M. Tennant	San Francisco	17.	Souza, J. B	Mariana Mendoza	Sonora	2.
Hall, Francis	Marion O. Stokum	San Francisco	16.	Sparks, George P	Mary F. Blackwood	Selby	16.
Harkin, Thomas	Sallie E. Cash	Gold Hill, Nev	Mar. 28.	Spinette, Giovanni	Maria Gennaro	Jackson	16.
Hathaway, Charles	Anna M. Barrow	San Francisco	Apr. 17.	Steele, Thomas	Celia F. Ralphs	Sacramento	18.
Havens, Henry H	Lizzie F. Wintringer	San Francisco	14.	Stephens, Wm. W	Mary J. Myers	Santa Cruz	17.
Hayes, Isaac N	Lilian B. McKoy	Santa Cruz	4.	Stevenot, Emile K	Sarah Stephens	San Francisco	17.
Herrmann, Charles	Helena Horst	Sacramento	14.	Stewart, Charles	Ida Ackerman	Santa Rosa	18.
Hildreth, Robert	Emma C. Fisher	Ukiah	Mar. 31.	Sullivan, John	Nellie Smith	San Francisco	27.
Hobro, William D	Cecelia Frank	San Francisco	Apr. 7.	Sutherland, James	Nettie Sayres	Fort Jones	Mar. 24.
Hubbs, Paul K	Mary A. Dillingham	Vallejo	15.	Swarts, George N	Kate Beaux	San Francisco	Apr. 14.
Humphrey, Geo. H	Anna Richards	Michigan Bluff	Mar. 14.	Taylor, Arthur C	Florence G. Wheeler	San Francisco	24.
Huot, Joseph	Kate Severiano	Weaverville	Apr. 1.	Taylor, Edward T	Amelia Carter	San Francisco	27.
Isham, Alfred W	Emelie Melville	San Francisco	2.	Thompson, Chas. F	C. Lassen	Gold Hill, Nev	Mar. 17.
Jackson, Wm. L. G	Anna J. Harrison	San Francisco	16.	Tippett, James R	Jane Russell	Sutter Creek	Apr. 12.
Jameson, Robert S	Susan Theobald	Sheldon	18.	Trevethan, John	Lizzie Grose	Amador City	6.
Jeffery, Alfred	Emily M. Pritchard	San Jose	22.	Vane, John W	Carrie E. Warren	San Francisco	24.
Johnson, Oscar S	Bessie Miller	Visalia	24.	Waddell, William	E. J. Winsor	San Francisco	6.
Johnson, P. W	Mattie Fairbank	Badg'r Ravine	11.	Weitzel, John	Christina Bernhardt	Oroville	Mar. 28.
Johnson, William H.	Willette C. Smith	San Francisco	6.	Wheeler, James O	Rosetta M. Walters	Partzwick	25.
Johnston, Cornelius	Adeline Reese	South Vallejo	Mar. 28.	Williamson, Robt. S	Susie F. Armpriest	Watsonville	Apr. 4.
Joiner, W. J. A	M. A. McWilliams	Paskenta	Apr. 21.	Wilson, John H	Cora J. Gear	Shaw's Flat	3.
Kaiser, John R	Lena M. Hurburt	Rocklin	24.	Wimer, William	Mary F. Edgington	Napa	2.
Kennedy, Alexander	Mary Lane	Fort Miller	Mar. 14.	Whisman, Joseph P	Margaret E. Brown	Santa Ana V	Mar. 11.
Kennedy, Joseph D	Eliza J. Ellsworth	Carson, Nev	Apr. 1.	Whitney, James D	Minnie Lissak	San Francisco	Apr. 24.
Keyser, A. F	Isabella V. Baker	San Francisco	21.	Wood, E. N	Emma Hall	Santa Barbara	24.
Killough, John W	Elizabeth F. Poteet	Iowa Flat	31.	Woodworth, W. A	Lina C. Walker	Pine Grove	18.
King, William R	G. Baker	Virginia, Nev.	10.	Wyatt, Samuel	Anne Alexander	Sacramento	4.
Knuthson, Chas. J	Eliza Schraam	Reno, Nev	14.	Yager, Chris	Sarah A. Penrod	Silver City, N	14.
Koerber, August	Sophie Williges	San Francisco	Mar. 30.	Young, James S	C. M. Erickson	Sacramento	11.

DEATHS.

Name.	Where.	When.	Age. y. m. d.	Name.	Where.	When.	Age. y. m. d.
Abbott, Wm. O	Sacramento	April 17	23 — 25	Baker, Margaret C	Bakersfield	April 11	29 5 11
Aherne, Mary	San Francisco	25	56 — —	Baldwin, Loammi G	Stockton	22	49 5 22
Allen, George	Sacramento	10	64 — —	Ballentine, John P	San Francisco	17	44 11 17
Andrews, John M	St. Helena	Mar. 29	33 — —	Bamhisel, Jacob	Brooklyn	21	58 10 12
Ashmead, Jane	San Francisco	April 16	72 5 —	Barbe, Margu'te M. A.	San Francisco	15	1 11 29

DEATHS.—*Continued.*

Name.	Where.	When.	Age. y. m. d.	Name.	Where.	When.	Age. y. m. d.
Barnes, Louisa	Oakland	April 14	73 — —	Hayden, Elizabeth	San Francisco	April 2	— — 5
Barnes, Martha	Chico	Mar. 27	43 — —	Hedemark, Christian	Pacheco	10	2 — —
Beazell, T. B	Wash'ton Corners	21	37 — —	Heineberg, L	Oakland	15	83 — —
Behre, Edward	San Francisco	April 26	14 3 7	Heilman, Annie	San Francisco	13	1 5 19
Behrmann, John J	San Francisco	5	— 11 20	Hennessey, Martin	San Francisco	2	1 2 —
Bentley, Harvey H	Sacramento	21	51 — —	Henry, William	Fort Jones	15	35 — —
Bertrom, Theophilus	San Francisco	9	36 — —	Hertzen, Charles	San Francisco	14	28 — —
Beveridge, David F	Sacramento	16	45 5 10	Holzenbecher, Chas. F	Nevada City	3	48 — —
Bird, Ralph	Oroville	3	74 — —	Howard, John	San Francisco	27	45 — —
Bishop, Lee G	Linden	18	1 9 22	Hubbard, Andrew B	Gilroy	5	1 6 1
Blackburn, William	San Francisco	27	26 — —	Hughes, George W	San Francisco	25	36 — —
Borthwick, Mary	San Francisco	3	25 — —	Humrich, Eva E	Sacramento	23	— 3 23
Boutes, Pierre	San Francisco	13	61 10 —	Janet, Oliver	Santa Clara Co	7	41 — —
Bowen, John	San Francisco	12	1 5 3	Jenkins, Thomas	San Francisco	23	51 2 —
Bourk, Patrick F	Marysville	11	36 — —	Johnson, Charlie	Belmont	Mar. 30	3 6 —
Boyd, Henry K	Virginia, Nev	15	37 — —	Johnson, Charles R	San Francisco	April 18	24 — —
Braselain, Patrick	San Francisco	15	32 — —	Joyce, John	San Francisco	8	48 — —
Bradford, Charles S	Sonora	6	22 6 27	Kahn, Hannah	San Francisco	22	11 6 24
Brainard, Silas	Silver City, Nev	12	49 — —	Keeley, Mary	San Francisco	18	45 — —
Broder, William F	San Francisco	8	— 11 20	Kellehar, Margaret	San Francisco	24	1 — 19
Brook, Edwin W	Linda Township	1	17 — —	Kelly, Bernard A	San Francisco	13	— 10 9
Brown, Clara M	San Francisco	24	— 4 4	Kennedy, John	Butte County	Mar. 30	46 — —
Brown, William F	San Francisco	19	30 — —	Kennedy, William	San Francisco	April 14	51 — —
Bucknell, Henry	Upper Clear Lake	18	32 — —	Kerr, William R	Stockton	22	21 1 23
Bulacher, Lydicia	Nevada City	4	52 — —	Killivan, Rudolf	San Francisco	10	33 — —
Burt, William H	Point S. Quentin	14	45 — —	King, William F	San Francisco	9	24 11 4
Burkhart, Hattie	San Francisco	15	34 — —	Klerck, Charles	San Mateo	12	42 3 14
Bustillos, Dolores	Santa Barbara	4	50 — —	Lane, John D	Sebastopol	15	25 — —
Calkin, Milo	San Rafael	26	65 — —	Lange, Catherina	San Francisco	26	36 — —
Callaghan, James	San Francisco	18	28 — —	Lavery, Richard	Colusa	Mar. 24	60 — —
Carin, James	San Francisco	29	38 — —	Lehan, Margaret	San Francisco	April 15	23 6 —
Carrillo, Romulo	Santa Barbara	17	19 — —	Lettermar, James	San Francisco	15	— 2 15
Casler, Henry	Auburn	17	49 — —	Lindstrom, Adeline	Ellis	20	25 — —
Chapman, John H. S	San Francisco	8	3 5 —	Lining, Agnes	Colusa	Mar. 27	60 — —
Chase, Henry E	San Francisco	15	18 7 —	Llales, Esmeregilda	San Francisco	April 2	35 — —
Chase, Martha J	Cloverdale	28	— — —	Loewenstein, Maggie	Virginia, Nev	22	28 — —
Clark, James	San Francisco	18	45 — —	Lothrup, Ellen	San Francisco	26	26 — —
Clarke, Charles R	San Diego	18	— — —	Lovejoy, John	Santa Rosa	24	77 — —
Cobb, James B	San Jose	5	65 — —	Luce, James L	Red Bluff	16	40 — —
Cockrell, Rebecca	Salinas	9	95 — —	Ludlow, Frank G	Carson, Nev	20	32 — —
Coffin, Richard H	San Francisco	18	1 — 1	Lunceford, Cynthia	Cayucos Creek	2	6 8 —
Collins, James C	San Francisco	13	51 2 —	Lynett, Peter	San Francisco	16	32 — —
Connif, William	Mariposa County	24	54 — —	Maclay, Margaret D	Redwood City	4	— — —
Conry, Thomas	San Francisco	April 20	3 8 20	Made, Plugutte	San Francisco	30	34 — —
Conway, Margaret	San Francisco	10	38 — —	Mahaney, Ellen	San Francisco	25	24 6 —
Cottel, Versula P	Colesud Bay, W. T	Mar. 18	42 — —	Matteson, J. E	Nevada City	24	38 — —
Cooney, John	Truskee	30	32 — —	Marsh, Benjamin W	Sacramento	24	34 10 27
Coulter, Joseph S	Modesto	26	31 — —	Maynard, Mildred C	Petaluma	23	1 7 12
Cox, Thomas	Central House	17	— — —	McCabe, John	Ophir Canyon, N	13	28 — —
Craig, Ella	Oroville	25	19 5 —	McCall, Celecia	Saratoga	10	71 — —
Crawford, Legrand L	Napa	April 16	— 1 25	McCarthy, Daniel	San Francisco	7	55 — —
Cricket, Joseph F	Sacramento	20	49 — —	McCloud, J. W. S	Sacramento	24	45 — —
Cullimore, John	San Francisco	9	35 — —	McConnell, Margaret	Smartsville	5	31 — —
Davis, Charles	Auburn	22	50 — —	McGettigan, Edw'd F	Vallejo	9	2 6 —
Davis, Sarah E	Modesto	Mar. 24	22 4 —	McGinness, Thomas	Oak Dale	15	43 — —
Dolan, Thomas	San Francisco	April 2	40 — —	McGlashan, Peter	Folsom	18	63 — —
Duffy, Mary	Oakland	22	22 3 3	McHale, Agnes	Sacramento	13	— — 11
Dunham, Charles F	San Francisco	29	— 6 15	McIntyre, Malcolm G	San Francisco	17	1 6 9
Dunstone, Martha	Grass Valley	16	38 — —	McIsaacs, Albert	Olema	9	2 — —
Eagan, Edward	San Francisco	24	19 — —	McKean, Michael	San Francisco	22	72 — —
Edmonds, Sophia	San Francisco	20	65 — —	McLaughlin, Mary E	San Francisco	24	— 5 24
English, John H	Coon Creek	24	50 — —	Menner, George	San Francisco	16	45 — —
Ewer, David	Spring Garden Ra	Mar. 30	62 — —	Midson, Louisa J	San Francisco	11	— 2 27
Fallon, Catherine	San Francisco	April 16	1 8 16	Miller, Frederick F	Santa Barbara	9	24 — —
Faris, Nanny	Sacramento	Mar. 30	25 5 17	Miller, Stephen T	San Francisco	28	10 — —
Fargo, Moses	Nevada County	April 15	71 — —	Mitchell, Charles	San Francisco	30	59 — —
Ferguson, Thomas J	San Francisco	29	— 3 3	Mitchell, Philip T	Grass Valley	9	23 — —
Fernandez, Francisco	San Francisco	2	41 — —	Montero, Pedro	San Francisco	25	34 — —
Finlayson, Anna E	Folsom	Mar. 26	26 — —	Montgomery, Oliver	Brooklyn	30	57 — —
Fish, Barbara E	San Francisco	April 11	26 7 —	Mooney, Fannie	San Francisco	3	5 5 19
Fleishman, Raphael	San Francisco	23	— 3 7	Moore, George O	San Francisco	8	54 — —
Flippin, Laura C	King's River	Mar. 21	1 2 27	Moorhead, Jennie	San Francisco	21	4 2 —
Foster, George M	San Francisco	April 15	75 10 —	Morgan, Hannah	Cherokee	Mar. 31	23 5 —
Freel, John	Sonora	18	50 — —	Morse, Herbert C	San Francisco	April 1	— — —
Freeman, Anise	Mariposa	Mar. 22	23 — —	Muhlbach, William	Colusa	Mar. 27	31 — —
Friedhofer, Augustus	San Francisco	April 29	37 — —	Muir, Peter	San Francisco	April 20	— — —
Galvin, Jeremiah	San Francisco	27	52 — —	Mulrey, John	San Francisco	20	45 — —
Gardner, Jane L	Placerville	7	— — —	Murphy, Mrs	Santa Clara Co	7	51 — —
Garvey, James J. S	Virginia, Nev	29	32 3 —	Murphy, William	San Francisco	14	36 — —
Gaskill, Abigail	Petaluma	Mar. 29	72 — —	Murray, Lawrence J	San Francisco	30	28 7 —
Gaynard, Edward	San Francisco	April 21	45 — —	Neville, Mary L	Gold Hill, Nev	14	33 — —
Geary, James B	Woodland	Mar. 24	27 10 —	Newbert, Elisha	Sacramento	21	42 — —
Gilfillan, Robert	Sacramento	April 9	38 — —	Newnham, Josie	Carson, Nev	22	1 6 —
Gilligan, Ann	San Rafael	8	1 1 —	Nichols, John	Mariposa	18	16 4 —
Gleason, Elizabeth	Sacramento	7	64 — —	Nightingale, Sarah	Stockton	22	58 — —
Glidden, Mary P	San Francisco	19	34 — —	Noland, Caleb	Rough and Ready	20	57 — —
Gluyas, May D	Calistoga	22	— 11 20	Nunn, Sylvester V	Anderson Valley	Mar. 31	44 — —
Grady, Richard	San Francisco	14	74 — —	O'Neil, Mary E	San Francisco	April 26	4 9 13
Greethausen, Henry	San Francisco	12	34 6 —	Parker, George A	Camp Independ'ce	5	31 — —
Gregory, Henry	San Francisco	11	44 — —	Pearson, William E	San Francisco	15	— 4 —
Griffiths, Fannie	San Joaquin Co	9	11 — —	Peterson, Andrew P	San Francisco	20	37 — —
Grimes, N. Everett	Oakland	25	34 1 —	Perry, George O	San Francisco	7	49 — —
Gross, Isaac	San Jose	21	40 — —	Pfonning, George	Gilroy	Mar. 22	38 — —
Gunderson, Chresten	San Francisco	23	42 2 11	Plummer, B. L	Mineral Hill, Nev	April 27	17 3 28
Hadsell, Frank W	Suscol Valley	15	3 — 15	Polese, Alexander B	Stockton	Mar. 31	49 1 7
Haley, Hanorah	San Francisco	7	78 6 —	Porter, William J	San Francisco	April 8	35 — —
Hammond, Henry	Eureka, Nev	Mar. 29	44 — —	Price, Miriam	San Francisco	28	33 — —
Hanrahan, John	Virginia, Nev	April 9	33 — —	Putnam, Susan P	Emigrant Gap	20	46 2 5
Hardiman, Mary	San Francisco	10	— 5 2	Raebe, James	Gold Hill, Nev	26	31 — —
Harris, E. A	Gilroy	Mar. 29	— — —	Rapp, Jennie	San Francisco	22	— — —
Hartman, Adolph	San Francisco	April 26	44 — —	Reck, Henry	San Francisco	18	46 — —

DEATHS.—*Continued.*

Name.	Where.	When.	Age y. m. d.
Reiser, Mena	Red Bluff	Mar. 29	39 2 —
Robinson, Lillie F	San Francisco	April 22	21 2 8
Rodgers, James	Gold Hill, Nev	Mar. 28	25 — —
Rodgers, Matthew	Grass Valley	April 13	48 11 6
Rodriguez, Delgina	Arana Gulch	10	16 — —
Rollo, Virginia	Millerton	9	4 7 —
Rose, John	Oakland	9	40 — —
Rosebrook, Lyman D	Brooklyn	Mar. 28	35 — —
Ryan, Charlotta H	San Francisco	April 26	35 — —
Ryan, James	San Francisco	29	76 — —
Ryan, Timothy	Sacramento	18	33 — —
Schrimpscher, Rebecca	Oroville	17	64 — —
Search, Philip T	Sacramento	23	44 — —
Sexton, Morris	San Francisco	17	59 — —
Shartzer, Mary	Santa Clara	16	24 — —
Shields, Patrick	Oakland	24	82 1 —
Simonson, David	San Francisco	17	36 — —
Skillings, Horace C	San Francisco	17	38 7 —
Slosson, William M	San Francisco	7	41 — —
Slusher, Samuel	Austin, Nev	20	1 8 —
Smith, John L	Colusa County	13	— — —
Soberanes, Guadalupe	San Antonio	Mar. 20	25 — —
Spaulding, Esther W	Oakland	April 28	2 5 21
Standerwick, Chas. T	San Francisco	19	1 7 6
Stanton, Thomas E	Santa Barbara	18	57 — —
Steuart, William H	San Francisco	20	33 3 20
Stevens, Frankie	Sacramento	18	2 3 19
Stewart, Ellen	San Francisco	28	50 — —
Story, James C	Folsom	Mar. 26	56 — —
Sullivan, James	Sommersville	April 3	35 — —
Sullivan, Mary E	San Francisco	April 21	— 2 10
Taylor, Elizabeth	San Francisco	18	34 — —
Toomey, Alice T	Contra Costa Co	11	26 — —
Traulsen, Edward	San Francisco	18	43 — —
Trego, Isabel B	Marysville	9	50 2 9
Tripp, Johanna	San Francisco	26	68 — —
Turner, George E	San Francisco	25	28 6 20
Van Amringe, Ellen	Antioch	3	22 7 28
Van Buskirk, Jane	San Francisco	22	40 5 21
Van Lokeren, H	San Francisco	30	68 — —
Vareta, Blas	Placerville	Mar. 27	41 — —
Walker, Thomas	San Francisco	April 29	43 — —
Warmby, Nellie	Sacramento	8	1 9 4
Wastle, Franklin	Alameda	10	— 9 10
Webb, M. Shepard	San Francisco	15	29 — —
Weston, Leonard	Sacramento	Mar. 31	42 3 16
Whippy, William H	Wells Diggings	19	66 — —
White, Richard	Gibsonville	17	58 — —
Williams, William	South San Fran'co	April 14	45 — —
Wilson, John	Sacramento	12	70 — —
Woodbury, Isabella	San Francisco	25	27 — —
Wood, Henry	Wheatland	Mar. 28	1 7 —
Wood, Robert	Tuolumne City	April 3	67 — —
Woolf, Saul	Virginia, Nev	26	33 — —
Work, Henry	Shasta	Mar. 25	37 — —
Wulterdingen, T. F. J	San Francisco	April 25	— 4 5
Yates, Sarah J	San Francisco	22	36 — —
Young, Charles	San Francisco	8	29 — —
Young, Richard	San Francisco	14	43 2 16
Zumont, William B	Coon Hollow	Mar. 25	— 4 —

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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SOPHOCLES. By Clifton W. Collins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE WONDERS OF VEGETATION. By Schele De Vere. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK. By Chas. G. Leland. Philadelphia: Peterson & Bros.

LANDMARKS, AND OTHER POEMS. By John James Piatt. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

THE MUSIC-LESSON OF CONFUCIUS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Chas. G. Leland. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA. By Clarence King. Boston: Osgood & Co.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. By Clara A. Willard. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-MASTER. By Edward Eggleston. New York: O. Judd & Co.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE. By M. Schele De Vere. New York: Putnam & Sons.

TRUE AS STEEL. By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE MASQUE OF THE GODS. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

INSTINCT IN ANIMALS AND MEN. By P. A. Chadbourne. New York: Putnam & Sons.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT CHAMBERS, WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHIC REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM CHAMBERS. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Vol. II. Translated into English Blank Verse. By Wm. Cullen Bryant. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

LUCRETIUS ON THE NATURE OF THINGS. By Chas. F. Johnson. New York: Lent & Co.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. By William Still. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Sold only by subscription.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

LEGENDS OF THE PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New York: Holt & Williams.

FERNANDO DE LEMOS. A Novel. By Chas. Gayarré. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

MAURICE. A Novel. By F. Béchard. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE THEORY OF THE MODERN SCIENTIFIC GAME OF WHIST. By William Pole. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

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